

# BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

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## The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GILBERT.

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### Prologue.

THE WILL OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

#### I.

HOW THE RIGHT HIGH AND RENOWNED KING HENRY THE EIGHTH WAXED GRIEVOUSLY SICK, AND WAS LIKE TO DIE.

THE terrible reign of Henry the Eighth drew to a close. The curtain was about to descend upon one of the most tremendous dramas ever enacted in real life—a drama which those who witnessed it beheld with wonder and awe. The sun of royalty, which had scorched all it fell upon by the fierceness of its mid-day beams, was fast sinking into seas lighted up by lurid fires, and deeply stained by blood.

For five-and-thirty years of Henry's tyrant sway, no man in England, however high his rank, could count his life secure. Nay, rather, the higher the rank the greater was the insecurity. Royal descent, wealth, power, popularity, could not save the Duke of Buckingham from Henry's jealous fears. Truly spake the dying Wolsey of his dread and inexorable master—"Rather than miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will endanger the loss of half his realm. Therefore, be well advised what matter ye put in his head, for you shall never put it out again." Henry was prone to suspicion, and to be suspected by him was to be doomed, for he was unforgiving as mistrustful. His favour was fatal; his promises a snare; his love destruction. Rapacious as cruel, and lavish as rapacious, his greediness was insatiable. He confiscated the possessions of the Church, and taxed the laity to the uttermost

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The marvel is, that the iron yoke he placed upon his subjects was endured. But he had a firm hand, as well as a strong will. Crafty as well as resolute, he framed laws merely to deride them and break them. He threw off the Pope's authority in order to make himself supreme head of the Church. Some were executed by him for maintaining the Papal supremacy, others put to death for denying certain Catholic tenets. To prove his even-handed justice, Romanists and Lutherans were linked together, and conducted in pairs to the stake. At one moment he upheld the new doctrines; on the next, he supported the old religion. Thus he used the contending parties for his own purposes, and made each contribute to his strength. The discord in the Church pleased him, though he feigned to reprove it. His councillors trembled at his slightest frown, and dared not for their heads give him honest advice. His parliaments were basely subservient, and confirmed his lawless decrees without an effort at resistance. A merciless system of religious persecution was commenced and carried out according to his changeful opinions. The fires at Smithfield were continually burning. The scaffold on Tower-hill reeked with the blood of the noble and the worthy. The state dungeons were crowded. Torture was applied. Secret examinations were allowed. Defence was denied the accused; and a bill of attainder smote the unfortunate person against whom it was procured as surely as the axe.

The wisest, the noblest, the bravest, the best of Henry's subjects were sacrificed to his resentments and caprice. Uprightness could not save More and Fisher, nor long services and blind obedience Wolsey and Cromwell. Age offered no protection to the octogenarian Lord Darcy, and piety failed to preserve the abbots of Fountains, Rivaux, and Gervaux.

But not alone did men perish by the stern behests of this ruthless tyrant, this worse than Oriental despot, but women!—women of incomparable beauty, who had shared his couch, and had every claim upon his tenderness and compassion. But pity was not in his nature. When love was gone, dislike and hate succeeded. Startling and almost incredible is the history of his six marriages. No parallel can be found to it save in wild and grotesque fiction. It reads like a Bluebeard story, yet, alas! it was fearful reality. Katherine of Aragon, faultless and loving, was divorced to make way for the lovely Anne Boleyn, who, in her turn, was decapitated to give place to the resistless Jane Seymour. The latter lived not long enough to weary her capricious consort, but was succeeded by Catherine of Cleves, whose want of personal attraction caused the annulment of her marriage and Cromwell's destruction. Next came the bewitching Catherine Howard, who was butchered like Anne Boleyn; and lastly, Catherine Parr, saved only from the block by her own spirit and prudence, as will be presently related. Twice was the nuptial knot forcibly untied—twice was it sundered

by the axe. Prettexts for his violence were never wanting to Henry. But the trials of his luckless spouses were a mockery of justice. The accused were prejudged ere heard. The king's pleasure was alone consulted. From his vengeance there was no escape.

When it was a question whether the beautiful Jane Seymour's life should be preserved, or that of the infant she was about to bring into the world, Henry unhesitatingly sacrificed the queen, brutally observing, "that he could readily get other wives, but might not have other children." But not only did young and lovely women suffer from his barbarity; venerable dames fared no better. Execrable was the manner in which the aged and dignified Countess of Salisbury was slaughtered.

A list of Henry's victims would swell pages: their number is almost incredible. For nearly five-and thirty years had this royal Bluebeard ruled the land; despoiling the Church, plundering his subjects, trampling on the necks of his nobles, disregarding all rights, divorcing and butchering his wives, disgracing and beheading his ministers; yet all the while, in the intensity of his egotism, entertaining the firm belief that he was one of the wisest and most merciful of kings, and arrogating to himself the title of Heaven's Vicar and High Minister on earth.

But the end of this monstrous tyranny approached. For months the moody monarch had shut himself up within his palace at Westminster like a sick lion in his den, and it appeared almost certain he would never quit it alive. Nothing could be gloomier than the present aspect of the court, or offer a greater contrast to its former splendour and gaiety. The pompous pageantries and shows erstwhile exhibited there were over; the sumptuous banquets and Belshazzar-like festivals, of which the monarch and his favourite attendants partook, had ceased; boisterous merriment was no longer heard—laughter, indeed, was altogether hushed; gorgeously-apparelled nobles and proudly-beautiful dames no longer thronged the halls; ambassadors and others were no more admitted to the royal presence; knightly displays were no more made in the precincts of the palace; the tennis-court was unfrequented, the manege-ground unvisited, all the king's former amusements and occupations were neglected and abandoned. Music was no longer heard either within or without, for light inspiriting sounds irritated the king almost to madness. Henry passed much of his time in his devotions, maintaining for the most part a sullen silence, during which he brooded over the past, and thought with bitter regret, not of his misdeeds and cruelties, but of bygone pleasures.

Not more changed was the king's court than the king himself. Accounted, when young, one of the handsomest princes in Europe, possessing at that time a magnificent person, a proud and majestic bearing, and all that could become a sovereign, he was now an unwieldy, unshapely, and bloated mass. The extraordinary vigour of

his early days gave promise of long life; but the promise was fallacious. Formerly he had been accustomed to take prodigious exercise, and to engage in all manly sports; but of late, owing to increasing obesity, these wholesome habits were neglected, and could never be resumed; his infirmities offering an effectual bar to their continuance. Though not positively intemperate, Henry placed little restraint upon himself in regard to wine, and none whatever as to food. He ate prodigiously. Nor when his life depended upon the observance of some rules of diet would he refrain.

Engendered in his frame by want of exercise, and nourished by gross self-indulgence, disease made rapid and fearful progress. Ere long he had become so corpulent, and his limbs were so much swollen, that he was almost incapable of movement. Such was his weight, that machinery had to be employed to raise him or place him in a chair. Doors were widened to allow him passage. He could not repose in a couch from fear of suffocation; and unceasing anguish was occasioned by a deep and incurable ulcer in the leg. Terrible was he to behold at this period. Terrible to hear were his cries of rage and pain, which resembled the roaring of a wild beast. His attendants came nigh him with reluctance and affright, for the slightest inadvertence drew down dreadful imprecations and menaces on their heads.

But the lion, though sick to death, was a lion still. While any life was left him, Henry would not abate a jot of the sovereign power he had exercised. Though his body was a mass of disease, his faculties were vigorous as ever; his firmness was unshaken, his will absolute. To the last he was true to himself. Inexorable he had been, and inexorable he remained. His thirst for vengeance was insatiable as ever, while his suspicions were more quickly aroused, and sharper than heretofore.

But during this season of affliction, vouchsafed him, perchance, for repentance from his numerous and dire offences, there was no endeavour to reconcile himself with man, or to make his peace with Heaven. Neither was there any outward manifestation of remorse. The henchmen and pages, stationed at the doors of his chamber during the long hours of night, and half slumbering at their posts, with other watchers by his side, were often appalled by the fearful groans of the restless king. But these might be wrested from him by pain, and were no proof that conscience pricked him. Not a word escaped his lips to betoken that sleep was scared away by the spectres of his countless victims. What passed within that dark and inscrutable breast no man could tell.

## II.

OF THE SNARE LAID BY HER ENEMIES FOR QUEEN CATHERINE PARR; AND HOW SHE FELL INTO IT.

So alarmed had been the fair dames of Henry's court by his barbarous treatment of his spouses, as well as by the extraordinary and unprecedented enactment he had introduced into Catherine Howard's bill of attainder, that when the royal Bluebeard cast his eyes among them, in search of a new wife, they all shunned the dangerous distinction, and seemed inclined to make a similar response to that of the beautiful Duchess of Milan, who told Henry, "that unfortunately she had but one head,—if she had two, one of them should be at his majesty's service."

At length, however, one was found of somewhat more mature years than her immediate predecessors, but of unimpaired personal attractions, who had sufficient confidence in her discretion, and trust in her antecedents, to induce her to venture on the hazardous step. This was Catherine, daughter of Sir Thomas Parr of Kendal, then in her second widowhood; she having married, in the first instance, the eldest son of Lord Borough of Gainsborough, and, on his demise, the Lord Latimer. By neither marriage had there been children, so no obstacle was offered to her union with the king on this score. Henry espoused her, and was well satisfied with his choice. In proof of his high estimation, he appointed her Regent of the kingdom prior to his departure on the expedition to France in 1544, the year after his marriage.

So great was Catherine Parr's prudence, and so careful her conduct, that in spite of all intrigues against her, she never lost her influence over her fickle and suspicious spouse. The queen inclined to the new doctrines, and consequently those who adhered to the old religion became her enemies. But she gave them little ground for attack, and her hold upon the king's affections secured her against their malice. Age and infirmities had subdued the violence of Henry's passions: hence Catherine had no reason to fear lest she should be superseded by some more attractive rival. Besides, she had prudence enough to keep temptation out of the king's way, and she gradually and almost imperceptibly gave a more austere character to his court and entertainments. It was at her instance, though Henry was scarcely conscious of the prompting, that the pageantries and festivities in which he had once so greatly delighted were discontinued. As Henry's ailments increased, and he became altogether confined to the palace, Catherine would fain have acted his nurse, but this Henry would not permit; and fearing his suspicions might be aroused, the queen did not urge the point. But she was frequently with him, and ever ready to attend his summons. Under the circumstances in which he was placed, her discourse might have been very profitable to the king if he had chosen to listen to it; but he would brook no mo-

niton, and his sternness on one or two occasions when the attempt was made, warned her to desist. But Catherine was somewhat of a controversialist, and being well read in theological matters, was fully able to sustain a dispute upon any question that might arise, and, though she never contradicted, she not unfrequently argued with him, yielding in the end, as was discreet, to his superior judgment.

¶ One day, she was suddenly summoned by the king, and, accompanied by her confidante, Lady Herbert, she prepared, without any misgiving, to attend upon him.

Catherine Parr's charms were of a kind which is more fully developed in the summer of life than in the spring. At thirty-five she was far handsomer than when she was ten years younger. Her complexion was of exquisite clearness, and her skin smooth as satin; her face was oval in form, the principal feature being slightly aquiline; her eyes were large, dark and languid in expression, with heavy eyelids over-arched by well-defined jetty brows. Her raven locks were banded over her marble forehead, and partly concealed by her rich head-dress. Her figure was tall and perfectly proportioned, full, but not over-much. Her deportment was majestic and queenly, her manner calm, collected, almost cold; but, notwithstanding her gravity of aspect and staidness of demeanour, there was something in Catherine's looks that seemed to intimate that she *could* smile, ay, and indulge in innocent merriment, when alone among her women, or unawed by her imperious spouse.

On the present occasion she was richly attired, as was her wont. A circle of gold, ornamented with diamonds, rubies, and small pearls, encompassed her brows. Attached to this coronet was a coil of golden wire, while an embroidered *couvre-chief* depending from it, completed her head-gear. Her gown was of gold damask, raised with pearls of damask silver, with a long close-fitting stomacher, and sleeves tight at the shoulder, but having loose hanging cuffs of fur, beneath which could be discerned slashed and puffed undersleeves of crimson satin. A necklace of jacinth adorned her throat, and her waist was surrounded by a girdle of goldsmith's work, with friar's knots, enamelled black. A pomander box terminated the chain of the girdle, which reached almost to the feet.

Her attendant, Lady Herbert, sister to Henry's third wife, Jane Seymour, and herself a very lovely woman, was likewise richly habited in a gown of chequered tissue, fashioned like the queen's.

On Catherine's entrance into the royal presence, Henry was seated in his cumbrous chair. Ever fond of rich habiliments, even when labouring under mortal disease, his predilections did not desert him. A gown of purple *caffa* damask, furred with sables, and having a border embroidered and fringed with Venice gold, was thrown over his shoulders. His overgrown trunk was enveloped in a doublet of purple satin, embroidered all over with pearls; and his lower limbs were wrapped in a mantle of black cloth of

gold upon bawdkin. On his head he wore a velvet skull-cap, richly set with pearls and other precious stones. But these trappings and ensigns of royalty only served to make the sick monarch's appearance more hideous. It was dreadful to look upon him as he sat there, with his features so bloated as scarcely to retain a vestige of humanity, and his enormously bulky person. No one would have recognised in this appalling object the once handsome and majestic Henry the Eighth. The only feature unchanged in the king was the eye. Though now deep sunken in their orbits, his eyes were keen and terrible as ever, proving that his faculties had lost none of their force.

On the king's right, and close beside him, stood the astute and learned Stephen Gardiner, who, though he had signed Henry's divorce from Katherine of Aragon, and written the famous oration *De Verâ Obedientiâ* in the monarch's behalf, was yet secretly devoted to the Romish faith, and strongly opposed to the new doctrines. Clad in his stole, scarlet chimere, white rochette, and black cassock, he wore a black skull-cap set low upon the forehead, and having flaps that covered the ears and neck. Gardiner was singularly ill favoured; very swarthy, beetle-browed, and hook-nosed. Moreover, he had wide nostrils, like those of a horse, and a hanging look. By nature he was fierce, of great boldness, extremely zealous and indefatigable, and enjoyed much credit with his royal master, which he was supposed to have employed against the reformers.

On the other side of the monarch was stationed the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley (pronounced Wrottesley), a sombre-looking man, with harsh features, and a high, bald forehead. Robed in a black gown bordered with sable fur, he had altogether the air of a grand inquisitor. As a knight companion of the Garter, he wore the George and collar round his neck. Like Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor was attached to the old faith, and bitterly, though secretly, hostile to its opponents. They both entertained the belief that on the king's death the progress of the Reformation would be arrested, and the Religion of Rome triumphantly restored; and to this end they had plotted together to remove the queen, as one of the chief obstacles to the accomplishment of their scheme. They inflamed the king's mind against her by representing to him that her majesty was in the habit of secretly perusing religious books and manuscripts prohibited by the royal decree, offering him proof, if needed, of the truth of their assertions; and Catherine herself unwittingly played into their hands by the imprudence with which she discussed certain points of doctrine with her intolerant spouse, stoutly maintaining opinions adverse to his own. Made aware of this by the king's displeasure, the plotters easily fanned the flame which had been already lighted until it burst into a blaze. He uttered angry menaces, and spoke of a committal to the Tower. But he would give her one

chance of retrieving herself. She was summoned, as has been stated, and on her behaviour at the interview hung her sentence.

As Catherine entered, she perceived her enemies, and feared that something might be wrong, but an appearance of unwonted good humour in the king deceived her. As she advanced and made a lowly obeisance, Wriothesley offered to raise her, but she haughtily declined the offer.

"How fares your majesty this morning?" she inquired.

"Marry, well enough," Henry replied. "We have slept somewhat better than usual, and Butts thinks we are mending apace."

"Not too quickly, my gracious liege—but slowly and surely, as I trust," observed the physician, hazarding a glance of caution at the queen, which unluckily passed unnoticed.

"Heaven grant it be so!" exclaimed Catherine.

"Come and sit by us, Kate," pursued Henry; adding, as she placed herself on a fauteuil near him, "You spoke so well and so convincingly yesterday, that we would fain have the Lord Chancellor and my lord of Winchester hear you."

"We cannot fail to profit by her majesty's discourse," remarked Gardiner, inclining his head.

"I would what I shall say might profit you, and the Lord Chancellor likewise, for ye have both need of improvement," replied Catherine, sharply. "If his highness will listen to me, ye shall neither of you have much more influence with him, for ye give him pernicious counsel. As to you, my Lord Chancellor, a circumstance hath been told me which, if it be true, proves the hardness of your heart, and must call down upon you his majesty's displeasure. It is said that when Anne Askew underwent the torture in the Tower, and the sworn tormentor desisted and would not further pursue his hateful office, you yourself turned the wheel of the rack, and stretched it to the uttermost. And this upon a woman—a gentle, beautiful woman. Oh, my lord, fie upon you!"

"I will not deny the fact," Wriothesley replied, "and I acted only in accordance with my duty in striving to wrest an avowal of her guilt from a mischievous and stubborn heretic, who was justly convicted under his majesty's statute of the Six Articles, wherein it is enacted that whosoever shall declare, dispute, or argue that in the blessed sacrament of the altar, under the form of bread and wine, there is not present really the natural body and blood of our Saviour, or that after the consecration there remaineth any substance of bread or wine, such person shall be adjudged a heretic, and shall suffer death by way of burning, without any abjuration, clergy, or sanctuary permitted. Yet, had Anne Askew recanted her errors, and submitted herself to the king's clemency, she would doubtless have been spared."

"Ay, marry would she!" cried Henry. "The Lord Chancellor acted somewhat roughly, but I see not that he was to blame. You have no particular feeling for Anne Askew, I trust, Kate?"



"I have much sorrow for her, my liege," Catherine replied. "She died for her faith."

"Sorrow for a sacramentarian, Kate!" exclaimed the king. "Now, by holy Mary! you will next avouch that you are a sacramentarian yourself."

"Nay, my gracious liege," interposed Gardiner. "Her majesty may feel pity for the misguided, but she can never uphold perverse doctrines."

"I know not that," replied the king. "No longer than yester day we discussed certain points of theology together, and she denied the doctrine of transubstantiation."

"Your majesty supposed so," observed Gardiner, lifting up his hands. "It could not be."

"But I say it was," cried the king. "Whence she derived her arguments I cannot tell, but she stoutly maintained them. Are ye a heretic, Kate? Confess at once!"

"This sounds like an accusation, my liege," replied the queen, rising, "and I know whence it comes," she added, glancing at her enemies. "I will answer it at once. As the Bishop of Winchester well knows, I am of the orthodox Church, of which your majesty is the supreme head and high minister."

"And yet you deny the real presence in the Eucharist, Kate?" interrupted the king.

"I cannot believe that which I do not understand, sire," she replied.

"Ha! you equivocate!" exclaimed Henry. "It is true! You are infected—infected to the core—by these perverse and heretical doctrines. Since you pity Anne Askew, and deem her a martyr, you shall share her fate. My statute of the Six Articles spares none—however high in degree. Quit my presence, and enter it not again. Not a word! Begone!"

And as he turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties, the queen was compelled to retire, and was led out of the chamber, in a half-fainting state, by Lady Herbert.

No sooner was she gone, than Gardiner and Wriothesley, who had exchanged looks of satisfaction during Henry's explosion of rage, drew near his majesty. Doctor Butts likewise approached the king, and said,

"Beseech your majesty to be calm. These bursts of anger do you infinite hurt, and may even endanger your life."

"God'sdeath! man, how can I be calm under such provocation?" roared Henry. "Things are come to a pretty pass when I am to be schooled by my wife. I must be ill indeed if freedoms like these, which no one ever ventured upon before, can be taken with me."

"Her majesty, I am well assured, has unintentionally angered you, my gracious liege," said Butts. "She will not so offend again."

"There you are in the right, doctor," rejoined Henry, sternly. "Her majesty will not offend again."

"Do nothing hastily, sire, I implore you," cried the physician.

"Withdraw, sir," returned the king. "I have no further need of you for the present."

"I cannot blame your majesty's anger," observed Gardiner. "It is enough to move any man to wrath to find that he has been duped, and the queen has now revealed her real opinions to you. She has openly braved your displeasure, and you owe it to yourself that her punishment be proportionate to her audacity."

"Your majesty cannot oppose your own decrees," said Wriothesley, "and the queen's infraction of them can be proven. On the night before Anne Askew was taken to the stake, she received a consolatory message from the queen, and she thereupon sent a prohibited book to her majesty, which the queen hath in her possession."

"We will extirpate these heresies ere we die," said Henry; "and if but few hours are allowed us, by Heaven's grace they shall be employed in purging the land from the pest that afflicts it. It is not for nothing we have been appointed Heaven's vicar and high minister, as these heretics shall find. We will strike terror into them. We will begin with the queen. Ye shall have a warrant for her arrest. Go both of you to Sir Anthony Denny to obtain it, and bid him get the instrument impressed by the keeper of our secret stamp."

"It shall be done as your highness enjoins," said Wriothesley. "Is it your pleasure that the arrest be made at once?"

"Tarry till to-morrow, I entreat your majesty," interposed Doctor Butts, who had yet lingered, in spite of the king's order to withdraw. "Take a few hours of reflection ere you act thus severely."

"What! art thou still here, knave?" cried the king. "Methought I ordered thee hence."

"For the first time I have presumed to disobey you," replied the physician; "but I beseech you listen to me."

"If I might counsel your majesty, I would urge you to carry out your just resolves without delay," observed Gardiner. "Good work cannot too soon be begun."

"Thou art right," said the king. "Her majesty shall sleep this night—if she sleep at all—in the Tower. Get the warrant as I have bidden you, and go afterwards with a guard to make the arrest. And harkye, forget not to advise Sir John Gage, the Constable of the Tower, of the illustrious prisoner he may expect, and enjoin him to prepare accordingly."

"Your behests shall be obeyed," said Wriothesley, scarcely able to conceal his satisfaction.

"Sir John Gage is now in the palace, if it shall please your majesty to speak with him," said Butts.

"That is lucky," replied the king; "bring him to us without delay."

With a covert smile of defiance at the queen's enemies, Butts departed upon his errand.

As Gardiner and Wriothesley quitted the royal presence, the latter observed, in a low tone, to his companion,

"The queen is as good as brought to the block."

"Ay, marry is she," replied Gardiner, in the same tone, "if what we have done be not undone by Gage. He is like enough to try and thwart our plans. The king trusts him; and affirms that it was for his incorruptible honesty that he made him comptroller of the household and Constable of the Tower. Gage incorruptible, forsooth! as if any man living—ourselves excepted—were incorruptible."

"Gage's vaunted honesty will not induce him to oppose the king," rejoined Wriothesley. "But let him try, if he be so minded. He may as well attempt to pull down the solid walls of the Tower itself as shake Henry's resolution. And now for the warrant!"

### III.

#### OF THE MEANS OF AVOIDING THE PERIL PROPOSED BY SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR TO THE QUEEN.

IN a state of mind bordering almost upon distraction, the queen returned to her own chamber, where, having hastily dismissed all her attendants except Lady Herbert, she abandoned herself to despair.

"Lost!—utterly lost!" she exclaimed, in accents of bitter anguish. "Who shall save me from his wrath? Whither shall I fly to hide me? I shall share the fate of my predecessors. I shall mount the same scaffold as Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. There is no escape—none. Well do I know the king is inexorable. No tears—no entreaties will move him. Pity me, dear Herbert—pity me. Help me if thou canst, for I am well-nigh at my wits' end."

"I only know one person who might perchance help your highness in this direful extremity," replied Lady Herbert. "My brother, Sir Thomas Seymour, would lay down his life for you. He has always longed for an opportunity of proving his devotion."

"Where is Sir Thomas?" cried Catherine. "Go bring him to me straight. But no!—it may be dangerous to him to approach me now."

"Danger will never deter my brother from serving his queen," Lady Herbert rejoined. "But I need not seek him. Without tarrying for your majesty's instructions, I have despatched a page to bring him hither."

"Thou hast done wrong, Herbert," cried Catherine. "I feel I ought not to see him. And yet to whom else can I turn? Heaven help me in my need!"

"There is no one, I repeat, upon whom your majesty can more fully rely than on Sir Thomas Seymour—that I aver," rejoined Lady Herbert. "He lives but to serve you."

"If your brother be devoted to me as you represent, Herbert, and as in truth I believe him to be," said the queen, "the greater is the reason why I should not drag him into this abyss with me. I will not see him."

"Your majesty's interdiction comes too late," said Lady Herbert. "He is here."

As the words were uttered, the arras which covered a lateral entrance to the room communicating with the ante-chamber, was raised, and Sir Thomas Seymour stood before them.

Beyond all question the handsomest and most gallant-looking personage in Henry's court—where there were many such—was the haughty Sir Thomas Seymour, younger brother of the Earl of Hertford. Possessing a tall and stately person, Sir Thomas had a noble and highly picturesque head, as may be seen in the portrait of him by Holbein. He had the lofty forehead, the fine eyes, and the somewhat pale complexion which distinguished the Seymours; but he was the handsomest of a very handsome race, and it may be doubted whether he did not surpass in point of personal appearance his sister, the lovely Jane Seymour, to whom he bore a marked resemblance. His features were cut with extreme delicacy, but a manly character was given them by the long brown silky beard which descended midway down his doublet. Sir Thomas was in the prime and vigour of life, and of a very commanding presence, and neglected no advantages which could be afforded him by rich habiliments. He wore a doublet and hose of purple velvet, panned and cut; with a cassock likewise of purple velvet, embroidered with Venice gold and bordered with fur—and his cassock was so fashioned as to give exaggerated breadth to the shoulder—such being the mode at the time. His arms were a long Spanish rapier, with elaborately wrought hilt, and dagger. His hair was shorn close, in accordance with the fashion of the period, and his head was covered with a flat velvet cap, ornamented with a balass-ruby and a crimson plume. But this cap he removed in stepping from behind the arras.

Third son of Sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, Sir Thomas had served with great distinction in the late wars with France. In 1544—three years before the date of this history—he had been made master of the ordnance for life. High in favour with the king, and uncle to Prince Edward, heir to the throne, he would have possessed much influence and importance, had he not been overshadowed by his elder brother, the Earl of Hertford, who stood foremost in Henry's regard. Of an aspiring nature, however, equally bold and unscrupulous, Seymour was greedy of political power, and determined to have it at any hazard and by any means. A daring conspirator, he lacked cunning and temper sufficient to mark his secret designs. His passions were fierce; his hatred undisguised; and he had many of the qualities of Cataline, with whom he was subsequently compared. Haughty and insolent to

his inferiors, he was more popular with the ancient nobility of Henry's court than the Earl of Hertford, who sought by condescension to ingratiate himself with the populace. Such was Sir Thomas Seymour, then in the prime of manhood, and in the full splendour of his noble personal appearance.

On beholding him, the queen rose to her feet, and exclaimed, with almost frenzied anxiety, "Oh! you are come, Sir Thomas. What news do you bring? Has the king's wrath abated? Is there any hope for me?"

"Alas! madam," Seymour replied, flying towards her, "it grieves me to the soul to be the bearer of such ill tidings to your majesty. The king's fury is as great as ever; he will not hear a word in your defence from Sir John Gage, who is with him now. Your enemies have prevailed against you. The warrant is ordered for your arrest—and if the peril cannot be averted, your august person will be attached, and you will be taken forthwith to the Tower."

"Then I am wholly lost!" exclaimed Catherine. "Oh! Seymour," she continued, in a tone of half reproach, "I looked to you for aid—but you offer none."

"I scarce dare offer such aid as is alone in my power," cried Seymour, almost fiercely; "yet circumstances almost seem to justify it. Say you would have me prevent it, and this warrant shall never be executed."

"But how will you prevent it?" demanded the queen, looking at him, as if she would rend his inmost soul.

"Ask me not how, madam," rejoined Sir Thomas. "But say you would have me die for you—and it shall be done."

These words were uttered with such terrible significance, that Catherine could not fail to comprehend their import.

"This must not be, Seymour!" she exclaimed, laying her hand upon his arm. "You meditate some desperate design. I charge you to forego it."

"'Twere but to stay the hand of a ruthless tyrant, who is about to shed blood that ought to be dearer to him than his own. Let me go, I beseech you, madam."

"No; I forbid it—peremptorily forbid it. If the king remains inflexible, I must die. Is there no way to move him?"

"You know his flinty heart as well as I do, madam," Seymour rejoined, "and that he is inaccessible to all feelings of humanity. But I will seek to move him—though I much fear the result."

"Plead not for me to your own danger, Seymour. You may draw down the king's anger on your own head."

"No matter," replied Sir Thomas. "I will run any risk. My life will be well lost, if, by losing it, I can profit your majesty."

"Oh! if I could obtain speech with the king once more, I should not despair of melting his heart, hard though it be!" said Catherine. "But he will not see me."

"He has given peremptory orders against your admittance," re-

joined Seymour; "and the guard and henchmen dare not for their lives disobey the mandate. Yet you must see him, and that speedily—but how?—Ha! I have it!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, as if struck with a sudden idea. "What will you say if I bring the king to you?"

"That you have wrought a miracle," replied Catherine. "But I pray you trifle not with me, Seymour."

"I trifle not, gracious madam," rejoined Sir Thomas, earnestly. "I have strong hopes of success. But you must second the scheme. I will at once to his majesty, and represent to him that the terrible shock you have sustained has been too much for you, and brought you to the point of death—that you seek forgiveness from him, but as you cannot come to him, you humbly supplicate him to come to you."

"But he will not come," cried Catherine, with something of hope in the exclamation.

"I think he will," said Lady Herbert.

"I am sure he will," added Seymour. "When he appears, submit yourself entirely to him. I leave the rest to your sagacity. If you have letters about you from Anne Askew, or Joan Bocher, or any prohibited book, give them to me."

"Here is a letter from the poor martyr, and a book of prayer, blotted with her tears," replied the queen, giving the articles in question to Seymour, who placed them in the silken bag that hung from his girdle; "keep them for me until some happier day, or keep them in memory of me!"

"Speak not thus, madam, or you will rob me of my courage, and I shall need it all," rejoined Seymour, kneeling, and pressing the hand she extended to him reverentially to his lips. "At some happier season, when all such storms as this have passed, I may venture to remind you of the service I am about to render."

"Fear not I shall forget it," replied Catherine, with some tenderness. "Go! and Heaven prosper your efforts!"

And with a profound obeisance, and a look of unutterable devotion, Sir Thomas withdrew.

Though Catherine was by no means so sanguine of the success of Seymour's scheme as he and his sister appeared to be, she nevertheless prepared for the part she might be called upon to play. The rest of her attendants were hastily summoned by Lady Herbert, and were informed that their royal mistress was dangerously ill. With every demonstration of grief, the weeping women gathered round the couch on which Catherine had extended herself, and would fain have offered her restoratives; but she refused their aid, and would not allow her physician to be sent for, declaring she desired to die. In this way full half an hour was spent—an age it seemed to the queen, who was kept on the rack of expectation.

At length, and just as Catherine's heart had began to sink within her, a noise was heard without, and Lady Herbert whispered in her ear, "It is the king! My brother has succeeded."

## IV.

HOW THE DESIGNS OF WRIOTHESLEY AND GARDINER WERE FOILED BY THE  
QUEEN'S WIT.

PRESENTLY afterwards, a double door communicating with the gallery was thrown open by two henchmen, giving admittance to a gentleman-usher, wand in hand, and glittering in cloth of gold and tissue, who announced the king's approach; and in another minute Henry appeared, moving very slowly and with great difficulty, supported between Sir Thomas Seymour, on whose shoulders he leaned, and a man of large frame, and such apparent strength, that he seemed perfectly able to lift the unwieldy monarch from the ground should he chance to stumble.

Sir John Gage—for he was the stalwart personage on the king's right—had a soldier-like air and deportment, and that he had seen service was evident from the scars on his cheek and brow. His features were handsome, but of an iron cast, and singularly stern in expression. His beard was coal-black, and cut like a spade. He was attired in a doublet of tawny-coloured satin, a furred velvet cassock of the same hue, and orange-tawny hose. He was armed with rapier and dagger, and below the left knee wore the Garter. Appointed master of the wards and Constable of the Tower in 1540, soon after the fall of Cromwell, Sir John Gage was likewise made, at a later date, comptroller of the household, and filled these important offices to the king's entire satisfaction. His rough, blunt manner, and fearlessness of speech, contrasting forcibly with the servility and obsequiousness of his other courtiers, pleased Henry, who would brook some difference of opinion from his own, provided he was firmly convinced, as in this instance, of the speaker's honesty.

The king paused for a moment at the doorway to recover his strength, and during this interval his looks were anxiously scrutinised by Lady Herbert; but nothing favourable could be read in his bloated and cadaverous countenance. He was enveloped in a loose gown of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, and lined and bordered with minever, and made of such length and amplitude that it concealed his swollen person. If Lady Herbert failed to discover anything but what was formidable in Henry's inscrutable countenance, she gathered hope from her brother's significant glance, and whispered in the queen's ear as she feigned to raise her, "Be of good cheer, madam. All goes well."

By the help of his supporters Henry once more put himself in motion, and advanced slowly towards the couch on which Catherine was laid, surrounded by her women, and apparently almost in a state of insensibility. He was followed by Doctor Butts. The king had not gone far ere he again halted from weakness and want

of breath, and, on recovering, he ordered Butts to see to the queen, and send away her noisy and wailing women.

On approaching Catherine, the physician instantly comprehended the trick put upon the king, but so far from betraying it, he lent his best aid to carry out the stratagem. Causing her to breathe at a phial, he fixed his eyes meaningly upon her as she revived, as if counselling her how to act.

"There, you are better now, gracious madam," he said.

"You waste your skill upon me, good Doctor Butts," Catherine replied, in a faint voice. "I am sinking fast. Nothing but the king's forgiveness can revive me, and that I shall never obtain. One kindly word from him would soothe my agony and reconcile me to my fate. But since I may not see him, tell him, good sir, that I died blessing him; that I have never knowingly disobeyed him; and that to feel I have offended him, albeit unwittingly, has broken my heart."

"Madam, your words have already reached the king's ear," replied Butts, "and I doubt not will be favourably received."

"Ay, Kate," cried Henry, "I come to bid thee live."

"Your majesty here!" exclaimed the queen, slightly raising herself. "Then, indeed, I shall die content."

"Talk not of dying, Kate," rejoined he. "Our physician shall bring thee round."

"A few words from your lips, my liege, will accomplish more than all my art can effect," said Butts.

"Raise me, I pray you," said Catherine to the physician and Lady Herbert, "and let me throw myself at the king's feet to implore his pardon."

"Nay, by Our Lady, there is no need of it, Kate," cried the king, with some show of kindness. "Set me a chair beside the queen," he added, "and bring me to it. Soh, Kate," he continued, as his commands were obeyed, "ye see your error, and repent it?—ha!"

"Most truly, my gracious lord and husband," she replied. "Yet while acknowledging my fault, and humbly entreating forgiveness for it, I must needs say that I have erred from inadvertence, not design. 'Twas but a seeming contradiction of your majesty that I ventured on. I argued but to draw you forth, as well to benefit myself by your able and unanswerable expositions, as to make you forget for a while the pain of your ailment. This I did at the instigation of Doctor Butts, who will bear me out in what I say."

"That will I," cried the physician. "I counselled her highness to argue with your majesty—yea, and to contradict you—in the hope of diverting your thoughts from yourself, and giving you a brief respite from suffering."

"Then thou art the true culprit, Butts," cried the king. "By the rood! but that I need thee, thou shouldst pay the penalty of



thy folly. Thus much thou art freely forgiven, Kate; but other matter yet remains to be explained. Art thou a sectary and sacramentarian? Hast thou received letters and prohibited books from Anne Askew?"

"Whence comes this accusation, sire?" rejoined Catherine. "From my mortal enemies the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of Winchester. Let them prove the charge against me, and I will submit without a murmur to any punishment your majesty may choose to inflict. But I defy their malice."

"Enough!" exclaimed Henry; "thou hast removed all my doubts, and we are perfect friends again. Content thee, Kate—content thee! Thou shalt have ample vengeance on thine enemies. I swear it—on my bead!"

"Nay, I entreat your majesty be not angry with them," said the queen. "I am so happy in the restoration to your love, that I cannot harbour a vindictive thought. Pardon them, I pray of you."

"They deserve not your generosity, Kate," rejoined Henry. "But thou art not forgiven for thy share in this matter, Butts," he continued. "Look you bring the queen round quickly—look that she suffer not from this mischance—look to it well, I say."

"I have no fear now, my liege," replied Butts. "Your majesty has proved the better physician of the two. Under the treatment you have adopted, I will answer for the queen's perfect recovery."

"That is well," Henry rejoined. "Ha! what noise is that in the gallery? Who dares come hither?"

"Your majesty forgets," remarked Sir John Gage.

"Right, right, I had forgotten. 'Tis Wriothesley and Gardiner. They shall see how we will welcome them. Admit the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of Winchester, and those with them," he roared.

As the order was given, the folding-doors were again thrown open, and the two personages mentioned by the king entered, followed by a guard of halberdiers. Wriothesley held the warrant in his hand. On beholding the king they both stopped in much confusion, perceiving at once that the tables were turned upon them.

"How now?" exclaimed the king, derisively. "Why do you hesitate? About your business quickly."

"We would fain know your majesty's pleasure ere proceeding further," said Wriothesley.

"My pleasure!" vociferated Henry. "False traitors and evil counsellors that ye are, my pleasure would be to clap ye both in the Tower, and but for her majesty's intercession, ye should be sent thither under the conduct of the very guard ye have brought with you. Your machinations are discovered and defeated."

"Beseech your majesty to grant us a hearing?" said Gardiner.

"No, I will not hear you," rejoined the king, fiercely. "De-

liver up that warrant, which was obtained on your false representation."

"I deny that it was obtained by any such means, my liege," replied Wriothesley. "Nevertheless, as is my duty, I obey your behests."

And he delivered the warrant to Sir John Gage, by whom it was instantly torn in pieces.

"Begone!" exclaimed Henry, "or I will not answer how far my provocation may carry me. Begone! and take with you the conviction that your scheme has failed—and that all such schemes are certain of failure."

And seeing that it was in vain to urge a word in their defence, the baffled enemies of the queen retired.

"Are ye content, Kate?" Henry inquired, as soon as they were gone. And receiving a grateful response, he added, "Fear not henceforward to dispute with us on points of doctrine. We shall be ever ready for such arguments, and you have our physician's word, as you wot, that they do us good."

"Pray Heaven your highness may not suffer from the effort you have made in coming to me!" said Catherine.

"Nay, by my life, I am the better for it," Henry rejoined. "But I must quit you now, sweetheart. I have another matter to decide on—no less than the committal of his grace of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey, to the Tower."

"More work for me for your majesty," observed Sir John Gage, bluntly. "Yet I would this might be spared me."

"How so, Sir John?" cried the king. "What liking have ye for these traitors?"

"I have yet to learn that they are traitors, my liege," replied Gage, boldly. "As the Duke of Norfolk is first among your peers, so he has ever been foremost in zeal and devotion to your majesty. Methinks his long services ought to weigh somewhat with you."

"His grace's services have been well requited, Sir John," interposed Seymour. "Know you not the grave charges against him?"

"I know well that you and your brother, the Earl of Hertford, are his enemies, and would rejoice in his downfall," answered the Constable of the Tower.

"Peace, both of ye!" cried the king. "The charge against the Duke of Norfolk, which hath been proven to our satisfaction, is, that contrary to his oath and allegiance to us, he hath many times—mark that, Sir John—many times betrayed the secrets of our privy councils—the privy privy council, Sir John—to our great peril, and to the infinite detriment of our affairs."

"His grace may have spoken unguardedly—so might any of us——"

"Not you, Sir John," interrupted the king, dryly. "You never speak unguardedly, I'll answer for it."

"I never speak untruthfully, my liege," rejoined Gage. "And I dare affirm that although the Duke of Norfolk may have babbled of matters about which he had better have held his tongue, he has never been wanting in fidelity and loyalty to your highness."

"You know only part of the duke's heinous offences, or you would not say so much in his defence, Sir John," said Seymour. "Learn, then, that to the peril, slander, and disherison of his majesty and his noble son, Prince Edward, heir apparent to the throne, his aspiring grace of Norfolk hath unjustly, and without authority, borne in the first quarter of his arms the arms of England, which are the proper arms of Prince Edward."

"Is this some new discovery you have made, Sir Thomas?" inquired Gage. "Methinks you must have seen the duke's blazon ever since you bore arms yourself."

"The matter is not new, we grant," said the king, sternly; "but we view it now with different eyes. We discern peril in this audacious act. We see in it pretended claims to be brought forth hereafter—disturbance to the realm—interruption to our son's inheritance to the crown. We see this plainly, and will crush it."

"With all submission, I do not think that the duke hath had any such daring presumption," observed the Constable of the Tower. "But touching the Earl of Surrey: in what hath that peerless nobleman offended?"

"Peerless you well may call him," cried Henry; "for in his own conceit he hath never a peer. Why could not his ambition content itself with shining in Phœbus' court? Why should it soar so high in ours? His treason is the same as his father's. He hath quartered in his shield the arms of Edward the Confessor, denoting pretensions to the crown."

"What more?" demanded the Constable of the Tower.

"What more!" repeated Henry. "Is not that enough? But since you lack further information, Sir Thomas Seymour shall give it you. Tell him what thou knowest, Sir Thomas."

"It were too long to tell all, my liege," replied Seymour. "In regard to his arms, instead of a duke's coronet, Surrey has put a cap of maintenance purple, with powdered fur, and a close crown, and underneath the arms the king's cipher."

"You hear?" cried Henry, sternly.

"Let me propound these questions to Sir John Gage," pursued Seymour. "If a man shall compass to rule the realm, and go about to rule the king, what imports it? Again, if the same man shall declare that if the king dies, none shall have the rule of the prince save his father and himself—what imports it? Again, if that man shall say, 'If the king were dead I would shortly shut up the prince'—what imports it?"

"Treason—arrant treason," replied Gage.

"Then, all this and more of the same treasonous stuff, hath Surrey uttered," rejoined Seymour. "He hath sought to bring about a union 'twixt myself and his sister, the Duchess of Richmond, in order that he might have more influence with the king's highness."

"Is this indeed true, Sir Thomas?" inquired Catherine, quickly.

"Ay, madam," he replied. "But failing in his scheme, the earl thenceforth became my mortal enemy, reviling me and my brother Hertford, and vowing that, if Heaven should call away the king, he would avenge himself upon us and all the upstart nobility, as he insolently styles us. He hates us—bitterly hates us for our love to the king, and for the favour shown us by his highness. He says his majesty has had ill counsels."

"How say you now, Sir John?" cried Henry. "Are you not satisfied that the Duke of Norfolk and his son are a couple of traitors?"

"Humph! not altogether," rejoined the Constable.

"You are hard to be convinced, Sir John," said Seymour. "But think not, though I have spoken of myself and my brother Hertford, that I have any personal enmity to Surrey, much less any fear of him. But he is a traitor and dissembler. One of his servants hath been in Italy with Cardinal Pole, and hath been received again on his return. Moreover, he hath Italian spies in his employ, and is in secret correspondence with Rome."

"Are ye still incredulous?" demanded Henry.

"I know not what to say," replied the Constable, in a troubled tone. "But I fear me much that both are condemned."

"Come with us to the council, and you shall hear more," said Henry. "You seem to doubt our justice, but you shall find that we never punish without good cause, nor ever allow the greatness of the offender to shield him from just punishment. Fare ye well, sweetheart, for a while. Get well quickly, an you love us! Give me your arm, Butts; and yours, Sir John."

Upon this, he was raised with some difficulty from his seat, and, supported between the two persons he had named, he moved slowly out of the room.

When his back was turned, Seymour drew somewhat nearer to the queen.

"You have saved my life, Sir Thomas," said Catherine, in a low tone, and with a look of deep gratitude. "How can I pay the debt I owe you?"

"There is small merit in the service, madam," he replied, in a low impassioned voice. "I have saved you because your life is dearer to me than my own. I may claim a reward—but not now!"

And with a profound obeisance he retired, casting a parting look at the queen as he passed through the door.

## V.

OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE EARL OF SURREY AND SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR  
IN THE BOWYER TOWER.

A BITTER rivalry had long existed between the newly ennobled house of Seymour, and the ancient and illustrious house of Howard. Not less distinguished for exalted rank than renowned as a military commander, the high-born Duke of Norfolk looked down with scorn upon the new nobility, holding them unworthy to be ranked with him; and his sentiments were shared by his chivalrous and accomplished son, Earl Surrey, "of the deathless lay," who, proud as his father, was of a yet more fiery temper. But the duke soon found that the elder Seymour was not an enemy to be despised. The Earl of Hertford's influence with the king increased, while that of Norfolk declined. When Catherine Howard perished on the block, the duke her uncle, who had brought about the ill-starred match, fell into disfavour with the vindictive monarch, and never regained the place he had hitherto held in Henry's regard.

There was another ground of quarrel between the rival houses. The Howards continued firm in their adherence to the Church of Rome; and the Duke of Norfolk, who was looked upon as the head of the Catholic, and who hated the reformers, made himself obnoxious by his rigour towards the sacramentarians. Hertford, on the other hand, as much as he dared, upheld the new doctrines and supported the Protestant party. On religious questions, the king gave predominance to neither side; but, setting one against the other, was equally severe with both.

This state of things endured for a time without any decisive blow being struck by his enemy against the powerful duke. But when Henry's increasing infirmities made it evident that his dissolution could not be far off, the immediate and total overthrow of the house of Howard was resolved upon by Hertford. As elder uncle of the young Prince Edward, then only in his tenth year, Hertford had secretly determined to become Lord Protector, and thereby enjoy the supreme power of the realm. He could rely upon the chief part of the council for support, but he well knew he should encounter formidable opposition from the Duke of Norfolk. Moreover, both the duke and his son had rashly menaced Hertford and his associates, declaring that the time for vengeance was at hand, and that they should shortly smart for their audacity.

Henry, whose affections had been artfully estranged from the Howards, lent a ready ear to the charges brought against Norfolk and Surrey by the agency of Hertford, and without weighing the duke's long-tryed zeal and fidelity, and the many important services he had rendered him, signed the articles of accusation brought

against father and son, causing them both to be suddenly arrested, and lodged in separate prisons in the Tower.

Arraigned in Guildhall before Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, the lord mayor, and other commissioners, the Earl of Surrey vehemently and eloquently defended himself, denying the charges brought against him, and offering to fight his principal accuser, Sir Richard Southwell, in his shirt. But his defence availed him nothing. As had been foreseen, he was found guilty of high treason, condemned to death, and taken back to the Tower to await his execution.

But though the gallant Surrey was thus sentenced, more difficulty was experienced in bringing condemnatory matter against his father. Immured within a cell in the Beauchamp Tower, treated with great rigour, subjected to frequent private examinations, kept in entire ignorance of the names of his accusers, and even of the accusations brought against him, denied all access to his son, or communication with him, the duke at last succumbed, and a confession of guilt, under promise of pardon, was extorted from him. But this promise, solemnly given by Hertford, was not intended to be kept. On the contrary, the confession was to be made the means of Norfolk's destruction. Moved, perhaps, by some feelings of compassion for his old favourite, and still more by the duke's humble submission, Henry hesitated to sign his death-warrant. But with the rapacity which characterised him to the last, he had not neglected to seize upon the duke's houses, and confiscate his treasures. Norfolk, however, contrived to balk his enemies of the spoil they anticipated. Well aware that Hertford and his associates counted upon dividing his large possessions among them, he petitioned the king that the estates might be settled upon Prince Edward; and the request appeared so reasonable to Henry, that it was immediately granted. But the duke's life was still in jeopardy, dependent upon the will of a fickle tyrant, who might at any moment surrender him to the enemies who panted for his blood.

Leaving him, however, in this state of dreadful incertitude, we must go back to the Earl of Surrey, whose fate had been sealed, and visit him in his cell within the Bowyer Tower on the night previous to his execution.

In a narrow octangular stone chamber, arched and grained, and having walls of immense thickness, pierced with deep embrasures, which were strongly grated on the outside, sat the unfortunate young nobleman. An iron cresset lamp dimly illumined the cell. A book lay upon the rude oak table, beside which the earl was seated; but though his eyes seemed to dwell upon the leaves, his thoughts were far away. Petrarch for the first time failed to fix his attention. The young earl was prepared to meet his fate. But with such brilliant prospects before him, with such keen relish of life and all its enjoyments as he possessed, with so much unaccom-

plished, with so much to bind him to the world, it was hard to perish in the flower of his age.

Surrey was then but seven-and-twenty, and though he might, if spared, have reached a higher point than he ever attained, he was distinguished above all his compeers for gallantry, courtliness, prowess, learning, and wit. After winning his title on Flodden Field, and greatly distinguishing himself in the wars with France in 1544, he was made lieutenant-general in the expedition against Boulogne. A *preux chevalier* of the school of Bayard, he was no unworthy disciple of Petrarch. His graces of person were equal to his graces of mind, and a statelier figure and a nobler or more intellectual countenance than Surrey's could nowhere be found.

On his arraignment at Guildhall he had appeared in a doublet of black tylsent welted with cloth of silver, black silk hose, and a black velvet cassock, lined with crimson silk and furred with sable; and he wore the same garments now—with the exception of the cassock, which he had flung upon a stool—and meant to die in them.

Closing Petrarch, Surrey took up a copy of Virgil, which was lying on the table, and, being provided with writing materials, he set resolutely to work to translate a passage from the *Æneid*. He was occupied in this task when the withdrawing of a bolt on the outside of the door roused him, the key grated in the lock, and the next moment a gaoler, carrying a light, entered the cell.

"Bring you the ghostly father I have asked for to hear my shrift, Master Tombs?" the earl demanded.

"The priest is not yet arrived, my lord," Tombs replied. "The Constable of the Tower is without, and another with him."

"What other?" cried Surrey, springing to his feet. "Is it the duke, my father? Speak, man!—quick!"

"No, my lord. I know not who it may be," answered Tombs; "but assuredly it is not his grace of Norfolk, for I left him not an hour ago in the Beauchamp Tower. Perchance it is one of the council."

As the words were uttered, Sir John Gage passed through the doorway, and in so doing had to stoop his lofty head. He was followed by another tall personage, wrapped in a long black mantle, and so muffled up that his features could not be distinguished. Surrey, however, heeded not the latter, but, advancing towards the Constable, and warmly grasping his hand, exclaimed, "This is well and kindly done, Sir John. You have come to bid me farewell."

"Would I were the bearer of the king's grace to you, my lord!" rejoined Gage, in tones of deep emotion. "But it is not so. I am indeed come to bid you a last adieu."

"Then, as my friend, worthy Sir John—and such you have ever shown yourself, and never more than now—you will be glad to find that I am indifferent to my fate—nay, not altogether indifferent,

but resigned. I have philosophy enough to support me in this hour of trial, and am content to die."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed the Constable. "I did not think you possessed such firmness of soul."

"Nor I," added the muffled individual.

"Who is it speaks?" Surrey demanded. "Methinks I know the voice. I feel as if an enemy stood before me."

"Your instinct has not deceived you, my lord," Sir John Gage observed, in a low tone.

The muffled personage signed to Tombs to retire, and as soon as the gaoler was gone and the door closed, he let fall his cloak.

"You here, Sir Thomas Seymour!" the earl exclaimed, in a stern voice. "Is it not enough that your practices and those of your brother, the Earl of Hertford, have accomplished my destruction, but you must needs come to triumph over me? It is well for you that your malice failed not in its object. Had I lived, you and your brother should both have rued the ill counsels ye have given the king."

"Let not your anger be roused against him, my lord," remarked the Constable, "but part, if you can, at peace with all men."

"Fain would I do so, Sir John," cried Surrey. "But let him not trouble me further."

"You mistake my errand altogether, my lord," said Seymour, haughtily. "It is not in my nature to triumph over a fallen foe. All enmity I have ever felt towards you is at an end. But I have something to say which it concerns you to hear. Leave us for a while, I pray you, Sir John."

"Nothing hath interest with me now," said Surrey; "yet go, my true friend. But let me see you once again."

"Doubt it not," returned the Constable. And he closed the door as he quitted the cell.

"My lord," said Seymour, "I have been your foe, but, as I just now told you, my enmity is past. Nay, if you will let me, I will prove your friend."

"I desire to die in charity with all men," replied Surrey, gravely, "and I freely forgive you the wrongs you have done me. But for friendship between us—never! The word accords ill with the names of Howard and Seymour."

"Yet it might perhaps be better for both if it existed," rejoined Sir Thomas. "Hear me, my lord. Will you not account me a friend if I rescue you from the doom that awaits you to-morrow?"

"I would not accept life at your hands, or at those of any Seymour," returned Surrey, proudly. "Nor would I ask grace from the king himself—far less seek the intercession of one of his minions. Be assured I will make no submission to him."

"The duke, your father, has not been so unyielding," said



Seymour. "He hath humbly sued for mercy from the king, and, as a means of moving his highness's compassion, hath settled his estates upon Prince Edward."

"Whereby he has robbed you and your insatiate brother of your anticipated prey," rejoined the earl. "Therein he did wisely. Would he had not abased himself by unworthy submission!"

"Nay, my lord, his submission was wise, for though a pardon hath not followed it—as no doubt his grace expected—it will gain him time; and time, just now, is safety. The king cannot last long. A week, Doctor Butts declares, may see him out. Ten days is the utmost he can live."

"You forget the statute that prohibits the foretelling of the king's death, on penalty of death," replied Surrey. "But no matter. I am not likely to betray you. His majesty will outlast me, at any rate," he added, with a bitter smile.

"If you will be ruled by me, my lord, you shall survive him many a year. I cannot offer you a pardon, but I can do that which will serve you as well. I can stay your execution. I can put it off from day to day, till what we look for shall happen—and so you shall escape the block."

"But wherefore do you seek to save me?" demanded Surrey. "Till this moment I have deemed that my destruction was your aim. Why, at the last moment, do you thus hinder the fulfilment of your own work?"

"Listen to me, my lord, and you shall learn. Dissimulation would be idle now, and I shall not attempt it. My brother Hertford compassed your father's destruction and your own, because he saw in you opponents dangerous to his schemes of future greatness. He will be guardian to Prince Edward, and would be Lord Protector of the realm—king in all but name."

"I know how highly his ambition soars," exclaimed Surrey. "Heaven shield Prince Edward, and guard him from his guardians! In losing me and my father he will lose those who might best have counselled him and served him. But proceed, Sir Thomas. You have spoken plainly enough of Lord Hertford's designs. What are your own? What post do you count on filling?"

"I have as much ambition as my brother," replied Seymour; "and like him am uncle to the king that shall be soon. You will easily perceive my drift, my lord, when I tell you that my brother hates me, fears me, and would keep me down. He is to be everything—I nothing."

"Ha! is it so?" cried Surrey.

"I say he fears me—and with reason," pursued Seymour. "Let him take heed that I rob him not of the dignity he covets. I am Prince Edward's favourite uncle—he loves me better than Hertford, and will be right glad of the exchange of governors."

"Again I pray Heaven to guard the young prince from his guardians!" murmured Surrey.

"Hertford hath the majority of the council with him: Cranmer, St. John, Russell, Lisle, Tunstal, Sir Anthony Brown, Sir Anthony Denny—all save Wriothesley and my brother, Sir William Herbert. They are with me. Could I but reckon on his Grace of Norfolk and on you, I should consider the success of my plan as certain."

"You have made no overtures of this nature to my father, sir?" cried Surrey, eagerly.

"Not as yet," Seymour replied. "But I cannot doubt his grace's concurrence."

"You do not know my father, or you would not dare assert so much," rejoined Surrey. "He would reject your proposal as scornfully as I reject it. He would not buy his life on terms so infamous."

"I see no degradation in the terms," said Seymour. "I offer you life, all the honours you have forfeited, and all the estates you have lost; and ask only in return your staunch support; little enough, methinks! Have you no love left for life, Lord Surrey? Have your pulses ceased to beat with their former ardour? Are your ears deaf to the trumpet-blast of fame? Have your own chivalrous deeds faded from your memory? Have you forgotten the day when, at the jousts given by the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, you sustained the beauty of the lady of your love, the fair Geraldine, against all comers, and remained victorious? Have you had your fill of knightly worship and military renown? You are a widower, and may, without presumption, aspire to the hand of the Princess Mary. Ha!—have I touched you, my lord? But I will go on. Have courtly revels lost attraction for him who was once their chief ornament? Have the Muses ceased to charm you? I should judge not, when I see how you have been recently employed."

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed Surrey. "Life has lost none of its attractions in my sight. Glory and fame are dear as ever to me."

"Then live! live! and win yet more fame and glory," cried Seymour, with something of triumph, thinking he had vanquished the earl's scruples.

"Well as I love life," said Surrey, "I love my reputation better, and will not tarnish it by any unworthy act. I reject your offer, Sir Thomas."

"Your blood be upon your own head, then," rejoined Seymour, sternly. "Your samples are fantastical and absurd. But we could look only for frenzy in a poet," he added, with scorn.

"You taunt an unarmed man, Sir Thomas," cried Surrey, with flashing eyes, "and 'tis a craven act. Had I been free, you dared not for your life have said so much! You have come at this final hour, like an evil spirit, to tempt me to wrong and dishonour—but you have failed. Now mark my words, for I feel they are prophetic. You and your brother have brought me to the scaffold—

but my blood shall fly to heaven for vengeance. Your ambitious schemes shall come to nought. You shall have power only to lose it. The seeds of dissension and strife are already sown between you, and shall quickly grow and ripen. You shall plot against one another, and destroy one another. His hand shall sign your death-warrant, but your dying curse shall alight upon his head, and the fratricide shall perish on the same scaffold as yourself. Think on my words, Sir Thomas, when, like me, you are a prisoner in the Tower."

"Tush! I have no fear," replied Seymour, scarcely able to repress his uneasiness. "'Tis a pity you will not live to witness my nephew's coronation. You might have written an ode thereon."

"I will write your epitaph instead, sir," rejoined Surrey, "and leave it with the headsman."

At this moment the door of the cell was opened, and Sir John Gage stepped in.

"The ghostly father is without, my lord," he said, addressing Surrey. "But you look ruffled. Nothing, I trust, has occurred to chafe you?"

"Ask Sir Thomas Seymour," the earl rejoined. "He will tell you as much, or as little as he thinks fit. For myself, I have done with all worldly matters, and have time only to think of my sins, and ask forgiveness for them."

After a brief pause, he added in a voice of deep emotion, "One commission I will charge you with, good Sir John, and I well know you will not neglect it. Since my imprisonment in the Tower I have not seen my little boy, and I shall never see him more. Kiss him for me, and give him my last blessing. Tell him I died without reproach and with unspotted honour. Poor orphan child! Early bereft of a mother's tenderness, thou wilt be robbed of a father's love by a yet more cruel stroke of fate! But something tells me thou shalt regain the title and dignity I have lost. Fare you well for ever, good Sir John!" he continued, embracing him. "I have nothing but those poor books to give you. If you care to have them, I pray you keep them in remembrance of your friend, Henry Howard."

"I shall dearly prize the gift, my lord," replied Sir John, much moved, and fearful of unmanning himself—"farewell!"

Meanwhile, Seymour had resumed his cloak. Not a word more passed between him and Surrey, but they eyed each other sternly as Sir Thomas quitted the cell.

Soon afterwards, the priest was ushered in by Tombs, and remained for more than an hour with the earl.

On the next day, the chivalrous Surrey was decapitated on Tower-hill. His constancy remained unshaken to the last. Greeting the executioner with a smile, he laid his graceful head upon the block amid the tears and lamentations of the beholders.

## VI.

HOW THE KING, FINDING HIS END APPROACH, TOOK A LAST LEAVE OF THE PRINCESSES MARY AND ELIZABETH, AND OF THE PRINCE EDWARD; AND OF THE COUNSEL HE GAVE THEM.

SURREY was gone, but his destroyer yet lingered on earth. By this time, however, the king's malady had made such progress, that Doctor Butts confidentially informed the Earl of Hertford and some others of the council, that his majesty had little more than a week to live; but that possibly his existence might be terminated at an earlier period. Henry could not be unconscious of his danger, though he spoke not of it, and no one—not even his physician, or his confessor, the Bishop of Rochester—dared to warn him of his approaching dissolution. He heard mass daily in his chamber, and received other rites, which led to the supposition that he was about to be reconciled, at the last moment, to the see of Rome. This opinion was strengthened when Gardiner and Wriothesley were again sent for, and restored to favour. Thus things continued, until Sir John Gage, seeing that all shrank from the perilous task of acquainting the dying monarch with his true condition, boldly inquired if he had no desire to see Prince Edward and the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth.

"To take leave of them! Is that what you mean?—ha!" roared Henry, who had just recovered from a paroxysm of anguish. "Speak out, man?"

"It is," replied the Constable, firmly. "Forgive me, sire, if I offend. I but discharge my duty."

There was a terrible silence, during which no one could say what might ensue. No explosion of rage, however, followed. On the contrary, the king said, in a milder tone, "Thou art a faithful servant, Sir John, and I honour thy courage. The interview must not be delayed. Let my children be brought to me to-morrow."

"I rejoice to hear your majesty say so," replied Gage. "I will myself set out at once for Hampton Court and bring his Highness Prince Edward and the Princess Elizabeth to the palace."

"I will go with you, Sir John," said Sir Thomas Seymour.

"And with your majesty's permission, I will repair to Greenwich, and advise the Princess Mary of your commands," said Sir George Blagge. "I am assured she will hasten to obey them."

"I am much beholden to you, sirs," replied the king. "If Heaven shall grant me so much life, I look to see all three to-morrow. Let the whole of the council attend at the same time. Give me a draught of wine—and quickly, knave," he added, to a cup-bearer near him. "I feel exceeding faint."

"Saints grant that to-morrow be not too late!—his looks alarm

me," observed the Constable of the Tower, as he withdrew with Seymour and Blagge.

Contrary to expectation, Henry was somewhat better next day. He had slept a little during the night, having obtained some slight respite from the excruciating tortures he endured. Resolved to maintain his regal state and dignity to the last, he gave orders that as much ceremony should be observed at this his parting interview with his children as if it had been a grand reception. Causing the great cumbrous chair, which he now rarely quitted, to be placed beneath a cloth of estate embroidered with the arms of England, he sat in it propped up with velvet pillows, and wrapped in a long gown of white tylsent, flowered with gold, and lined and bordered with fur, and having wide sleeves. His head was covered with the embroidered black silk skull-cap, which he now customarily wore.

On the opposite side of the chamber, in a chair of state, but not under a canopy, sat Queen Catherine, surrounded by Viscountess Lisle, Lady Tyrwhitt, and other ladies.

On the left of the king stood the Earl of Hertford, bearing his wand of office as great chamberlain. The pearled collar of the Garter with the George attached to it encircled his neck, and the gold band of the order was worn below his knee. He was magnificently apparelled in a doublet of white satin, embroidered all over with pearls of damask gold, with sleeves of the same stuff, formed down with threads of Venice silver. Over this he wore a cassock of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, and furred. Though not so strikingly handsome as his younger brother, Sir Thomas Seymour, the Earl of Hertford was yet a very noble-looking personage, with a fine cast of countenance, a tall, stately figure, and a commanding deportment. His eyes were dark and penetrating, but a slight contraction of the brow gave a somewhat sinister effect to his glances. His forehead was high and bald, his features regular and well shaped, the distinguishing expression of the face being gravity, tingured by melancholy. He had none of the boldness of look and manner that characterised his brother, but more caution, and perhaps subtlety. His complexion was pale, and his beard somewhat thin. Hertford's career had been one of uninterrupted success. By the king's favour, he had risen to greatness. On Henry's marriage with his sister, Jane Seymour, he was created Viscount Beauchamp. Sent ambassador to Paris in 1540, in the following year he received the Order of the Garter. In 1542 he was appointed Lord Great Chamberlain of England for life. Two years later, in the war with Scotland, he accompanied the Duke of Norfolk to that kingdom with the title of Lieutenant-General of the North; and when Henry proceeded to the siege of Boulogne, he was named one of the four councillors entrusted with the care of the realm. Only a few months ago he had been made Earl of Hertford. But high as he had risen, the aspiring noble looked to rise much higher. His dreams

of ambition seemed about to be fulfilled. Supreme power was almost within his grasp. His enemies were removed or crushed. Surrey had lost his head—a like doom awaited Norfolk. Soon—very soon must come the day when Henry would be called to his account. Then the boy Edward would mount the throne—but he, his uncle, his guardian, would rule in his name. What more the earl dreamed of may appear when we have occasion to sound the inmost recesses of his breast.

Another important actor in this scene, and who secretly nourished ambitious designs scarcely less daring than those of Hertford, was John Dudley, Viscount Lisle. Son of that Edmond Dudley, whose death upon the scaffold inaugurated Henry's accession to the throne, this scheming and far-seeing noble had early distinguished himself by his bravery in the wars with France, and obtained the honour of knighthood besides regaining his forfeit rights. Attached both to Wolsey and Cromwell, he rose by their aid, and being appointed governor of Boulogne, which he successfully defended against all assaults, he was elevated to the dignity of Viscount Lisle, and made High-Admiral of England. He was, moreover, enriched by the lavish sovereign, whose favour he had won, by large possessions wrested from the Church, which were afterwards thought to bring down a curse upon him. Bold and ambitious, Lord Lisle was a profound dissembler, and though even at this moment he meditated plans which were not developed until long afterwards, he allowed no hint of his designs to escape him, but was content for the time to play a subordinate part to Hertford, whom he hoped in the end to eclipse. As a means towards that object he looked to Sir Thomas Seymour. Lord Lisle was now in his forty-fifth year. His large and strongly-marked features evinced sagacity, shrewdness, and determination. His beard was scanty, and his short moustache disclosed a singularly firm-set mouth. His figure was tall, and his deportment martial, but his manner had nothing of the roughness of the camp about it. He could play equally well the part of soldier or of courtier. Compared with Hertford he was soberly attired, his habiliments being of dark velvet, destitute of embroidery, though his cassock was richly furred. But he wore the George and collar, and the lesser ensign of the Garter.

Near to Lord Lisle stood a venerable nobleman, with a long silvery beard descending almost to his girdle. This was Lord Russell, privy seal. The old peer bore his years well; having a hale look, and a stout frame. Like Hertford and Lisle he was a knight companion of the Garter, and decorated with the insignia of the order.

Besides those already mentioned, there were several others grouped around the king, whom it will not be needful individually to describe. Amongst them was the Lord St. John, great master; Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse; Sir William Paget,

chief secretary; Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain; Sir Thomas Cheney, treasurer; Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, chief gentlemen of the privy chamber; Sir Richard Rich, Sir John Baker, Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Richard Southwell, and others—all shining in rich habiliments, and making a goodly show.

The Lord Chancellor Wriothesley and Gardiner were likewise there, but held themselves apart from Hertford. But Gardiner was not the only ecclesiastic present. Others there were besides—namely, Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, and the king's confessor, the Bishop of Rochester. But there was yet another greater than them all—Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Clothed in his full ecclesiastical vestments of stole, chimere, and rochette, the primate stood on the right of the king. His manner was grave and dignified; his looks stern and full of thought, and a long grey beard added to the reverend expression of his countenance. Cranmer's features were hard, but yet not wholly destitute of kindness. He seemed profoundly impressed—almost weighed down by the gravity of the occasion.

Indeed, notwithstanding the splendour that marked it, the assemblage had a mournful and solemn character. Not a word was spoken save in a whisper; each countenance wore a sad and sombre expression. All felt, though none cared to acknowledge it, that, in all likelihood, it was the last occasion on which they should be thus brought together during the king's life. Few among them would have retarded Henry's departure to his last home, had it been in their power to do so; some, indeed, would willingly have accelerated the event; and yet to judge by their faces all were full of sorrow, as if about to sustain a deep and irreparable loss.

For a few minutes it seemed as if the king himself were overpowered by this general semblance of grief. At length he roused himself, glanced with moistened eyes around the assemblage, and pressed Cranmer's hand kindly. He next called for a cup of wine, and, fortified by the draught, seemed to shake off his weakness. "Let the princesses come in," he said to Hertford; "I am ready to receive them."

Making a profound obeisance, the earl moved towards the bottom of the chamber, and the arras screening a door in this quarter being drawn aside at his approach by the gentlemen ushers in attendance, he disappeared, but returned the next moment leading the Princess Mary by the hand, while the Princess Elizabeth was conducted into the chamber in like manner by Sir Thomas Seymour. The two princesses were followed at a respectful distance by the Countess of Hertford and Lady Herbert.

Mary looked very grave, and seemed to have some difficulty in controlling her emotion, as her quivering lip betokened. Elizabeth had evidently been weeping, for tears were still in her eyes. Both were richly attired; but the elder sister had more of orna-

ment about her dress—perhaps, because she needed it most—than the other. Mary's head-gear, of the angular form then in vogue, was of rich goldsmith's work, bordered with jewels, and was completed by a long *couvrechief* of satin worked with gold. Her stomacher was fastened by two brooches of agates set with emeralds, from the lower of which a large orient pearl depended. Her slender waist was encircled by a girdle of goldsmith's work, with roses of rubies, having friars' knots, and hanging down in front. Her dress was of gold bawdikin, and fitting, tight to the body, betrayed her extreme thinness, and gave her a very rigid look. Her dark auburn locks (for we care not to call them red) were gathered becomingly enough beneath her head-gear. Mary had few charms of person. She was thin to meagreness, and her features possessed little beauty; but they were intelligent in expression. To compensate, however, for these defects, she had great dignity of manner, and much grace; and there were some—and not a few—who, dazzled by her high rank, held her very blemishes to be beauties.

Mary was more than double the age of her sister, being thirty-two, while Elizabeth was only just thirteen. The younger princess, however, was a very well-grown girl, quite as tall as her sister, and infinitely more attractive in personal appearance. Elizabeth's charms, indeed, were almost precocious. Few who beheld her would have deemed her so young as she was in reality, but would have given her a year or two in advance. She had a finely formed figure, already well developed, a complexion of dazzling whiteness, bright golden locks of great abundance, charming features, eyes blue and tender, and teeth like pearls. Her hands were of remarkable beauty, with taper fingers and rosy nails. Her profuse locks were confined by a band of gold and a net of gold wire, scarcely distinguishable from the bright tresses it restrained; a long white satin *couvrechief* fell behind her neck, and a dress of black taffeta displayed her figure to advantage, and at the same time set off the lovely whiteness of her skin.

As Mary approached the king, Cranmer slowly advanced to meet her, thus addressing her, in a voice of much solemnity: "Right high, right noble, and right excellent princess, the king, your august father, feeling that it may please Almighty God to call him hence suddenly, hath sent for you, and the right noble princess your sister, to give you wholesome counsel, to bestow his blessing on you, and to take, it may be"—(here the archbishop's voice slightly faltered)—"though Heaven grant it may be otherwise!—a last leave of you both. Nothing doubting that you will keep his counsels ever in your heart, and that you will have the glorious example set by his majesty constantly before you, I pray your highnesses to kneel down before your royal father, and in that reverent posture give heed to what he shall say to you."



"I need no schooling in my duty from you, my lord of Canterbury," replied Mary, who hated Cranmer. "Not a word shall fall from my royal father's lips but it will dwell for ever in my breast."

Elizabeth attempted to speak, but words failed her, and she burst into tears.

Meanwhile, cushions of crimson velvet were placed near the chair occupied by the ailing monarch, and on these both princesses knelt down. Aided by Sir John Gage and Lord Lisle, Henry slightly raised himself, and this office performed, the assistants immediately retired.

Extending his arms over his daughters, the king said somewhat feebly, but with great earnestness, "My blessing on ye both! and may it rest ever with ye—ever! Only to the great Ruler of events is known the destiny in store for you. Both of ye may be queens—and should it so chance, ye will learn what cares the crown brings with it. But think only—as I have ever done—of the welfare and glory of your kingdom, and of your own honour, and ye shall reign wisely and well."

"Should it ever be my lot to reign, sire, I will essay to follow your glorious example," said Mary.

"I shall never be queen," sobbed Elizabeth, "and therefore I need make no promise."

"How know you that, girl?" cried the king, angrily. "You are as likely to be queen as Mary. I want no promises. I have pointed out the way you ought to pursue, and if you be not a degenerate daughter you will follow it."

"I despair of emulating your greatness, O my father!" cried Elizabeth. "But if it shall please Providence to call upon me to rule, I will endeavour to rule well."

"Enough!" replied Henry, appeased. "And now arise, both of ye, that I may look at you more nearly, for my sight waxes somewhat dim."

Taking his elder daughter's hand as she arose, Henry looked at her fixedly for a few minutes, during which he murmured, "Forgive me, Katherine, my first spouse, if I have ever dealt harshly with this thy daughter!" adding aloud, after a pause, "It is right you should both know it—and that all should know it—that by my will I have confirmed the succession of both of ye to the crown. Neither of ye may wed, save with the consent and approval of the council—such consent to be given under hand and seal. But on your marriage each of ye shall have such sums of money as I have appointed, together with such jewels, plate, and household stuffs, as shall seem meet to those entrusted with the performance of my testament. I have left ye both alike—alike in yearly income, while ye continue single—alike on marriage. Now, mark me, Mary," he continued, sternly and authoritatively, "if you perform not the conditions required of you by my will, the crown

will devolve on Elizabeth. And if Elizabeth shall neglect them," he added, glancing at his younger child, "the crown will go to our well-beloved niece, Frances Brandon, daughter of our sister Mary and the Duke of Suffolk. Now both of you know our will and pleasure. Kiss me, Mary, and let thy sister come nigh me."

Taking Elizabeth's hand, who stood weeping before him, and earnestly perusing her features, the king seemed struggling with recollections that would force themselves upon him, for he muttered to himself, "Ay, 'tis the very face, the eye, the lip!—thus looked she when I chided her. In all things she is like her mother, save in the colour of her hair. Anne, sweet Anne, how well do I recal thee with all thy winning ways! This fair child's neck is like to thine; and yet—Would I could bring thee back again!"

As these words reached her ear, Elizabeth's tears fell yet more freely, and she trembled as a deep groan burst from the king. But Henry quickly shook off these passing feelings of remorse, and said kindly but firmly, "Weep not, sweet child, thou wilt spoil thy pretty eyes else. Keep thy sorrow till thou hast lost me. Be discreet, girl. Thou art fair, and wilt be fairer. Grow in grace as thou growest in beauty. So shalt thou be truly loved and honoured. Beauty without discretion bringeth death—thy mother found it so. Kiss me, and lay my counsel well to heart."

Elizabeth, almost shudderingly, complied, and the king, feeling exhausted by the effort he had made, called for another cup of wine, and, after draining the goblet deeply, asked for Prince Edward.

Meanwhile, the princesses had retired, and stationed themselves on the other side of the chamber, near the queen.

On learning his majesty's pleasure, the Earl of Hertford proceeded to the door from which the princesses had issued, and presently ushered in the youthful prince, conducting him ceremoniously towards the king. The prince was followed by Sir George Blagge and two other gentlemen.

All eyes were fixed upon Edward on his entrance, and every head was inclined as if in homage to the future sovereign. He gracefully acknowledged the reverence shown him, which no doubt would have been even greater but from the fear of offending the jealous king. The young prince, it has already been mentioned, had but just entered upon his tenth year, but he seemed to possess a degree of intelligence far beyond his age, and had, indeed, been most carefully instructed by some of the most learned men of the day. He spoke French and Italian, and had written letters in Latin to his father, his sisters, and the queen. There was a great fragility of look about him, and he seemed to have shot up quickly, like a forced plant. Though tall for his age, his limbs were very slight, and his complexion was of feminine delicacy. In appearance he was more of a Seymour than a Tudor. His face

was a perfect oval, with some traces of his stern father about it, but his lineaments generally resembled those of his beautiful mother. His expression was gentle, but thoughtful—more thoughtful than befitted a child. His eyes were of a dark brown, and soft; his hair was light in hue, with a tinge of gold in it, worn short, and cut close round the forehead. He was attired like the son of a splendid monarch, and the heir to a powerful throne. His little cassock was of murrey-coloured velvet, embroidered all over with damask, gold and pearls, and having buttons and loops of gold; his doublet and hose were of dark-red satin, woven with threads of gold, and his velvet buskins were decorated with gold aglets. He was armed with a short rapier and a poniard in a richly ornamented sheath, and a velvet pouch was suspended from his girdle. His flat velvet cap, which was removed on entering his royal father's presence, was adorned with rubies and emeralds, and had a brooch set with fair table diamonds on the right side, over which drooped a blood-red feather.

Again Cranmer advanced, and addressed the prince in terms nearly similar to those he had employed towards his sisters, but there was, perhaps, more of deference in his manner. Edward gazed at him with his clear eyes, steadily at first, but, as the archbishop proceeded, the young prince's composure quite forsook him. Natural feelings asserted their sway over his childish breast, and disregarding etiquette, he rushed towards the king, and, flinging his little arms round his neck, sobbed out, "My father!—my dear father!"

So unexpected, though so natural, was this occurrence, that, cold and callous as were most of the assemblage, few of them refused it the tribute of sympathy. Some were even moved to tears. Fearing the effect of any sudden shock upon the king, Doctor Butts stepped towards him. But, though Henry was sensibly touched by this display of his son's affection, his nerves were strong enough to bear it. Kissing the boy on the brow, he gently disengaged himself from his embrace, addressing a few soothing words to him in a very kindly tone, while Edward still continued to weep.

Thinking the king might be troubled if the scene endured too long, the Earl of Hertford moved towards his nephew, but Henry checked him, by calling out, "Let him be!—let him be!"

But the action called Edward to himself. Controlling his grief, he knelt on the cushion before the king, and regarding him with eyes that were still filled with tears, he said, "Forgive me, sire! It is thus I ought to ask your blessing."

"Thou hast it, my dear child," replied the king, solemnly, yet tenderly. "Heaven bless thee, boy—my kingdom's hope and my own. May those I have appointed to watch over thee fulfil their trust."

"Doubt it not, my liege," said Hertford, as the king paused for a moment.

"Mark me, Edward!" pursued Henry, summoning up all his firmness. "Eight years must elapse ere thou canst exercise the full authority of the crown. I have so willed it. Thou wilt be king soon enough. Meantime, prepare thyself for the high and important duties thou wilt have to discharge. I doubt not thou wilt have the notable virtues and princely qualities which should distinguish a sovereign. I know thee to be godly-minded, and I thank Heaven it is so; praying that thy heart may be illumined to all holy truths. I have provided thee with religious counsellors, to whom my desires are known, and in the soundness of whose judgment and principles I can rely. Can I not confide the prince's religious culture to you, my lord of Canterbury?" (to Cranmer); "and to you, my lord of Durham?" (to Tunstall).

"And to me likewise, I would fain hope, my gracious liege?" observed Gardiner.

"No, not to thee, my lord of Winchester," rejoined Henry. "Thou art a tool of the Pope. Listen to me, Edward. Thou wilt be placed under the guidance of the virtuous Cranmer. Give heed to his precepts. But on points of faith, when thou comest to understand them, be biased by no perverse doctrines. There is, unhappily, much discord and variance in the Church. The clergy preach one against another, teach one contrary to the other, inveigh one against another, without charity or discretion, and few or none of them preach truly and sincerely the word of God according as they ought to do. Unto thee it will be committed to correct these offences, and extinguish these disensions. Thou wilt enjoy the same supreme spiritual authority as myself. Thou wilt be Heaven's vicar and high minister. Be not an unprofitable servant. Tread in thy father's footsteps—so shalt thou not stray from the path."

"I will do all that in me lies to act as you enjoin me, sire," replied Edward, mockly. "And I trust that with the aid of his good grace of Canterbury I may succeed. I thank you heartily for placing me in his grace's hands."

"The boy hath been schooled in this," remarked Wriothesley, in a low contemptuous tone, to Gardiner.

"No doubt on't; and he knows his lesson well," rejoined the bishop. "But we will teach him better ere long."

"Thus much for thy religious culture, my son," pursued Henry. "Though I would have thee pious and learned, I would not have thee hurt thy health by over study. To be firm of mind thou must be firm of body: to uphold the kingly dignity, as thy father hath upheld it, thou must be robust and full of vigour. I would have thee skilled in all manly exercises and accomplishments. Strengthen thy arm betimes, so that it can bear a lance, and thy limbs so that they can sustain harness of war, and brook fatigue."

"Nay, father," cried Edward, brightening up and springing to his

feet, "I shall soon be strong enough to bear a lance and ride in the tilt-yard; my uncle Sir Thomas Seymour tells me so. I often fence with him, and he tells me I am an apt scholar. I would your majesty could see us at practice."

"No man is better able to teach thee all thou shouldst learn of martial exercises than thine uncle Seymour," replied the king, patting his son's head approvingly. "Sir Thomas," he added to Seymour, who stepped forward promptly at the summons, "I confide this part of my son's education to thee. While others make him a scholar and a theologian, be it thine to teach him princely manners and accomplishments."

"He shall lack nothing that I am able to teach, rely on it," replied Seymour, bowing profoundly.

"Give thy uncle thine hand, Edward," said the king.

"Ay will I, and that right willingly," replied the prince, grasping the hand which Seymour proffered him. "I love my uncle Sir Thomas best of any—your majesty excepted."

"Ha! is it so?" mentally ejaculated Hertford. "Have I no place in thy regard, my gentle nephew?" he added aloud to the prince.

"Certes, my dear lord; I were an ingrate else," replied Edward.

"But my uncle Sir Thomas is oftener with me than you are."

"I thought as much," muttered Hertford. "This must be stopped."

"Thou hast my son's hand within thine own, Sir Thomas?" demanded Henry.

"Ay, my liege," replied Seymour.

"Be it a pledge that thou wilt be ever true to him," pursued the king.

"I hereby vow fidelity to him," said Seymour, bending the knee, and kissing his nephew's hand.

"You are the best lance, the best swordsman, and the best horseman at our court, Sir Thomas," continued the king to Seymour.

"See that my son equals you in all these exercises."

"He shall excel me in them all," replied the other.

"A word in your ear, Sir Thomas," said the king. "He is but a tender stripling," he added, in a lower tone. "Press him not beyond his strength. For your sister's sake, be a kind uncle to him."

"For her sake—for yours, my liege—I will be to him all you could desire," rejoined Seymour, earnestly.

As Sir Thomas retired, Henry said to his son, "Go to the queen, Edward, and conduct her to me."

Upon this, the prince immediately tripped towards Catherine, who caught him in her arms, and kissed him tenderly; after which she arose and accompanied him to the king.

On drawing near her royal husband, the queen would have knelt

down, but Henry would not permit her. Taking her hand kindly, he said, with the same earnestness with which he had spoken throughout, "Thou hast ever been an obedient wife, Kate, and in all things conformable to my will. Thou wilt not, therefore, I am well assured, disobey my last injunctions. This pretty boy has never known a mother's love. Be thou a mother to him. Thou hast no child to wean thy tenderness from him—give it him all."

"He has it all already, sire," replied the queen. "Dost thou not love me, Edward?"

"Ay, madam, as a mother," replied the prince, affectionately.

"That is well," said Henry; "but you must not humour his every whim, Kate. I hear he is somewhat wilful."

"Those who have said so to your majesty, wrong him," rejoined the queen. "Edward is ever good and gentle—yea, most tractable."

"If he continue so, it shall be well," said Henry. "Thou lov'st thy sisters, Edward? Speak the truth, boy!"

"I ever do speak truth, sire," replied the prince. "I love them dearly. But I love Elizabeth best," he added, in a lower tone, to the king, "for Mary is sometimes sharp and peevish with me, but Elizabeth is ever merry and ready for play."

"Elizabeth is nearer thine own age, boy. Thou wilt find out Mary's merits as thou growest older," replied the king. "I would have ye all dwell together in unity—ha!"

"What ails your majesty?" cried Catherine, alarmed by the sudden alteration of his countenance.

"A spasm—it is gone," rejoined Henry, with a groan.

"Father—dear father! you look ill," cried Edward, terrified.

"Take him away," said the king, faintly, sinking backwards as he spoke.

All was now confusion and alarm, apprehension being generally entertained that the king was dying. Advancing quickly towards his royal patient, Doctor Butts placed his hand upon his pulse, and watched his countenance with great anxiety.

"Is he gone, think you?" asked Gardiner, anxiously, and in a low tone, of Wriothesley.

"It would seem so from Butts's looks," replied the other. "If he be, Norfolk's life is saved, for they will not dare execute him."

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Gardiner. "Mark you not Hertford's trouble? Something has been left undone."

"All may have been left undone," rejoined Wriothesley. "I do not think the will is signed."

"That were indeed a gain for us," said Gardiner. "But I dare scarcely hope it."

"How fares it with his highness?" inquired the Earl of Hertford, whose countenance displayed much anxiety, as the physician moved away his hand.

"The king will live," replied Butts. "Let the chamber be instantly cleared."

"Ye hear, my lords?" said Hertford, evidently much relieved. "Doctor Butts declares that his majesty is in no immediate danger, but he prays ye all to depart at once."

Thus exhorted, the assemblage began instantly to disperse.

Prince Edward, however, still lingered, though the queen, who was moving away, beckoned him to come with her.

"May I not stay with the king, my father?" said the prince, plucking Doctor Butts's robe.

"It grieves me to refuse your highness, but it cannot be," replied the physician.

"Come with me, Edward," said Sir Thomas Seymour. "The queen waits for you. This is a scene unmeet for eyes like yours."

The young prince took his uncle's hand, and allowed himself to be led out of the room, looking wistfully at his father as he retired. He never beheld him more.

"You are sure he will revive?" inquired the Earl of Hertford of Doctor Butts, as they were left alone with the still inanimate monarch.

"I am certain of it," replied the physician. "But I will not answer that he may live many hours. You look uneasy, my lord. What remains to be done?"

"Everything," replied Hertford. "Norfolk still lives—and the king hath not signed his will."

"He spoke as if he had," remarked Butts.

"All think so, and I would not have them undecieved," replied Hertford. "The will has been well considered and debated, as you know, and is fully prepared, but he ever puts off the signing of it. All my persuasions have failed with him."

"Obstinate as he is, he *shall* sign it," replied the physician. "But hush!" he added, with a gesture of silence; "he stirs! Retire, my lord. And send Ferrys, the king's chirurgeon, to me with all despatch."

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## SPARKLING MOSELLE.

## A LEGEND.

Ah! this is the wine I would cherish,  
 Though all other vintages perish,  
 'Tis this makes my very heart swell;  
 Its perfume how subtle and fragrant!  
 Zephyrs rose-scented, lingering, vagrant,  
 Rise up from this Sparkling Moselle.

Away with your Port and your Sherry,  
 For me all my cares I will bury  
 In this crystalline, nectar-filled well;  
 Deep down in my glass I can follow  
 The bubbles to that peaceful hollow  
 Where wanders the Sparkling Moselle.

I see on the hill an old castle,  
 Deserted by baron and vassal,  
 Where the bat and the owl only dwell;  
 I see down below the sweet village,  
 By industry cheered and by tillage,  
 The home of the Flower of Moselle.

Very rich was the sire of the Flower,  
 And able to give her a dower,  
 As the youths of the village knew well;  
 But he vowed, the unfeeling old sinner!  
 She should marry the man who should win her  
 By a goblet of Sparkling Moselle.

One vineyard there was which the maiden  
 Had ever considered was laden  
 With a grape which none else could excel;  
 The owner his soft vows had spoken,  
 And the fair one bestowed a love-token,  
 On the banks of the Sparkling Moselle.

Now came the stern moment of trial—  
 The young man much feared a denial—  
 But the damsel, his fears to dispel,  
 Sipped the wine ere she gave it, all trembling,  
 To her father, who, nothing dissembling,  
 Drained the goblet of Sparkling Moselle.

The goddesses, fairies, and powers,  
 Who watch over girls and their dowers,  
 All favoured the young village belle;  
 To the touch of her lips they gave magic,  
 And her sire, in tones clearly not tragic,  
 Cried, "This is true Sparkling Moselle!"

She married her own chosen lover;  
 So the Legend is ended and over,  
 And a mild one it has been to tell:  
 It is time renders everything mellow;  
 And, ΣΜΙΤΗ, I say, tell me, old fellow,  
 What's the price of this Sparkling Moselle?

F. H.



## PARIS OF TO-DAY.\*

IN 1821, a youth of diminutive stature, but quick susceptibilities, arrived in Paris from the provinces. A reputation for ability had preceded him, and his society was cultivated in the metropolis where he came to establish his renown and to make his fortune. The first question that was put to him as a provincial by the Parisians, more insatiable of praise than the parched desert is of water, had reference to the city of cities.

The promising youth scribbled as follows on an album :

"When venturing into the streets, the impatient stranger scarcely knows in which direction to go. If he inquires his way, a carriage comes upon him before he can get an answer; he steps aside, only to be threatened by another; and pulled up between two wheels, he is only saved from being crushed by a miracle. He sees on all sides pictures, statues, and immense palaces, but not yet finished. In the midst of his rambles, he meets a colonnade, chef-d'œuvre of grandeur and harmony; it is that of the Louvre. He steps back in order to contemplate it to greater advantage, and he stumbles against dark and dirty huts, and cannot obtain space to enjoy the magnificent view. 'On déblayera ce terrain' is the only comfort he gets."

This small young man, with so much precocious intelligence, was M. Thiers. Minister under Louis Philippe, he put the last stone to some "immense palaces" and to some great monuments, and he surrounded Paris with fortifications, but it was not he who finished the Louvre, that chef-d'œuvre of grandeur and harmony; nor did he even sweep away the rubbish that encumbered the approaches to it. How many must remember the petty dealers and book-stalls that lined what was once a thoroughfare, from the Palais Royal to St. Germain l'Auxerrois, to which a new tower and a mediæval-looking mayoralty now gives completeness by adding another wing! To the right, going from the Rue de Rivoli, were high, ruinous walls, patched with red, white, and black, with giant inscriptions, and below were some little men in red breeches and thin caps, as if they had put their pockets on their heads seated by infinitesimal marble slabs, their feet in the gutter, in front of a café-billard. In the centre, in a site fit for a work of art, was one of the few monuments of Parisian industry that are not intended to gratify the senses; while to the left were nothing but ruins, an indescribable alternation of brick and mortar, carpentry, and shreds of paper-hangings; and below, poodle dogs for sale, stalls with sweetmeats, succeeded by a bandaged leg, the owner of which was begging from behind; and then a more grandiose affair, with shelves in the background and an extended front, in which the Cours de Littérature de La Harpe played the most prominent part.

What a triumph for the renowned M. L. Véron, once—but we will not infringe upon the past—now deputy and member of the council-

\* Paris en 1860: Les Théâtres de Paris depuis 1806 jusqu'en 1860. Par M. L. Véron. Paris: Bourdilliat et C<sup>ie</sup>.

Almanach de la Littérature, du Théâtre et des Beaux-Arts, avec une Histoire Dramatique et Littéraire de l'Année. Par M. Jules Janin. Paris: Pagnerre.

general of the Seine, to turn to the Louvre as it now is! "The very morning after the republic," we are told, "the emperor (for with the empire it is the day after the republic) felt that work appeased and calmed, that work is eminently civilising, and, in his great liberty of action, he conceived the most comprehensive, the most useful enterprises; not only did he sweep away the rubbish from the approaches to the Louvre, but he did better, he completed it." This is undeniably great: the fixtures of living mutilation, the paper-clad Voltaires and Corneilles, the dead walls, the little soldiers, the ostentatious cabinets—those persistent eyesores—are all gone, and the "chef-d'œuvre de grandeur et d'harmonie" is completed! It is a glorious thing when interest can be brought to harmonise with useful and agreeable results. A disquisition as to how much more the calming and appeasing effect of employment had to do with the completion of the Louvre than the love of art, is as much out of place as it is uncalled for. The thing is admitted, but the results are not the less to be admired and rejoiced in. Ardent lovers of liberty as we are, we would succumb to a year or two of despotism, if it would embank the Thames on both sides, from one end of London to the other, open a new spacious central thoroughfare from west to east, and purge and drain the whole of this vast metropolis!

M. Véron declares, contemplating Paris as it at present exists, that in a few years Napoleon III. has, if not finished, in reality remodelled the whole city. And he is justified in such a statement by the facts of the case. Look at the suburban zone, added by the demolition of the walls and octroi gates alone. Paris will soon be no longer fringed with villages, into which we are told "civilisation seems never to have penetrated," but it will spread out to its newly-acquired proportions. In this respect London is in advance of Paris, and civilisation is not limited to any particular centre. It was not, then, a bad idea, as the Parisians would not civilise the suburbs, to bring the suburbs into Paris. Napoleon has proved himself, in this respect, to be a modern Muhammad. "This immense city, stretching out to the foot of its fortifications, surrounded by large military roads, will become an inaccessible rampart, against which the efforts of an enemy, however powerful its army may be, will exhaust itself" (viendraient se briser)! "Hors de Paris, point de salut," said one of the brilliant contributors to the *Figaro* (Auguste Villemot, in his "Vie de Paris"), and the principle seems to be adopted for good for ever. The provinces have contributed to the expenses of rendering Paris the finest city of the world, and so long as it is impregnable the same provinces may take care of themselves. It would, no doubt, have been designated by the same high-flying panegyrist the maiden city, but for certain historical reminiscences which do not date so very far back, or from intrusive thoughts of another class, and which are best explained by reference to the anecdote related of the Prince de Conti, who, when Louis XIV. wished to give a ball to the young Princess of Savoy, declared that the ladies of the court should be alone admitted, and that by tickets, and that the ladies of Paris should not be there, as he would have none but honest women present. "Then," said the prince, "the king may give his ball on the stand of a candlestick." In this country the provinces decline to contribute towards the improvement of the metropolis, albeit their comfort, convenience, and their national glorification is concerned.

But glory in this country, almost purely utilitarian, is a word that has little significance. It is well, perhaps, that it is so; but there is a medium in all things, and it would be desirable that Great Britain took more pride in its metropolis.

Between 1852 and 1860, the construction of the following public buildings have been completed: The Palace of Justice, the pretty two-towered church of St. Clotilde, the Central Halls or markets, and the barracks of the Bank. The others that have been commenced, and are either finished or on a fair way to completion, are: The buildings attached to the Hôtel de Ville, the Mayoralty of the Louvre, the Prefecture of Police (considered to be only a provisional building), the new *barrières*, the palace for the Tribunal of Commerce and for the Prud'hommes, the fountain of Saint-Michel (completed), the restoration of the fountain of the Nymphs, better known under the name of Fountain of Innocents, the church of Clignancourt, the church of La Chapelle, the church of Ivry, and the church of Vaugirard.

Old Paris is divided into forty-seven Romanist or Gallican parishes, comprising the church of the Assumption, five Protestant "temples" as they are called, to distinguish them from churches, which, after all, signify the congregation rather than the edifices, and two Jewish "temples." Now that the *barrières* have been removed, Paris includes nineteen more Romanist or Gallican parishes, according to the leaning of the ecclesiastical heads. As with ourselves, church accommodation is, however, utterly inadequate with the increase of population: that of old Paris was adapted for about the eighth of the population, and the churches of the superadded suburbs are barely adapted for the twentieth portion.

Of schools and asylums, we have now the laical schools, Rue Madame and Rue de la Bienfaisance; the congregational schools, Rue St. Jacques, at Ivry, at Grenelle, and at La Villette. Asylums, in the Rue Gracieuse and at the Gros-Caillou. The central house of the "Brethren," Rue Oudinot; house of residence of the "Brethren," Rue Saint-Bernard; house of assistants, Rue de l'Arbre-Sec; House of Eugène-Napoléon, for the education of poor young girls, and the Imperial Asylum of Vincennes, for convalescent workmen.

On the 26th of January, 1853, the municipal commission of the city of Paris voted a sum of 600,000 francs for the acquisition of a collar of diamonds, as a present to her majesty the empress on the occasion of her marriage. The jewellers were already all on the look-out for the largest diamonds, when word came the day after next—the 28th—that the empress requested that the 600,000 francs should be expended in a work of beneficence. It is to that charitable and sensible resolve of Eugénie that Paris is indebted for the foundation of that excellent institution the *Maison Eugène Napoléon*, for the reception of poor young girls. The Imperial Asylum of Vincennes is a perfect model of a beneficent establishment, and ought to be seen by every visitor to Paris. Paris is also indebted to the empress for another most valuable institution—that of the hospital of Sainte-Eugénie, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, for children.

Of new barracks, we have the Lobau, Napoléon, Prince Eugène, Bois de Boulogne, and Sapeurs-Pompiers, at Passy, at Belleville, and at Grenelle. The increase of barracks, omitting the Sapeurs-Pompiers, who are mere firemen, has been one less than that of churches, two less

than that of schools, two more than that of asylums, two more than that of monkish establishments, and one more than that of charitable institutions. Something has, however, been done towards the restoration or re-edification of other edifices of a purely religious character, as in the instance of the consistorial house of the Oratory, Rue de Rivoli, of the churches of Saint-Leu, Saint-Etienne du Mont, and Belleville, as also of the presbytery of Saint-Vincent de Paul, and the presbytery and tower of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois. Nor must we omit the restoration of the tower of Saint-Jacques, which, although no longer an ecclesiastical edifice, is one of the most interesting and most striking of the mediæval relics of Paris.

In the theatrical line, which constitutes very nearly one half of the life, conversation, and literature of Paris, much has not been done. The theatres of the Place du Châtelet are all that are new, and there cannot be a moment's question as to their political object of affording amusement to the dense population of the neighbouring quarters, who were far removed from the old boulevards and theatres, and keeping them from other pursuits. As a grand movement in this line, however, the construction of a new Opéra has been decided upon. It is to be situated in a quadrangle, which is to open upon the Boulevard des Capucines, near the Rue de Rouen, and is expected to be completed in the space of two years.

Among the changes introduced into Paris by Napoleon III. after the boulevards, the principal object of which has been to open the more densely populated neighbourhoods, and intersect them with available military roads, are the "squares," the English name being preserved; but, unlike their English prototypes, these are not closed in by dull-looking iron railings for the exclusive benefit of half a dozen nurses and two or three dozen children, but they are opened for the benefit of old people and children generally, and that, too, just in the quarters where they are most wanted, as in the instance of the so-called Squares Saint-Jacques, du Temple, Belle-Chasse, Louvois, des Innocents, and du Conservatoire.

The introduction of drinking-fountains is a new thing in London, where every house is supplied with water, laid on at a vast expense; but old Paris (we mean Paris of 1852) had 45 public fountains, 24 monumental, and 13 market fountains, besides 2113 bornes-fontaines, as what we would call pumps are pompously designated, and to which the super-added districts bring 220 more. Many of these are, however, kept solely for the purposes of watering the streets.

The districts included in the new extension of Paris, now considered as communes de la banlieue, but previously so many faubourgs or suburbs, have the privilege of sending their sick and wounded to the central hospitals in return for very moderate annual subscriptions. The annexation of the suburban zone has not, therefore, required much assistance beyond the addition of some beds—in most instances about thirteen—to the existing hospitals; but still some new hospitals, infirmaries, and asylums, are in progress of erection or are completed. Such are the Hôpital la Ribosière; the Municipal House of Health; the Pavillon aux Incuvables; and the addition of wings (pavillons) to the Hôpital Beaujon; to the Hôpital Saint-Louis; and to the Hôpital Necker. Then there

are dispensaries, or *maisons de secours* in the Rue Parmentier, in the Rue Oudinot, and in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, to which may be added the Institution of Sainte-Périne, at Auteuil; the so-called *Travaux de la Boulangerie Centrale*; and *Magasins du Mont de Piété*, Rue de la Roquette, a Lombardian business, which, as its name indicates, being under the surveillance of the police, is considerably looked upon as one of beneficence in the French metropolis.

Then, again, there are the bridges. No less than eight new bridges are enumerated by M. Véron as having been erected or rebuilt since 1852: Le Pont Napoléon, and those of Saint-Michel, d'Arcole, au Change, de Solferino, des Invalides, de l'Alma, and au Double. The bridge of Austerlitz and the Pont Neuf have also been repaired; the former almost entirely renewed. Others are projected, among which the Pont Louis Philippe and that of the Louvre.

But more imposing than all are the new roadways, to open which has necessitated the removal of many small streets, courts, and other places, where the sun scarcely ever found its way, besides many good houses and places of business. These have had to make way for the Rue de Rivoli, the Boulevards of Sebastopol, of Strasbourg, of Prince Eugène, of Alma, and to their approaches. No less important have been the improvements in drainage, and it is proposed, as in London, to centralise the system—not, however, into high, middle, and low levels, but into one common main, which Paris will admit of—and which is to empty itself into the Seine beyond the bridge of Asnières, leaving the river pure as it traverses the city. The once-frequented gardens of Asnières will not, however, benefit by the proposed change. Old Paris contained five slaughter places for cattle and two for pigs: the newly added districts have three. It is proposed to unite all these into one great slaughter place, which is to be situated close to the fortifications, between the roads to Flanders and Germany and the Canal de l'Ourcq. Immense sums of money have also been expended on the embellishment of the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes.

"I met the emperor one day," says M. Véron, "walking on foot in one of these narrow, tortuous pathways that diversify the wood of Boulogne. He condescended to address me a few words. It was at the moment that peace had just been concluded with Russia. In my gratification I felt myself transformed into a courtier. "Sire," I said, with a sincerity full of respect, to his majesty, "you are equally successful in making war, making peace, and making parks." The wisdom of the great men of antiquity sinks into insignificance in the presence of such an address. M. Véron is his own Plutarch.

Judging by the high prices of rents, it has been supposed that the number of demolitions carried out in effecting these vast improvements have exceeded the number of new constructions, but our imperial panegyrist assures us that for 4349 houses taken down, 9617 have been newly built, and that altogether there exist at present in Paris 5268 houses more than in 1852. These houses are also more roomy than the old ones, and the number of "logements" has hence been increased by 30,000 more than in 1852. The population of Paris in 1856 was as follows: old Paris, with its garrison, 1,174,346 inhabitants; annexed Paris, with its garrison, 395,454 inhabitants; making a total of

1,569,800; or, in 1861, of about 1,700,000 inhabitants, not including visitors and floating population.

There is another point of view in which these great improvements have not failed to awaken curiosity, and that is the financial. The anxieties aroused by such expenses, and the necessities for loans, did not fail to extend even to the legislative body, and were a just source of prudential consideration with all parties. M. Véron announces that he has formed part of sundry commissions appointed by the prefect of the Seine to inquire into this delicate matter, and he declares that the receipts of the city of Paris rose in 1859, in round numbers, to 100 millions of francs, and that these receipts alone suffice to meet all the obligatory municipal expenses, as also the interest, and even the redemption of some of the mortgages effected in order to carry out these great improvements, as well as to ensure the working of the Caisse de la Boulangerie, which taxes the mass to supply the poor with bread at what is deemed to be a reasonable price. The annexation of the suburban zone has alone necessitated a new loan, but so great is the credit of the city of Paris, that not only have the moneys been at once subscribed, but the shares that were issued last year at 400 fr. are now worth 485 fr. This is so far satisfactory, and why cannot others do likewise? No money goes out of the country that is expended in local or general improvements; it merely changes hands, and keeps up circulation. Money, for example, sunk in stone or brick and mortar, is not sunk in a quarry, a clay-pit, or a lime-kiln; it is expended among the workmen and proprietors, and among those who use the materials. Not one farthing is either absorbed or exported. The return is in increased accommodation, improved sanitary condition, greater value of property, and enhanced attractions; or, to put it, as M. Véron does with regard to Paris—and no man can get rid of an old hobby—

“The city of Paris may be compared, in certain respects, to a great opera, which by its magnificence, its new curiosities, its brilliant erections, must attract the crowd. I have always averred that the expenses of getting up a great dramatic work, so long as they are undertaken with taste and intelligence, are always reimbursed by the public. The revenues of the city will increase with the affluence of strangers attracted by the splendours of Paris, just as the receipts of a theatre are augmented by the novelty and interest of its representations.”

Paris has had its satirists within its own bosom just as it has its eulogist in M. Véron, ex-Opera director. Boileau condescended to imitate Juvenal, when speaking of that city of which Gresset said:

Paris! il m'ennuie à la mort.

But without going to satire, the language of glorification often verges upon the satirical.

“The English,” says M. Véron, “repeat with pride that there is more business done on the Thames than on any other river in the world.

“We may also say, without exaggerating the truth, that the streets of Paris are in the present day those in which the most business is done in the whole world, even comprising those of London.

“In this great city of Paris, where the most ambitious emulation, where

the most fertile competition make every one wish to get in advance of his neighbour, every one now knows the value of time; from the medical man, the barrister, the solicitor in repute, the broker, to the tailor, to the confectioner, to the hair-dresser, to the dog-doctor, the corn-cutter, and dancing-master, each and all, if they have obtained a few clients, have horses, more or less English, and a coachman who is more or less a lacquey, a valet, or a shop-boy, when he is not on the coach-box."

The anti-climax is characteristic and charming. Imagine M. Timbs in his "Curiosities of London," appealing to hair-dressers and canine empirics as proofs of the commercial activity of the city, and how judiciously the pedicure is made to take precedence of the dancing-master.

And now for a little world within a world—the theatrical Cosmos. If we are to believe the ancien directeur de l'Opéra, authors and actors find themselves in the present day face to face with a public deeply modified in its habits by new manners, face to face with a public too busy, too much occupied with material interests, too much fatigued with the duties and emotions of the day to be stirred up in getting up from the dinner-table into appreciating works of intellect.

But, on the other hand, statistics show that in the year 1859 an average of fifty thousand strangers and provincials came or went out of the different railway stations every day. Out of the twenty-five thousand new comers, a very large number are supposed to visit the theatres, as they visit the public buildings and museums, and in which latter they are subjected to the stereotyped and grotesque admiration of loquacious and ignorant ciceroni. M. Véron says that at the theatre noisy "claqueurs" and impudent applauders take the place with strangers and provincials of the ciceroni of the morning. This motley crowd, mingled in orchestra, pit, amphitheatre, and boxes, with the preoccupied Parisians, represents, as far as judging works of intellect are concerned, "universal suffrage vitiated by false judges and claqueurs, duly organised into so many salaried regiments." M. Véron did not make this remark in the by-path of the Bois de Boulogne. It was an afterthought.

Theatrical directors have in consequence now no alternative but to invent. Hence their incessant venturesome, nay, daring, efforts. They no longer seek to interest the public, their great aim is to astonish. The scenic appendages of theatres, be they great or small, assume every day greater proportions, dramatic art recruits ever the aid of archæology in order to attain greater exactness in its historical costumes; yet with all these exertions and developments, inventive and scenic, the lyrical theatres do not succeed, for M. Véron says, "For serious, political, and even economical reasons, we would claim for these theatres the protection, more necessary than ever, of the imperial government."

And this is the argument: "Music has nothing revolutionary in it; on the contrary, it represents discipline. An orchestra is, indeed, better disciplined than a regiment, and government has nothing to fear from it! Music, indeed, tempers the roughness of democratic manners, and societies of Orphéonistes should be encouraged." The encouragement of industry is also concerned, not only in the employment of so many hands, but in the manufacture of musical instruments. While the manufacture of organs for churches remains stationary, they are now introduced in all great operas, as harmoniums, melodiums, &c., into private houses. The

manufacture of pianos is largely on the increase, as is also the case with wood instruments, since Boëlim perfected them. M. Adolphe Sax has not only rendered France independent of Germany for brass instruments, but has made it an exporting country. The engraving of music, which in 1830 required fifteen thousand reams of paper, now exhausts twenty-nine thousand. The musical theatres of Paris, it is to be observed, also supply the provincial theatres, of which there are forty-five provided with sedentary or permanent corps, as also the numerous cafés, concerts, and military bands. The decrees of 1806, which are still in force, ordain that the prefects shall report to the Minister of the Interior as to the theatres of departments—a regulation which M. Véron thinks is not always regarded to the letter, for he says he lately heard at Bayonne an improvised scene, delivered in a loud and audible voice between an actor and the prompter, of a most grossly insulting character, and that carried on in the presence of the sous-préfet himself. At Bordeaux he also witnessed the performance of "Guillaume Tell" of Rossini, with the character of *Mathilde* omitted.

The upholding the spirit, if not the letter, of the laws penned by Napoleon I., by Napoleon III., may have a great deal to do with the decline of the theatre in Paris, where we see poetry and sentiment sacrificed to effect, and too often a most disreputable perversion of the social principle taking the place of the legitimate drama. By these laws no theatre can be opened without due authorisation, and it is in the power of the minister of the interior to assign to each the kind of performance to which it will be expected to limit itself—the repertoires, or the Opéra, of the French Comedy, and the Opéra-Comique being especially protected from reproduction. The Théâtre-Français is consecrated to comedy and tragedy; the Opéra to music and dancing; the Opéra-Comique to the performance of pieces—comedies or dramas—mixed with couplets, "ariettes," and "morceaux d'ensemble." The Opéra-Buffera was a kind of annexe to the Opéra-Comique, and could only represent pieces written in Italian.

The Théâtre du Vaudeville is limited in its repertory to little pieces, interspersed with couplets, but founded upon known airs or their parodies. The repertory of the Théâtre des Variétés is limited to "pièces dans le genre grivois, poissard ou villageois," which may be freely translated in the free and easy, the vulgate, and the rustic style, only occasionally interspersed with couplets on known airs. The Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin is specially destined to melodrama and pièces a grand spectacle, and what is sung must be upon known airs. Ballets of an "historical or noble" character are not permitted, being the exclusive privilege of the Opéra. The Théâtre de la Gaité is limited to pantomimes, harlequinades, and farces of a similar description, and none of these theatres are permitted to perform pieces which are not within the prescribed rules. To ensure the rigid performance of these, a copy of every new piece may be deposited in the bureaux of the Minister of the Interior. It does not say *must*, but in case of non-compliance the director runs the chance of having a piece suspended by authority, after having incurred all the expense of bringing it out. When a piece that has been deposited shall not appear to be of the description allotted to the theatre which shall have received it, the director will be duly informed by the ministry. But even then the examination of the pieces in the offices of the ministry of the



interior, and the approbation given for their representation, will in no way dispense the directors from having recourse to the ministry of police, where the pieces have to be examined *sous d'autres rapports*. What a position for author and manager to be placed in! First, the piece must be suited for the circumscribed literary and artistic limits of the theatre by which it may have been received; it must please the officials employed by the minister of the interior, and it must satisfy the police that there are no doubles-ententes, covert meanings, or obscure political allusions. The public are sometimes, however, sharper-witted in this respect than the officials. It is wondrous how a passage in the drama of the "Deux Veuves," which has made all Paris roar during the past year, could have escaped the lynx-eyed authorities. A garde-chasse, La Barraque, rushes into the presence of ladies, announcing that a well-dressed, handsome, lively poacher will not heed his remonstrances, and laughs at him when he bids him not shoot over the property. M. de Brenne, the poacher, as a natural sequence, is brought before the widows, when the following colloquy ensues:

Caroline—"What are you, sir?"

M. de Brenne—"Homme de lettres."

Caroline—"But how do you obtain your livelihood?"

M. de Brenne—"I have an income of thirty thousand francs."

Then, a little further on:

Caroline—"Answer frankly, condemned one."

M. de Brenne—"Not condemned yet—only accused."

Caroline—"Accused! condemned! That is a shade."

Soon the two ladies are alone.

"But imagine," says Caroline, "if he was really a thief?"

Lanra—"A thief! with an income of thirty thousand francs!"

Caroline—"There are some richer than that."

And this sally is hailed by the whole house with uncontrollable bursts of laughter.

Not the least curious point connected with these dramatic laws is the importance attached to new airs. One would imagine that their conductor saw treason in every novel aria or new melody.

M. Véron would alter the existing state of things, not by reducing the Opéra, with its subvention of 800,000 francs, to the same footing as the Opéra-Comique, which has a minimum financial aid, or to that of the Théâtre Lyrique, which receives no governmental aid at all; but by placing the two latter in the same administrative conditions as the Opéra! The Théâtre-Italien must be placed likewise upon the same favoured footing. The four lyrical theatres should at the same time be placed under one head (M. Véron, we suppose); "unity of power is as essential to the successful administration of theatres," we are told, "as for the command of a regiment, or even of an army. This done, and they could defend themselves, *with their immense resources*, against the theatres of London, of St. Petersburg, and even of Brussels." And that when, as far as the first is concerned, it has no resources but public approbation. The comparison is an amusing one, and the whole suggestion about as wise a one as could be expected from a person brought up amid the narrow and circumscribed notions of individual and social enterprise, entailed by the subventions and interventions of authority in such minute details as the mode and manner in which a people shall find amusement.

The schoolmaster frowns, and Paris is gloomy—the schoolmaster smiles, and the little boys are as lively and chirruping as birds.

Among the theatres of Paris, the Odéon has the credit of believing in comedy in verse. "Noblesse oblige" was founded upon one of M. de Balzac's charming stories, "Le Bal de Sceaux." There was a great deal of spirit in it, and it lived eight long days. The Gymnase had the audacity to produce another *jeune homme pauvre* at the same time, and in verse, entitled "Un Ange de Charité"—the young man of the Gymnase was a hundred times poorer than he of the vaudeville. The "Testament de César Girodot" was the great success of the Odéon during the past year. It was written with ease and spirit, and lasted for six months. All the other new pieces produced at the same theatre seem to have been dragged from the gutters. Their titles will suffice: "The Camarades of the Trowel," "The Frier of Gudgeons," "The Mender of Chairs," "The Paviers," "Portier, I want some of your Hair." The last will be well known to all the readers of Eugène Sue. These comedies, as M. Jules Janin himself admits, seem all to be written for open air entertainment.

M. Henri Meilhac, a young man of talent, but unfortunately influenced by the taste or fashion of the day, made his *début* as an author at the Gymnase, with "Un Petit-fils de Mascarille," a piece full of interlopers. "They are in the wrong," remarks the veteran critic, "these young men, to put no faith in good company; it is fruitful in characters and portraits; it agreeably opposes solid virtues to elegant vices, and politeness to bad actions, whereas, in that world apart, which is no world at all, only one character and one physiognomy can possibly be made out." M. Auguste Maquet, better inspired, wrote a better play for the Vaudeville. If the hero of the "Dettes de Cœur" is a rascal and the heroine is little better, still they are surrounded by honest people; and then, love—a real and sincere passion—excuses all things. Another great success was "Duc Job," and that success was only interrupted by the doubts and discussions suggested by Alexandre Dumas, junior's, "Père Prodigue," which every one condemned, and every one went to see. A son saving a father from the spider-web woven by an Albertine! Scribe, too, is happily not extinct; he wrote "La Fille de Trente Ans," for the Vaudeville, with the same spirit that charmed of old, but he was not lucky in his subject, and not over successful in its treatment. The veteran critic says of the veteran play-writer, what Fontenelle said of a once pretty face: "On voit que l'amour a passé par là." The best qualities of curiosity, dialogue, and invention in Scribe, *ont passé par là*. The Mortara case was dramatised at the Porte-Saint-Martin, under the title of "La Tireuse de Cartes." It was a satanic creation, which made some hundred thousand auditors shudder with delicious horror. Alphonse Karr committed himself in one of those disreputable things of the day—a tale of adultery and vengeance—grafted, too, upon the Normands, for "Pénélope Normande" belongs to that generally well-conducted country; while the wretch, Ferouillat, who smells of tobacco and brandy at twenty paces' distance, is purely Parisian. The vengeance is a poisoned kerchief, which disfigures and blinds Madame d'Aperville. Well may Janin exclaim, "Voilà le progrès!" The progress is down a very steep decline.

The "Prêteur sur Gages" of MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Michel Masson, is another terrible affair, in which a dog plays the part of Providence to a child, without any regard for common sense, and yet we are told that the piece, in eight tableaux, and which lasted five hours, was "one of those big English dramas, stuffed full of crimes and accidents." If the little Olivier and his dog are English, the little Adrienne, driven to her father's house by a "Feu au Couvent" (such is the name of the piece), and reclaiming him to virtue, is most assuredly French. So, also, is "La Femme aux Cornichons," who, getting too fat, appeals to cucumbers, vinegar, and gymnastic exercises. Her jealous and disconcerted husband at length discovers the cause of her absences, declares that he adores fat women, and his wife returns happy to her husband and to biftek aux pommes de terre. In the "Drôle de Monde," the uncle marries his servant, and the nephew a rope-dancer. This, if not exemplar, is at least new, whereas, in "Compère Guillery," we have actually an old hero of the highway in love with a princess! "'La Femme aux Cornichons,'" says Jules Janin, "was the darkness of night; 'Guillery' was a cloud; 'Le Feu au Couvent' was the aurora; but 'La Tentation,' of Octave Feuillet, was broad daylight." This is high praise; and yet the plot of "La Tentation" depends, as usual, upon woman's frailty. But Madame de Vardes has a husband who grumbles, a mother who interferes, and a daughter who sulks. She is justified in doing anything; and then, again, the lover is "si câlin, si charmant, si tentant!"

The number and variety of new plays was great during the past year. It is almost impossible to enumerate them. "Les Philosophes de Vingt Ans" utter, as might be supposed, all sorts of tender sentiments; "Une Voix du Ciel" recited verses of a moral tendency; "Jeanne qui Pleure" was an abominable hypocrite; while "Jeanne qui Rit" was an honest woman. The "Paratonnerre" taught how a good young wife could save the honour of a marquis, and the "Cheveu Blanc" bravely assailed those who grow old in the service of others than their legitimate spouses. "Daniel Lambert" was an artist who, repudiated by a baroness, contents himself with his old love; "Le Roi des Iles" plays with poison like Mithridates; and "Les Aventuriers" are hearts of bronze served by arms of iron. These things Jules Janin says are very frightful when seen near; we rejoice, therefore, in their remoteness.

"Le Barde" was, however, a poetic inspiration by a man of genius, M. Fillien. From that to the "Trois Fils de Cadet Roussel," there was an abyss. Another of the most promising young authors of the year was M. Sardon, who wrote a clever thing called "Les Pattes de Mouche," but the plot is the same—a jealous husband and a compromised wife. Of the "Deux Veuves" we have already spoken; it was one of the most brilliant little successes of the year. The author is M. Mallefille.

Such—such as it is—is a summary of the tragedy and comedy of the year. No; we have omitted the great romancer of the epoch—the immortal Dumas. It is true that he was sailing on the Mediterranean, editing a journal at Naples, writing a romance for the *Constitutionnel*, another in the *Siècle*, another in the *Univers Illustré*, the Memoirs of Garibaldi, and those of Horace; but that is nothing for him. He found time also to indite a drama in eight tableaux for the Porte Saint Martin, and a comedy in five acts for the Vaudeville! All we are told of them

is, that these were impossibilities, sword-cuts in water! We might also notice the fairy spectacles and the nudities. "Ce qui plaît aux Femmes," the "Mémoires de Mimie Baniboche," and "La Fille du Diable." These were summer pieces, in which the audience were introduced, among other places, to a swimming school! That is enough. One day Menander hesitated to drink some milk presented to him by a nymph. "Oh!" he said, "the milk is covered with a skim." "Blow off the skim," said the fair one, "and drink beneath." Lucky Menander! he found the milk pure beneath. Who is to blow off the skim that obscures the drama in Paris?

Literature has produced some charming light things during the past year, among which M. Lescure's "Maitresses du Roi Louis XV.;" M. Claudin's "Point et Virgule;" M. Gourdon's "Louise;" M. Gigon's "Les Trente-deux Duels;" M. Jules Noriac's "La Bêtise humaine;" M. Louis Eynault's "Alba;" and especially "L'Or est une Chimère;" a most pleasant little romance by M. Moleri. Among novels of greater pretensions may be mentioned M. Auguste Maquet's "Le Comte de la Reynie;" M. Julien Lemer's "Le Charnier des Innocents," a dramatic and terrible story; M. Ernest Feydeau's "Catherine d'Overmère," sister to "Fanny;" M. Paul Chasteau's "Une Existence orageuse;" M. d'Aracuy's "Galiénne;" and "Les Nouvelles Espagnoles," worthy of taking place by the side of Cervantes.

Nor has poetry been without its manifestations. The Academy has crowned M. Louis Ratisbonne's translation of "Dante" into French verse. Victor Hugo has contributed the two great works of the year, the "Traduction de Shakespeare," and "La Légende des Siècles." Deserving of mention also are M. Léon Valéry's "Heures Intimes," M. George Robinson's "Tableaux Comiques," and M. Marc Personniaux's "La Vie à Ciel ouvert," abounding in grandiose alexandrines, after the fashion of Delille, whom we could never read.

The only books of a light description, adapted for all classes of readers, are Madame Restaud's "Les Amours du Village;" M. Léon de Vailly's "Les deux Filles de M. Dubreuil;" and for others, M. Charles Bandelaire's "Les Paradis artificiels," said to be a fine composition, and "Les Patenôtres d'un Surnuméraire," by Joseph de Laroa, a little chef-d'œuvre of typography.

M. Louis Ulbach's "L'Île des Rêves" has been much spoken of, as has likewise M. Eugène Pelletan's "Naissance d'une Ville." The latter is a well-told chapter in history. Nor were portraits of celebrated personages wanting. There were M. Wallen's "Jeanne d'Arc," M. Perrens's "Etienne Marcel," M. Jean Reynaud's "Merlin de Thionville," M. Jacques Renaud's "Les Portraits Contemporains," and M. Guislain Lemale's "Les Ducs de Saint Aignan." M. Michelet persists in what is termed "one of the most violent accusations that have ever been addressed to the glory, and even to the honour, of the king Louis XIV." But what can be too severe against the revoker of the Edict of Nantes, and the great Moloch of youth, and beauty, and innocence?

It is not a little remarkable that of works of a more serious and more thoughtful character, almost all have had the same tendency, and have breathed the same spirit—that of a prostrate liberty, which, like Antæus of old, is ever ready to rise again, strengthened by touching the earth.

At the head of these aspirations stands M. Charles de Rémusat's "La Politique Libérale," M. Duvergier de Hauranne's "Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire," M. Jules de Lasteyrie's "Histoire de la Liberté Politique en France," and M. Ferrari's "Histoire de la Raison d'Etat." Even history itself, as treated by Thiers in his seventeenth volume, by M. Guizot in his third, by Messrs. Iranyi and Chassin in their "Histoire de la Révolution de Hongrie," and by M. Louis Blanc in his "Histoire de la Révolution, a work of infinite study and most conscientious narrative, rushes almost involuntarily into the same forbidden track. This unanimous tendency of the whole serious literature of an epoch may have had something to do with the movement recently made by the imperial government in a new direction.

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HOLGER DANSKE AND STÆRK DIDERIK.\*

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

By Mrs. Bushby.

STÆRK DIDERIK dwells outside of Bern,  
 With eighteen brothers bold;  
 And each of these has twelve stout sons,  
 Whom men as valiant hold.  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 Stærk Diderik has of sisters plenty,  
 Fifteen they are in all,  
 And each twelve goodly sons can show,  
 To the youngest thirteen fall.  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 And Diderik he was proud in sooth  
 Such heroes to command;  
 Over the highest beech-tree tops  
 They looked, that giant band.  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 "In battle with us, through many a year,  
 Have steel-clad warriors died;  
 And now we hear on Jutland's plains  
 Holger Danske has us defied.  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 Of his haughty bearing we have heard,  
 And all that he will dare.  
 He crowns himself with bright red gold,  
 But nought to us will spare."  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.

\* "Holger the Dane, and Diderik the Strong." From a volume of ancient Scandinavian ballads, entitled, "Danske Kæmpeviser." Collected by N. F. S. Grundtvig. Copenhagen.

"Holger Danske" is a very prominent character in the traditions and old legends of Denmark; and "Dietrich von Bern"—the name in song of a prince and warrior—is celebrated in many old German ballads, a collection of which was first made by Charlemagne.—TRANS.

And Sverting took a mighty spear  
 And brandished it full high—  
 "A hundred of King Holger's men  
 I deem not worth a fly."  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 "Nay, swarthy Sverting, surely thou  
 Doest err, and rate them wrong!  
 I tell thee that King Holger's men  
 Are active, brave, and strong."  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 Then answered the tall Bæmeris,  
 After a moment's thought—  
 "We'll visit in Denmark King Holger's self,  
 At home he shall be sought."  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 Stærk Diderik sent King Holger word  
 That a choice before him lay—  
 "Whether wilt thou do battle with us,  
 Or a tribute wilt thou pay?"  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 King Holger a speedy answer sent,  
 His wrath, it was not dumb—  
 "Who tribute dares from Danes demand,  
 To seek it himself must come."  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 King Holger and Stærk Diderik  
 Upon the heath they met;  
 They fought with right good-will, as if  
 On war their hearts were set.  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 Of blood there ran a rapid stream  
 Into the deep dales near,  
 And they who to levy tribute came  
 Themselves had to pay dear.  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 And there lay horse, and there lay man,  
 Severed was friend from friend;  
 They laughed not after that hot bath,  
 Their fun was at an end.  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 And there was the tall Bæmeris,  
 His boasting he forgot.  
 "Not half our men are living now—  
 Conquest for us is not."  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 Stærk Diderik's self, he took to his heels—  
 He ran o'er hill and dale;  
 And Sverting, who had talked so big,  
 To follow did not fail.  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.  
 Then shouted Vidrik Velandsön,  
 His gauntlet drawing off—  
 "Ye'll never boast that here ye came  
 At Holger Danske to scoff!"  
 There is strife to the north in Jutland.

### Mingle-Mangle by Monkshead.

. . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 BP. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

#### MIMETIC MUSIC.

WHEN Joseph Haydn, in his young days, was composing the music of Bernardoni's ballet, "Le Diable Boiteux," a sea storm, incidental to that piece, as Madame Dudevant tells us, cost him a world of pains, the remembrance of which would make him laugh at fourscore. Bernardoni wanted the tempest to be an out-and-outer—a regular high-flying hurricane—a witches' hurly-burly of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain—in the very best marine manner. But Joseph was no mariner, and felt as though any such marine piece was beyond him. He was at a loss how to describe in crotchets and quavers what he had never seen, and could only land-lubber-like guess about. So we read that his good friend and ally, the Porporina, pictured to honest Beppo the Adriatic in a storm, and sang the mournful plaint of the waves—those sad sea waves—not without laughing at the imitative harmonies which require to be aided by blue cloths, shaken from scene to scene by vigorous arms—a very sad sort of sea waves indeed. One night, however, the young German's perplexity was happily relieved by a colloquy on the subject with the experienced maestro, Porpora himself. That able authority assures Haydn that he might labour for a hundred years with the best instruments in the world, and the most intimate knowledge of wind and waters, without being able to translate the divine harmonies of nature. This, contends the master, is not the province of music, which is merely guilty of folly and conceit when it runs after noisy effects and endeavours to imitate the war of the elements. Its domain he affirms to be that of the emotions: its aim is to inspire them, as its origin is from their inspiration. What the young composer has to think of, then, is of a man abandoned to the fury of the waves, and a prey to the deepest terror: he is to imagine a scene at once frightful and sublime; the danger imminent; and then, placing himself in the midst of this distress, this disorder, this confusion and despair, to give expression to his anguish—assured that his hearers, intelligent or not, will share it. "They will imagine that they behold the sea, that they hear the groaning of the riven timbers, the shouts of the mariners, the despair of the hapless passengers. What would you say of a poet who, in order to depict a battle, should tell you in verse that the cannon uttered *boom, boom*, and the drums *dub, dub*? It would be a better imitation than any image, but it would not be poetry. Painting itself, that descriptive art *par excellence*, does not consist in servile imitation. The artist would trace in vain the dull green sea, the dark and stormy skyscape, the shattered bark. If his feelings do not enable him to render the terrible and poetical whole, his picture will make as little impression as any alehouse sign."\*

And therefore would old Porpora have young Haydn, on this tentative

\* Consuelo.

occasion, seek to inspire his whole being with the idea of some great disaster; for thus, and only thus, would he make his storm-scene tell on the feelings of others. Thus, and only thus, might and must his sea-piece

suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange,

instead of remaining poor and common.

Ariel's song reminds us, by the way, in connexion with the same subject, but in the case of another great German composer, that Beethoven is said to have hinted that Shakspeare's "Tempest" was in his mind when he composed his Sonata Appassionata (which has been described as shining resplendent among his other sonatas, like Sirius amongst the stars). And musical critics hold that the fancy will find much to support this derivative suggestion. The first movement, for instance, wild and gusty, has been compared\* to the course of a vessel over a boundless ocean, now pelted with storms, and anon scudding cheerily before the gale; while the second, "solemn and dirge-like, with its mysterious bass—in which certain singular retardations are introduced, giving an effect somewhat like a peal of bells—recalls Ariel's song, 'Full fathom five thy father lies.' The depths of the ocean, with its hidden splendours, seem to be opened to us." The last movement is one prolonged storm—suggestive of a sea on which no ship can live—of powerless endeavour, and remorseless wreck.

Mr. Hogarth's Musical History contains an account of Haydn's early difficulty, in finding himself "at sea" (in a double sense), or in a composer's sea of troubles (in hardly a metaphorical one), which is more prosaic and less elegantly didactic than that introduced in George Sand's æsthetic romance. Haydn's own report of the matter, in after years, is that upon which our musical historian's narrative is based. Neither the librettist, Curtz by name, nor Joseph, had ever looked on the sea, so that their notions, individually and conjointly, of its appearance when tempest-tossed were necessarily somewhat vague. However, they must brew a storm between them, somehow: so Haydn sat at the harpsichord, while Curtz paced about the room, and tried to furnish the composer with ideas. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking,—and then another mountain and another valley;—the mountains and valleys must follow each other every instant. Then you must have claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, and the noise of the wind; but, above all, you must represent distinctly the mountains and valleys." Haydn, meanwhile, kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "The deuce take the tempest,—I can make nothing of it." "That is the very thing!"† shouted Curtz, in rapture at this chance-medley solution of the problem. Curtz and Porpora had different ideas of high art and sound practice.

\* See the *Saturday Review*, No. 80.

† See George Hogarth's *Musical History, Biography, and Criticism*, vol. i. pp. 292 *sq.*



That Haydn—despite the old maestro's supposed harangue on the imitative powers of music—cherished a certain weakness for mimetic effects in orchestral composition, more than one mature production of his will sufficiently prove. Madame de Staël records how her enjoyment of the performance of his "Creation," at Vienna, by a band of four hundred, was marred by some of the composer's crotchets (not technically speaking). How at the words, "Let there be light: and there was light," the instruments played at first very softly, so as scarcely to be heard, and then all of a sudden broke out into a tumultuous crash, to signify the genesis of daylight:—upon which stroke of art a certain wit, *homme d'esprit*, pleased madame by observing, that "à l'apparition de la lumière il fallait se boucher les oreilles."\* Then again Staël the Epicene, as Byron rather ambidextrously than ambiguously styles her, noted with disapproval how the music trailed and dragged while the serpents were being created, and recovered its brilliancy and animation with the birth-song of the birds. In Haydn's "Seasons," she complains, these *allusions* are multiplied exceedingly; *concerti* she calls them, which a healthy taste would reject. Not but that certain combinations of harmony can recal some of nature's many marvels, but these analogies (she maintains) have no reference to imitation, which is never anything better than a *jeu factice*. The real resemblances among the fine arts one with another, and those which exist between the fine arts and nature, are dependent upon feelings of the same kind as those excited by them in our souls by a variety of means.† One cannot but agree with Lady Eastlake that Haydn's servile representations of the tiger's leaps, of the stag's branching horns, of the pattering hail—"why he gave a pert staccato triplet accompaniment to the rolling of 'awful thunders' is not so easily accounted for"‡—are so many blots on his glorious "Creation." The verdure-clad fields, the purling of the limpid brook, the mild light of the moon as she "glides through the silent night," delight us not so much from the correctness of the musical image, for the same music would express other words, as from the intrinsic sweetness of the melody, the exquisite *song* with which Haydn always overflows. But, as Lady Eastlake adds, his "rising sun with darting rays" is an utter failure—and is

\* Compare, or contrast, with this cavil at Haydn's *Fiat Lux*, the following ardent tribute by the present King of Hanover:

"But, above all, how impressively, with all the powers of music, does the composer delineate the moment—*And there was light*—called forth by the creative words *Let there be light!* At these words the orchestra breaks out in a truly electrical manner, producing an entire bewilderment. The listener feels the full impression which the actual happening of this awe-inspiring miracle of the Almighty would make upon him, and that sublime achievement is thus most speakingly and convincingly brought home to the senses of the earthly man, through this picturing by tones, in the only mode in which a sensible image of it could be presented to him."—*Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Musik*. Hanover, 1839.

To which estimate of a musical Monarch may be here appended that of a critical Queen's Counsel:

"The burst of a fine orchestra will seldom fail to produce an electrical rush of feeling, faintly reflective of the actual occurrence of the miracle: but the sole resemblance will be found to consist in the fulness and suddenness of the shock."—*Hayward's Biogr. and Crit. Essays*, II. 223.

† De Staël, *Des Beaux-Arts en Allemagne*.

‡ See the eloquent essay on Music in *Quarterly Review* for September, 1848.

by her compared to a watchman's lantern striking down a dark alley, not the orb of day illuminating the earth.

Again, in the fine trio, "Most beautiful appear," while the bass voice sings the words, "Upheaved from the deep, the immense leviathan sports on the foaming wave," the lashing of the water by the animal's tail, as Mr. Hogarth remarks, is imitated by some *whisking* passages on the double-bass. "Then we have the roar of the lion, the sudden leaps of the tiger, the galloping of the horse, the whirl of the cloud of insects, and the sinuous crawling of the reptile. Nothing can be more ingenious than these imitative passages; but then they are *amusing*, which nothing ought to be in a work of this exalted class."\*

That Mr. Hogarth, provided the *amusing* be excluded, can go far enough in his estimate of music's potential imitativeness, is clear from his criticism on Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. In that work he tells us we seem to feel the freshness of a summer morning—to hear the rustling of the breeze, the waving of the woods, the cheerful notes of birds, and the cries of animals; to stray along the margin of a meandering brook, and listen to the murmuring of its waters; to join a group of villagers, keeping holiday with joyous songs and dances; to watch the sky grow dark, hear the thunder growl, and witness a storm burst on the alarmed rustics, whose cries of dismay are audible amid the elemental strife. "The clouds pass away, the muttering of the thunder is more and more distant, all becomes quiet and placid, and the stillness is broken by the pastoral song of gratitude. Nothing can be more beautiful or more true to nature than every part of this representation. It requires no key, no explanation, but places every image before the mind with a distinctness which neither poetry nor painting could surpass, and with a beauty which neither of them could equal." It was remarked at the time, by an Edinburgh Reviewer, that in this passage the enthusiasm of the author had carried him off his feet; and that the concluding part of the last sentence put one not a little in mind of a certain captain mentioned in "Peter Simple," who describes his mother as being so splendid a pianoforte player, that upon one occasion, when she was delighting her friends with her performance, she introduced an imitation of thunder so exquisite, that the cream for tea became sour, besides three casks of beer in the cellar. The reviewer insists that this is scarcely more ludicrous than it is to say, that the descriptive powers of the *Sinfonia Pastorale*, great as they undoubtedly are, or of any instrumental music unaccompanied by words, ever can place imagery before the mind, with a distinctness equal to poetry or painting. Beethoven himself, it is added, in corroboration of this view, has furnished us with an explanation, in words, of the different scenes he intended to delineate; which implies his consciousness, that the graphic power of his pencil, without such explanations, could never be made to convey any definite idea of visual objects, or to give anything more than the general character of certain emotions, or to excite certain trains of association.† Fair executants of *Lieder ohne Worte*, who claim to see a perfect and unmistakable meaning in every bar, need to be reminded, in their too far-reaching clairvoyance, of the subjective philosophy of Coleridge's line,

O lady, we receive but what we give.

\* Musical History, &c., by George Hogarth, vol. i. p. 311.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxiii. p. 41.

Grant that music may be said to paint nature: but how? Rousseau says that it commonly abandons the impossible attempt to paint nature direct, for the practicable one of throwing our feelings, by means all her own, into a state resembling that which the object to be painted would actually produce. Instead of painting a tranquil night,\* which is in itself impossible, music imparts to the soul the same sensation, by exciting the self-same feelings that a tranquil night is apt to inspire.

Goethe's essay towards fixing an "æsthetic base" for music, in the shape of certain axioms which assume that it must be either sacred or profane, either solemn altogether or altogether joyous, has naturally been contested with spirit. M. Chasles, in his impeachment of it—beginning, "What! music can be nothing but either joyous or solemn! The expression of impassioned love and of tender melancholy pertains not to music! The wailings of a wounded spirit are beyond its range!" &c. &c.,—goes on to maintain, that music is, on the contrary, an almost infinite science, the domain whereof let no Goethe dare restrict or curtail; and concludes: "There are but two usurpations which must be forbidden to music:—the pretence of painting to the eye, which is an absurd trespass on the grounds of painting itself,—and that of reasoning, which is a silly aggression on the province of thought."†

Gustave Planche, again, in his critique on Mozart's masterpiece, argues at some length the question of the limits of musical expression. To seek in music for a means by which to translate the human passions, individually, one by one; to try to express by sounds, not only the tumultuous movements of the soul in their most striking generality, but also the details, and minutæ even, of those movements,—is nothing less, in M. Planche's opinion, than to ignore or betray the mission of musical art. But, on the other hand, to see in music a mere amusement, more or less lively, an occupation for the ear only and not at all for the brain; to exclude passion from the orchestra and from the voice; to desecrate nothing, in the combination of sounds, beyond an ingenious artifice, designed to produce certain impressions which sometimes excite to an intoxicating degree, and which at others are so voluptuous and *nonchalantes* as to induce balmy sleep; this he accounts a no less important mistake. He would have a musician abstain from trying to express, in dramatic music, sentiments of a limited or exact kind, such, for instance, as ambition or jealousy; and to choose the most general and indefinite, the most constant and vivid, of emotions, such as joy, anger, tenderness, and never to risk an entrance on those narrower routes which can be trod by the poet alone without stumbling.‡

For music, as all but those who have no music in their souls well know, is capable, in the words of Hartley Coleridge,§ of expressing and evoking any simple emotion; it may imitate the rapid succession or dazzling alternation of feeling, or, dying away to silence, may symbolise the fading of passion into pensiveness. It may also, to a certain extent, he says, express action, as action consists in motion; but beyond this it cannot go. "It cannot narrate, describe, or reason. It is of little assistance to the understanding, and though it may stimulate, it cannot inform the imagi-

\* See De Stendhal's *Correspondance Inédite*, I<sup>re</sup> série, xi.

† *Etudes sur l'Allemagne*: Goethe, § 1.

‡ *Etudes sur les Arts*: Mozart.

§ *Biographia Borealis*: William Roscoe.

nation. True, words may supply all these deficiencies, and true, there is no narrative, description, reasoning, or imagination, that is truly poetical, but what involves or engenders a pleasurable feeling, nor any feeling of which some modification of numerous sounds is not a conductor. But, nevertheless, those compositions will be found best accommodated to musical expression, for which music supplies a natural and universal language, and such are love, grief, and devotion; because in all these the feeling suggests the thoughts, and not the thought or imagery the feeling." These remarks are apropos of certain analogies of expression between music and poetry. And an anonymous essayist of Hartley Coleridge's school (if not Hartley himself), in a tractate on Poetical Description, has pronounced the imitative quality of poetry to differ altogether from that of painting, but to bear a strong analogy to that of music, her consorted sister in days of old. While painting, as he says,\* acts immediately upon the eye, and only mediately upon the intellect, music and poetry pay their first addresses to the ear, and both are capable of suggesting infinitely more than words can say. "Painting provides ready-made images. Poetry, like music, disposes the soul to be imaginative, by exciting sympathy." Virgil's line, imitatively graphic, with its five dactyles all in a row,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitū quatit ungula campum,

is meant to express the thundering gallop of the horse, as Mr. de Quincey points out, in which the beats of the hoof return with regular intervals; and Homer in a celebrated line has sought to express mimetically the rolling, thundering, leaping motion of a stone. The critic just named assumes either poet to have sought for a picturesque effect; but he reminds us that picturesqueness, like any other effect, must be subordinated to a higher law of beauty. "Whence, indeed, it is that the very limits of imitation arise for every art, sculpture, painting, &c., indicating what it ought to imitate, and what it ought not to imitate. And unless regard is had to such higher restraints, metrical effects become as silly and childish as the musical effects in Kotzwarra's *Battle of Prague*, with its ridiculous attempts to mimic the firing of cannon, groans of the wounded, &c., instead of involving the passion of a battle in the agitation of the music."† Yet how many of us, in our pinafore days, held those *Battle of Prague* mimicries to be first-rate, and declared the accuracy of imitation to be perfect—especially (what we knew such a deal about) the *Cries of the Wounded*. Was it not your case, madam?—unless indeed you are, happily, one of a generation that are yet in their teens. You were impressed by the old-fashioned mimetics of that ambitious exercise, for they were childish and you were a child. And when you were a child, you, like others, apostles included, thought as a child, spoke as a child, understood as a child; but now that you are become a—woman of a certain age, you have long ago put away childish things, among them the *Battle of Prague*. You will never wear pinafore or fight that battle o'er again.

Art, according to Goethe's English biographer, is picture-painting, not picture-writing. "Beethoven, in his Symphonies, may have expressed

\* What is Poetical Description? Blackwood, 1839.

† De Quincey's *Homer and the Homeridæ*, part iii.

grand psychological conceptions, which, for the mind that interprets them, may give an extra charm to strains of ravishment; but if the strains in themselves do not possess a magic, if they do not sting the soul with a keen delight, then let the meaning be never so profound, it will pass unheeded, because the primary requisite of music is not that it shall present grand thoughts, but that it shall agitate the soul with musical emotions.\*

Music, then, must tell on the feelings, to be music at all. And as an instrument of expression, it deals with feelings in general classes, not in individual illustrations. Sydney Smith rules that music "can express only classes of feelings; it can express only melancholy, not any particular instance or action of melancholy." The tune of *Lochaber no more*, for example, is referred to, as expressing the pathetic in general; actual words must be employed before we can recognise in it that *particular* instance of the pathetic, where a poor soldier takes leave of his native shore, and his wife Jean, with a presentiment that he shall see them never again. Whenever we hear an air to which we know no words, it can inspire only *general* emotion; when poetry applies the general emotion to particular instances, musical expression has attained its maximum of effect. It is said, continues the portly priest of St. Paul's, "that the 'Pastorale' of Corelli was intended for an imitation of the song of angels hovering about the fields of Bethlehem, and gradually soaring up to heaven; it is impossible, however, that the music *itself* can convey any such expression,—it can convey only the feelings of solemnity, of rapture, of enthusiasm; imagination must do the rest."† Had the Reverend Sydney happened to be in his average mood of jocularity, one can imagine the exuberance of fun he could have poked at, or out of, the pseudo-pastoral theory about Corelli's Pastorale.

A fellow-reviewer of his, starting from the same text, of Scottish melodies, indulged in some reasonable strictures on that craving for novelty which has led composers into the field where music is weakest,—that of direct imitation of natural sounds by musical notes,—a species of rivalry, the hopelessness of which makes us feel the good sense of Agesilaus' answer, when asked to hear a man sing who could imitate the nightingale,—“I have heard the nightingale herself.” Musicians are shown to have attempted not merely to imitate sounds by notes, but even to represent motion—to describe the seasons—to convey the impressions of colour‡—or even to narrate the incidents of a battle or a campaign; for the ingenious organist of Ferdinand III., Froberger, is said to have presented a very striking musical representation of Count Thurn's passage over the Rhine, and the danger of the transit, “in twenty-six cataracts, or falls of notes.”§ Indeed, adds our reviewer, “when a taste for this

\* G. H. Lewes, *Life and Works of Goethe*, II. 426.

† *Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, lect. 13.

‡ Which reminds us, by the way, of an incidental remark of Mr. Hayward's, in his essay on the Imitative Powers of Music (reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*): “On the whole, we are inclined to think that, when Locke's blind man said that the sound of a trumpet suggested the idea of scarlet to his mind, he unconsciously prescribed the precise limits within which the legitimate powers of the higher kind of music are confined,” &c.—*Biographical and Critical Essays*, by A. Hayward, Q.C., II. 223.

§ Sir J. Hawkins, vol. i., *Preliminary Disc.*, p. 3.

sort of mimetic music is once introduced (the proper sphere of which would be the comic opera), it is wonderful how even the greatest genius gives way to the contagion, and follows the herd,—for a greater than Froberger, Handel, has now and then ventured upon similar tricks of sound. In the 'Messiah,' at the passage, 'I will *shake* the heavens and the earth,' he has introduced a sort of musical pun, by repeating the word several times on a chain of musical shakes, 'as if,' says a critic, 'the quavering of the voice could represent the commotions of the world.' And in his 'Israel in Egypt,' he has undertaken to represent, by musical notes, two of the plagues of Egypt, viz. the buzzing of flies and the hopping of frogs.\*

The present King of Hanover signalised himself, while Crown Prince, by a treatise on Music, which advances not a few rather hazardous interpretations of imitative effects. His Majesty's blindness may have tended to intensify his quickness of ear, in catching at remote resemblances, and hearing a voice we cannot hear, and understanding in detail what only affects us in the mass. This exceptional acuteness is observable in some, at least, of his musical hermeneutics, while in others he but expresses what the average mind may be presumed to feel. One or two of his favourite examples may be worth glancing at. In Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" the royal critic† sees presented the pride of a ruler, the arrogance of a priest, the affection severally of a father, mother, and daughter, the gentle ties of love, the courage of a hero, a people's cry for vengeance, the pains of separation, the agonies of death, the exulting overflow of rapture at unlooked-for deliverance—all exhibited not only with "inimitable art," but with "incomparable completeness." Weber's "Summons to the Dance," as a musical representation of an incident in social life, is alleged to be remarkable for the truth and precision with which all the peculiarities and trifling occurrences of a ball are sketched: "the invitation of the gentleman, the acceptance of the lady, the dance itself, the conversation during the interval, the repetition of the dance, and the leading back of the lady to her seat, with the grateful acknowledgments of the gentleman—all this is accurately conveyed to the ear of the listener by the music." *Est-il possible?* may some stolid souls exclaim, who never suspected a title of the meaning in Weber's *pièce de circonstance*. But all this comes of having good ears, and a working brain between them; just as some ingenious criticisms on Shakspeare's text, or Spenser's, may be due to good eyes, not only of microscopic but of milestone-piercing power. But once again, and more seriously; in the introduction to "Norma," we are told, may be found "the representation of a neighbouring wood in the most exalted style of art. Beginning with deep tones, it unfolds in gloom-inspiring harmonies, and truly reflects the impression which the gloom of an extensive wood produces on our feelings. Occasional glancing and disconnected tones appear to betoken light, breaking through the darkness of the grove; and thus is the first drop-scene of the opera—the grove of sacrifice—fitly delineated. Assuredly the striking qualities of this tone-picture will still more forcibly suggest themselves to the reader, when I mention the exclamation of a

\* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxix. p. 199.

† *Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Musik*. Hanover. 1839.

person deprived of sight, who, on first hearing this introduction, instantly exclaimed that the scene then actually represented on the stage must be a forest." The prince's Quarterly Reviewer inferred that he was doubtless himself the blind listener in question, and accepted the fact as one no-way surprising; for\* with an ear cultivated to the highest degree of delicacy, a memory stored with images of natural beauty, and a heart overflowing with sympathy, the slightest, faintest train of association—a passage, note, or tone, indicating any one of the characteristic features of forest scenery—might suffice,—

And as a fort to which beleag'ers win  
Unhoped-for entrance thro' some friend within;  
One clear idea, center'd in the breast,  
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.

"But when it is formally inferred, from anomalous instances of this kind, that a succession of sensible images, including both sounds with their varieties and landscapes with their details may be brought home to the ordinary run (or even to any considerable class) of listeners, through the medium of instrumental music, our thoughts recur involuntarily to Dick Tinto's picture, or Lord Burleigh's nod, or those victims of mesmerism who undertake to ascertain the contents of a long letter by sitting on it. Set a chosen body of connoisseurs to hear Beethoven's 'Symphony,' or Weber's 'Summons to the Dance' for the first time, without telling them what the composer is aiming at, and we much doubt whether they will exclaim in chorus, at the proper time, 'That is a troop of reapers, and that the rippling of the brook!' 'Now the storm is coming on, and now it is going off!' 'Now they are flirting between the dances, and now he is taking her back to her mamma!'" It might be edifying to summon a large jury of good men and true, in matters musical—say a septuagint of them—to investigate the meaning of some fresh and untried *Lied ohne Worte*, in all its broad lights and supersubtle shades of symbolism and significance—to shut them up, each man in a separate cell, like the Seventy of Alexandria, and require from each man separately a full and particular account of what language the music under examination did verily speak. The result—an amalgam of three-score and ten interpretations—would surprise some people, the composer himself not the least; for he, honest man, would no doubt be quite as much astounded at finding all he meant, without meaning it, as ever was Monsieur Jourdain himself, at the incredible apocalypse of his lifelong (but hitherto unconscious and unpremeditated) achievements in prose.

Knowing ones there are, beyond all question—connoisseurs and something more—who could throw new and dazzling light on the meaning mentally attached by Mendelssohn to every movement in his overtures—say, for example, that to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Neither would they be persuaded though he rose from the dead to deny it. Of course that *allegro vivace* is Philostrate (master of the revels) stirring up the Athenian youth to merriment. Of course that *pomposo* passage

Theseus wedding Hippolyta with pomp, with triumph, and with reveling. That *roulade* is Puck putting a girdle about the earth in forty minutes. That *prestamente* bit is Helena on the scamper after Deme-

\* See *Quarterly Review* for July, 1839.

trius. That *moto contrario* expresses the perplexity and cross-purposes of the lovers in the wood. Surely you recognise at once in that *fantastico* interval the craze of Titania for ass-headed Bottom? And who can fail to identify that *carezzando* movement with her stroking his amiable cheeks, and sticking musk-roses in his sleek smooth head, and kissing the fair large ears of him, her gentle joy? As unmistakably does that *asprezza* betoken the coarse prosaic manner of bully Bottom—as though he were actually (as he wished) munching your good dry oats, and disposing audibly of a peck of provender or a bottle of hay. That *allegro vivo* as literally represents the ministrations of Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed. Nor less manifestly does that *burlando* or *burlesco* import the performance, by Quince and Co., of the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe—including the *agitato* of the nervous Prologue, the *debile* of Flute's small voice, the *furioso* of Bottom's bluster, and the *con veemenza* of Lion's roar.

It has been observed by one whose words come with authority, on a subject like this, that, properly speaking, the whole science of music is a storehouse hung round with materials of expression and imitation, for the use of the composer; but it depends upon his instinctive feelings whether the object to which he devotes them lie within the legitimate province of music. "Delusion in music, as in painting, is only the delight of the vulgar." We may love the idea of the dance conveyed in a light, tripping measure, or the "sense of the fresh echoing greenwood given by prolonged bugle-like tones;" but we have another feeling for the mimicry, instrumental or vocal, of the greenwood choir, pretty warblers as they are. Let not him therefore who, in this sort of servile imitation, and mechanical mimicry, would

tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,—

let not *him* come hither, come hither, come hither, but betake himself elsewhere, out of hearing—"anywhere, anywhere out of the world" of art and good taste. As an accomplished critic, already quoted, has remarked, the mind feels the exceeding sorrowfulness of the "Lacrymosa" in the Requiem, the faltering tones of "qua-re-sur-get," which seem to remind the hearer that here the dying Mozart burst into tears; our hearts sink as we hear how "the children of Israel sighed!—sighed!—sighed!—by reason of the bondage;" but we care not for the closest imitation of a sob given in the duet of the Gazza Ladra. "The broad humour of the catch and glee family, as well as the practical buffoonery of the time, led to a great deal of burlesque imitative music, both in Germany and Italy, in the seventeenth century. The cackling of hens all on one note and ending with a fifth above, the mewing of rival cats in nice chromatic order, with a staccato of course by way of a *spit*, were favourite pastimes of the severest German contrapuntists; and even Marcello, the Pindar of Music, as he was called, has left two elaborate choruses, one for soprani, the other for contr'alti, which *baa* like sheep and *mou* like oxen. These were the avowed absurdities of men who



liked occasionally to drop their robes of dignity; but at all times the close power of imitation which music affords has been a dangerous rock for the musician."\* *Dulce est desipere in loco*; but even the sapient are liable to trifle occasionally *out of place*.

It is agreed that all dramatic music must be full of imitation; and herein has been said to lie its greatest charm and its greatest snare. The vague yet forcible suggestiveness of really characteristic melody, may be illustrated by what Mr. Thackeray remarks of Irish scenery—that he thinks it just like the Irish melodies—sweet, wild, and sad, even in the sunshine. "You can neither represent one nor the other by words; but I am sure if one could translate 'The Meeting of the Waters' into form and colours, it would fall into the exact shape of a tender Irish landscape. So, take and play that tune upon your fiddle, and shut your eyes and muse a little, and you have the whole scene before you."† Henri Beyle discourses admiringly on certain *cantilenes* which express the passions, and avers (in contradiction to an argument we have previously referred to) that *jealousy* is expressed by the aria *Vedro ment' io sospiro*, sung by Count Almaviva in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*: he adds,‡ that in the whole of Rossini's *Otello* he can discover nothing so expressive of jealousy, "ce tourment des cœurs tendres," as in Mozart's air aforesaid. Of that passionate serenade in the *Don Giovanni*, *Deh vieni alla finestra*, which "breathes the very soul of refined sensuality," Mr. Leigh Hunt once said, that you see the gallant before you, with his mandolin and his cap and feather, taking place of the nightingale for that amorous hour; and you feel that the sounds must inevitably draw his mistress to the window. "Their intensesness even renders them pathetic; and his heart seems in earnest, because his senses are."§ The notes of the dramatic composer must tell the incident as well as the text, often instead of it, says Lady Eastlake: the composer must give us his definite thoughts; his skill lies between defining them over much and over little; it is his art so to treat the subject that you feel it is subservient to him, not he to it—making you forget even the thing imitated in the resources it has developed. Of this, "what grander example is there in the world than Handel's Hailstone Chorus? It begins with the closest imitation. There are the single decided ominous notes, like the first heavy lumps of ice striking the earth in separate shots. They fall faster, yet still detached, when from a battery which we have felt hanging suspended over our heads,

Down comes the deluge of sonorous hail,

shattering everything before it; and having thus raised the idea, he sustains it with such wonderful simplicity of means—the electric shouting of the choruses 'Fire! Hailstones!' only in strict unison—the burst of the storm changing only from quavers into semiquavers—the awful smashing of the elements only the common chord of the key, and that the natural key—till we feel astonished how the mere representation of the rage of the elements should have given occasion for one of the grandest themes that musician ever conveyed."||

\* Lady Eastlake.

† Thackeray: *The Irish Sketch-book*, ch. xxiv.

‡ *Cœuvres Posthumes de Stendhal, Lettres à ses Amis*, I. 43.

§ *The Round Table*, essay xxxix.

|| Lady Eastlake's *Essay on Music*.

So writes one of the devoutest of devout Handelians—one who is, perhaps, more than a little kind, not to say just a little blind, to a lapse or a foible here and there, on the great master's part, in the exercise of his mimetic faculty. Handel, as another critic observes, must have felt prouder of the vague tumultuous feeling of awe and veneration called forth by the choruses in his "Messiah," than of the resemblance discovered, or thought to be discovered, between a passage in one of his serenatas and the walk of a giant\*—

See what ample strides he takes ;

and the "attempt to represent the sun standing still, in the oratorio of 'Joshua,' almost reduces him to the level of the ingenious inventor (first brought into notice by the late Charles Mathews), who, to illustrate his scheme of imitative action, used to give his hands a rotatory motion at the mention of the globe."† In every art and science there are quackeries afloat, by which quacks make a name, and from which genius has not always the self-respect to turn aside.

Some themes there are which, by their very nature, afford a tempting subject to imitative ingenuity—and an indulgence in which is not without apologists among even the strictest sect of high-artists. Storms and tempests, for example, convey a sense of sublimity which, "however frequently vulgarised by the mere tricks of performers," must ever, as Lady Eastlake‡ says, make them favourite subjects for audiences and composers. Freely she avows that even that old favourite, Steibelt's Storm, in spite of strumming schoolroom associations, when the lightning used to break time, and come in at the wrong place, and then have to begin all over again, has a moral as well as a dramatic meaning which justifies the predilections of childhood. It was not, she says, the noise and din of two handfuls of notes with all the pedals down, which juvenile amateurs declare to be "just like thunder," but at which she felt inclined to stop her ears with an instinct of the profaneness of the attempt; but it was the gradual lulling of the winds and hushing of all nature which preceded the crash, and then the clearing of the air after it, the tinkling of the rain-drops all sparkling with light that is bursting out in the west, and finally that happy chorus of birds in the return of that gay chirping ritornel, in four sharps, which tells you that all is over and no harm done to any one. Beethoven's Tempest also, in his Pastoral Symphony—which, by-the-by, is like Thomson's Seasons set to music—is the grandest and most fearful of storms, as M. Oulibichef says, "which ever thundered in the basses, whistled in the flutes, bellowed and blustered in the trumpets, and lightened and hailed in the violins;" but who can resist the sweet enchantment of those modulations, when the thunder is heard retreating in the distance, and timid sounds of inquiry rise up from leaf and flower, and birds answer, and steps emerge, and in a moment

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around !

At the same time, her ladyship contends that it is not from any walk of

\* Polyphemus, in "Acis and Galatea."

† Hayward's Essays, II. 221.

‡ See her essay as reprinted in Murray's Railway Series, pp. 4-5, 51-55, *passim*.

imitative music, however enchanting, that the highest musical pleasure can be derived. The grand object and highest prerogative of all the fine arts, according to another Quarterly Reviewer, is, or ought to be, the same: to present images of power, beauty, and sublimity, capable of expanding, refining, or elevating the mind; and excite passions, feelings, affections, or emotions, corresponding with those which the most striking scenes in nature or the most touching passages of human existence might call up. "Even in painting, necessarily the most imitative, mere facility of imitation is a vulgar quality at best; and Parrhasius's curtain, which his rival attempted to lift up, or the supposed door at Greenwich Hospital, which visitors were wont to run against, rank in art far below the most outrageous libel on nature which Fuseli himself ever perpetrated. We would therefore rather rest the fame of the acknowledged masterpieces in musical composition . . . on the broad general impression produced by them than on their imitative facilities."\* It is not, avers the fairer critic, in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that the highest musical capacity can be tried. "It is not the dipping passage like a crested wave in 'The flood stood upright as an heap,' or the wandering of the notes in 'All we like sheep have gone astray,' in which Handel's intensest musical instinct is displayed; for beautiful as are these passages, and full of imagery to eye and ear, they smack of a certain mechanical contrivance; but it is in the simple soothing power of the first four bars of the first song in the 'Messiah,' which descend like heavenly dew upon the heart, telling us that those divine words, 'Comfort ye,' are at hand. This we feel to be the indefinable province of *expression*, in which the composer has to draw solely upon his own intense sympathies for the outward likeness of a thing which is felt and judged of only in the innermost depths of every heart."† Comparatively speaking, one might say of mere imitation, as Hamlet of flute-playing, that 'tis easy as lying,—and too many of us know how easy *that* is, especially if white lies may count. But the eloquence of real musical *expression* is of another quality—the gift of the elect—one of those prerogatives which pertain to the chosen few, and mark them out as a right royal priesthood, a peculiar people—the chartered expositors of a language which the adroit many can second-handily imitate, but which only themselves can originally and adequately express.

\* *Quarterly Review*, No. 132, p. 510.

† Lady Eastlake.

## GOETHE AND MENDELSSOHN.

M. L. RELLSTAB, a celebrated German novelist and poet, has just published the first two volumes of his autobiography, full of most interesting matter, as he has been connected during his fifty years of literary labour with all the celebrities of the age.\* So soon as the other volumes appear, we purpose offering our readers a critical analysis of the whole work, but, in the mean time, cannot refrain from bringing before them one chapter, descriptive of a scene interesting to all readers, of which the author was witness during his residence at Weimar, and which, to our knowledge, has not before been published. From this point, then, M. Rellstab shall speak for himself.

One morning in November, I received an invitation to visit on that afternoon Frau von Goethe, daughter-in-law of the poet, who lived in the attic story. She received me with the words, "You will find acquaintances from Berlin here, whom you will be pleased to meet." I guessed, I asked, but could not hit on the party, when suddenly the door opened, and my stately friend Zelter, then in his prime, walked in. He greeted me in his peculiar fashion: "Well, you're here, too: why, all Berlin is at Weimar! I must be present when my Luther's monument was erected at Wittenberg, and, as I was on the road, I drove straight here." Presently the door opened again gently, and a boy of about twelve entered: it was Felix Mendelssohn, whom I recognised with pleasure. He modestly approached us, and his fine black eye wandered timidly round the company. He probably expected to find Goethe himself among them, but he was still in his room, and the travellers had only just arrived. The lad was at first not noticed, because his extraordinary qualities were not yet known. I was probably the only person, besides Zelter, who was acquainted with them. His shyness soon disappeared, however, and he was presently engaged in romping with the young ladies, for he had the art of becoming a general favourite immediately.

In the evening we assembled in Goethe's rooms to tea, for he had invited a large party of his Weimar musical acquaintances to make them acquainted with the boy's extraordinary talents. Presently Goethe made his appearance: he came from his study, and had a habit—at least I generally noticed it—of waiting till all the guests were assembled ere he showed himself. Till that period his son and daughter-in-law did the duties of host in the most amiable way. A certain solemnity was visible among the guests prior to the entrance of the great poet, and even those who stood on terms of intimacy with him underwent a feeling of veneration. His slow, serious walk, his impressive features, which expressed the strength rather than weakness of old age, the lofty forehead, the white, abundant hair, lastly, the deep voice and slow way of speaking, all united to produce this effect. His "good evening" was addressed to all, but he walked up to Zelter first, and shook his hand cordially. Felix Mendelssohn looked up with sparkling eyes at the snow-white head of the poet. The

\* Aus Meinem Leben. Von L. Rellstab. Vols. I. and II. Berlin: J. Guttentag.

latter, however, placed his hands kindly on the boy's head, and said, "Now you shall play us something." Zelter nodded his assent.

The piano was opened, and lights arranged on the desk. Mendelssohn asked Zelter, to whom he displayed a thoroughly childish devotion and confidence, "What shall I play?"

"Well, what you can," the latter replied, in his peculiarly sharp voice: "whatever is not too difficult for you."

To me, who knew what the boy could do, and that no task was too difficult for him, this seemed an unjust depreciation of his faculties. It was at length arranged that he should play a fantasia, which he did to the wonder of all. But the young artist knew when to leave off, and thus the effect he produced was all the greater. A silence of surprise ensued when he raised his hands from the keys after a loud finale.

Zelter was the first to intercept the silence in his humorous way, by saying aloud, "Ha, you must have been dreaming of kobolds and dragons—why, that went over stick and stone!" At the same time there was a perfect indifference in his tone, as if there were nothing remarkable in the matter. Without doubt the teacher intended to prevent in this way the danger of a too brilliant triumph. The playing, however, as it could not well otherwise, aroused the highest admiration of all present, and Goethe, especially, was full of the warmest delight. He encouraged the lad, in whose childish features joy, pride, and confusion were at once depicted, by taking his head between his hands, patting him kindly, and saying, jestingly, "But you will not get off with that. You must play more pieces before we recognise your merits."

"But what shall I play," Felix asked, "Herr Professor?"—he was wont to address Zelter by this title—"what shall I play now?"

I cannot say that I have properly retained the pieces the young virtuoso now performed, for they were numerous. I will, however, mention the most interesting.

Goethe was a great admirer of Bach's fugues, which a musician of Berka, a little town about ten miles from Weimar, came to play to him repeatedly. Felix was, therefore, requested to play a fugue of the grand old master. Zelter selected it from the music-book, and the boy played it without any preparation, but with perfect certainty.

Goethe's delight grew with the boy's extraordinary powers. Among other things, he requested him to play a minuet.

"Shall I play you the loveliest in the whole world?" he asked, with sparkling eyes.

"Well, and which is that?"

He played the minuet from "Don Giovanni."

Goethe stood by the instrument, listening, joy glistening on his features. He wished for the overture of the opera after the minuet; but this the player roundly declined, with the assertion that it could not be played as it was written, and nobody dared make any alteration in it. He, however, offered to play the overture to "Figaro." He commenced it with a lightness of touch—such certainty and clearness as I never heard again. At the same time, he gave the orchestral effects so magnificently, that the effect was extraordinary; and I can honestly state that it afforded me more gratification than ever an orchestral performance did. Goethe grew more and more cheerful and kind, and even played tricks with the talented lad.

"Well, come," he said, "you have only played me pieces you know, but now we will see whether you can play something you do not know. I will put you on your trial."

He went out. We, especially I, as an old Berlin acquaintance, conversed with Felix Mendelssohn, and asked him to play this and the other. I cannot omit a little roguish trick he played. I asked him about a *rondeau* by Cramer, one of the best compositions of that master, and which I knew the boy must have learned. "Yes," he cried, quickly; "Herr Berger plays that so beautifully." At my request he began to play it, though only experimentally. At one passage he struck a false note, but passed over it. I asked him, when he stopped, whether he had not made a mistake, it should have been "*cis*." "Yes," he said, with a careless toss of his head, "*cis* or *c*; it can be either." But he would not allow that he had made a mistake. Several years after we met at a concert in Berlin. We had not come together for a long time; spoke about this and that belonging to the past; and he himself referred to our meeting in Weimar, "Do you remember our first evening at Goethe's, when I made the mistake in Cramer's *rondeau*, and you told me of it, and how I turned it off?" And he laughed heartily at this boyish scheme for concealing a mistake.

Goethe re-entered the room in a few moments, and had a roll of music in his hand. "I have fetched something from my MS. collection. Now we will try you. Do you think you can play this?"

He laid a page, with clear but small notes, on the desk. It was Mozart's handwriting. Whether Goethe told us so, or it was written on the paper, I forget, and only remember that Felix glowed with delight at the name, and an indescribable feeling came over us all, partly enthusiasm and joy, partly admiration and expectation. Goethe, the aged man, who lays a MS. of Mozart, who had been buried thirty years ago, before a lad so full of promise for the future, to play at sight—in truth such a constellation may be termed a rarity!

The young artist played with the most perfect certainty, not making the slightest mistake, though the MS. was far from easy reading. The task was certainly not difficult, especially for Mendelssohn, as it was only an *adagio*; still there was a difficulty in doing it as the lad did, for he played it as if he had been practising it for years.

Goethe adhered to his good-humoured tone, while all the rest applauded. "That is nothing," he said; "others could read that too. But I will now give you something over which you will stick, so take care."

With these words he produced another paper, which he laid on the desk. This certainly looked very strange. It was difficult to say were they notes, or only a paper ruled and splashed with ink and blots. Felix Mendelssohn, in his surprise, laughed loudly. "How is that written? Who can read it?" he said.

But suddenly he became serious, for while Goethe was saying, "Now guess who wrote it?" Zelter, who had walked up to the piano and looked over the boy's shoulder, exclaimed, "Why, Beethoven wrote that! any one could see it a mile off. He always writes with a broomstick, and passes his sleeve over the notes before they are dry. I have plenty of his MSS.; they are easy to know."

At the mention of this name, as I remarked, Mendelssohn had sud-

denly grown serious—even more than serious. A shade of awe was visible on his features. Goethe regarded him with searching eyes, from which delight beamed. The boy kept his eyes immovably fixed on the MS., and a look of glad surprise flew over his features as he traced a brilliant thought amid the chaos of confused, blurred notes.

But all this only lasted a few seconds, for Goethe wished to make a severe trial, and give the performer no time for preparation. "You see," he exclaimed, "I told you that you would stick. Now try it; show us what you can do?"

Felix began playing immediately. It was a simple melody; if clearly written a trifling, I may say no, task, for even a moderate performer. But to follow it through the scrambling labyrinth required a quickness and certainty of eye such as few are able to attain. I glanced with surprise at the leaf, and tried to hum the tune, but many of the notes were perfectly illegible, or had to be sought at the most unexpected corners, as the boy often pointed out with a laugh.

He played it through once in this way, generally correctly, but stopping at times, and correcting several mistakes with a quick "No, so;" then he exclaimed, "Now I will play it to you." And this second time not a note was missing. "This is Beethoven, this passage," he said once, turning to me, as if he had come across something which sharply displayed the master's peculiar style. "That is true Beethoven. I recognised him in it at once."

With this trial-piece Goethe broke off. I need scarcely add, that the young player again reaped the fullest praise, which Goethe veiled in mocking jests, that he had stuck here and there, and had not been quite sure. As for the rest of the evening, I cannot remember what took place. Felix Mendelssohn certainly played several pieces: once he accompanied Frau von Goethe's singing, and it was proposed that a four-hand piece should be played; but none of the company would agree to this, in the certainty that, by the side of the boy's all-conquering talent, nothing was to be gained save humiliation for the pretentious attempt.

At a later date Goethe arranged several more social meetings, to which he invited his Weimar friends, that they might enjoy the lad's wonderful performance. The aged poet prophesied the greatest future for the marvellous boy. He spoke with full warm conviction about it to me, and his true artistic delight at this promising appearance ever broke out at fresh intervals. The boy had decidedly become a favourite of his.

But he was the favourite, as well, of the whole house. The ladies were continually teasing him, and often when he had just been seated at the instrument, and played the most magnificent compositions, he would spring up and chase the girls about the room. Once he teased a maid of honour with a pair of bellows he had found in a corner, and blew the powder out of her hair. But no one could be angry with him.

In the belief that this interesting episode will draw our readers' attention to the book from which we quote it, we shall leave it for the present, speedily, we hope, to return to it.

## OUR CORPS' FRIENDS AND FOES;

OR,

HOW RANDOLPH TRAPPED A SUNBEAM, AND I TURNED A MEDIUM.

BY OUIDA.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

OUR CORPS, AND WHO COMPOSED IT.

I AM sorry to record it, our county is a very big fellow on the map, and is very celebrated for corn, cattle, and cheese, as the geography says, whose kindly alliteration helped me to escape the dire wrath of that odious governess of my sister's who first made study hateful to me when I was a little chap in the nursery; our county is picturesque, fruitful, and aristocratic, but it is a weathercock, as twirling and whirling and changing a girouette as the very fierce cock who sits on the top of our village church, looking as tremendous as the Gallic cock looks in alarmists' letters, but in reality only innocently ready for squalls, as perhaps the Gallic cock is too, desperately as we vilify him.

Our county is a weathercock, and changes its manners as a beauty her dresses, careful only of one thing—to be in the fashion. When Uncle Tom was the popular idol, we talked of nothing but niggers; in '54, we were solely Crimean, and ladies, working away at Chersonnese comforters, almost wished the war were in England, that they might have "those darlings" near them, ignorant of the fact that when the darlings were bayoneted, and they pinned against the wall till they told where their jewellery was hidden, the proximity would not have been altogether so pleasurable. In '58, we were pétris with Indian mutiny, and would not hear of any massacre that was not most frightfully and impossibly horrible, or of any vengeance less than the instant impaling of every separate Hindoo; and now, of course, we, who talked the most beautiful Odes to Peace that can be imagined when the Great Exhibition was up, and would have turned our swords into ploughshares if any agriculturists had taken a fancy to use such implements, have veered round the other way, and have fallen down before butts, Long Enfields, and cock's-tails, in the worship common just now to all England. We were a little bitten with Garibaldism, and, should the promised February campaign come or, nothing will go down but a man who has fired a shot in the Calabrian battue; but at present we are inoculated with volunteering as strongly as small boys with passion for smoking, or City dandies with that abominable patchouli, a whiff of which would have killed poor Brummel, who counselled us, "No perfumes, only country-washed linen."



When the Toadyshire Militia was all in its glory, the county thought nothing ever would equal them; but militia are gone down now—so very far down as to be clean out of sight and out of mind, and nothing is heard of but the Volunteer Rifles. Sweetly bray the bran-new bugles down road and street, through town and country; swiftly through the turnpikes dash scores of those pepper-salt coats, whose wearing saves their gallant owners from all twopenny taxations; pop go our rifles all the livelong day, with a crack of doom which, we believe, must shake the Tuileries to its foundations; the cock-tails we require must have shorn every barn-door monarch in the kingdom; ladies give up their thirteenth new bonnet to subscribe for our silver bugles; and the stiffest of governors, who would not let us out with a latch-key to save our lives, believe, without a murmur, that we have been at the butt till midnight. We can cover any short-comings we like with the patriotic click of our blessed rifles; our mothers and wives fully accredit us when we tell them we have spent the evening in practising, though, if we made any other excuse, they would pounce straightway with feminine shrewdness on suspicion of that “abominable little fright at the cigar-shop,” or that “detestable man Captain Birdseye, who teaches you such bad habits;” en un mot, our county, in toto, is gone mad about rifles, and its capital, Boshcumbury, in particular, turns out to a gamin, and shouts, as Duke Constantine when he saw the Guards, “Ces hommes marchent comme des dieux!” when they behold us, tramping to our small boys’ bugle calls, self-confident as Alexander, patriotic as Hermanicus, our cock-tails waving grandly as the Roman eagles, each rifle as omnipotent as William Tell’s bow; and we—the West Goosestep Volunteers—if we never do anything else more martial, at least have carried our county by storm. We are in very large numbers; we swarm, in fact; we are tall and short; we are fat and lean; we are of all statures, from that of Daniel Lambert to that of Jefferey Hudson, which is somewhat detrimental to the comparison to the gods mentioned above; but, n’importe, we are Volunteers, and our uniform does what charity is stated, but never discovered to do—cover a multitude of sins, and, what is much more detrimental to a man in feminine eyes than the biggest sin he can commit, personal defects; and to be cased in it passes over a man’s short-comings in Toadyshire, as to be rolled up in a black sermon-case or printed by a religious publisher passes over bad English and false reasoning, which would be pulled up mercilessly if found in an “exceptional novel,” whatever that new style of romance may be in these raffiné days, when Harry Fielding, I presume, would have had the circulating libraries’ doors shut upon him lest he should demoralise the morals of his readers, who must all be under age, I suppose, if they cannot be trusted to choose their literature for themselves.

Our corps presents every possible variety of that genus homo concerning whose parentage Mr. Huxley answered the Bishop of Oxford so wittily the other day. There is my cousin, Randolph Gordon, of Eton Chase, who had been captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, till knocking down another man for killing a pet dog of his with a savage kick, led to a duel, which led, in turn, to his selling out *volens volens*, and who, having one of the finest places in the county, was applied to, to

head the "movement;" there is Freddy Audley, twenty-two, five feet three, pretty as a girl, and as afraid of wetting his feet as his maiden Aunt Clementina's pet Tom; there is Lacquers, of Grassmere, who, having a dragon of a wife, and a secret and unholy passion for cards, returns daily thanks for the volunteer movement, that enables him to have such snug loo parties *sub rosâ* at the Angel in Snobbleton, and to go home looking innocent and professedly fagged to death with his patriotic efforts to hit the bull's-eye; there is old Turbot, the town clerk, who suffers frightfully in struggling into his uniform and in frantic efforts to buckle his belt, but who sleeps with his Enfield under his pillow, in constant apprehension of burglarious approaches from Louis Napoleon; there is little Jemmy Fitzpop, who went to-day to Boulogne, firmly impressed that the sight of his harness, which he persists in sporting on all possible and impossible occasions, will produce such an effect on French nerves as will make them quiet by force of terror, as his used to be at whisper of "Bogey;" there is Bassompierre Delafield, the pet physician of Snobbleton, who shares the town-worship with the popular preacher of St. Faithandgrace, who, being of a nervous, not to say timorous character, suffers silent agonies when he hears the rear rank man capping at full-cock, and feels in vivid imaginings a little accidental jar discharging all the contents of the barrel sans cérémonie into his spinal cord; there is little Beak, the coroner, who, not content with holding inquests on the accidental deaths that fill his purse, does his very best to cause them when aspiring to be martial, and, forgetting his guu's not a quill, carries his rifle in such a gracefully *laissez aller* manner, that it went off the other day in a totally unexpected freak, and singing playfully on its path, grazed a knife-grinder's doukey, carried a bunch of wheat-ears off a lady's bonnet, bowled between Piper, the mayor's, little fat legs, causing him next door to apoplexy, and finally lodged itself in a perambulator, whose nurse fled, with a shrill shriek, into the murderous Beak's paralysed arms, leaving her unharmed charge in infantine calm, the only individual present that wasn't in hysterics or a syncope; there is Simmons, the cashier at the bank, who, from the first hour he was at drill, when he pricked Doddington, the county-court judge's son, with the point of his bayonet, causing grave Dodd to jump in a most unpremeditated and un-Spartan manner, has never gone through the manoeuvres right as yet, and never will, it is my firm belief, till he marches shoulder to shoulder with Ulysses in the Elysian Fields; there is your humble serviteur myself, Cosmo Lyle, who am in it because the governor is Colonel-commandant, a county member, and a very opinionated individual, riding, as his present hobby, that England can only be saved by the crack of Long Enfields, as at the Great Exhibition he held it was to be saved by peace at any price, at the Spithead review by Jack Tar, and at the era of the Alma by "the Queen's" (who, when they're wanted, are called "our gallant troops," but, when they've done the service, get grumbled at as a "standing army"); and there are, besides us, innumerable lawyers and bankers and gentry of all degrees: clerks, who are dreaming of platoon firing while drawing up settlements; drapers, who catch themselves bringing their measure well up to shoulder, to the imminent peril of affrighted customers' eyes; grocers, whose martial eyes

flash at the mere sight of the delicious word "Gunpowder" on their tea-papers; hairdressers, who lacerate their subjects in the most terrible manner in their having to fling down their razor for their rifle—gentry, in fact, who make Boshcumbury and all Toadyshire the *fac simile* of Edinburgh when the "Antiquary" saw it, bitten with martial hydrophobia, and found his solicitor's quill turned to a sabre, and his physician learning to kill instead of cure, and all the world gone volunteer-crazy, as he tells us in his racy Scotch. And the women are gone as mad about us; not for our beauty, for our jackets, like Mr. Tupman's brigand jacket at Mrs. Leo Hunter's fête; our sleeves, so symmetrically full at the top and meagre at the bottom, our little hats, with those wonderful before-mentioned panaches de coq waving therefrom, like the little funny forelock with which poor old Time is always decorated, are not embellishing; at least, not to my fancy, though little Fitz-pop, and a good many others I could mention, will think it treason for me to say so, deeming, I believe, that it is the perfection of neatness, elegance, and military style, and that the Belvedere Apollo himself would look even more superb if we could deck his marble limbs in volunteer uniform. N'importe, the women have lost their pretty little, glossy, empty heads after us, and their cherished pets, the parsons, are at a discount—so much at a discount, that one daring young curate, driven to desperation at the contempt his black surplice met with from his quasi-worshippers, joined us, seeing no reason why he shouldn't fight, like William of Ely, and got lectured, en conséquence, in humiliating style, by his diocesan, who forbade him all combat, save that peculiar privilege of parsons and spinsters, the war of words. Our file-firing has taken all the shine out of pulpit philippics, and the assembly and the roll-call drown the bell for early matins, to which the fair daughters of the Church used to swarm in flocks to the sanctuary of their best-looking and biggest-whiskered high-priests. They are all at a discount; nothing goes down but the Toadyshire Rifles, and even little Fitz-pop, that infinitesimal morsel, that smallest of small boys, who could be put under his own cock-plumed tile, as Robin used to put his wife under the extinguisher, brags of his being a "good soldier," (!) and gets petted by the ladies who six months ago gave him sugar-plums, because he is a "defender of his country," and carries a rifle that is longer than himself.

There is but one heterodox sceptic and scoffer in Toadyshire; she will persist in making fun—most cruel fun—of us. "Learn to shoot, most noble seigneurs, it's the very best thing you can do, but, for Heaven's sake, don't call yourselves soldiers! Soldiers, indeed! a lot of lawyers, and bankers, and merchants, and brewers, and grocers, and tailors, who just pop away at a butt, out of business hours!" cries that most méchante and provoking of all pretty women, with a toss of her chesnut-haired, gold-netted head, who takes a malicious delight in scoffing at the Goosestep Volunteers, at all the great things we plan, and all the small things we do, just because she is the idol before whom the majority of our corps do most love to bow and tumble down in abject humiliation. This abominable little unbeliever is Miss Fanny's (Fred Audley's, you know) sister. He has three of them; what their

nom de baptême may be, I hardly believe I know to this day; everybody that ever I heard calls them Sunshine, Pearl, and Rosebud—poetic nicknames given them in the nursery from their respective exteriors, and clinging to them, as nicknames generally do, ever since. Freddy and his sisters dwell with their maiden aunt, Miss Clementina Audley, who, though possessing Audley Court, and much property in those weather-glasses of political affairs, the funds, is Miss Clementina still, so rigid a martinet that we *did* think of her for commandant of our corps, and so *pétrie* with conventionalities, that she is generally supposed to be the author of those mysterious works on etiquette, whose manufacture must emanate from such a very rare and peculiar stamp of genius, that it is a pity we refuse so obstinately to follow their rules. Freddy is her heir, and she pets him much as she pets her black Tom, which she elegantly christens Koh-i-noor, but which the girls send her straight into hysterics by calling Saturnus and the Diable à Quatre. Her nieces are her *bêtes noires*. Freddy is quiet, lady-like, and, for his silky hair, his aversion to cold, his affection for soft cushions, and laziness, exactly like his co-pet the black Tom. But the girls? "They are dreadful," Miss Clementina informs her bosom friend, Mrs. Tomtit, the vicarress; "they are never still, they are never quiet; they ride as become only rough-riders; they play battledore and shuttlecock in the picture-gallery, till the horrible pat, pat, pat, of these odious things are enough to drive anybody distracted," she assures her, "to say nothing of the waste of time; they do nothing that's useful; they can't work; if Sunshine did try to make a cobweb pocket-handkerchief, she took a needle the size of a hedge-stake; they can only make one's head ache almost to vertigo, with singing and playing; they talk and laugh so ridiculously, all through breakfast and dinner, that they hardly know whether they are eating grouse or broad beans, mock turtle or skillogalee; and their conduct with gentlemen—she believes it passes now under that odious new word, flirtation, but——" And Miss Clementina throws up her eyes and hands, and thinks of the modest and maidenly times of *her* girlhood, when D'Orville bowed over Evelina's hand when she had promised to be his wife, and knelt down, respectfully, to touch that main blanche with his moustaches, when he had rescued her from a yawning tomb. What a pity it was all that modesty and maidenliness were unappreciated by the sex who could have rewarded them, and that where these demoralised young ladies had twenty *soupireurs*, Miss Clementina had not had one!

At Audley Court our corps was worshipped. Freddy was in them (Frederick Augustus she termed him); that was enough for Miss Clementina, who having, moreover, horrible visions of ruthless and savage Zouaves, who would break one night in on her slumbers, and behold her in all the sublimities of her *toilette de nuit* (a sight, I have been told, quite sufficient in itself to frighten any amount of Zouaves back again across the Channel), was filled with solemn gratitude towards us "British legions," as she grandly termed us, and poured fearful and terrible abuse upon heterodox Sunshine, when she declared she would "rather have one troop of the Queen's to take care of *her* than all the battalions of bourgeois they could muster." Sunshine, you will perceive,

was, as I say, the only scoffer in Audley Court and in Toadysshire. Pearl and Rosebud admired, nay, adored us; in fact, gazed on our evolutions at battalion drill, skirmishing, forming squares, file firing, and all the rest of it, with worshipping eyes, and had started a subscription for a silver bugle for us. They had not been long at Audley Court, when the "movement" began which has heaved England up into so many mounds called butts, and elevated her into so many flat portions called practising-grounds, as if the amount of powder required in the country had produced a general violent earthquake. The first time I saw them was, when we were first formed, just budding, just beginning to enrol ourselves, and admire ourselves, and swell ourselves into, what we are just now, the gallant 1st West Goosestep Volunteer Rifles, when my cousin, Randolph Gordon, Freddy Audley, and I, were riding home from drill at Snobleton, and were passed at full gallop by three ponies, with young ladies on their backs, who laughed as they flashed past us.

"Take care, Freddy, it is going to rain, and Aunt Tina will be so anxious about you!"

"Hallo! who are those acquaintances of yours?" said Gordon, whose eye-glass was up in a second, our gallant captain being as keen after pretty women as a terrier after rats.

"My sisters," said Fred, rather sulkily; "they are such chaffy girls, they make game of everything."

"And you in particular, I suppose? Well, you *are* rather tempting, Fanny. By George! how well they ride; that front one in especial—wouldn't she go straight over a bullfinch!"

"That's Sunshine," said Freddy, still gloomily; "she's a regular little devil."

"Vraiment! that's attractive," said Randolph. "Women are so given to swearing they're angels, and the newspapers to repeating it, now-a-days, when they take up the strict morality line, because it pays cent. per cent. and induces "the clergy" to subscribe, that to hear of anybody who's a little demoniacal is a positive treat. She hasn't a cloven foot, though, I hope, because I *do* like a small brodequin; but what in the world do you call her?"

"Sunshine," yawned Fred. "Deuce take that rifle, how my shoulder aches! That ain't her name, of course, but everybody calls her so; the house would be as dull as death without her, though she does tease one horribly. She makes no end of game of the volunteers."

"No great difficulty to do that, my dear fellow," laughed Randolph. "If I illustrated for *Punch*, I'd engage to draw some scenes from the life, the antithesis of the martial, and the perfection of the ludicrous: Little Fitzpop, who's only fit to shoot sparrows with a popgun, but who thinks himself individually a match for a whole regiment of Chasseurs Indiennes; my worthy Sergeant Stitcher, who uncurls his legs and sets down his goose to come and play at soldiers for an hour, when he's sent home Mr. A.'s coat and Mr. B.'s trousers; those young fellows from the Bank, who jump off their stools to rush at their uniforms as vehemently as they used to rush at the inkstands to indite sonnets to Miss Mary's eyelash, or Miss Emma's flounces. Oh, you are all wonderfully good fun; and if I don't laugh when I form you into line for inspection next month, I shall

deserve as much credit as an alderman who doesn't tumble when he backs before her Majesty."

"Confound you!" said I, "you, too, make fun of everything. Why the deuce did you join us, then?"

"Because I was solicited, my dear Lyle, and a man as amiable as I am always does what he's asked. Besides, sans doute, it's a very good movement; all movements are that tend to make a nation strong, self-reliant, and able to take care of itself; all those countries are greatest where the use of arms forms a part of every individual's education. En même temps, why you should all trouble yourselves to buy cock-tailed hats—I assure you there's no particular military virtue in them—why you should persist in going about in uniform at every unseemly hour, when we, the lawful owners of uniform, cast it, and get out of harness and into mufti as soon as ever we can; why you make such fools of yourselves by going over to France, and exhibiting your bran-new livery, to frighten Napoleon's four hundred thousand men, and brag of what you would do in such very outrageous bad taste, I can't imagine; and while you will persist in such bêtises, I must make game of you. I'll get acquainted with Miss—what is her name?—Sunshine; we can have some chaff together. Come in and dine with me; it is going to rain, as the young ladies said, and the Goosestep Volunteers haven't had their regulation goloshes yet—have they, Audley? Come in; I can promise you some good claret and some first-rate Latakia."

We did go in, and had a very jolly evening over Randolph's venison and olives. His place, Eton Chase, having as many agréments and as good an establishment as the epicurean heart of man could desire, though he did not often abide there to enjoy them, having certain faithless, restless tastes for wandering, and an attachment to excitement and pleasure which would have made him supremely wretched to be tied down in Toadyshire, even though one of the lords and kings of that very stuck-up, but, I must confess, not very brilliant county.

## II.

### HOW SUNSHINE, PEARL, AND ROSEBUD SHOT AT BULL'S-EYES AND HIT OTHER MARKS.

RANDOLPH and I made a point of calling at Audley Court, a courtesy we had always confined before to leaving cards, when we were quite sure Miss Clementina was out, a tête-à-tête with that awful lady being a point much too far for the politeness of either of us to stretch. Freddy had always been at the Court, but his sisters had lived in Ireland with their mother's sister, till she, going with her husband to Jamaica, had thrown them on the tender mercies of Miss Clementina, their mother having died when they were all little, and their father having been shot out at the Cape some few years afterwards.

"If we can find anything to give us a little fun in Toadyshire, tant mieux!" said Randolph; and when we got well acquainted they did give us a good deal of fun. Miss Clementina used to look very black—black as night—black as her pet Tom—whenever Gordon or I were shown into her

drawing-room. "It is my opinion," she averred to Mrs. Tomtit, "that they are two of the worst men in England. Colonel Gordon never bore a good character, and he has the most impertinent manner of staring at Sunshine, and leaning over her chair and talking to her just as if she were his own property, like that nasty chattering parrot of his. And as for Mr. Lyle, he is no better, with his flowers, and compliments, and trumpery to Pearl. However, if girls will cheapen themselves to men, we can hardly blame men for taking advantage of it. I kept gentlemen in their proper places, but the young women of the present day know nothing of that self-respect which compels the respect of the opposite sex." And Miss Clementina shut the steel clasp of her district bag with a resentful snap, perhaps at the recollection that she had made the opposite sex a trifle too respectful—so much so, that they had never proffered anything at all warmer. Randolph and I were no favourites with Miss Clementina: she required for her beau-ideal some such spotless *collet-monté* individual as the virtuous tanners and pure-minded coal merchants of the present day novels, who can never drink anything stronger than milk-and-water, and who are as hideously unattractive as they are impossibly virtuous. Randolph's life and mine were calculated to alarm her more than a *séance* a nervous lady. We smoked, we talked slang, we read French novels, we flirted with every woman who came near us worth the attention. We were over thirty, but we hadn't taken any "mission," nor headed any "philanthropical movement;" in fact, there were no end to our sins. We were her antipodes and pet *bêtes noires* after her nieces, and Miss Clementina looked black at us accordingly. "The Audley girls" became the idols, the stars, the queens of our corps. Sunshine, the eldest, with her riant smile, her radiant eyes, her gay spirits, her moquant laugh, more fascinating than strictly pretty; Pearl, dark, stately, beautiful as you could wish a woman, but a little severe, with that pure Grecian profile of hers; Rosebud, a lovely pink and white, lazy, lovable little thing, just seventeen—they all had their separate troops of worshippers; and when Randolph was playing pool in the Boshcumbury Subscription Rooms, or lurching at the pretty pastry-cook's over the way, he would laugh till he cried when the Audley pony trap stood at a shop door, to see the frantic haste with which little Fitzpop would dash down a neighbouring street in that brilliant uniform, in which popular report had it that he slept; and young Simmons dash open the door of his governor's bank, where he was cruelly immured till the tower clock struck four; and Lacquers fly into the same shop for something for his sister, for whom he was never known to purchase presents at any subsequent or previous period of his life; and Doddington flee from Stubble's, the tobaccoist's, as if he wouldn't be seen talking to Fanny Stubble for a million, leaving his Manillas on the counter, and poor Fanny inconsolable behind it; and all the others in view gather and cluster and hover round that little Shetland trap till the small quadrupeds were quite hidden in the moving sea of pepper-and-salt coats and green cock-tails swaying round them. Randolph laughed; but he would as often as not lose his three lives in double quick time, or leave his lobster salad half finished, and lounge up

the street with his glass in his eye, as if he, too, had come there from accident, till he came to the Shetlands, where he would stand, leaning against the dash-board, and talking witty nonsense with Miss Sunshine, their conductress, while Fitzpop, and Simmons, and Lacquers, and Dodd, and all the rest of them, fell back respectfully, but swore with very small reverence at their Captain in their own minds, or I am much mistaken in the nature of man in general, and our corps in particular.

"You seem to like that girl's devilry," said I to him one day, when Randolph and I rode to an archery fête, where those trois soeurs, separately voted by their separate worshippers the "most charming things in the county," were expected to be in due Toxophilite glory.

Randolph stroked his moustaches, and smiled the same sort of smile with which a man regards a stag with nine points, or thirty-six brace in a morning, or any other pleasant game.

"Yes, I like her devilry, as you term it; it's very innocuous mischief, and has a sweet temper to soften it. She can do a thousand mechancetés I'd defy another girl to attempt; yet she's a thorough-bred lady through it all. Yes, I like Sunshine; it's such fun to hear her talk. And you seem to like that dark-eyed sister of hers—eh, old boy? Well, she's a very handsome girl, I grant you, but she's too stately for me; besides, I don't care for your brunes; tall women haven't, generally, much fun in them."

"Pearl's plenty of fun in her, I assure you," said I; "only it's her hobby—at eighteen!—to talk of woman's rights, and woman's intellect, and such-like themes of dignity and grandiloquence."

"Ah!" laughed Randolph, "'Pearl's Martineau's bristles,' as Sunshine calls them. I bet you, if it came to the trial, that my little devil, as you politely term her, with all her satire and her quick wits, would be easier to coax, and gentler to judge one, than your Pearl, though seemingly she's milder and quieter. If ever any of our naughty stories come to light, Lyle, and those young ladies are on the jury, you'll see we shall get most mercy from the one whose tongue seems the keenest, as it is, I grant you, the sharpest."

"I bet you five pounds Pearl would be merciful to my peccadilloes!"

"I bet you five pounds she wouldn't be so kind to yours, as her sister would be to mine."

"Done!"

"Done! There they are, both of them. I must go and tease her a little, it is such fun to see her when her blood's up."

With which Gordon made his way to Sunshine, who shot utterly wide of the target in her hurry to turn and talk to him, and I made mine to her sister, who stood leaning on her bow, looking like a young Polycrita, or Queen Carcus, in her plus beaux jours.

"So you are going to have a silver bugle given you, Colonel Gordon?" said Sunshine, welcoming her ally and friend.

"Yes; and you won't present it; it is very cruel of you."

"Not I!" laughed Sunshine, with a toss of her head. "I leave it for



Aunt Clementina. I am no patroness of gentlemen who boast of having learnt in a year what a drill sergeant teaches Hodge or Ambrose in a quarter; and rush with such true amateur ardour to their Enfields that the dogs killed, and the windows smashed, and the old ladies frightened into apoplexy, must distract the magistrates and swell the bills of mortality most fearfully. Pray do you pay for all the damage done by your corps? because, if you do, Mr. Fitzpop shot my King Charles one day in his martial ardour, and I shall come upon you for another."

"You shall have the best dog in England if I can find him. But you should have made a sacrifice and given us the bugle, as I made a sacrifice and took the command of the corps. After the Coldstreams these gentlemen in Melton seem painfully slow, and the way in which they rush about in cross belts and skakos, haversack and uniform, is most curious. The idea of showing in harness whenever one can get out of it! But amateurs always *overdo*. So does England when she takes a fit of enthusiasm. It doesn't sit well on her; she's a calm, strong nation, who can make her voice heard in Europe without any boasting, and is grandest when she is quietest, like her own lion couchant. But now and then she goes mad about some hobby—once or twice in a century—and then she dins it into everybody's ears till they are so heartily sick of it that it looks ludicrous, however good it may be in the main; the kitten's freaks sit very clumsily on the old lion. Vivacity, vehemence, red-hot élan and adventure, are French characteristics, but, when England imitates them, she is sure to make a blunder; it isn't her style, and her hobbies perish in the vehement hug she gives them. Men certainly can't do better than learn the use of their rifle, and, however hypothetical invasion may be, it is no use locking the door after the horse is stolen; but we can't do it quietly. We must go and rave about it, and brag of it, and call all Europe to look at it, till, bothering them to admire the glory of our *pro tempo* sun, we force the spots on it on their notice. Why the deuce civilians can't practise at butts without people's comparing them to a regular army with whom they can't possibly form any parallel yet, at the least, and believing in some speeches from soldiers, who, as the *Athenæum* lately said, 'invite a cheer by lavishing praises which pass with an unmilitary people,' does puzzle me, I confess. But we are a singular nation, you know; we scribble nothing but peace-at-any-price poems in '51, and in '60 we think of nothing but cartridges and percussion-caps, ties and butts, wars, and rumours of wars. Look! your sister has hit the centre. She has hit something else, or I am mistaken: I never saw Lyle so *dévoué*."

"Who is that very pretty woman who is now taking aim?" asked Sunshine.

Randolph looked, and swore a little mentally, for causes best known to himself.

"That? Mrs. Rocksilver."

"You look rather irritated at her presence," laughed Sunshine. "Do you know her?"

"Oh yes; slightly."

"And who is she? A name tells me nothing."

"Unless it is as expressive as Sunshine," said Randolph. "Well, she is—Mrs. Rocksilver. She married poor Rock when he was only twenty-three, and has flirted, à outrance, ever since. Of course, before a week of the honeymoon was out, they were bored to death. I never heard of anybody yet who wasn't. Any two human love-birds, caged up together, will fret their very feathers off in ennui, and hate each other like fighting-cocks, before a month is out."

"If they do," said Sunshine, with that rapid anger which it was Gordon's inhuman delight to arouse, "you may depend on it that it is because the softness of the love-bird has only been put on for some purpose of convenience, and that the hate of the game-cock has always been au fond."

"Oh no," answered Randolph, "that doesn't follow; a man may worship a woman, but if he isn't désillusionné in a month, she must be of something more than mortal mould——"

"Yet he will swear to pass a lifetime with her!" interrupted Sunshine, too indignant to let him finish. "Good Heavens! if two people are to be weary of one another in a month, how dare they undertake to spend a whole existence together? No wonder marriages are unhappy if such is their creed. How will they smooth each other's trials, bear with each other's faults, learn to feel for each other's errors, if they love no better than that? And if poverty overtake them, and they are thrown on their own society for resources, what affection will they have to solace each other and support their ruin?"

"Affection! you don't look for that in the world, do you?" laughed Randolph, true to his laudable intention to tease her. "We don't form love unions now-a-days; we only make 'good matches.'"

"No; and that is why Sir Cresswell's is fuller than it can hold," said Sunshine, with dire contempt for his prosaic views. "What people term 'good matches' too often bring bad fruit. From a wife who accepts him for position, what man can expect fidelity?"

"Most visionary of sunbeams, no man expects it!" said Randolph, caressing his moustaches to hide a smile of more gratification than he cared his companion to see; "and he has no right, for women will never give it. If ever I marry, three days will be the limit of my constancy, and I doubt if I shan't be tired of my wife before that. Three days alone with one woman is an ordeal to try the devotion of any man!"

"Then, Heaven grant that no man with views like yours may ever marry a woman that loves him, or he will break her heart."

"Hearts don't break. I don't know whether they used to be Sèvres, to make the poet's expression correct, but they're all stone-china now, and won't even crack, I assure you; but you dwell in the clouds—sunbeams always do—so that the earth, when it is just warm enough for its sensible inhabitants, strikes them as most chillily cold."

"Especially," said the young lady, half laughingly, half petulantly, "when they fall upon hard iron icicles like you, that are so incrustured with society's hoar-frost that nothing will dissolve them."

"Except Sunshine," said Randolph, with a smile, and a glance from his beautiful velvet eyes, as ladies called them, astonishingly warm for an

icicle! He an icicle! By Jove, Miss Sunshine should have had a glimpse into his past!

"You here, Randolph? Why, you wrote me word last time you were going yachting to the Levant. It *is* wonderful to see you in your own county. Are you thinking that il faut vous ranger at last?"

Randolph swore again under his moustaches, and glanced impatiently at Sunshine. He lifted his hat to Mrs. Rocksilver, and took her proffered Jouvins as she floated up to him—a pretty, affected, bold-eyed, dashing-looking woman, of eight-and-twenty or thirty.

"I thought you said you only knew her slightly?" said Sunshine, with a lift of her contemptuous pencilled eyebrows, as Mrs. Rocksilver passed on with old Lord Saltire, at whose house she was staying, giving Gordon a very familiar nod, smile, and au revoir.

"Did I? Well, what of that?"

"Why, that your slight acquaintances seem very intimate ones. You write to her, and she calls you Randolph," said Miss Sunshine, quickly, who, having had his exclusive attention for the last two months, could have slain any other human being who got a word from him.

"Oh! that's nothing. In some sets one soon becomes familiar, and one has to write to lots of people one doesn't care a button about. Her mail-phaeton horses were not broken well enough for her to drive, and I offered to break them for her, and had to write about them. Won't you come and have an ice? We can't talk pleasantly with all these people about us."

Tête-à-tête over glace à la vanille, he did talk, very pleasantly, too; but Sunshine was disquieted, like a brood of partridges at sight of a pointer's nose among the turnips. She would have liked to call him Randolph herself, and allow nobody to do so besides. That story of the phaeton horses didn't quite satisfy her, and she hated Mrs. Rocksilver instantly and vehemently, being a young lady of very hot and rapid impulses, accustomed to treasure Randolph's notes of acceptance of the Audley Court invitation as if they had been deeds of gift to all the money in Barclay's.

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## AUGUSTUS CÆSAR: HIS COURT AND COMPANIONS.

A FORTNIGHT after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, a delicate and sickly-looking youth the dictator's grand-nephew and adopted heir, appeared in Rome, at the critical moment when the murder of Cæsar had spread terror and confusion, and when Antony had roused the Roman people to indignation against the conspirators. Landing from Apollonia, an adventurer, Caius Octavius—for it is of him we speak—had not long arrived in Rome when he became a hero; gained statesmen and officers to his interest, and divided with Antony, the consul, the favour of the people; and entered on that marvellous career which, after long years of civil war, and tyranny, and bloodshed, ended in the dissolution of the republic itself, and in his being hailed by the grateful senate and people of Rome, Augustus, Emperor, and Father of his country.

It was in that memorable year—the six hundred and ninetieth of the city—in which Cicero's administration as consul ended, and in which Rome was preserved from destruction and liberty thought to be more firmly established than ever, that Caius Octavius was born. The family of Atia, his mother (the niece of Julius Cæsar), had given many senators to Rome; but although the Octavii were a wealthy family of Velitræ, his father seems to have been the first who obtained admission to the senate. His mother bestowed great pains on the education of the youthful Octavius, and is said to have transmitted to him much of her purity of diction and grace of manners. His own natural gifts seemed to promise fruits worthy of her care; but no one could have supposed, when at the age of eighteen he entered on public life, that he was destined to connect his name with every event of importance in the annals of the world for the next fifty-eight years, and to transform the Republic into the Empire of Rome.

Of course it would not be possible to give in an article like the present the story of a reign so eventful as that of Augustus—a reign which merits more attention than any other in the Roman history, or to trace in succession the various incidents which, during that long period, changed the destiny of nations and the aspect of the world. We do not here profess to write his life or analyse his character; nor can we attempt to depict more than some artistic and literary aspects of a court that was adorned by the illustrious band of friends who made “the Augustan era” Rome's culminating point in art, and poetry, and splendour. It was under the encouragement of Augustus that the lyric Horace wrote his matchless poems, and the tasteful Virgil studied and polished his immortal compositions; in his reign Tibullus was writing his refined elegies, and Ovid his flowing numbers; Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the historian, had come to Rome; Strabo was writing some of his works; and Livy was concluding his history.

The mother of Octavius seems to have dreaded his accepting Julius Cæsar's adoption of him as a son, as if she foresaw that in order to become the avenger and successor of Cæsar, he would grasp the consular office, and engage in a proscription of the best and noblest of his countrymen. If the imperial power of the great man whose name he now assumed

was really at this period the object of the young Cæsar's ambition, he must have seen that his youth and want of military experience, not to mention the power of Antony and the strength of the friends of liberty, forbade all hope of his immediate attainment of imperial authority, and warned him, at all events, to bide his time. He had the prudence to assume—as the nephew of another great soldier and emperor in our own times has assumed—the appearance of fidelity to a republic, and for a time he seemed to be guided by the counsels of Cicero, whose patriotism was well known to be inflexible.

We who find instruction and delight in the works of that illustrious man, and justly appreciate the moral grandeur of his character, do not wonder at the influence he possessed in public affairs, and can estimate the importance of his friendship to the young Octavius. Cicero had twice saved Rome, the Senate, and the Commonwealth; the integrity of his patriotism was only equalled by the splendour of his eloquence and learning; and the sweetness of temper and charm of manners that gave him such power over all who approached him were adorned by purity of life and instinctive love of virtue.

Octavius was placed in a situation of the greatest difficulty amid the intrigues of party that followed on the events of the Ides of March; but he acted with an art and prudence that neutralised the hostility of Antony and baffled the oldest statesmen of Rome. Cæsar's name was still a charm to the soldiery and to all whom he had promoted; his cause was espoused by all who were adventurers; and the commonalty and populace, eager for novelty, were accordingly ranged on the side of the youthful soldier, who styled himself "Son of the Deified," and "Avenger of Cæsar," while most of the patricians and men of the equestrian dignity stood by the old principles of the Commonwealth. Those writers who have taken an unfavourable view of his character, represent that at this juncture he dissembled his real aim, seeing his best chance for future empire in sharing power with others until he could grasp the whole. Be this as it may, Octavius Cæsar, notwithstanding that he had been mortally opposed to Antony, joined him and Lepidus in the ominous "Triumvirate for Regulating the Commonwealth," from whose usurpation such "woes unnumbered" sprung. And now began the terrible proscription in which each triumvir sacrificed even his own friends to the vengeance of his colleagues. A veritable Reign of Terror brooded over Rome, in which the soldiery were to become the instruments of public ruin. The best blood of her citizens was sacrificed in the long and cruel struggle that ensued; but the proscription had not a more noble victim than Cicero himself. Octavius, as his apologists affirm, strongly endeavoured to preserve him, but his death was held a necessary sacrifice to the common interest of the three, for his virtue warned them that he never could be the friend of tyrants, and his authority was such that an enemy could not be suffered to retain it. As we are not now writing the history of this short but sanguinary tyranny, it will suffice to say that while proscription and plunder were occupying the triumvirate at Rome, the successes of Brutus and Cassius—the Agamemnon and Achilles of the Roman legions—in Thrace, obliged Octavius Cæsar and his colleagues to encounter the champions of the republic in the field. He was doomed to witness the defeat of Julius Cæsar's veterans in their naval

encounter with the forces of Sextus Pompey, the scene of which was the bay between Messina and Reggio, that became memorable in English naval history for the defeat of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Byng. Octavius then proceeded to join Antony among the barren hills of Macedon. The strength of the Roman republic was there collected under Brutus and Cassius; the representatives of patricians who had been sacrificed for their patriotism had joined the camp; and the Oriental allies of the old Commonwealth, each bringing their national weapons—there were slingers from Minorca, light horsemen from Numidia, and archers from Crete—were under arms in its defence.

The issue to be decided at Philippi was, whether the laws should resume their majesty, the senate its reverence, and the people their power; but, after the second battle on that memorable field, Antony and Octavius Cæsar found themselves masters of the empire. Octavius had very narrowly escaped after his defeat on the first encounter, for he had to spend three nights hid in a morass in a worse condition than Charles the Second's in the oak after the battle of Worcester. Antony, on his return from Pharsalia, carried beyond all bounds of decorum by the flow of fortune, appeared at Rome in a chariot drawn by lions—the first spectacle of the kind that the Romans had ever seen; and the subjection of those fierce animals to the yoke was looked upon (as Pliny says) as an omen of breaking the spirit of the Roman people. Antony and Octavius Cæsar, after their victory over Brutus, shared the empire, Antony taking for his portion the rich eastern provinces from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, and leaving Italy, Gaul, and Spain to his great rival.

Octavius Cæsar was now free to listen to the advice of counsellors older and wiser than himself; and while his natural sagacity (as Tytler has remarked) enabled him to discern the character that was best fitted to gain the popular regard, his genius and versatility of temper enabled him to assume it. To his credit, he soon began to repose unlimited confidence in Mæcenas; and there is no doubt that his success and reformation and future greatness were essentially due to the counsels of that wise and faithful minister. Mæcenas, who boasted the lineage of the old Tuscan kings, was a man of noble and enlightened mind, and had sincerely at heart the welfare of the Roman people. Aiming at the salvation of Octavius Cæsar, and of Rome by his means, Mæcenas at first disguised the statesman in the man of pleasure, and he succeeded so well that his good counsels directed public affairs, and dictated salutary legislation as soon as the city was delivered from the confiscations and the military violence that followed the return of the victorious legions.

Those confiscations led to an incident which has an interest for every age, inasmuch as they were the occasion of Virgil being made known to Octavius Cæsar. A centurion had seized his patrimony; and Pollio and Gallus—themselves poets as well as statesmen—anxious to protect genius in the person of the young poet of Mantua, took him to Mæcenas, then governor of Rome. Mæcenas presented him to Octavius, who reinstated him in his paternal fields upon the Mincio, little conscious that his protection of Virgil was destined to procure for the world immortal works of genius, and to surround his own name with its most unfading honours. So, too, although Virgil's friend Pollio took a prominent part in the public affairs of his day, was a patriot, an orator, a poet, and a lover of

learning, it is as the protector of Virgil and Horace that he has acquired his more lasting fame. To him Virgil addressed his well-known Birth-day Ode; and Horace, some years afterwards, commemorates him as oracle of the senate and supporter of the state, and (in the first Ode of the Second Book) presents him shining with the honours of the Dalmatian triumph.

Virgil was about seven years older than Octavius Cæsar, and was at this time in his thirtieth year. At Naples, which having been a Grecian colony, retained much of the manners and language of its Athenian founders, he seems to have acquired that taste for the polished literature of Greece of which his works afford continual examples; but after the restoration of his patrimony he resided chiefly at the capital, in favour not only with Mæcenas but with Octavius himself, and enjoying the friendship of the learned men who then surrounded the great minister. It would seem that Virgil produced his celebrated Eclogues soon after the restoration of his paternal fields. He is said to have applied himself to pastoral composition at the suggestion of Pollio, and to have taken the Sicilian poetry of Theocritus for his example. At all events, we may imagine how welcome rural images and pictures of the days of innocence must have been to statesmen and officers wearied by scenes of military usurpation and the storms of civil war.

Poetry and literature had not then become popular, and indeed are said to have stolen on the Romans against their will. Their frugal, conquering, and laborious life had been almost as incompatible with literature as with luxury. But even before "the Augustan era," the stage, and the encouragement given by eminent men to learning, greatly influenced the public taste; and from the time of the second war with Carthage, the martial Romans are said to have owned the nobler influence of the Muses. At the time, however, of Virgil's introduction to the heir of Cæsar, and for several years afterwards, the two greatest Roman poets (Cinna and Calidius, who are mentioned by Catullus and Cicero) were men whose names are now scarcely known even to scholars, and even in his lifetime Virgil's fame quite outshone that of his predecessors.

Soon after he had acquired the friendship of Mæcenas, Virgil and his friend Varius showed the minister some early poems of another favourite of the muse and coheir of fame—the youthful Horace. His learning, wit, and manners so recommended him to Mæcenas, that ere many months had passed, Horace, then aged about twenty-six, became his familiar friend, and his introduction to Octavius Cæsar, who was about two years younger than himself, soon followed. Most important were its results. Horace had been made a military tribune by Brutus, and was present at the battle of Philippi, but was more inclined to court the Muses' favour than that of Mars. Fortunately for posterity, he escaped shipwreck on his return from the East, and by the aid of Mæcenas obtained a pardon for having borne arms under Brutus. Although a zealous friend, he loved ease and literary leisure, and being of convivial disposition, and fond of good company, and possessed of great amenity of temper and powers of pleasing, his society was much valued, and he soon acquired the esteem of the greatest men in Rome, including Octavius himself. In a letter written to Horace, in commendation of one of his writings, Cæsar expresses his wish that he had been introduced in the dialogue, so that he might appear in it to futurity. "Are you afraid,"

he asks the poet, "it should injure you with posterity if it should appear that you had lived with me in some familiarity?"

It would seem that at the time when Horace first came to court, Octavius, deeming his power secure, indulged in a life of vicious excess and luxury. His celebrated banquet of the deities of Olympus was certainly of itself enough to alarm his wiser friends. This was the licentious feast in which the greater gods and goddesses were impiously represented by living revellers: Jove was there with his thunderbolt, Saturn with his scythe, and, more appropriately, Bacchus with his grapes; the "winged son of Maia" with his wand, and Mars with his shield and spear, while the young Cæsar himself played the part of the bright Apollo, his tutelary god. Six ladies personated, respectively, Juno with her sceptre, Cybele with her turret crown, and Ceres with her sheaf; there, too, was Venus, and Diana with her crescent diadem, and her sylvan bow, and Pallas with her helmet and spear. But Octavius could relish less voluptuous diversions. He was a great lover of comedy and the legitimate pleasures of the stage; the public games, moreover, which he instituted in honour of Apollo, as well as the shows with which he regaled the people in the days of his imperial power, may be taken to indicate a politic, if not judicious, regard for public amusements. His celebration of the games of Venus Genetrix, in Julius Cæsar's honour, in the forty-third year before Christ, has been made memorable by the emperor himself, who, as recorded by Pliny, says it was during that celebration that the bright comet appeared "which was commonly believed to be a sign that the soul of Cæsar was admitted among the gods."\*

Mæcenas sought also to reform the political character of Octavius, and seems to have thought that his design would be best accomplished by the instrumentality of men of letters, who, without appearing to administer reproofs, might artfully lead him to prefer the power of clemency and justice to military force, and might inculcate moral lessons without the form of admonition. For these noble objects the courtly Horace was encouraged to write many of his immortal odes. His poetry was of a kind then unknown to Rome, and while it evinces his tender, ardent, and amorous disposition, it also shows that he was a keen observer of men, a patriot, and a lover of wisdom, as well as a maker of verse. With admirable address, and a happy discernment of character, Horace conveyed instruction while achieving masterpieces of lyric composition; and in what he wrote after Octavius Cæsar became emperor, he contrived, while invoking Clio and her sister-muses, appropriately to enforce maxims of clemency and beneficence in the language of courtly compliment and affectionate congratulation.

But while Antony, his formidable rival, divided with Cæsar the power of the state, holding as he did the eastern provinces, with the most tremendous military force the world then knew, and Sextus Pompey, the champion of the old republic, was all-powerful at sea, Octavius had sterner monitors than Mæcenas and Horace to call him from sensual pleasures. The republic had been paralysed rather than destroyed at Philippi, and the large body of Roman nobles who, under proscription and banishment, had taken refuge in Sicily, flocked to Pompey's side. Sicily,

\* Lib. ii. 25. It is thought highly probable that this was a previous visit of the great comet of 1680.



the granary of Rome, was in his hands, and the supplies of corn being therefore stopped, famine amongst the people at home increased the dangers of Cæsar's position. If the policy of Mæcenas had not allied Octavius and Antony by family ties, it seems probable that a conjunction between that soldier of fortune and Pompey would have been fatal to Cæsar. But his sister, the beautiful and accomplished Octavia—a woman as much distinguished by virtue and good sense as by her dignified and winning manners—had been married to Antony, and the sunniest days of his life were those he passed at Athens, blest in her love. Civil war, however, called Octavius from his feasting and diversions, and Antony from his Eastern luxury, and again covered the sea with the hostile fleets of the triumvirs and their hereditary foe. But the peace they agreed on at Miseno, while it gave to the cause of the Roman republic its final death-blow, brought a truce to the calamities that had for nine years afflicted Italy. Pompey sailed back to Sicily, and Antony to Greece, and the long proscribed and banished patricians followed Octavius Cæsar to Rome.

After the return of these noble Romans, Cæsar became surrounded by a court, but its chief ornaments were the learned men whom he encouraged to associate there. In every great family at that time, a learned native of Greece commonly resided, and brought her polished arts to soften the martial and political education of the Roman youth. Octavius had himself been bred under Athenodorus the Rhetorician, a native of Pergamos, who is said to have been one of the best and wisest men of the age, and Octavius, who could recognise virtue if he did not then practise it, treated him with particular honour. It was not only in rhetoric that he was the preceptor of his pupil, for he taught that without honour there could be no happiness; and it was he who, when aged and retiring to his native country, gave his pupil the memorable advice, whenever he should find anger rising, to repeat the letters of the alphabet (!) before speaking or writing. Here, too, might be seen Areius the Platonist, a native of Alexandria, whose refinement fitted him for courtly life; and—more illustrious than these distinguished foreigners—the noble Roman Publius Valerius Messala Corvinus, of whom Cicero (whose disciple he was) gives a fine character, who is commended by Quintilian, and is immortalised by Horace as the most eloquent lawyer in Rome. The poet (in the twenty-first Ode of his Third Book) mentions him with peculiar distinction, and calls for his choicest wine to be poured out "in gratiam Corvini." Tibullus also was his companion and eulogist. He was a general favourite, and one of the most accomplished of the band of friends who graced the young Cæsar's court. Having been in arms with Brutus, Messala had, of course, come under proscription by the triumvirate, but he was afterwards excepted by edict. He seems to have been particularly remarkable for correctness of style as an orator, and for a dignified manner of speaking. To these accomplishments he added attainments in other liberal arts, and while honouring the severer studies of philosophy, was himself an eminent patron of the wits and poets of the time. The favour shown by Octavius Cæsar to all learned men and votaries of the Muses, has been attributed by some writers to his having artfully sought to mask his own designs against Roman liberty under an apparent devotion to liberal arts and learning; but whatever his motives may at first have been,

the reputation of this great emperor chiefly rests on the protection he gave to learning and its votaries; and such a lustre has genius thrown over his reign that we always speak of it as the Augustan age, and regard it as the most brilliant period of the Roman state.

But amidst all this splendour of literature and art, the home of Octavius was not without the more genial rays of female grace and beauty. Among the ladies who attended Octavia, his sister, at the ceremony of her nuptials with Antony, was Livia, the young and nobly born wife of Tiberius Nero. Tall, graceful, and lovely, with a look that inspired respect no less than love, she surpassed in the eyes of Octavius all women he had ever seen, and he determined to make her his wife. Tiberius, dreading the power which could have made Livia a widow, complied, and divorced her, but did not long survive her marriage to his unscrupulous rival. The marriage contract was immediately followed by that remarkable occurrence which was interpreted as an omen of her future greatness. As Livia was sitting in the garden, an eagle, soaring above, dropped a white hen, unhurt, into her lap, and in its mouth was found a sprig of laurel, with berries. The aruspices, being consulted, ordered the bird to be carefully cherished and the laurel spray to be planted, and this was done in Cæsar's villa on the Tiber, which was situated about nine miles from Rome, on the Flaminian Way, where the white hen's race so multiplied that the place acquired, says Blackwell, the name of the Poultry; and the sprig of bay so flourished that Octavius, at his first public triumph, took from this tree his crown and the branch he held in his hand.

But ere long the eyes of the Roman people were turned to Alexandria, then the capital of the East, where Antony—the greatest soldier of his day, the idol of his vast army, and the master of the richest provinces of the Roman Empire—had become enslaved by Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and, far away from Octavia, his matchless consort, was leading a life of extravagant luxury and dishonour. Octavia heard with silent sorrow of Antony's excesses in Egypt, but nobly sought to moderate the resentment which her brother, who highly honoured her, displayed. In the hope of reclaiming Antony to his country and herself, Octavia, furnished by Cæsar with a guard of two thousand of his best soldiers, with costly presents, and warlike stores for Antony's service, sailed for Alexandria. But blinded by debauchery, he avoided an interview with his wife. She returned to Rome, and devoted herself to the education not only of her own children, but of the two sons of Antony by Fulvia, in her lifetime Octavius Cæsar's enemy—conduct which filled Italy with admiration.

Antony, meanwhile, as if forgetful of the Roman state itself, and of his legitimate issue, parcelled out the Eastern empire among his children by Cleopatra, and held gorgeous festivals in her honour, diverting from the people of Rome the spoils and honours that had been purchased by Roman blood. He assumed the habit and symbols of Bacchus, and crowned by ivy and the vine, rode through Alexandria in a chariot drawn by tigers. His excesses only proved to Octavius—his sober and subtle rival—that the time was come for ending their partnership of power, which, inaugurated in bloodshed, now threatened fresh calamities to Rome.

The approaching rupture made Cæsar more intent on gaining the affection of the senators and the good will of the people; and at length,

in the seven hundred and twentieth year of the city, about eight years after the battle of Philippi, he led his army to fresh military glory, in a campaign against the wild and warlike people of Dalmatia; but prudently postponing the "triumph" awarded to him for this Illyrian campaign, devoted his share of the spoils to adorn Rome with the Quadruple Colonnade in the Campus Martius—a stately monument of his magnificence and love of art. This vast building contained temples, courts, libraries, and schools, adorned by Grecian masters with statues and paintings (landscape painting, according to Pliny, was first cultivated in the time of Octavius Cæsar); and in honour of his exemplary sister he called it from her name "the Octavian Portico."

But the wrongs of Octavia were to be, ere long, signally avenged, and the conflict was approaching in which Antony, and with him the very name of the Republic, was destined to fall.

By the wisdom of Mæcenas and the bravery of Agrippa, Octavius Cæsar had become master of the Western world, after the naval defeat of Pompey in Sicily, which took place about two years before the Illyrian victories. Wiser from the perils he had encountered, he had learned the instability of power founded solely on an army and not consolidated by the affection of a people. Wisdom, moderation, and humanity, had now for a long time seemed to actuate all his conduct. He promoted and employed patriots who, at Philippi, had been in arms against him. He sent Messala to command in Gaul, and humble those fierce mountaineer Savoyards the Salassi, by whose defeat he acquired and colonised the pass from Italy into France and Spain, which was afterwards, in his honour, called Augusta Prætoria—a name which, corrupted into d'Aosta, still denominates that celebrated pass of the Alps through Piedmont. To the brave and thoughtful Strato, whose fidelity and affection to Brutus had recommended him to the esteem of Messala, Cæsar generously gave a naval command, and he became so eminent that his figure was engraved and worn in rings, like the effigies of the greatest Romans. So, too, Publius Sextius, and other friends of liberty, were invited to honours of the state.

At length the news came to Rome that Antony, postponing his intended invasion of Parthia, was advancing with sixteen legions to the sea-coast, and might land in Italy before the end of summer. The taxes which Cæsar was obliged to impose did not increase his popularity at home, but Antony, on the other hand, had lost the affection of every Roman by divorcing the virtuous Octavia in order to espouse the Egyptian enchantress—an act doubly unpardonable in Roman eyes, since she was a foreign princess and a declared enemy to Rome. With the manners and maxims of the Romans, he laid aside the dress of his country; and since Cleopatra assumed the attributes of Isis, Antony was represented by her side with those which characterised the Egyptian god. War being declared against Cleopatra, the armies began to move early in the spring, and the seas were covered with the gathering fleets. Antony's preparations befitted the man who held the lion's share of the Roman Empire, and commanded the wealth of Asia and the forces of tributary kings. Octavius Cæsar, on the other hand, led the might of Italy, and was accompanied by the senate and people of Rome. Guided by the fatal counsels of Cleopatra, Antony risked all upon a naval

engagement, although the advantage in such an encounter was on the side of his adversary, and off

Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe

the engagement memorable as the battle of Actium was fought. The conflict had raged for some hours, when Cleopatra, to secure her own safety, led the Egyptian part of the squadron from the bay, and the faithless and deluded Antony, following her, abandoned his fleet to the conqueror. Antony's enormous army, shut up on one side of the bay, forsaken by their chief officers and threatened by famine, soon afterwards surrendered. From this victory—achieved in the seven hundred and twenty-third year of the city—the final fall of the republic and the rise of the Roman empire are dated.

Octavius Cæsar did not hasten to pursue his defeated enemy, but wisely divided the force of Antony's army, gained great applause by pardoning some noble Romans who had been in arms against him, and leaving Mæcenas to exercise supreme power as "Prefect of Italy," went to Athens to visit the ancient seat of art and learning. The fleets of Greece were gone, but historians and philosophers, the distributors of fame, still resorted to Athens, and gave it consideration above the most powerful cities of the Roman empire. He was about to advance through Asia, when the danger of a military revolt recalled him to Rome; but having pacified the hungry and murmuring army, he again advanced to complete the destruction of Antony, still leaving Mæcenas entrusted with the government of Italy and Rome.\* The events that followed this campaign of Cæsar in the East are too well known to need description. He was encamped before Alexandria when Antony rashly stabbed himself, and being carried to the mausoleum in which Cleopatra had taken refuge, died there in her arms; and the artful queen, finding she could not move the conqueror to pity or to love, likewise destroyed herself rather than adorn his triumph at Rome. And so, within a year from the battle of Actium, Cæsar became undisputed master of the whole Roman empire. Towards Antony's family and most of his followers he signalled the clemency of which he had shortly before given a memorable example in the treatment of Herod.†

Enriched with the treasures of the Ptolemys and the ransom paid for Egypt, which thenceforth became a Roman province, Octavius Cæsar

\* Apropos of this regency, we are reminded of the two antique gems precisely resembling each other, and on both of which was engraved a sphinx, the Egyptian emblem of strength and wisdom, which Octavius had found among his mother's jewels and used in rings as his seals, for it was one of these that in his absence he left with Mæcenas as his representative: the seal of Mæcenas himself bore the image of a frog, and the sight of this well-known symbol of his power sufficed to make all people tremble who had anything to lose.

† Cæsar's clemency was extended, as the reader will remember, to Herod after the fall of Antony. It was when he was at Rhodes, on his way to Egypt, that Herod appeared before him, and said, "Cæsar! it was Antony who made me King of the Jews, and in his service I should have fought against you. I have not abandoned my benefactor since his misfortune, and I have discharged the duty of a faithful counsellor towards him. But God has given you the victory, and has hindered him from listening to my advice. My throne is overturned together with his fortune; but consider my fidelity, and not him to whom it has been rendered." Whereupon Cæsar bade him resume his crown, and confirmed him in his kingdom.—Josephus, de Bell. Judæic., lib. i. c. 15, cited by Blackwell.

returned to Rome arbiter of the fortunes of the world, and received all the trophies that the Roman people and subject nations could bestow. Temples were dedicated in his honour, and he was hailed as the guardian of the state. Magnificent triumphs were decreed to him, and Rome saw the cavalcade of her robed magistrates and senators, the tributary chiefs, the spoils of vanquished nations, the sea-green standard of Agrippa, the emblems of consular state, and the long procession of martial legions and cohorts gracing the triumphal car of her hero—then only thirty-five years of age.

Of the treasure brought from Egypt, some idea is given by the fact, that amongst the formidable army of one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers a sum equivalent to more than three-quarters of a million in our money was distributed, while the country places which the men were judiciously sent to colonise were largely subsidised; that a sum perhaps as large was distributed amongst the impoverished citizens; and that jewels worth even a larger sum, besides the incredible quantity of eight tons of gold, were deposited in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The famous Alexandrian obelisks which Cæsar brought to Rome formed a more enduring trophy of his Egyptian spoiliations.

It was to rebuke the magnificence and luxury which he feared would follow the peace enjoyed by the empire after these events that Horace wrote the ode "*Persicos odi, puer,*" in which he deprecates the Persian luxury in entertainments and exhorts to the old simplicity in living. The admonition, however, was not needed by Cæsar himself, for his own table was furnished with a Spartan simplicity.

Whether, as Tacitus has said, Octavius Cæsar found that the government of one person was the only remedy for the misfortunes of his country, worn out by discords and irreconcilable enmities, or whether, as his enemies alleged, the ambition of reigning was his only motive, he curbed his ambition, and artfully resolved to make the continuance of his power appear dependent on the request of the senate and people. He showed a high degree of moderation and respect for popular rights, maintained the ancient elective forms of the constitution, and professed his own functions to be merely a temporary administration for the public good. But it is probable that if the spirit of the old republic had not been extinct, Mæcenas would not have advised him that there could be no safety for him save upon a throne, and Octavius himself would hardly have contemplated such a change. When we look at his position shortly after his acquisition of undivided power, he seems, indeed, to have preserved (as some historian has remarked) only a spectre of liberty—a phantom that walked the Forum yearly, and frequented the senate in its shape. Meantime, he set himself to restore the dignity of that august assembly (which now numbered more than a thousand members) by clearing it of unworthy and unqualified persons, many of whom had bought their elevation during the civil wars. While the reformation of this great body was in progress, Octavius Cæsar never went to the Senate House without wearing a hauberk of mail under his usual robe, or unattended by ten strong and trusty senators as a body-guard.

All his conduct now tended to the public welfare, and was distinguished by acts of prudence, wisdom, and generosity. He was a prince in all that concerned the public good, and seemed to have become a stoic in things

that related to his own household and private luxury. When the senate and people voted money for statues in his honour, he devoted it to civic embellishment, and caused his silver statue (said to be the first silver statue raised) to be melted for the decoration of the temple of Apollo Palatine. With the New Year's gifts of his friends he placed statues in the squares of Rome; and in the year when the Asiatic provinces suffered by earthquakes, he paid their tribute into the public treasury out of his own money. He acted as if he wished to make the Romans sensible how much a well-regulated monarchy was preferable to a turbulent liberty, and how essential his government was to the public happiness. He had become not only the avenger, but the imitator of Julius Cæsar. When that great representative of the national spirit of Rome had become master of Italy, moderation and wisdom marked his rule, and works of legislative and social reform employed his liberal and capacious mind, and in these things also his adopted son emulated his example.

It was therefore natural that Octavius Cæsar should receive, as he did from the grateful senate of Rome, the title of IMPERATOR and appellation of AUGUSTUS, which the senate, to do him the greater honour, afterwards perpetuated by giving to the month, heretofore called Sextilis in the Roman calendar.

In the buildings of Rome, before "the Augustan era," public health and convenience seem to have been disregarded; nor does any great scheme of metropolitan improvement appear to have been attempted until Octavius acquired imperial power. Had a reformed provincial municipality or a metropolitan vestry of the present day directed affairs of taste and public health in Rome, its buildings could hardly have been in a worse state than he beheld them. It is always said to have been his boast that he found the city of brick and left it of marble; but many as were the temples he rebuilt in honour of his country's gods, he was not less sedulous to build for the poor citizens doomed to inhabit the lower parts of the city. In Augustan Rome, the heights of the Cœlian and Esquiline hills were for the most part occupied by the villas and gardens of patrician families. The villa of Augustus was called the Palatium—a name then peculiar to this mansion of the Palatine hill, but afterwards given to all royal abodes. The Palatine temple, which he afterwards built, was a famous monument of his magnificence, and he annexed to it such a library as procured for him the applause of all men of learning. In the place of a crowd of unsightly and unwholesome dwellings between the Forum and the Quirinal, he built his own new stately Forum; and though his public buildings displaced large masses of the poorer citizens, they found more healthy abodes in the new suburban regions, the honour of enlarging Rome having been awarded to him for the victories over the Romans. The grandeur of the city under Augustus appeared not only in its increased extent and splendid buildings, but also in the stupendous aqueducts and underground works which still excite our wonder.

Amidst all this sumptuousness of art, there was epicurean luxury in living, and the wealthy Romans of the time seem to have resembled those people of Agrigentum, who, as Plato said, "built as if they were to live for ever, and feasted as if they were always about to die." The luxurious manner in which the patrician families lived in the reign of Augustus had a remarkable contrast in his own frugal simplicity. His taste was

simple in this respect, as well as in dress, in which he is said to have been plain even to negligence.

The poets of the court of Augustus contrast the palaces and the splendour of the city in their day with its rude beginnings. Still more striking was the extension of the Empire of Rome: a state that had been a hamlet of shepherds and refuge of the Alban colonists was become the Mother of Nations and mistress of the world, with dominion stretching from the Euphrates to the Atlantic; from the land of the rising sun to the shores that "saw the burnished waters blaze in his setting beams;" from Tanais and the Danube on the north to the Lybian deserts on the south; and, ere a few more years had passed, may be said to have been bounded only by the seas. "Who would think," well may Ovid exclaim, "that this little spot was fated to hold so wide an empire!"

In the seven hundred and thirtieth year of the city Augustus returned from Spain, where, to secure his conquests, new colonies were settled, which became great cities (Cæsarea Augusta, for example, retains in the modern name of Saragoza a faint trace of the patronage under which it rose), and other towns that had fallen into decay were restored. For Augustus, like Romulus and the mythic heroes whom the Greeks, and afterwards the Romans, had chosen for their tutelary deities, built cities and settled colonies (Suetonius says he established twenty-eight colonies in Italy); and Horace takes care to mention the great and useful exploits in this respect of Hercules, and Bacchus, and Castor, and Romulus, as if to give a higher idea of the glory of Augustus, whose statue the Romans even in his lifetime placed with the statues of those heroes.

The death of the noble young Marcellus, Octavia's beloved son, to whom, three years before, the emperor had given Julia, his daughter, in marriage, and who was his hope and intended heir, happened in the year after Augustus returned from Spain, soon after Marcellus had completed his twentieth year; and the affecting lines,

Ostendunt terris hanc tantum fata neque, ultra  
Esse sinent, &c.,

which Virgil wrote in allusion to this event, showed that he could invoke the muse to soothe the domestic grief as well as to celebrate the public glory of his patron.

To perpetuate the name of the noble young Marcellus, the emperor afterwards gave it to the vast theatre, the remains of which attest the magnificence of the Romans.

While Augustus was adorning the city at home and extending the empire abroad, Virgil—who was soon to be hailed prince of the Roman epic poets, as his illustrious friend had been hailed prince of the Roman people—was still engaged on his great poem, in which, although the adventures of Æneas are its chief subject, the glories of Rome and the fortunes of the Julian house into which Augustus had been adopted are skilfully interwoven. Virgil has given the Æneid an historical colouring, and connected the fortunes of Rome and of his great patron with the illustrious names of Troy.

Virgil, who seems, like Horace, to have been fond of rural pleasures and country pursuits—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,—

had retired to Greece to finish his poem among the "Edens of the eastern wave," and was at Athens in the seven hundred and thirty-fifth year of the city, when he met Augustus on his return from the East, and appears to have been prevailed on by the emperor to return with him to Italy; but he lived only to reach Brundisium (the Adriatic terminus of the Appian Way), where he died in the autumn of that year, in the fifty-first year of his age, having appointed Augustus and Mæcenas his heirs; and it appears that for the preservation of the *Æneid* the world is indebted to the emperor, at whose instance Varius is said to have now revised it.

On the death of his nephew Marcellus, Augustus bestowed his chief favour on his long and faithful ally, the brave and triumphant Agrippa, whom he now married to Julia, the widow of Marcellus, then in her eighteenth year—a fatal gift indeed, so far as regarded his domestic happiness, but one that more closely allied him with his imperial friend. He accomplished the reduction of Spain, and of the revolted provinces of Asia; was made, on returning from his campaign, the colleague of Augustus in the office of tribune—the most powerful of all magistracies—and would probably have acquired imperial power if death had not in less than ten years put an end to his growing honours. The emperor placed in the tomb he destined for himself the remains of him who had been his Mentor through life. But not all the favour of Cæsar, or the military achievements of Agrippa, or his commanding figure in the public affairs of his time, make us regard him with so much interest, as the share he had in the architectural adornment of Rome and the building of the Pantheon—the noblest heathen temple remaining in the world—which he finished in the year that saw Cæsar hailed Augustus and Emperor of Rome.

We have mentioned the meeting of Virgil and Augustus in the East, which took place, as all will remember, on the return of the emperor from the campaign that ended in the submission of the Parthians without a sword having been drawn. It was when Augustus was in Thessaly that Horace invoked\* the mild counsels of Calliope and the Muses to refresh great Cæsar's mind:

Vos Cæsarem altum, militia simul  
Fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,  
    Finire quærentem labores,  
    Pecio recreatis antro:  
Vos lene consilium ct datis, et dato  
Gaudetis, almæ, &c.†

And the poet made the Parthian submission the subject of the magnificent ode,‡ beginning

\* Book iii. Ode iv.

† Ye, in some cool Pierian cave,  
Refresh great Cæsar's mind fatigued with war,  
When home returning with his cohorts brave,  
He bids them sheathe the bloodless scimitar.  
Ye give good counsel and are glad  
When righteous deeds confound the bad.

LORD RAVENSWORTH'S *Odes of Horace*.

‡ Book iii. Ode v.



Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem  
 Regnare : præsens divus habebitur  
 Augustus, adjectis Britannis\*  
 Imperio, gravibusque Persis.†

While at Samos, Augustus received the ambassadors of the Indian kings, who brought, amongst other presents, some tigers—animals which the Romans had never seen—besides such other wild creatures as would have sufficed to set up a zoological menagerie. On his return to Rome, the emperor gave a new proof of his moderation, for the only honour he would accept was an altar which the senate and people dedicated to "Fortune Returned;" nor did he allow himself much repose among the polished and learned companions who graced his court, for he soon started on his campaign in France. The man to whom the splendour of Rome was due, and whose fame now filled the world, had become remarkable for the simplicity of his taste, the self-denying frugality of his table, and his dislike of ostentatious parade and luxury. He equally disliked all affectation and redundancy in speaking and writing; his own style was chaste and perspicuous, and marked by a correct taste—proofs how greatly he had profited by the society of the accomplished men who surrounded him. His negligence in regard to dress has been mentioned, but in personal appearance the great emperor is described by Suetonius to have been what might be called a handsome man. He was of middle stature, but symmetrical form, and his countenance was expressive of mildness and serenity. His eyes were bright and piercing, and they glittered with such light when he was animated, that the superstitious people who were eager to deify him, thought their lustre a mark of the divine descent that had been invented for him.

Augustus had been absent in Gaul for about three years, when Horace, in one of the most cordial, natural, and beautiful of his odes,‡ affectionately, and with undoubted truth, expressed the love and veneration of the Romans towards him, and their impatient desire for his return :

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ  
 Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu;  
 Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum  
 Sancto concilio, redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ;  
 Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus  
 Affulsit, populo gratior it dies,  
 Et soles melius nitent.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris;  
 Mos et lex maculosum cdomuit nefas;

\* According to Strabo, the British chiefs had now sent their gifts and submitted to Augustus.

† We used to think the Thunderer reigned supreme  
 In heaven and earth; but Cæsar now must be  
 Our chief and present deity;  
 Since subject to his rule all nations seem,  
 From Britain's distant isle to broad Euphrates' stream.

LORD RAVENSWORTH'S *Odes of Horace*.

‡ Book iv. Ode v.

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ;  
Culpam Pœna premit comes,\* &c.

So, too, in "The Praises of Augustus," which conclude the odes, the poet says no more than the historians confirm, when he tells us that law and example had abolished licentiousness and vice, and praises Cæsar, not only for defending the empire by his arms, but reforming its laws by his wisdom. Could Augustus have desired more immortal fame for the good deeds of his later reign than has been given to them by Horace? Apropos of the campaign in Gaul, the reader will recollect that the colony of Augustodunum (Autun), which the emperor then founded, became the seat of letters and Athens of Gaul, and continued to flourish in the time of Constantine. The Gauls, indeed, seem to have acquired a regard for the institutions of the Romans, together with their arts and learning.

At length the universal gratitude of the people awarded to Augustus the crowning glory of his life. The illustrious Messala, addressing him in full senate, said: "Cæsar Augustus! the senate and Roman people with one voice salute you FATHER OF YOUR COUNTRY." To which the emperor, affected even to tears, replied: "Having now attained the utmost height of my wishes, what more can I ask of the immortal gods than that you may retain towards me to the last moment of my life the sentiments you now express?" It was on this occasion that Augustus for the fourth time accepted the empire. History does not present so striking a contrast as we find between the mild and beneficent splendour of his imperial reign, and the dark shadows of licentiousness, cruelty, and bloodshed that stained his triumvirate. To what extent this transformation of the character of Augustus was due to the influence and the wise counsels of Mæcenas and his illustrious friends, it would not be possible to discuss in our present limits. But great as their influence undoubtedly was, the conduct of Augustus, when he had adopted the maxims of virtue and greatness, and resolved to become the parent of his country and people, affords another proof of the power of the human mind to become what it contemplates, and to act in unison with its object.

\* Thus gracefully translated in Lord Ravensworth's English lyric version of the Odes of Horace:

O Thou, from gods propitious sprung,  
Best guardian of our land, too long  
Thine absence here we mourn;  
The sacred conclave of the state  
Thy welcome promise still await;  
Redeem it, and return.

Restore, O gracious prince, the light  
Of dawn unto thy country's night;  
For when thy face benign  
Like spring, hath met thy people's gaze,  
More pleasantly pass by the days,  
The suns more gaily shine.

\* \* \* \*

By thee our matrons' homes are pure,  
Th' approving father owns secure  
His likeness in his son;  
Morals and law maintain their sway,  
And justice stops the culprit's way  
Soon as the crime is done.

Independently of the imperial power, he had continued to exert the immense authority of a tribune, and the office of "prefect of the laws and manners," in which he showed zeal for the glory of the state and the happiness of the people. By adding the dignity of high-priest, on the death of Lepidus, the emperor accumulated in himself the sacred, the military, and the civil power, and it was in virtue of this office that he suppressed all books of oracles and divination. To the spiritualists of these latter days he certainly would have showed no mercy.

His victories and administrative policy had restored peace to the world, stability of government, and good administration of the laws, shortly before the era of that crowning event in human annals—the birth of the PRINCE OF PEACE, to whom, ere two centuries elapsed, regions that were inaccessible even to the Romans were subdued. Augustus was not destined to know the God of Love, who came in the time of this mortal life to redeem and visit the world in great humility: could it have been his privilege, who in his later years so nobly cast away the works of darkness, to put on as a Christian the armour of light, how Christendom through all the ages would have held his name in saintly honour!

Amid the splendour of his public life, Augustus had now to mourn the loss of his beloved sister—whose life for the twelve years she survived her son Marcellus were years of mourning; of Horace, his attached and honoured friend; and, shortly afterwards, of Mæcenas, his faithful minister, to whose encouragement we doubtless owe no small part of the works of Horace as well as Virgil. Mæcenas and Horace, in their lives united by a mutual friendship, were not divided in their death, both being interred in the Esquilæ, to which the celebrated gardens of Mæcenas reached. The latter years of the emperor's life were clouded by domestic ills. His daughter Julia, on the death of Agrippa, took for her third spouse, Tiberius, the son of Livia by her first husband. After losing both his grandsons, Caius and Lucius, the emperor adopted Tiberius, whom he promoted to the highest military commands, and bestowed on him, after his successful campaign against the Germans, the government of the provinces of the empire, and the command of the armies. Augustus thenceforth sought retirement from his public cares. His conquests in Spain had been his last military exploits, and he afterwards avoided war with as much care as the Roman generals of old had been used to seek it. At length, in the seventy-sixth year of his age and the forty-fourth of his reign, when he had seen peace restored to his country, her laws reformed, her commerce extended, her colonies flourishing, her people prosperous and grateful, and offering him divine honours, arts and learning carried to a height unknown before, Rome boasting a splendour worthy the capital of the world, and an empire founded that was to endure for generations, Augustus died, and his last words were from the heart: "Livia! remember our happy union. Farewell!"

W. S. G.

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## GUSTAVE AIMARD.

WHAT may be termed savage literature, always possesses a great fascination for the reader, and the few writers who have devoted themselves to that field have always secured ready perusal. Who is there among us who has not hung with breathless interest over the "Last of the Mohicans?" or followed the "Pathfinder" through the series of works that depict his adventurous career? Next came Ruxton, too soon taken from us, alas! but the few memorials he left showed how great a loss our literature suffered in him. Lastly, we have had Mayne Reid, who has his readers by tens of thousands, and whose novels are full of incident and vitality. Others have trod this field and have failed: in charity to them we will omit their names.

This literature has, hitherto, been almost indigenous to the Anglo-Americans, for no other nation has come so much in contact with the savages as those who sent forth these daring pioneers from north and south to drive the Indians farther and farther back from their hunting-grounds. Among Germans, the only persons who have touched on the Indians are Charles Sealsfield, in his "Cabin Book," and Kohl, who gave us his charming monogram of the Ojibbeways in his "Travels Round Lake Superior." The French had a very celebrated representative, Louis de Bellamare, better known as Gabriel Ferry, but even his deservedly great reputation, resting on his "Coureur des Bois," has paled before the rising lustre of Gustave Aimard, who is at once the French Mayne Reid and Fennimore Cooper.

Aimard's Indian tales will be found superior to those of both the above-named authors, and for very simple reasons. Although Cooper possessed a great talent for inventing a story, the misfortune is, that the scene is laid within a very confined space: he deals with only the eastern tribes, those which the Yankee element came most into collision with; and these tribes, inexorably driven back before the white man, soon lost those salient points which distinguish the savage of the western prairies. The Tuscaroras and Delawares were not lords of the land after the landing of the first pale faces; they contended inch by inch of their territory, it is true, but their opponents had the prestige of victory, and the tribes, decimated by whisky and white diseases, had not the energy left to resist. If they formed a confederation, it was but limited in its extent, and fell to pieces from internal dissension. Cooper was, therefore, virtually right in calling one of his books "The Last of the Mohicans," even though the scattered fragments of that race still exist beyond the Mississippi.

Mayne Reid, on the other hand, acted wisely in laying the scene of his stories among the untameable tribes of the western prairies—the Pawnees, the Apaches, and the Comanches—that haughty race which calls itself "Queen of the Prairies," and defies the white man. These tribes still lord it in the desert; they are constantly at war with the pale faces, and during the "Mexican moon" commit frightful ravages in Sonora and along the frontier. The degenerate descendants of Cortez are unable to resist them, and they spread desolation on their path. Villages, even towns, are burned, the crops are ruthlessly destroyed, and

the women led into captivity, to become the slaves of the red-skin warriors. Such men, though they be savages, supply a thrilling subject for the romance writer, and Mayne Reid did well in laying the scene of his Indian tales among them.

Unfortunately, however, when you have read one of Captain Reid's stories, you have read them all, for a marvellous likeness pervades them. The feeling cannot be overcome that, having exhausted his stock of personal observation in his earlier works, he repeats himself, or is obliged to fall back on reading. Another great defect in these otherwise charming tales is the utter absence of plot: you have incidents piled on incidents, but the conclusion lies as plainly before you as the town you are travelling to on a Dutch road. It may be that Mayne Reid, having to write for a popular periodical, does not display that artistic finish of which we believe him quite capable, and that, under different circumstances, he might produce works in every way satisfactory to his readers; but there is nothing so injurious, he should remember, to a popular author than the whispered "he is writing himself out," from which some of our best writers are now suffering, simply because, having made a reputation, they do nothing on their side to support it.

The case is very different, however, with the subject of our paper. Gustave Aimard has written some dozen Indian tales, all interesting and all unlike. The great charm of his stories is, indubitably, the vitality he manages to throw into them; and he writes with such spirit, that, while reading, you cannot but imagine that he is describing to you scenes of which he was an eye-witness. And this was very probably the case, for Aimard's life has been one which we defy the most practised romancer to out-romance. He has lived an age (for such an existence cannot be measured by years) among the savages. As adopted son of one of the most powerful Indian nations, he has fought, hunted, trapped by their side, and is thoroughly acquainted with their every ruse. But this is not all; and, fortunately for his readers, he has gone through every phase of desert life. He has been in turn squatter, hunter, trapper, and miner, and has seen the mode of life of all the adventurers who traverse the Indian deserts in every direction. Twice he was led to the stake of torture by the Apaches, and only saved by a miracle: he wandered about alone for upwards of a month on the great Del Norte desert; he was a slave in one of the sacred cities of the Sun, and is probably the only European who returned alive from those gloomy caverns, where the sacred fire of Montezuma is still kept burning, carefully tended by Vestals, as in ancient Rome; he was a prisoner for a lengthened period with the cruel and treacherous Patagonians—in a word, there is not a portion of uncivilised America, North or South, which he has not traversed, with his good rifle in his hand, in defiance of the wild beasts and the still wilder and more dangerous inhabitants.

But even such a life as this would avail a man but little for literary pursuits, unless he possessed the gift of putting it in an attractive form, and this Gustave Aimard has in an eminent degree. He is endowed with all the qualities of a novelist, and while his works read so truthfully, they are of absorbing interest, owing to the clever way in which the author maintains the surprise, which is the great characteristic, even though an unworthy one, perhaps, of the successful novelist. With the first novel

he produced on his return, "Le Grand Chef des Aucas," his reputation was established in France, and he has constantly marched to fresh triumphs. Nearly every month a fresh work is produced from his prolific pen; and yet, though we have read them all with unabated interest, we have not found an instance where he has repeated them, excepting, of course, where he has found it necessary to describe Indian manners and customs, which do not vary. Many of his earlier works have reached the sixth edition, and we may safely say that he has a clientèle in Paris greater than even Paul de Kock had in his palmiest days.

It is no slight merit for a French author to achieve, that these works do not contain a single line which an English reader would wish away. M. Aimard is too truly a man to attempt corrupting the hearts and minds of his readers by high-flown sentiment; if we find fault with him at all, it is for investing his Indian characters with too much humanity, and endowing them with attributes which are generally the boast of civilisation alone. But he is the best judge of such matters: he has made the Indian character the study of his life, and we may safely accept at his hands a picture which we may deem too flattering, but which, after all, may be explained by the many-sided phases human life assumes, to the skin that covers white, red, or black. If Mrs. Stowe was allowed to rehabilitate the negro in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," surely no fault is to be found with Gustave Aimard because he manfully upholds the men with whom he spent so many years of his life, and whom he learnt to love and admire in spite of their faults, which are, after all, inherent in their nature.

After the fashion of Fennimore Cooper, Aimard generally selects one hero, whom he accompanies through several volumes, although they are all complete in themselves, and require no elucidatory remarks. In one series, composed of "La Grande Flibuste," "La Fièvre d'Or," and "Curumilla," his hero is the unfortunate Count de Raousset Boulbon, who fell a victim to Mexican ill-faith in 1848, and was shot like a dog by the governor of Sonora. His hapless fate created a sensation throughout Europe at the time, but faded away in presence of the weird political events that occupied all minds in that eventful year. Had the count been successful, he would have ranked in history by the side of Cortez and Pizarro, and his exploit of taking the fortified town of Hermosello, at the head of scarce three hundred men, and with no guns, has hardly been surpassed in the history of modern warfare. No better hero for a romance could have offered; and while M. Aimard has adhered rather closely to facts, he has interwoven a web of human interest by sundry love passages that take place between the count and the daughter of his great enemy, the governor of Sonora.

Among all that is good, it is difficult to choose the best, but, in our opinion, "L'Eclaireur" is the most successful of all M. Aimard's Indian stories, possibly because it deals more with civilisation than the rest of the tales do. Perhaps our readers will not object to a short analysis of the plot, which we trust will impel them to seek the book itself.

In consequence of intrigues, Don Real de los Montes is obliged to fly from Mexico, leaving his wife and daughter in charge of his brother, Don Estevan. The latter, who has concocted the intrigue in the hope of succeeding to his brother's wealth, forces the ladies into a convent, where the mother dies, and the daughter, Doña Luisa, is immured alive in the oubliettes. Fortu-

nately for her, her young lover, Don Leo de Torres, hears of this, breaks into the convent, carries her and a companion, Doña Laura, off, and flies into the desert. So eager, however, is Don Estevan's pursuit in order to destroy the last witness of his crime, that Don Leo is compelled to entrust the two ladies to Addick, an Apache chief, who conveys them to the City of the Sun, with the intention of never giving them up again. This Addick is a double rogue, and plays with both parties for his own profit. Under these circumstances, Bon-affût, the Eclaireur, or scout, makes his appearance, accompanied by another Canadian hunter, Balle-franche (the hero of a previous tale), and Eagle-head, a celebrated Comanche chief. Don Estevan is captured while arranging his villany, and his brother, Don Mariano, arrives in the desert in time to accuse him before the terrible Court of Lynch Law. He is found guilty, and unceremoniously condemned to be buried alive, with his right hand free to clutch a pistol when he grows tired of his awful position.

Don Mariano, however, relents, and gives Balle-franche the hint to liberate him. He does so at the last moment, and receives his reward by being knocked on the head by the ungrateful villain, who makes off with his horse and joins the Apaches, to whom he consents to surrender the two ladies, on condition that none of his enemies leave the desert alive. On hearing the news from Balle-franche that Don Estevan is free, the gambusinos break up their camp at once, and hasten off in the hope of realising the ladies before Don Estevan reaches the city.

The description of the march through the virgin forests is unique, and we would gladly quote illustrative passages, did our space permit. Suffice it to say that, after countless skirmishes with the Indians, they all arrive in sight of the Sacred City—to discover that the Apaches have reached it before them. At this moment Bon-affût appears as the *Deus ex machinâ*. Disguised as a medicine-man, and aided by Eagle-head, he manages to get into the Sacred City (the detailed description of which, by the way, is admirably done, and evidently by an eye-witness), and by stratagem, too long to describe, and would be spoiled in shortening, gets the ladies out. The Europeans fly, hotly pursued by the Indians, who are furious to avenge the sacrilege committed on their sacred ground, and the party at length enter Sonora to find the Indians before them, perpetrating the horrors of the Mexican Moon. They are beleaguered, and, after a frightful combat, are about to put an end to their lives, sooner than fall into the hands of their furious foes, when Eagle-head arrives at the head of the Comanches, and puts the Apaches to flight with immense slaughter.

This outline, naturally bald as it is, will serve to show the strong human interest of the story, and the powerful way in which it is worked out. But it would be hopeless for us to attempt to furnish any idea of the scenes that fill up the volume, and the countless delicate touches the author gives to bring out the Indian character in all its glory. We feel convinced that Eagle-head will find as many admirers as the last chief of the Mohicans, for he is quite as inexorable and chivalrous. The character of his squaw, Fleur d'Eglantine, is also most exquisitely drawn, and altogether the volume produces an effect on the reader which cannot be described but must be felt. Whoever reads it on our recommendation, will, we feel assured, not be disappointed.

In a political point of view, these Indian tales possess considerable

interest, as coming from one who has carefully studied the question. It is very remarkable to find, in the nineteenth century, that the savages, once driven back thousands of miles from the frontier of civilisation by the Spanish conquistadors, are gradually regaining their ground, and forcing the Mexicans to retire in their turn. Large districts, once covered by smiling haciendas, have now been regained to the desert; the presidios built to keep the invader at bay, have been ruined, and there is nothing to check the advance of the prairie Indians save their own desire to return home, after completing a successful raid, and enjoying the spoils. With the Americans advancing to the east and south, the savages on the west and north, Mexico must inevitably be swallowed up between them, and the great contest will commence. As to the result, M. Aimard feels sanguine, for he has a most hearty detestation of the Yankees, which would have gladdened the heart of Dr. Johnson, who so liked a good hater, but we are inclined to shake our heads in doubt. We concede all that M. Aimard urges, that the prairie Indians have formed a grand confederation, and are under military organisation (we wonder whether French adventurers have a hand in this), and we are fully aware how long the conquest of the Seminoles, led by Osceola, took the Americans. But when such a country as Mexico was the stake, the whole of Yankeeedom would take up arms. North and south would forget their quarrels for the prospect of annexing so fertile a territory, and we can hardly expect that a few thousand Indians, however brave and well organised, could long withstand the combined efforts of the republic, that "colossus with the feet of clay," as Gustave Aimard terms it.

But, putting this question aside, there is another and more cheerful aspect under which we may regard the great and deserved success of Aimard's Indian tales. It indicates that the reign of frivolity and immorality which has so long weighed down French literature is drawing to an end, and that a taste for healthier reading is being produced. During the last few years French authors have disgraced their brethren by the trash with which they supplied the European book-mart; and it was a sad sign of the times when such a book as "Fanny" could run through twenty editions, having nothing to recommend it but one highly-wrought scene, which the well-regulated mind turned from with disgust. The result has been that French books, than which none are more amusing or artistic when kept within bounds, have been expelled from English drawing-rooms, or, at any rate, concealed under sofa squabs. But this is a pity, for the good books suffer for the bad, and we may recommend for perusal, next to Aimard's novels, those which Messrs. Hachette publish periodically in their railway library. These we are glad to see making their way slowly into our booksellers' shop-windows and on to the railway stalls, and so long as their quality is maintained they may be safely recommended. And that it will be so we may feel assured Messrs. Hachette will take good care.

We hope, too, to see Aimard's books soon ranking by their side, for they deserve to be read in the original. We observe, however, that a translation of some of them is announced, and we presume that the series will follow. That they are healthy reading we have already said; that they are deeply interesting does not admit of a doubt; and that they are decidedly the best of their sort is the opinion we entertain, and which we believe our readers will confirm when they have compared them with other works of the same nature offered them before.



## STAMBOUL FOR ITALY.

## I.

LORD CONSTANTINE he looked around  
 A world, that owned his rule,  
 And when by Hellespont he found  
 Its key and corner-stone, he crowned  
 Imperial Stamboul.  
 And still her ocean-river flows  
 Two continents between;  
 Still on her hills the myrtle grows,  
 And still her vales are green.  
 But now, exhausted by the throes,  
 Which coming dissolution knows,  
 She gasps in feverish repose,  
 The Euxine's discrowned Queen.  
 Then, since the pride of Islam droops,  
 Doomed by its deep self-scorn,  
 Must we be still, while Russia stoops  
 Upon the Golden Horn?  
 No! though they fail us at the pinch,  
 Whom once we helped to free,  
 Though Austria snarl, and Prussia flinch,  
 And France a traitor be:—  
 As at Vittoria, inch by inch,  
 We'll win the mastery.

## II.

Win! and for what?—That hour by hour  
 Imperious impotence may shower  
 A curse upon its guardian Giaour?  
 Win! and for what?—That sword and gun  
 May end the bloody work begun  
 Amid the yells of Lebanon?  
 Win! and for what?—That lust may build  
 Its gay kiosk, its harem gild,  
 For this shall England's blood be spilled?

## III.

No! not for this! Once, only once,  
 Could Christendom forget  
 Wrongs unrepented, e'en the dunce  
 Learns something from regret;  
 Then down with Islam! 'Twould be worth  
 An hour of glorious dangers  
 To free the fairest spot on earth  
 From those who stamp its vales with death,  
 And mock its shrines with scornful mirth,  
 And use its fonts for mangers.  
 A race that never ploughed nor spun,  
 But, like voracious maggots,  
 Eat idly grovelling in the sun;  
 And now their feast is almost done,  
 Their fruit-trees bare as fagots,  
 Down with them, down! And up with——Whom?  
 Whose form shall fill the vacant room  
 When Bey and Pasha meet their doom?

Heiress of Stamboul thou must be,  
Home of the Cæsars, Italy!

## IV.

Italia! at thy glorious name  
All rivalry recedes in shame,  
Mother of heroes! who can show  
Such children as thine own,  
Camillus, Fabius, Scipio?  
So great they would not deign to go  
One step towards a throne  
Whereon their brethren less divine  
Sat god-like, Julius! Constantine!  
Nor those alone. For when the world  
Its rotten crowns to chaos hurled,  
And drunk with fiery draughts of war  
The eagles of the tricolor  
O'er sullen Moscow shone,  
Whom hailed they lord of king and czar,  
Their emperor, their guiding star?  
Thy great Napoleon!  
And who, when he was forced to own  
That dream of triumph vain,  
Who, when he flew to guard a throne  
That rested on his fame alone,  
Who stayed to nerve the Gaul's retreat  
Through fog and hurricane and sleet  
Across those dreary wastes, whereon  
Swarmed the avengers from the Don,  
From Ural and Ukraine?  
Not thine, brave Prince of Moskowa,  
Nor thine, advanced guard King Murat,  
Of Austerlitz and Arcola,  
The spirit to return;  
But first in rallies and attacks,  
And last to yield, or turn their backs,  
And gayest at cold bivouacs,  
The men of Rome and Latium,  
Of Umbria and Samnium,  
The rear-guard with Eugène!

## V.

Land of the brave in days gone by!  
Thy heart is still the same,  
Oppressors could not drain it dry,  
Nor anarchists inflame.  
And if of yore his Rome to save  
Her bravest leaped his steed  
Right down that deep sepulchral cave  
Which closed upon the deed,  
Doth not the old imperial land  
Its race of Curtius know  
In Cavour, Garibaldi, and  
Il Rè Galantuomo?  
Then never fear, thy way is clear,  
The night is past, the dawn is here,  
Hail! Empire of the Free!  
Down with the Sultan and his line!  
Up with the heirs of Constantine!  
Stamboul for Italy!

## TRIALS OF A GOVERNESS.

FOR some time past governesses have proved the stock subject of the novel writer, and we have had more than enough of sentimentalism about virtuous poverty and Pamela-ism. We should hardly have added another instance had we not received a very curious German book,\* purporting to describe the history of a friendless young lady in England, that El Dorado of the Teutonic unprotected female. Although there is something suspicious in the fact that no names are given—indeed, a studied concealment is sought—there is a certain amount of internal evidence that the lady writes the truth to some extent; and her revelations furnish so peculiar, and, we hope, unequal a picture, that we have no hesitation in making them known to our readers, in the hope that some of the ladies implicated may offer a satisfactory explanation and contradiction, highly necessary at the present time, when so many calumnies about England are eagerly accepted on the Continent.

The young nameless lady, with the general tendency of unmarried females, does not tell us in what year she was born. Of course, circumstances over which she had no control made her go out as governess, and her first engagement was with an English captain, as *bonne* to his little daughter. With this family she proceeded to Brussels, and was cheated of her wages, left ill in the lodgings, when the captain bolted, and considered herself fortunate in securing an engagement with a lady residing in Hertfordshire. Here she was out of the frying-pan into the fire, for she was starved, reduced to a skeleton, and her doctor's bill deducted out of her salary. In her despair, the governess wrote to Queen Adelaide, who had her case at once inquired into; but the gentleman entrusted with the duty only heard what the mistress had to say, and nothing was done. After escaping from this purgatory she entered the service of a lady of title, who lived apart from her husband, and was constantly accompanied by a medical man, himself married. This lady was in the habit of beating her children till the blood came; and the writer assures us that *salt* was rubbed into the wounds! After four years' wretchedness, her ladyship bolted to the Continent with the doctor, forgetting to pay the governess, or, indeed, anybody.

The next engagement was with a Mrs. E(aston), where the writer was most comfortably treated as a daughter; but the damp compelled her, reluctantly, to give up this situation, and she established herself at Stamford, when she obtained a considerable number of pupils in the surrounding country. We next find her obliged to give up these engagements, owing, as she states, to the bother of one of her pupils falling in love with her, and she proceeded as companion to a lady on a continental tour. On her return to England she looked out for a fresh berth, but more cautiously than before; for, as she says—

Experience had taught me that, in all families where governesses were frequently changed, a bad system of education prevailed, and this was generally

\* Denkwürdigkeiten einer Deutschen Erzieherin. Berlin: Otto Janke.

followed by other evils, which the principals ever tried to tone down with great unscrupulousness at the expense of their governess's reputation. It is indeed remarkable what harshness and coarseness prevail in families against teachers; it almost seems as if the children, entirely trusted to their care and virtue, are not especially respected. So soon, then, as a lady asked me for my references, I, for my part, inquired whether governesses stayed long with her, if she entrusted them with the punishment of the children, supported their authority, or encouraged the calumnies of the pupils. When I sent a lady the address of my references, I also asked for those of her former governesses, in order to make inquiries on my side; for I am of opinion that the rights on both sides were equal, and I was not disposed to imperil my reputation by an incautious choice.

The natural result was, that the young lady remained for a long time out of a situation, during which she formed a romantic attachment to a Portuguese exile, M. de T——, who would not marry her, however, because he had expectations from two sisters, who would disinherit him if he chose a Lutheran. While waiting for dead women's shoes, then, the writer entered various families, with the usual result, but at last was engaged by the Marchioness of S(ligo), where she was very happy, until the marquis died, and the dowager retired to her estates in Ireland, whither she could not accompany her, owing to her approaching marriage. De T——, however, obtained leave to return to Portugal to settle his affairs, and the governess went into lodgings in Stutfield-place (wherever that may be), in the vicinity of Hyde Park. She had numerous pupils, but, unfortunately, did not know the character of the house where she lived, for she was robbed, ill-treated, and turned on the street by hired ruffians. The account of this is worth quoting, especially when we bear in mind that the writer must have lived nearly thirty years in England :

I tried to lock myself in my room, but the two colossal women pressed against the door, which gave way; on their outcry came three fellows from the kitchen, evidently their accomplices. I shrieked for help, but the daughter threw herself on me with the greatest fury, seized my long hair, and attacked me like a wild beast. In this position I succeeded in giving the raging woman such a violent blow on the nose, that she let loose, but the mother now threw a cloth over my head, the robbers seized my arms, eyes and mouth were immediately braced, and I awaited the death-blow, for, in London, murders daily take place for much slighter causes than the objects I had been robbed of. After a while, I was let loose on a promise that I would neither cry for help nor summon the police, and I left the murderer's den, of which there are so many in London, stripped of all means.

While in this state the governess heard that a lady desired a companion to Madeira, intending to put in at Gibraltar to see a daughter; and she was accepted, and was delighted at it, because she could then gain information about De T——, whose letters had been most unsatisfactory since his return home. On reaching Lisbon, after many romantic interludes, she discovered that De T—— was attending on a dying wife, and gave him up on the spot, refusing to see him or receive his letters of explanation. To add to her wretchedness, her mistress died suddenly, and she was left in Lisbon penniless. In this situation, she waited on Lady H(oward) de W(alden), the ambassador's wife, who treated her most kindly, and procured her many pupils. Here she was very happy, and would have probably ended her days in Portugal, but so many attempts were made to convert her, that she was obliged to return to England,

where, however, she soon repented having "exchanged sunny Lusitania for foggy Britain, for I scarcely trod this land again ere I felt the influences of the English national qualities of pride, selfishness, and heartlessness." She accepted an engagement with a Mrs. R—— in the country, but her troubles began by the unmarried brother of the lady falling in love with her against her desire, which led her a most miserable life. Indeed, according to the writer's showing, her beauty was her misfortune, for all the men fell in love with her, and all the women hated her in consequence. Hardly a family in which some male member does not make her proposals of marriage or otherwise, and she must have been a marvel to resist them all. Of course she left the R——s ere long, and set up in London again as private teacher, but lost her connexion, because her new patroness was an Irvingite, and insisted on her joining that faith. Her account of the "spiritual exercises" is worth a quotation :

At six o'clock P.M. I went to the church, in which a solemn gloom prevailed, and groups of fervent devotees sat around. Behind the altars were stationed the priests, near it sat the "Angel of the Church," as the Irvingites called Mrs. E——, and the deepest silence lay on the whole scene.

"Weck waaa jum kerring yapp," a trembling old woman's voice suddenly yelled in a high alt; on which all turned to the spot whence the yell proceeded. Miss D——, who fortunately sat by my side, whispered: "The gift of strange tongues." After a pause, a spectral bass voice, coming as it were from a tomb, cried, "Oh, woe, woe, woe to those who do not confess their sins; their light will expire, and their candlestick be overthrown!" "Mary, pray confess your sins, and you will shine like the silver wings of a dove!" a second female voice shrieked. "Fly, fly, fly into the sanctuary of the Apostolic Church, that the murderers may not catch you. Oh! the murderers, murderers, murderers — oh! they are close at your heels. But His holy apostles will build a wall round you, so that they may not reach you. Yea, they will afflict them with blindness, so that they shall not see you," a hollow voice behind the altar said. "The gift of prophecy," Miss D—— remarked.

"Haaaowounack!" growled a voice. "O the throne, O the throne, O the throne of His holy apostles! how they glisten, how they shine! fall down and worship them!" bleated an old woman in a singing tone. On which the whole assembly piously folded their hands, and their features became glorified.

The governess would not become an Irvingite, but, for the sake of peace and quietness, paid tithes of her earnings. Growing tired of this fun, she resolved to procure another engagement, and for that purpose entered a Governesses' Institution, as boarder. But this place did not suit her at all, as will be seen from the following far from flattering account :

In one room thirty-six ladies read, wrote, played, drew, painted, sewed, studied, and conversed! The noise was at times enough to take away the senses. A residence here does not at all serve to give you a favourable notion of the manners of women in whose hands the education of the growing youth of the highest classes is entrusted. If you were singing or playing, a dozen wanted the piano, while the rest scolded, because they could not work, or indulged in malicious scandal. The disputes, envy, hatred, gossip, calumny, and evil speaking, did not cease the whole day through; and they often had such violent squabbles that Mrs. H—— was compelled to fetch the chaplain of the establishment to put an end to the dispute. Worst of all off were foreigners, for all the English women combined against them; they were the most oppressed by the directress, and put upon on every opportunity. Both these ladies were most

selfish, quarrelsome, and unjust, and constantly let it be understood that their kindness was purchasable, by displaying a quantity of valuable presents they had received from their protégées.

To remove from this establishment, the writer accepted an engagement in the house of a country clergyman. Though he was sixty years of age, he pursued her with his attentions, and when she rejected him, refused her a character. On this she had the courage to write to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who pulled the clergyman up, and wrote in her behalf to the committee of the Governess's Institution, so that she could enter it again at any moment, even without a character from her last place.

Her next engagement was the most extraordinary of all, with a lady in Scotland, and it wants a strong mind to believe all she says. The husband of the lady was a young man of very pleasant manners, and the governess was treated with the utmost distinction, having to take the head of the table at meals, as the lady of the house did not make her appearance. The first thing that attracted her attention was the nature of the pictures on the walls, and she was truly horrified on hearing from the children that they were portraits of former governesses. Very soon discovering the danger of her situation, she gave notice at once to leave. And yet the writer tells us in the same breath that she met at this pandemonium for governesses, Eliot Warburton, the author of "The Crescent and the Cross." Surely such scarce veiled statements as these demand contradiction, for the honour of England.

After one or two more engagements, which turned out unpleasantly, and as, moreover, our governess had saved a decent sum of money, she determined on returning to her own country, taking farewell of the land that sheltered her so long, in the following sentences :

I am convinced that there is no country in which the stranger feels the solitude of the heart so terribly as in England, for in every other land he is treated with a certain degree of interest, even with politeness, but the *borné* Englishman hates the foreigner, looks down on him with pride and contempt, because he always remains a brutal egotist, who, as a son of liberty, despises the continental peoples for their serfdom. On the other hand, English nobodies are treated with honour at the courts of Germany, about which they laugh heartily among themselves. I have often wished that German princes might overhear the coarse witticisms which these ox-flesh beings indulge in about the "petty courts."

For some reason or other, the governess, however, accepted other engagements in Poland and Prussia, and we are happy to find that she complains just as much about them as she does about England. She had the misfortune to be misunderstood wherever she went, and apparently resolved at last to settle down on the interest of her savings, and write her life. We sincerely wish she had not, for even if her story should be contradicted, which we have no doubt it can be, still there is an old saying, that if you throw dirt enough, some of it is sure to stick ; and there is enough in this volume to build an Irish cabin. We have treated it with the utmost tenderness, for there are passages in it which shows the writer to be what M. About would call a "most enlightened virtue," and which read strangely from a person who is always boasting of her purity.

That the book will be extensively read, we have not the least doubt, for it is written with a degree of malice which will please many readers,

and the author has spitefully managed, while carefully initialising the names, to give them in full in various parts of her narrative, so that any one who takes the trouble can pin the offenders. The volume has certainly many suspicious signs about it—such as the total absence of dates, and the more than flattering character the writer draws of herself; more than all, the continuity of ill treatment she suffered, according to her own showing, displays a malice prepense against our country. As we said before, we should be glad to see some of the parties implicated give as public a contradiction as the statements are public.

While discussing this subject, however, we cannot refrain from noting a curious fact of the day in the propensity the Germans have for calumniating and running down England. General attacks have long been common enough, but writers now-a-days have fallen into the habit of furnishing details which give a great vraisemblance to their statements. More curious still, the majority of the books to which we allude emanate from Berlin, a city with which we are so closely connected. As it is quite certain that such books would not be published unless they were in demand, we may fairly assume that the Prussians have an aversion from the English alliance generally. The *Times*, it is true, did its best during the summer to blow up this aversion into a flame, but isolated instances would hardly account for the very general and wide-spread dislike the Prussians entertain for us as a nation.

If this be the case—and we are afraid it is so—a very awkward consideration arises as to our relations with the Continent. A liberal ministry threw away the Austrian alliance, and it was believed that the union of our princess with the heir-apparent of Prussia consolidated the friendship between the two countries. People rubbed their hands with delight at the thought that we had thrown overboard a worn-out friend, and had entered into partnership with a rising and powerful nation, which was destined to make Germany, ere long, “great, glorious, and free,” and oppose an eternal barrier to the encroachments of France. Such, unfortunately, is not the case: the bonds connecting England and Prussia are anything but tight, and the regent is in a sad state of vacillation, not knowing in which direction to turn, but flattering himself with the idea that his country is strong enough to hold its own, independent of all alliances.

The worst feature, however, is the expression of public feeling against England to which we have already alluded. We attach so much importance to it, that we have given space to the “Trials of a Governess,” not so much to indicate what we believe to be a libel on the English character, as to bring before our readers’ notice the statements about us that find ready acceptance among the Prussians. Such a state of things should not exist: our honour as a nation demands an energetic protest, and in choosing this book as subject for our article, we have taken the worst example of this *odium popolare* that has yet come before us. But we do not know what may remain behind; and unless some energetic measure be taken, the Prussian dislike already existing against us may prove of most serious injury should ever the moment arrive when we have to count our friends.

## THE FATE OF FAURIEL.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## I.

## THE ROSE-PICKER OF PROVINS.

WHILE yet the traveller is slowly wending his way across one of the dreariest plains in France, in the full belief that his journey will never come to an end, there rises, in the far-off distance, a grey shadow which he may well be excused for mistaking for a cloud, so fantastic and irregular is the outline of the form that steals upon the horizon. He labours on, till, by degrees, the cloud-like appearance assumes a more definite shape; but still, for a time, he is uncertain whether what he dimly sees be vapour or substance. At length, as he approaches nearer, his doubts are dispelled, and in the grey mass which lifts itself above the plain he recognises the work of man's hands: those broken lines are the towers and spires and battlements of an ancient city.

A city, once populous and rich; in the middle ages a cynosure of art, and arms, and literature, and commerce; to the Crusaders who left its walls, an image of Holy Jerusalem; at the present day, the thinly-inhabited, ruined town of Provins.

That is to say, the upper town; for, below the steep hill crowned by the lofty tower, which was built, it is said, by Cæsar, and, at all events, bears his name—and by the enormous dome of Saint-Quiriace, nearly as gigantic as its Roman neighbour—there lies another town, only less desolate than her sister, where the decaying trade of Provins is yet carried on. That trade depends now upon two rapid streams, the Durteint and the Voulzie, which turn the wheels of numerous corn-mills, and whose waters, favourable to dyers, spread fertility throughout the valley.

Formerly, however, Provins was celebrated for something more than finely-ground flour and well-stained textures. The large gardens that lie within the wide circuit of its walls were filled with that precious crimson rose, originally a native of Palestine, which was brought to France by Thibault of Champagne, the famous Trouvère, who made it the theme of so many of his lays; and the cultivation of the Provins rose, as an article of commerce, was in the highest degree remunerative.

A hundred years ago this was especially the case, and whoever, at that time, aimed at making a fortune in Provins, thought he could not do better than embark in the trade of rose-leaves. The opportunity for doing so, was, however, limited, the gardens being chiefly in the hands of a few large proprietors who could not readily be induced to part with any portion of their profitable lands. It must be a large sum, they said, to tempt them, and large sums were only made by themselves. As a consequence, the good people of Provins, who were neither millers nor dyers, cultivated only small patches of ground on their own account, and the poorer sort were chiefly rose-leaf pickers.

To the last-named class belonged a family named Fauriel. They lived



in a small house in the Rue aux Aulx, a street almost as humid as the river which it led to, and whence it derived its name. Not all of them, however, were small houses in the Rue aux Aulx, for a palace was numbered amongst them—a splendid monument of the architecture of the sixteenth century, built for François Premier himself, as his device, the Salamander, sculptured in many places, plainly indicated. But the palace and the hovel stood constantly side by side in those days, as if for the purpose of saving Death, who visits both alike, from the trouble of a long journey.

The king's palace and the tenement occupied by Pierre Fauriel did not, indeed, stand side by side, but nearly opposite to each other; and many an hour had the rose-picker wasted, as he sat musing at his own door, with wistful eyes cast on the noble building opposite, half envying its owner the possession of a place so fine, and sadly contrasting with it the squalor of his own habitation.

Pierre Fauriel might be pardoned for thoughts like these, for though only a poor rose-picker now, he had seen better days. He was not by birth a Proinois, but came from Dijon, in which city his father and grandfather before him had been respectable wine-coopers, a calling which was also his own before misfortune overtook him. The failure of a friend who owed him a large sum of money—an epidemic that prostrated him for months, and carried off three out of his four children—and a fire, that finally burnt him out of house and home, were the chief items in the account which made up his ruin; and at forty years of age Pierre Fauriel took his departure from Dijon with his wife and one child, a boy seven years old, to seek a world elsewhere. Paris was the haven towards which he turned his steps, but his wife was taken so ill at Proins that he was compelled to halt there for a time, and during her sickness the little money he had was so nearly consumed that it became advisable for him to consider whether he had not better stay where he was than travel farther. A dream came in aid of his already half-formed intention. He fancied that he stood in the midst of a garden filled with roses, the loveliest, the most fragrant that had ever charmed his senses; that a person, seemingly the owner of the place, of kind but grave aspect, who spoke to him by name, but whose features were unfamiliar, invited him to gather as many roses as he wished; and that as he plucked them every one was turned to gold. Marguerite, his wife, interpreted this dream as women often interpret their visions, after their own inclinations. She was weary of wandering; Paris offered no prospect, no temptation; she dreaded the thought of being a stranger in so vast a city; in her fever she had tasted of the conserves for which Proins was famed; she had learned how the roses from which they were made were the specialty of the town; and influenced by feeling, imagination, and reality, predicted that Pierre would make his fortune if he set up his rest in the old capital of Brie. He took her advice, and remained.

Proins, though on the borders of Champagne, has no trade in wine, and even had it shared in the produce of that far-famed district, the fact would have been of no avail for Pierre Fauriel, who had been brought up a cooper; so he endeavoured to turn his hand to the only occupation that was open to him—work in the rose-gardens of the town, his wife and son assisting. Between them all an existence was secured, but though

Pierre's dream rose often to his remembrance, no chance of its realisation occurred for several years: grey hairs mingled fast with the dark locks of Pierre and Marguerite, and Henri grew apace, a handsome, eager, thoughtless boy.

## II.

## THE RETURN OF FAURIEL'S DREAM.

ONE fine summer's evening, towards the middle of July, in the year 1758, the Fauriel family had returned from their daily labour, and while Marguerite was preparing supper, Pierre took his customary seat near the door, and Henri, too young to feel fatigue, amused himself by throwing his cap at the bats as they flitted past in the twilight, and running to and fro in the vain hope of catching them. At first the father watched his son with a grave smile, and now and then a word of mocking encouragement, till Henri was led by his chase out of sight; Pierre then fell into one of his fits of meditation, and remained silent for some time.

At length the course which his thoughts had taken urged him to relieve himself by speech.

"Marguerite," he said, "when your *ménage* is finished I have something to say to you."

"Dieu merci, mon ami," replied Marguerite, in a cheerful voice, "what I have to do does not take me long. As soon as that boy is tired of play our supper is ready, but if you want to talk to me before, it can wait."

"Henri has gone down the street I know not where," returned Pierre; "to catch a single bat he would throw away a dozen suppers: at his age I did the same. Ah! that is a long while ago, Marguerite—a long while, too, since we came here to do—nothing! As well hunt bats as follow the life we lead."

"But, mon ami," said Marguerite, laying her hand on her husband's shoulder as she stood beside him, "if this life that you deplore does not bring us fortune, it at least suffices for all our wants. There are many in this place who cannot say so much. We must be thankful even for the little that we have!"

"I suppose so," answered Pierre; "yet, once, we were almost rich—well off, at all events."

"Rich indeed!" murmured Marguerite, thinking of the children she had lost.

Pierre took her hand in his, divining her thought.

"It was not to make you unhappy," he said, "that I spoke of the past. On the contrary, what I meant to talk about had quite a different tendency, though perhaps it is altogether nonsense."

"What do you mean, mon ami?" asked Marguerite.

"You remember the dream I had after your illness, when first we came here? Well, I dreamt it again last night."

"It is not singular: the subject is often in your mind."

"Yes, that is true; but still it is singular that I should dream it again last night, and never once in the interval."

"Do you imagine, then, that now it will prove true? I am glad," she added, smiling, "that at last you are of my way of thinking."

"Dame! how can I tell?" returned Pierre. "We have waited long enough for it. And yet I begin to believe that you were right."

"After all your—no, not cross words—you are too kind-hearted for that—your self-accusation, Pierre, your doubts. Say what makes you change?"

"The dream itself was so distinct, so identical with my first impression. There was the garden, three, four, five times as large as the one we work in; there were the roses, ten times finer than those of which our master, M. Desmarests, is so proud; there was the owner of the garden whom I saw before, with the same invitation—and, finally, there was the same result—more gold than I could carry away or even count."

"And tell me, Pierre! Was your only uncertainty removed? Could you recollect the features of the man who gave you this fortune?"

"No, Marguerite! That is what puzzles me still. At one moment I seem on the very point of naming him, and in the next, before I can fix the idea, it is gone! When one's head is dizzy, during sickness, or after fasting and working in the sun, there is much the same difficulty if you look at a person's face: it swims before you, so unsteadily, that you never see more than a part—the whole expression, never."

"In fact," said Marguerite, "the whole thing is curious." And, like her husband, she continued for some moments silent. Suddenly, however, she started, and turned her head. "Henri!" she exclaimed, "when did you come in?"

"Henri!" repeated Pierre, in surprise, "is he there?"

Marguerite strained her eyes, looking through the room, but could perceive no one.

"He is hiding," she observed. "Come, mon enfant, show yourself! Your father wants his supper!"

"Henri cannot be there," said Pierre. "We must have seen him pass. There is no way of entering but by this door or window, unless he came down the chimney. What made you fancy he was here?"

"I felt his soft hand on my shoulder and his warm breath on my neck, as if he were going to kiss me."

"Impossible! That must have been fancy, Marguerite. For, look! here Henri comes, running up the street."

"If not Henri, who could it have been?"

"Nobody, of course. As I said before, it was fancy."

"I swear to you, Pierre, that I felt something touch me, breathe upon me."

"You are superstitious, Marguerite. My dream has disturbed you. Say nothing to the boy, you will frighten him. Ah, *coquin*, where have you been all this time? Do you know that your mother and I are dying of hunger? Our supper-time is long past!"

"I had such a chase, mon père," returned Henri, quite out of breath with his exertions. "I knocked one down, and just as I was going to pick him up, he rose again, and flew like lightning down the street. I followed as fast as I could, but lost him by the river-side. That did not much matter, however, for I saw hundreds down there, flying about in every direction."

"And you filled your cap with them, I suppose?"

"No, mon père. They were too quick for me. But I know how I

shall manage with them another time. I will get a long stick and fasten a net to it—such as we cover over the roses—and then, *mesdames les chauves-souris, vous voilà bien attrappées!*”

“Eh bien, mon enfant! Now come in to supper.”

The father and son chatted gaily during the meal, and both did ample justice to it, but Marguerite ate nothing, and scarcely spoke.

### III.

#### THE UNSEEN VISITANT.

ON the following morning, while yet the dew filled the petals of the roses, Pierre was at work in the garden of Monsieur Desmarests.

The proprietor was, himself, as early as most of his people, for he cherished the proverb which makes success dependent on personal observation, and took strict note of all that was done. Whatever he might have observed with respect to Pierre, Monsieur Desmarests, hitherto, had never said anything, though he knew the rose-picker well enough by sight—and his wife and child too, for that matter—seeing that he lived in the magnificent house in the Rue aux Aulx—formerly a palace—which filled Pierre so often with food for contemplation. But on this occasion Monsieur Desmarests unbent, and, addressing Pierre by name, told him he was a good workman. Pleased to hear commendation from lips that never before were opened to cheer him, Pierre made a suitable reply; and, whether it were his manner and language which indicated something superior, or an impulse on the part of Monsieur Desmarests to pursue the same tone of favour, further words passed between the two, from which the proprietor gathered something of his labourer's history that interested him; and, before he left the spot, he gladdened Pierre's heart by telling him that a piece of waste ground adjacent should be his own property, with liberty to work in it half the day, his regular wages still going on; and, to make the gift of more value, that he, Monsieur Desmarests, would stock it with roses from his own plantations.

“There is something like truth in dreams,” said Pierre, joyously, as he clasped his wife in his arms, when he went home to dinner, for Marguerite, feeling unwell, had not that day accompanied him, neither had Henri, permission being given the boy to stay with his mother to take care of her—a charge which he divided with the care of preparing his net, though the division of labour was far from equal.

“Then I shall be lucky to-night,” cried Henri, “for I dreamed that I caught fifty bats, every one bigger than the other!”

“You shall catch something better than creatures like those,” said Pierre. “What do you think, Marguerite? Monsieur Desmarests has spoken to me to-day—and not that only; his words were worth listening to; he has made me a proprietor like himself. *Oui! J'ai une terre à moi. Je ne suis plus cultivateur!*”

Whereupon Pierre told his wondering wife and son what had passed between Monsieur Desmarests and himself.

“Now, then,” said Henri, “I shall be able to present *Mademoiselle Sabine* with a rose of our own growing.”

*Mademoiselle Sabine* was the daughter of Monsieur Desmarests, a

charming little black-eyed girl, two or three years younger than Henri, and watched by him with more attention than he ever gave to any person or thing besides.

"When the season comes round, Henri, with all my heart," said Pierre, "though it will be but a poor offering to requite her father's kindness with. Madame Desmarests must have her bouquet, too; and you, Marguerite, will help us with some of your pretty needlework. We must try to be grateful in every way."

"It was not, then, a bad omen," whispered Marguerite, again embracing her husband.

"What! you are thinking still of your fancy," said Pierre, laughing.

"What is my mother's fancy?" asked Henri, always inquisitive.

"Only this," replied his father: "she thought you were in the house yesterday evening just before you came back."

"What made her think so?" demanded the boy.

"Never mind, Henri," said Marguerite. "It was a mistake. That is all. Now let us talk about our garden."

To talk about it and to work in it, early and late, was their constant occupation for several weeks, till the ground was perfectly in order, and by that time the season for transplanting had arrived. Monsieur Desmarests was as good as his word, and supplied Pierre with as many rose-trees as completely filled the plot he had given him.

It was now November, the period of the year when the prospects of the rose cultivator, who has no other pursuit, are by no means cheering. The Fauriel family had been severely pinched in more than one hard winter since they came to Provins, and though they had experienced much kindness from Monsieur Desmarests, it was upon their own resources, such as they were, that they felt they must chiefly depend. Marguerite, therefore, resumed her needlework with even more than her ordinary alacrity, and Pierre occupied the long evenings with the manufacture of objects in hard wood, an art which was rendered easy to him by his previous trade. As for Henri—the season for bat-fowling being over—it was his business to study, and after that, by way of amusement to his parents and as an additional exercise to himself, he read to them from the few books they possessed.

Four months exactly had gone by since the night on which Pierre related the return of his dream, and the family were gathered round the hearth, engaged as above described, with this difference, that instead of a book Henri had a newspaper before him. It was a rare thing to see one in those days, and in a country town like Provins they were only met with by accident, travelling thither by uncertain means, and always of old date. Monsieur Desmarests occasionally received a copy of the *Gazette de France*, and this journal it was, which, after passing from hand to hand, eventually came to Pierre Fauriel.

The French press in the reign of Louis XV. was at a very low ebb, and the contents of the *Mercur*es and *Gazettes* consisted chiefly of miserable rubbish in prose and verse, in general of more than questionable morality; but when wars were stirring some animation was given to the columns of the newspapers by the details of battles and sieges. In 1758 the great Seven Years' War was at its height, and Soubise, at the head of the French army in Hesse Cassel, was burning to wipe out the disgrace of his defeat the year before at Rosbach.

"Ah, those verses are not fit to read, Henri," said Pierre, looking up from his work; "let us know if there is any news from Germany."

"Oh yes," replied Henri, turning to another part of the *Gazette*. "Here is a great deal about fighting! First comes an account of a great victory won by us at a place called Sondershausen——"

"Read that, Henri! It is high time we should give these Germans a lesson!"

Though there were no special correspondents at head-quarters in those days, the particulars of the battle were very fully set forth, French successes not being so frequent then as they became in the next generation.

The general account concluded as follows:

"This glorious victory, which will reflect eternal lustre on the arms of his most sacred Majesty, was not achieved, however, without heavy loss. The battle, which began at six o'clock in the morning, and raged with sanguinary violence throughout the day, did not terminate till nearly dark: in effect, the last shot from the enemy's guns was fired after sunset, and was nearly proving fatal to his Highness Prince Soubise while in the act of descending from his horse, the ball passing close to the shoulder of his highness, and killing the orderly, a dragoon named Nicolas Barbier, who was holding the prince's charger——"

"What do you say, Henri?" exclaimed Pierre. "Whose name was that? Read it again!"

Henri obeyed.

"Nicolas Barbier," slowly repeated Pierre after his son. "So, then, he has found his death in Germany! Well, all debts are paid now, Marguerite. Poor fellow! He thought to have made his fortune in the wars, and see what it has come to!"

"Who was Nicolas Barbier?" inquired Henri.

Pierre was too much absorbed to reply, and Marguerite answered:

"An old friend of your father's, when we lived at Dijon. He was unfortunate in business, like ourselves: we lost all our money through him, and then he went away to be a soldier."

"A long fight, indeed!" said Pierre, musing; "and to be killed by the last shot! On what day, Henri, was the battle fought?"

"The *Gazette* says the thirteenth of July."

"The thirteenth of July! Stay!"

Pierre reckoned on his fingers.

"Why, that was this very day four months. You remember, Marguerite?"

"Ah! There it is again," cried Marguerite, hastily rising from her chair.

"What! what!" demanded Pierre and Henri together.

"The hand on my shoulder, the breath on my neck," returned Marguerite, trembling.

"But nobody is there!" exclaimed Pierre.

While he spoke, however, a gust of air nearly extinguished the candle he was holding up more clearly to see through the apartment.

"Where can that wind come from?" said Pierre. "There is none outside. The night is perfectly still. If it were not folly," he continued, "I should say that something flapped against my cheek just now, like the cape of a cloak. You are playing no tricks, Henri?"

"I! my father," said the boy, pale as his mother, to whom he was clinging. "See, I am here!"

Before Pierre could make another observation, a low sigh was heard by them all to issue from a distant corner.

"Who is there?" cried Pierre, in a loud voice, turning in the direction from which the sound proceeded; but no answer was made.

With the light in his hand, Pierre closely examined every part of the room. One door, which closed on a staircase leading to the upper chamber, he threw open, and peered through the darkness, but nothing met his view.

"It is very strange!" he muttered, returning to his seat; but scarcely had he uttered the words before the same low sigh was heard again, though this time in a different place.

"If any one is in this room," said Pierre, "let him reveal himself! I am not a person to threaten without a meaning, but whoever I find concealed shall suffer for his intrusion."

For the third time came the sigh, again from a different quarter.

Marguerite, whose courage had returned, now took up the word. After pressing to her lips a small cross which hung on her bosom, she said solemnly,

"I conjure you by this to speak! Who and what are you?"

In accents faint but distinct a Voice replied, "A friend to all here."

"In God's name, then, declare yourself," interposed Pierre, impetuously. "What is your name?"

"Nicolas Barbier!" answered the faint Voice.

A shudder crept over all present, and some moments elapsed before any one spoke again. At length Pierre said, in a broken voice, "What do you seek?"

"To repair the evil I have done," was the reply.

"How can that be?" asked Pierre.

"My task began four months ago," returned the Spirit—for such the Voice was held to be by those who listened. "Already some good has been wrought. The heart of Monsieur Desmarests has been turned towards you."

"That is true," murmured Pierre, glancing at Marguerite.

"It is not permitted to me," continued the Unseen, "to load you with gold, but my counsel will be of far more worth. Ask my advice in any affair—I shall be always near—and count upon the success of your undertaking."

"And you were Nicolas Barbier, of Dijon?"

"Yes."

"Who was killed at Sondershausen?"

"The same."

"Will you show yourself?"

"I dare not. To do that would be fatal to you. I could never serve you again."

"How shall I know that what you say is true?"

"Wait till to-morrow, and you will have proof. Be silent for ever on the events of this night, and seven years hence, Pierre Fauriel, you will be one of the richest men in Provins."

## IV.

## THE FLOOD OF FORTUNE.

ON the morrow came a letter for Pierre Fauriel, bearing the post-mark of Dijon. It was from a certain Monsieur Frelon, a notary of that city, and told Pierre of the death of a distant relation who had bequeathed him a thousand crowns. This, though not a fortune, was an earnest of the truth of what he had been promised. The sum was not large enough to induce Pierre to return to his native place, even had his desires pointed that way, which they did not, for he would still have had to follow some calling to procure a livelihood, and it was better, he thought, to do so where his first condition was unknown. Besides, the tide had set in his favour at Provins; and if dependence might be placed on the continuance of a fair beginning, of Provins he was one day to be one of the richest citizens. He, therefore, directed the notary to remit the money, and housed it for occasion.

Fauriel and his wife, who were very prudent, carefully kept to themselves the secret on which their future prosperity depended, and Henri was not only too deeply impressed by a sense of fear to speak of it, but had been solemnly warned by his father against the danger of opening his lips on the subject. Nevertheless, one feeling always remained uppermost in his mind—the wish to see the Being whose mysterious presence had been announced in his hearing. Such a wish, however, he could not hope to gratify, the penalty attached to its indulgence being so great. Henri had, moreover, learnt that so long as his father exercised the right of interrogation the Spirit would be deaf to any other person, though a member of the family of Fauriel. When that right was renounced, the opportunity might be his: till then, Henri must wait.

On Pierre Fauriel alone rested, therefore, the management of affairs so singularly entrusted to his guidance. He conducted them with great circumspection, acting in no single particular without the advice of his *quondam* friend, and he speedily reaped the fruits of his willing obedience. There was no reason why he should withhold from general knowledge the fact of his having received a legacy, and except mentioning the precise amount, which people supposed to be much greater than it really was, he freely spoke of it, and the possession of money at once accounted for his changed condition.

It was not long before his neighbours began to speak of Fauriel as a lucky man. Ostensibly acting under the directions of Monsieur Desmarests, he greatly improved the small property which the latter had bestowed on him; and owing to most unexpected success in a new mode of grafting, which he appeared to have discovered, the roses of Pierre Fauriel acquired a celebrity exceeding that of any others in Provins. To profit by his skill, Monsieur Desmarests made propositions in the highest degree favourable. A twelvemonth had not elapsed since Pierre Fauriel was the object of his benevolence, and at the expiration of that period he treated with him on equal terms. When Fortune begins to smile, the medium through which her favours are conferred is a matter of no consequence. Any kind of traffic—even the lowest—suffices for the nucleus, and that



once obtained the rest is easy; so that though the cultivation of roses formed the basis of Fauriel's commerce, his dealings soon spread in various directions. Admitted to partnership with Monsieur Desmarests, a special manufacture was established, which became renowned throughout France, the rose hues to which the name of their firm was given being used in preference to every other tint procured by vegetable dyes. The sagacity of Fauriel was equal also to his skill and enterprise, and so greatly did Monsieur Desmarests rely upon it, that nothing was done by him which his partner did not originate.

But there were other changes in Fauriel's position besides the material one of wealth. He no longer lived in the Rue au Aulx, but had removed to a better part of the town, where his society was courted by the first people of Provins, none of whom would have objected to make alliance with his family had he been so disposed. But Monsieur Fauriel—so he was designated now—had other views. The admiration which Henri had expressed for Mademoiselle Sabine Desmarests, while she was yet a girl and hopelessly beyond his reach, had grown into an ardent passion as he himself grew into a clever, accomplished young man, without losing any of the attributes of his boyhood. His passion was returned, and happily there was no parental bar to their union, it being as much the desire of Monsieur Desmarests to have Henri for his son-in-law as of Sabine to call him her husband. It was accordingly arranged between the two partners that the marriage should take place as soon as Henri had completed his twenty-first year. He was then to succeed to the entire management of the firm, Monsieur Desmarests and his father both retiring.

It may be imagined, after such a flood of success, realising to the letter the promises made by the invisible watcher over the fortunes of the house of Fauriel, that unalloyed happiness was the lot of all the family. This, however, was far from being the case; for, though Pierre himself was more than content, Marguerite still had her anxieties and Henri his desires.

From the moment when the mysterious revelation was made, she had looked upon the spiritual intercourse with dread. The manner of Nicolas Barbier's death had filled her with awe, and her pious nature inwardly revolted from a communion with the other world which was to be rendered profitable in this. It was true that the assistance tendered had never been sought, that it came in the shape of a retributive act, that it only assumed the form of inspired counsel; but yet she felt that the situation in which they were placed was altogether false, and that, after all, they were not honestly trusting to their own exertions. The Evil One, she had been taught, could assume the form of an Angel of Light—riches were his direct temptation; and then there was one source of comfort of which she was debarred, the privilege of confession, her husband having prevailed with her, against her conviction, not to breathe a syllable to the priest of what concerned them so closely; no sin, Pierre argued, had been committed by either of them in accepting the aid so strangely proffered, and it was no part of her duty to confess to any but acts of her own performance. Marguerite's life, therefore, was not a happy one, in spite of the affluence which had replaced their former state

of poverty, and she dwelt in the constant apprehension of a fall as sudden as their rise had been rapid.

Henri, too, was not without solicitude. Though he deeply loved Sabine Desmarests, it was not to the entire exclusion of every other thought. The eager desire to penetrate the whole mystery of Nicolas Barbier's return to earth revived in his bosom with a force that corresponded to its previous repression, and uncontrollable grew his longing to be sole master of his fate.

It is an old story that longing and its issue dates from an earlier period than the days of Semele. Henri Fauriel was in the possession of everything that can render life enjoyable, but still he yearned for the roc's egg, the unnecessary ornament to complete the palace. He had a notion that by compelling the Spirit to show itself, his authority over it would be more secure. His father had contented himself by gradually making his fortune. Henri had a larger ambition, and sought for the speediest mode of attaining his object. He wished for distinction no less than wealth, and for a wider sphere of action than Provins offered.

The period of his majority drew nigh, and Henri, in consultation with his father about their future plans, adverted to the transfer of his spiritual power. Pierre, who had never grudged his son anything, was yet reluctant to make over this privilege, having a sort of instinctive feeling that it was safer to keep it still in his own hands; but Henri pleaded so earnestly that at last he consented.

Summoned by the signal which it always obeyed when its presence was required, the shade of Nicolas Barbier was interrogated by Pierre Fauriel.

"I have filled the measure of my own desires," said Pierre. "May my son, who wishes it, take my place?"

The Spirit seemed to share in Pierre's reluctance, and—as on the night it first made itself known—sighed deeply before it consented to speak.

"You do not answer, Nicolas," said the elder Fauriel. "Will you forsake the family?"

"Not until I am compelled to do so," returned the Spirit.

"Which my request does not involve?" pursued Pierre.

"No!" was the faint reply.

"You consent then?"

"Yes!" but the tone was fainter still.

Had Pierre remembered that it was his province to ask advice on this as on all previous occasions—and that the Spirit never gave advice till it was asked for—the destiny of all the persons of whom this story is told might have been very different from that which actually befel. But, forgetting this condition, which formed the basis of the spiritual compact, Pierre only negotiated in Henri's interest. He formally renounced his own right, and his son became his successor.

## V.

## THE APPARITION.

The eager temperament of Henri Fauriel would not suffer him to rest till he had made experiment of his power, and before twelve hours had gone by since the transfer took place he resolved to exercise it.

It mattered nothing to Henri that no necessity existed for appealing to the Spirit, though it had been strongly represented to him by his father that short of actual urgency no appeal should ever be made; the invincible curiosity which was the leading feature of Henri's character impelled him to immediate action.

July had returned for the seventh time since Fortune began to shine on the house of Fauriel; it was now the twelfth of the month, and in another week Henri was to be united to Sabine Desmarests. As lovers always cling together to the last moment, as if the day of marriage were that of separation, every moment that Henri could steal from business affairs was passed in the society of Sabine, whom he never quitted till very late at night.

They had parted, with all the fond words which lovers use, with all the reluctance to part which lovers feel, though they know how soon they shall meet again, and Henri, after quitting his future father-in-law's house, had waved a last farewell towards the window at which Sabine remained to watch his retreating footsteps.

The moon rode bright in the sky, but deep shadow lay beneath the palace of François Premier. It fell across the Rue-aux-Aulx, and not a ray of light was thrown on the obscure house from the threshold of which Henri had first beheld Sabine. He paused to recal that moment, and as he dwelt on the changes that seven years had wrought, the agency by which they had been effected—effaced for the last few hours by love—returned to his thoughts.

"It was there," he said to himself, pointing to his former home, "that the Spirit first came to gladden our hearth by its tidings; there, if the place be accessible, I will first test my own power.

Henri crossed the street and tried the door. The house had not been tenanted since his family went away. It had fallen into dilapidation, and was not worth the trouble or expense of being made secure; the latch yielded to his pressure, and he entered.

An undefinable sense of dread kept him silent for some minutes, and he felt half inclined to forego his intention; he took two or three steps towards the open doorway, but paused again; as he looked outwards, the palace mansion of Monsieur Desmarests rose full before him.

"Sabine," he said, "shall not have a coward for her husband."

With these words, he put the door to, and returned to the spot he had just left.

"Are you there?" he demanded, in a firm tone.

"I am," returned a voice, so close to him that Henri could not refrain from stretching out his hands, and asking:

"Where?"

"Everywhere," was the reply. "Impalpable, invisible, but always present."

"If you serve me," said Henri, "you must remain invisible no longer.

I cannot consent to service so limited as that which you render. Show yourself!"

"Seven years ago—in this very place you heard me—I told your father I durst not."

That answer might do for him, but it will not satisfy me. I am determined to see you face to face."

A bitter laugh followed the echo of Henri's last words.

"Yes!" said the young man, resolutely, "I will see you!"

"You know not the risk you run," rejoined the Voice. "Once before I said it—you have an apt memory and do not forget—to appear in my likeness on earth would be dangerous."

"I care not for the danger," replied Henri, "provided I attain my desire."

"Be warned in time. I am compelled to obey if you insist. Content yourself with what is yours already."

"I have fortune enough; I want no more; I want nothing but that which you say I have the power to claim."

"Be it so," said the Voice. "To-morrow is the anniversary of the battle of Sondershausen. On that day, the festival of Sainte Marguerite—it is your mother's festival, Henri—I was sent to do the highest bidding. At the sunset hour to-morrow the reckoning will be complete. Consider again, before the irrevocable word is uttered."

"I have considered for years," returned Henri; "I have thought of nothing, dreamt of nothing, longed for nothing, but what I now require."

Unhappy young man! Was Sabine, was all his love forgotten?

"To-morrow evening, then," said the Voice, "when Guillemette, the great bell of Saint-Quiriace, has ceased to toll out the *couvre-feu* from Cæsar's Tower, be at the Puits Certain, and your fatal wish shall be gratified."

"How shall I recognise you?" asked Henri.

"I shall appear in the dress I last wore, wrapped in a horseman's cloak."

"I will be there," said Henri, as he moved away.

Of the desolation that reigns over the upper town of Provins, mention has been already made. Except the old church of Saint-Quiriace, itself seamed, and fretted, and worn by the ravages of time and man's violent hands, the city is one entire ruin. The great square tower of Cæsar, which dominates all the country, with its four circular satellites, its halls, its chambers, its chapels, its dungeons, have no tenants now save the crannying wind, and its broken floors are only traversed by those who do the curfew-ringer's office; the vast Maison Forte des Brébans, whose owners were once amongst the most powerful lords of Champagne, is little more than a mere *pan de muraille*; a shattered battlement alone attests the site of the halls of song where Thibault held his court; the abbeys, the churches, the well-peopled monasteries and convents, Capucins and Benedictins, Ursulines and Cordelières—all have been swept away, or have merged their remains in the few gloomy houses which still constitute the upper town.

Nor is ruin the only characteristic of that Provins whose proud motto was "Passe avant li meillor," the old war-cry of Champagne; but beneath its crumbling structures there spreads a vast subterranean city,

the yawning caverns which conduct to it being upheld, as far as man dare penetrate, by massive pillars, rudely but profusely sculptured. Few, if any, of the caverns are left open now; but in the middle of the last century they were still explored by those whose courage or whose zeal for antiquity raised them above the general fear—a belief, which was almost universal, assigning the dreary vaults to unearthly inhabitants.

Where Henri Fauriel passed Sainte Marguerite's Day none afterwards were able to say, for between sunrise and sunset there were none in Provins who beheld him, not even his betrothed, Sabine; but as the air still vibrated to the last tones of the iron tongue of Guillemette, he was seen by old Denis Copault, the bell-ringer of Saint-Quiriac, standing on the brink of the Puits Certain, a well at the foot of Cæsar's Tower, whose depths were said to be fathomless.

It is from Denis Copault's solemnly averred declaration that the part of this narrative which directly relates to Henri Fauriel is taken. The old bell-ringer's voucher is yet on record in the archives of Provins, or was so but a few years since.

"I had loosened the cord from my grasp as Guillemette swung her last, and was just about to leave the tower, when I observed Henri Fauriel close to the Puits Certain. It was quite light enough, at that time of the year, for me to see him quite plainly. I knew—as everybody did in Provins—that Monsieur Henri was very shortly to be married to Mademoiselle Desmarests;—it was the talk of the town. I was surprised, therefore, to see him alone in such a place and at such an hour, for there are not many, I can answer for it, who care to frequent that neighbourhood after curfew. What can Monsieur Henri be doing up here? I asked myself. When I was at his age, and going to be married—But that is too long ago! Before, however, I had fairly asked myself this question—and in what way it happened I know not, for my eyes were fixed on the spot where Monsieur Henri stood—I perceived a second person on the opposite side of the well, who assuredly was not there at first. This person, though it was the middle of July, was muffled in a horseman's cloak, and so closely shrouded from head to foot, that only the outline of his figure was visible. If I was curious when Monsieur Henri was alone, it is not likely I should be less curious after the appearance of the Other, who was, of course, a stranger to me, his features being entirely concealed. I watched and listened, then, with all my eyes and ears, and presently Monsieur Henri spoke.

"'You have come!' he said.

"'I have kept my word,' replied the Other.

"'So far,' returned Monsieur Henri; 'but this is not all. We were to meet face to face; that was your promise. Remove your cloak.'

"'Henri!' said the Other, 'one counsel I give unasked. Beware! There is yet time to retract. Confine yourself to the course pursued by your father, and all may yet be well. Persist in your rashness, and await the worst!'

"'Let the worst come!' cried Monsieur Henri, with impatience; 'I can bear this suspense no longer. Show me your face!'

"The Other stood motionless.

"'Ah, I remember!' cried Monsieur Henri; 'there is a way to compel you. Nicolas Barbier, I conjure you, by the living God, to present yourself as you left the earth.'

“Behold!” cried the Other.

“Then, with my own eyes,” continues the narrative of Denis Copault, “I saw a lurid vapour rise, as it seemed, from the Puits Certain, surrounding the shrouded form with a pale light, in which everything became distinct as in the day. The figure raised its arms, and spread out to its full width the broad cloak by which it was covered, and what Monsieur Henri demanded was revealed. I shuddered as I gazed, transfixed with fear. There stood the body of a dragoon soldier, with the upper part of the head torn away, the eyes and nose gone, and nothing left but a pair of grinning jaws, from which the blood was fast welling!

“Gracious God!” cried Monsieur Henri; ‘was this what I desired to see? Demon, begone!’

“Follow!” exclaimed the Figure—‘follow, and meet your doom!’

“Without apparent motion, and still presenting the same horrible disfigurement, the Figure, surrounded by light, receded from the well, and, with staggering footsteps, Monsieur Henri followed. I watched them till they reached the entrance of the cavern, which we call *Le Trou aux Chats*, and there they both disappeared. Had I dared to track their footsteps I did not possess the power; terror so much overmastered me that I sank into a swoon, which must have lasted a long while, for when I came to my senses the moon was high in the heavens, travelling towards the west. This is all I know about Monsieur Henri.”

## VI.

### THE FATE OF FAURIEL.

It was not alone the mysterious disappearance of Henri that brought grief and mourning in its train. The strange story of Denis Copault rapidly circulated throughout Provins, and gave a sinister aspect to everything connected with the young man's family.

The sudden change from poverty to ease, from ease to affluence, which had made the career of Fauriel so striking, and excited, as newly acquired wealth always does, so much envy, was now interpreted in the most disadvantageous manner. Enough superstition prevailed in France a hundred years ago to countenance the accusation of witchcraft, and though no judicial proceedings were taken, the moral effect operated to the fullest extent. It might have been public disapprobation that threw a blight over the efforts made by Pierre Fauriel; it might have been, as folks said, the result of an unholy compact arrived at its term; it might have been from local causes, the failure of crops, the bankruptcy of two large houses in Paris with which he had become associated; it might have been the misery caused by the early death of Sabine Desmarests and the broken heart of Marguerite; but, from whatever cause arising, from one of these or all combined, certain it is that, before another year had completed its course, Pierre Fauriel was a ruined man.

He lived on till the close of the century, but for the last thirty years of his life he subsisted on public charity, and when the mutability of Fortune was the theme in Provins, people pointed to Pierre, and bade each other remember The Fate of Fauriel.





The Earl of Hereford and Sir Anthony Brown announcing his Father's death to Prince Edward.



# The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GILBERT.

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## Prologue.

### VII.

OF THE AWFUL SUMMONS RECEIVED BY THE KING.

UNDER the superintendence of Doctor Butts and of the surgeon Ferrys, and by the help of an engine employed for the purpose, Henry, who had only partially regained his consciousness, was lifted from his chair, and placed in a couch in the royal sleeping-chamber. The couch wherein he was thus deposited was of unusual size, and made of oak, richly carved, and black and lustrous as ebony. The lofty canopy was crowned with blood-red plumes, and supported by twisted pillars. The curtains were of cloth of gold of the thickest texture, embroidered with the Holy Cross, the cross of Saint George, the Rose, the Portcullis, and the Lion rampant, mingled with Fleurs-de-lys. The head of the bed was sculptured in bold relief with the arms of England. Notwithstanding the magnificence of its curtains, the general appearance of this huge bed was sombre in the extreme, and it looked a fitting receptacle for an expiring monarch. The walls of the chamber were hung with fine tapestry from the woofs of Tournay, representing the principal actions of Solomon the Wise, and in the upper border scrolls were painted in black letter sundry texts of Scripture, applicable to the destination of the room.

A dreadful night ensued, long remembered by those who watched by Henry's troubled couch, or were near enough to hear his appalling groans and roars of agony. No one who then listened to his terrific outcries, or witnessed his desperate struggles for breath, but felt that the despot's numerous victims were amply avenged. For every life taken by him it seemed he must endure a pang: and yet, though ever dying, he could not die. Throughout the long, long night, in that vast, dimly-lighted chamber, rendered gloomier by the

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dusky furniture and the grim arras on the walls, might be seen dark figures, as if detached from the tapestry, gliding with ghostly footsteps towards the king's couch, questioning the physician and chirurgeon in dumb show, and then swiftly but silently retreating if a groan broke from the royal sufferer. One tall personage, scarcely to be distinguished from the hangings near which he stood, remained stationary at the back of the room throughout the whole night, as if anxiously awaiting the issue of this fearful conflict with death. Ever and anon, Doctor Butts moved noiselessly towards this sombre and mysterious-looking personage, and spoke with him under his breath. Their muttered converse had evident reference to the king, and to something required of him by the untiring watcher, whose gestures proclaimed the utmost anxiety; but, however important the matter might be, Butts clearly deemed it impracticable, for he shook his head, and returned alone to the sick monarch's couch. Worn out by anguish, Henry dropped asleep towards morning, and this favourable circumstance being communicated to the watcher, he disappeared, having previously received an assurance from Doctor Butts that he should be instantly sent for if any change for the worse occurred. Some of the drowsy pages and henchmen likewise sought repose; but the medical attendants did not for a moment quit the king's bedside.

Henry slept for several hours, and awoke, towards noon, much refreshed, and expressed a desire to receive the sacrament. After ordering the Bishop of Oxford to be summoned, the king commanded his attendants to lift him out of bed, and set him again in his chair. Doctor Butts endeavoured to dissuade him from this step, representing its extreme danger, and counselling the easiest posture possible during the performance of the holy office; but Henry authoritatively declared that he would kneel down, whatever risk might be incurred from the action, or whatever pain it might give him; adding, "that if he were not only to cast himself upon the ground, but under it, he could not tender to the sacrament the honour that was its due." No more was to be said. His injunctions were obeyed. Taken up and placed within his chair, he kept his seat until the consecration, when, with much difficulty, he contrived to kneel down before the bishop, and partook of the bread and wine. Though his sufferings must have been intense, he bore them with the constancy of a martyr, and the good prelate, who was much affected, could not sufficiently admire his fortitude. As soon as the sacred rite was over, the king was conveyed back to his couch, and did not appear much worse for the great effort he had made. By his own injunctions, which could not be disobeyed, he was then left wholly undisturbed until late in the day.

This was the evening of the Friday before Candlemas-day, 1547. About two hours before midnight, but not till then, the Earl of Hertford, who was in an agony of impatience for an au-

dience, was permitted to approach the king. He found him lying on the couch, propped up by immense pillows. On regarding him, Hertford felt sure that the king was rapidly sinking, though his eye was still keen, and his voice strong and sonorous as ever. No time must be lost—no risk heeded—if the great stake for which he was playing was to be won.

"Let the chamber be cleared," said Henry. "Our discourse must be strictly private."

This being precisely what Hertford desired, he took care that the king's behests should be promptly obeyed.

"We are alone, sire," he said, as soon as all the attendants, including Doctor Butts and the chirmgeon, had withdrawn.

"Hertford," said Henry, as the earl approached him, "you gaze on me as if you thought me worse. Deny it not, man—I can read your true opinion in your looks. No wonder I should appear greatly disordered. Last night was a dreadful one to me, Hertford. Not to purchase a fresh term of sovereignty would I endure such another. I cannot recal it without horror. I underwent the torments of the damned; and prayed—unavailingly prayed—for release from suffering. Thou knowest I am not idly superstitious—nor a believer in old wives' fables. Prepare then to credit what I shall relate, however surprising and improbable it may seem to thee; and deem not that my nerves are shaken by sickness."

"Whatever your majesty shall tell me I shall infallibly believe—doubt it not," replied Hertford. "And I am well assured that your nerves are firmly strung as ever."

"Thou liest!—thou dost not think so—but they are. To my narration, however—and give the more heed to it, inasmuch as thou wilt find it concerns thee as well as myself."

"Is there a ghost in the story, my liege?" inquired Hertford.

"Be silent, and thou shalt hear," replied Henry, sternly. "Last night, during a brief interval of ease between my fits of agony, I was trying to court slumber, when I heard the bell toll midnight—I heard it distinctly, for I counted the strokes—and as the last vibration of sound died away, I turned to Butts to bid him give me a potion. He was gone, while Ferrys, who should have been watchful, had sunk within the chair nigh which thou standest, apparently overcome by sleep. I was about to awake and chide him—and should have done so, had not all power of speech and movement suddenly left me, as I saw a phantom—a grisly, ghastly phantom—glide towards my bed. Whom thinkest thou I beheld?"

"Nay, I cannot guess, my liege," replied Hertford.

"Surrey, new-risen from his bloody grave—his noble features livid and disfigured—his locks clotted with gore—his stately neck sundered by the axe—yet, marvellous to say, set again upon the

shoulders—a spectacle horrible to look upon—yet I instantly knew him. His eyes seemed to have life in them, and to fascinate like the basilisk, for, as he fixed them upon me, I could not avert my gaze. Then his lips moved, and with a gesture of menace such as I had never brooked from mortal man, and in accents more terrible than had ever reached my ears, he told me he came to summon me before Heaven's Judgment-Throne; and that I must appear there ere the bell should again toll forth the hour of midnight."

"Let not this weigh upon your mind, my gracious liege," said Hertford, not wholly devoid of superstitious fear himself, though he strove thus to reassure the king. "I was in your chamber last night at midnight, and long after, and I saw and heard nothing such as you relate. 'Twas an ill dream—but only a dream. I pray you, therefore, dismiss these fancies. They are engendered by the sickness under which you labour."

"No, Hertford," replied Henry, in a tone of profound conviction, "it was neither dream, nor product of diseased imagination. I could not have conjured up such a spectre if I would—and I would not if I could," he added, shuddering. "I saw Surrey plain enough, standing where thou art now. I will not tell thee all the spirit uttered of vengeance and retribution—but it prophesied a bloody ending to thee and to thy brother."

"I have no fear of the prediction," said Hertford, in a tone that somewhat belied his words; "and I beseech your highness not to attach any importance to the vision. You have told me how the spirit came to you, but you have not explained how it departed?"

"I know not how it vanished," replied Henry. "For a time, I remained spell-bound, as if under the influence of nightmare; but at last, by a mighty effort, I broke the charm that seemed to bind me, and called out. I then found the spirit gone, and Butts standing in its place. Ferrys also was awake."

"All is now explained," said Hertford. "It was the nightmare that oppressed your highness. You need have no fear."

"Fear!—I have none!" ejaculated the king. "No living man ever made the Eighth Henry tremble, nor can any dead man do it. This spirit may be right as regards thee and thy brother, but I will prove it wrong in one particular."

"By living beyond the hour appointed by it, I trust, my liege," said Hertford. "In one of mortal mould such a prediction would have been treasonable, but spirits are exempt from common penalties."

"The jest is ill timed, my lord," observed Henry, sternly. "I will balk the ghost if I can, by living till to-morrow; but at all events I will balk him by consigning Norfolk to the block. I will have the duke's head before I die. This will I do, because the ghost told me, as if in mockery, that I should be disappointed. I will send his father to bear him company."

"Whatever may have prompted this decision, I am glad, right

glad, it has been come to," said Hertford. "Were Norfolk permitted to live he would undoubtedly cause the greatest embarrassment to Prince Edward during his minority. He might do more. Assisted by the Pope, the Emperor Charles V., and their partisans, he might even succeed in transferring the crown from the young prince's head to that of the Princess Mary, and so undo all the work that you, sire, have so long and so assiduously laboured to accomplish. He might check the Reformation, as well as alter the succession. You have delivered Prince Edward from one dangerous enemy, Surrey, but the other, and the more powerful foe, yet lives."

"Edward shall never be molested by him," rejoined the king. "He shall be beheaded to-morrow morning. Get the warrant for his execution at once, and deliver it to the Constable of the Tower."

"Why not to-night?" demanded Hertford.

"At this hour!" exclaimed Henry, sternly. "A secret execution would be set down to fear or anger—and I feel neither. No!—to-morrow morning will be soon enough. I shall not change my mind. Go for the warrant. Wherefore do you linger?"

"If I might venture to urge one matter on your majesty," hesitated Hertford.

"Ha! what is it?" demanded the king.

"You have wisely and deliberately made all your arrangements for the future, but you have neglected the main point—the signing of your will. Here is the instrument, sire, which you have committed to my custody," he added, producing a coffer, and taking from it several sheets of paper, tacked together by a braid of green and white ribbon. "It lacks only your signature, or the impress of your royal stamp, to be complete."

"Leave it with me," said Henry, taking the will. "Perchance I may make some alterations in it."

"Alterations!" exclaimed the earl, startled out of his habitual caution.

"Ay, alterations! Wherefore not?" cried the king, sharply and suspiciously. "Marry, if it shall please me to erase your name from the list of my executors, I can do so, methinks?"

"Far be it from me to dispute your highness's power to make any changes you may deem proper," replied Hertford, almost abjectly. "But I implore you not to delay the signing."

"You had best trouble me no more," rejoined Henry, sternly. "About your business straight. Send Sir John Gage to me. I desire to consult him."

"Will none other than Sir John Gage serve your turn?" asked Hertford.

"Ha! what is this? Dar'st thou to trifle with me? No one but Gage *will* serve my turn. There! thou art answered. Get thee gone!"

Sarcely able to conceal his uneasiness, Hertford made a profound obeisance, and departed.

## VIII.

IN WHAT MANNER THE KING'S WILL WAS SIGNED.

No sooner had Hertford quitted the chamber than Butts and Ferrys, with a host of pages and henchmen, re-entered it. The physician hurried towards his royal patient's couch, and proceeded to feel his pulse.

"What think you of me?" demanded Henry, looking fixedly at him. "Any change for the better?—ha!"

"None, sire," replied the physician, gravely.

"I understand," rejoined the king, with great firmness. "Shall I last till to-morrow? Speak truth; I can bear it."

"If Heaven wills it, your majesty will last so long," answered the physician, with increased gravity. "You are now in far mightier hands than mine. I can do little more to aid you."

Henry bore this dread announcement bravely. Leaning back upon his pillow, and looking upwards, he seemed for a while to be silently engaged in prayer. The physician signed to the attendants to keep still, so that the king was wholly undisturbed.

At length, the profound silence was broken by Henry, who, slightly raising himself, and turning to Butts, said, "May I have a draught of wine? Methinks it would do me good."

"Ay, marry! sire, here is a stoup of your favourite Gascoigne wine," replied the physician, filling a silver cup with the generous fluid, and presenting it to him. "I am right glad to find you so stout of heart."

"Enough!" exclaimed the king, putting away the goblet with disgust after placing it to his lips; "the wine likes me not. It tastes of blood—pah!"

"Will it please you to eat a mouthful of chicken-cullis?" asked Butts.

"No; I will eat nothing more," replied Henry. "Let Sir John Gage be sent for with all despatch. Why comes he not?"

"He shall be summoned instantly," replied Butts, issuing the necessary orders, and then returning to the king's bedside. "Pardon me, sire," he continued, in a low, earnest voice, "if I venture to remind you that you have left a most important matter undone. Your will, I perceive, is lying before you. Delay not the signing of it, I beseech you!"

"I will not sign it till I have spoken with Gage," replied Henry, peremptorily. "There will be time to do it then."

"Pray Heaven there may!" exclaimed the physician. "Not a moment ought to be lost."

"Why comes not Sir John?" demanded Henry, after a pause, in a loud, fierce tone. "Send for him again; and bid him come quickly, if he values his life."

"He is here, my liege," replied Butts, as the Constable of the Tower entered the chamber, with a paper in his hand.

"Ha! you are come at last, Sir John," cried the king, sharply. "Leave us alone together," he added.

Whereupon, the chamber was at once vacated by all save Gage. But, ere the private conference began, the arras on the further side of the king's couch was cautiously raised, and Hertford stole into the room, and, unperceived either by Gage or the king, concealed himself behind the thick curtains of the bed. The stealthy entrance of the earl was favoured by the circumstance that this part of the chamber was almost buried in darkness.

"What paper hast thou in thine hand?" demanded Henry of the Constable.

"One I would rather be without," answered Gage, gruffly—"the warrant for Norfolk's execution to-morrow."

"See it done," rejoined Henry, coldly.

"If it be done, your last act will be one of injustice and cruelty," retorted the Constable.

"How knowest thou it will be my last act?" said Henry, furiously. "I may live long enough to have thine own head as well as Norfolk's."

"I had rather you had mine than his," said Gage; "and your own ingratitude would be less. Norfolk has served you longer and better than I have done."

"Norfolk is dangerous to my son, and therefore he must be removed—and quickly. No more words! Again I say to thee, see it done!"

"I like it not," grumbled the Constable. "'Tis a foul deed."

"Hold thy peace! and turn we to another matter. Thou hast assisted at the debates concerning my will, and know'st its contents generally. Thou know'st, also, that I have appointed sixteen executors and twelve counsellors, and that amongst the executors is Hertford."

"This I know!" returned Gage.

"My mind misgives me as to Hertford," pursued Henry. "Something I have noticed in him of late makes me suspect him of sinister designs. I fear he aims at too much power, and will not be altogether true to Edward."

"Yet the prince is his nephew, and must therefore be most dear to him," observed Gage.

"He ought to be," rejoined Henry. "You judge of others by yourself, good Sir John—but all are not of your stamp. If I thought my suspicions of Hertford were correct, I would strike out his name."

"Nay, do not that, I entreat you, my liege. I think him faithful," said the Constable.

"Thy opinion is ever honest, and I will be guided by it," said the king. "Hertford's name shall stand, though I had determined otherwise. But I will control him. At present, thou and Sir Thomas Seymour are mere counsellors, without voice or power. Ye both shall be executors, and have equal power with Hertford."

"I cannot answer for Sir Thomas Seymour," rejoined Gage; "but, for myself, I may say that I desire not the office."

"I will have no refusal," said Henry, authoritatively. "Sir Thomas is Edward's favourite uncle. The boy loves him, and is beloved in return. Sir Thomas will guard him well—as thou wilt—ha?"

"Sir Thomas is more to be feared than his brother, according to my judgment," observed Gage.

"There thou art wrong," rejoined Henry. "Sir Thomas is rash and headstrong, but trusty as steel. I have tried him."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Constable, dubiously. "Since your majesty designs to make these changes in your will, why should Gardiner be left out. He is the ablest amongst the prelates, and of great experience in politics. Moreover, he has done your highness many notable services."

"For the which he hath been well rewarded," interrupted Henry, sternly. "I will have none of him. Gardiner hath ability enough, but he is a subtle intriguer, and would set ye all by the ears. I can manage him, but no one else can. Thou art a Papist, Sir John, hence thy recommendation of Gardiner. But he shall have no power to breed discord in the Church when I am gone. It is quite enough that Wriothesley should be retained—I had thoughts of erasing his name likewise, and substituting the Marquis of Dorset."

"I pray you do not, sire," said Gage.

"Nay, thou mayst spare thy suing. I am content to keep the Lord Chancellor. I do not think he will do much mischief, and he will counterbalance Cranmer. Haste, then, and fetch Sir Thomas Seymour, and let William Clere be in attendance with my secret stamp. My fingers are so swollen that I cannot use the pen."

"Heavens! is it possible your majesty can have been so imprudent as to put off the signing of your will till now? You might have died last night; and then——"

"Prate not, but do as I have commanded thee," interrupted the king. "Yet stay!—is Cranmer in the palace?"

"Ay, my liege; his grace is but newly returned from Croydon," replied the Constable.

"That is well. Let him come to me anon," said the king, more feebly. "This talk has wearied me. I feel as if I could sleep.



Send Butts to watch by me, but let me not be otherwise disturbed for an hour."

"But the execution of the will, sire?—it is most urgent," cried the Constable.

But Henry made no reply. He had already begun to breathe heavily and stertorously.

After gazing at him for a moment, as if in doubt whether to rouse him, Gage left the room.

No sooner was he gone, than Hertford peered from behind the curtain; and seeing that Henry was asleep—and indeed his loud breathing proclaimed the fact—he stepped cautiously forward.

At the same moment, Butts entered the chamber. Alarmed by Henry's breathing, without noticing the earl, he rushed to the king's bedside.

"'Tis as I feared," he said, after a pause, turning to Hertford. "This is the lethargy of death. He will never waken again—or, if he should, his mind will wander. Great Henry's power has left him. The absolute monarch is all helpless now."

"I would not rouse him from his trance, but let him go, were it not that the will remains unsigned!" exclaimed Hertford, distractedly. "I must wake him," he added, rushing towards the bed.

"It is in vain, I tell you," said Butts, staying him.

"Let me go, sir," said the earl, furiously. "I shall go mad if I lose this great prize."

"You need not lose it," replied Butts. "The will is here. Take it, and get it stamped. The keeper of the royal signet may be bribed to acquiesce, and witnesses can be procured in the same way."

"Your counsel is good, but it cannot be followed," cried Hertford. "Sir John Gage knows that his majesty designed to make some alteration in his will, and that it is unsigned. The Constable is impracticable; there is no purchasing his silence. All is lost."

"Not so," rejoined the ready-witted physician, apparently troubled with as few scruples as Hertford himself. "As yet, no one but ourselves is aware of the king's condition. The signing of the will shall not be disputed, even by Gage. Bring hither the keeper of the signet; bring also the Earls of Essex and Arundel, Sir William Paget, Sir William Herbert, and any others upon whom you can rely, to serve as witnesses. Leave the rest to me. About it quick!"

"It shall be done; and if the scheme prosper, I shall not be wanting in gratitude to its bold contriver," replied Hertford. "While I am on my errand, do you give orders, as if from his majesty, that no one but myself and those you have mentioned be allowed to enter the chamber. Our plan will be marred infallibly if Gage and my brother gain admittance."

Butts promised compliance, and Hertford disappeared by the secret entrance.

The physician next wetted a napkin, and applied it to Henry's brow, shifting the pillows at the same time, so that the breathing of the dying monarch became sensibly relieved. He then drew the curtains about the bed, so as to hide in a great measure the upper part of the king's person; and afterwards placed a small table, with writing materials upon it, at a little distance from the couch on the left; so disposing the lights within the chamber that the bed was left completely in darkness.

These precautions taken, he proceeded to the ante-chamber, and calling the chief usher, gave him the orders that had been suggested by Hertford.

He was only just in time, for he had scarcely retired when the Constable of the Tower and Sir Thomas Seymour made their appearance; but they were refused admittance to the king's chamber. In vain Seymour, who was full of anxiety and impatience, remonstrated. The ushers were inexorable.

Ere long came a grave-looking personage in a black robe, with a small box under his arm. This was William Clerc, the keeper of the royal signet. He was allowed instant entrance.

Shortly afterwards came the Earl of Hertford, accompanied by the Earls of Essex and Arundel, and the others designated by Butts, all wearing countenances of extreme gravity, as if bound upon some object of the utmost seriousness and importance. Bowing solemnly to Gage and Seymour, they passed on, and were instantly admitted.

"This is very strange," remarked Gage. "I cannot understand it. His majesty told me himself that he would not be disturbed for an hour. Are you quite sure, sir, that the orders are express against our admittance?" he added to the chief usher.

"Quite sure, Sir John," replied the individual addressed, bowing respectfully. "Doctor Butts delivered them to me himself."

"Hertford has outwitted us, Sir John," remarked Seymour. "We shall neither of us be executors."

"For my own part, I care not," rejoined Gage. "I do not covet the distinction. But I hope the king's intentions will be strictly carried out."

Not long after this came Cranmer, who marched straight towards the door, but was detained like the others. The archbishop then joined Gage and Seymour, and was talking with them of the king's dangerous condition, and deeply deploring it, when Butts appeared at the door, and after a word from him to the usher, all three were admitted.

What they beheld was this. Grouped round the little table, with writing materials upon it, were the persons who had subscribed the will as witnesses. Nearer the darkened couch, but with his

back towards it, stood William Clere, by whom, previous to its attestation, the will had been stamped at the top of the first page and the end of the last, and who had just delivered the instrument, thus signed and attested, to Hertford.

Butts explained to Cranmer and the others that his majesty had had just sufficient strength to direct the stamping of his will, but that immediately after this was done, and the attestation completed, he was struck speechless.

"It is marvellous that he lasted so long," continued the wily physician. "He spoke so feebly, that I alone could catch his words. I fear he will scarcely know your grace," he added, preceding Cranmer to the bed, and drawing back the curtain so as to expose the woful figure of the king, who was now evidently *in extremis*; "he hath but little life left."

"I will try," replied the archbishop. Taking the king's hand in his own, he drew close to him, and in tones of the utmost earnestness exhorted him to place his trust in Christ, and to call upon His mercy, beseeching him, if he had any consciousness left, to give him some token that he trusted in the Lord.

Henry seemed to understand what was said to him, for he slightly strained the primate's hand.

After a while, the archbishop turned to the assemblage, now gathered round the bed, and, in a voice of the deepest solemnity, said, "It has pleased Heaven to call to its mercy our great king. Pray ye all for the repose of his soul!"

Upon this, they all knelt down, and, while they were doing so, the bell tolled forth the hour of midnight.

Then Hertford called to mind what the king had said to him concerning the summons by the spirit, and he trembled exceedingly.

Thus far the Prologue.

## Book the First.

## THE LORD PROTECTOR.

## I.

HOW THE EARL OF HERTFORD AND SIR ANTHONY BROWN ANNOUNCED HIS FATHER'S DEATH TO PRINCE EDWARD.

FOR two days Henry's demise was kept profoundly secret. On Monday, the last day of January, 1547, the Commons were sent for to the Lords, and the important intelligence was communicated to them by the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, who, at that same time, acquainted them with such portions of the late king's will as it was deemed expedient to make public. The interval between the monarch's death and this public announcement of it had been employed by Hertford and his partisans in organising their plans, and debating the measures to be adopted during the new reign. Most of the upper council, in whom the administrative authority was lodged, had been won over by Hertford's promises, and it was not thought that any serious opposition would be offered by such as could not be corrupted—amongst whom were Cranmer and Tunstal. The only real obstacle in the way of the aspiring earl appeared to be the Lord Chancellor; but even he might be brought over, or, if troublesome, could be put out. Thus Hertford felt secure, and determined upon the immediate realisation of his schemes of aggrandisement.

As regarded the Duke of Norfolk, Henry's death, occurring when it did, at a moment of such extraordinary peril to that illustrious nobleman, was a piece of great good fortune, and was regarded by many who adhered to the old belief as nothing less than providential. Had Hertford, however, been allowed his own way, the duke would infallibly have been executed in accordance with Henry's warrant; but Sir John Gage resolutely refused to obey it, threatening, if the matter were persisted in, to publish abroad the king's death. By these means Norfolk was saved, though he was still detained a prisoner in the Tower.

The young Prince Edward himself was kept in ignorance of the loss he had sustained until the Sunday, when it was announced to him by his elder uncle in person, attended by Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse, and devoted to the earl. The young prince was staying at Hertford with the Princess Elizabeth, whither they had been sent after their last interview with their royal father. The earl and his companion found the prince engaged in reading Ludovius Vives's "Instruction of a Christian Woman" to his sister. Closing the book, and quitting the reading-desk near which he was stationed, Edward immediately advanced to meet them. He was greatly affected by the intelligence which

they brought him, though not unprepared for it, and though it was conveyed in terms and in a manner calculated to rob it of much of its distressing effect.

Kneeling down before him, the earl and Sir Anthony saluted him as king, and tendered him their homage. Edward was too much afflicted to make any suitable reply. He turned away, and flinging himself into the arms of his sister, who was standing beside him, and equally grieved with himself, he mingled his tears with hers. "Never," says Sir John Hayward, describing the occurrence, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow, than their sorrow to cloud their faces. Their young years, their excellent beauties, their lovely and lively interchange of complaints in such sort graced their grief, as the most iron eyes at that time present were drawn thereby into society of their tears."

Deeming it best to let his royal nephew's grief have free course, Hertford did not offer him any consolation at first, but arising from his kneeling posture, he withdrew to a little distance with Sir Anthony.

"We have lost the best of fathers, Elizabeth," said Edward, at last, looking up at her face through his tears. "But he is in heaven, and therefore we need not mourn for him. Yet I cannot help it." And he wept afresh.

"Be comforted, gentle brother," said the princess, tenderly. "Our father is happily released from suffering. I did not think we should ever see him again on earth. You must be a man now, since you are king."

"Alas!" exclaimed Edward, sobbing. "My heart sinks at the thought of it."

"And mine swells at the bare idea," rejoined the princess. "Cheer up, dear brother—or I ought rather to say, my gracious lord and master, for you are so now. How strange that sounds, Edward! Marry! it must be mighty fine to be king—to wear the diadem, and sit in state, to swear great oaths, and have all tremble at your frown—as they used to do at our father's."

"Elizabeth!" said Edward, with something of reproach. "Is this a season for jesting?"

"Nay, I do not jest," she replied, seriously. "I but gave utterance to thoughts that arose unbidden in my breast. I have ever spoken without restraint to you, dearest brother."

"And I trust you ever will do so," he rejoined, affectionately. "I love you, sweet Bess. You shall be my chief counsellor. I will confide all my secrets to you."

"Your uncle Hertford will not let you," she returned. "He is watching us narrowly now—trying to make out what you are saying to me. Have a care of him, Edward."

"I would my uncle Sir Thomas Seymour were here," said the young king; "but I am told he has been denied access to me."

"By whom?—by my lord of Hertford?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Very likely," returned Edward. "But I *will* see him now I am king. Sir Thomas is a great favourite of yours, Bess?—ha!"

"Sir Thomas discourses pleasantly, dances well, and hath an excellent ear for music," she replied.

"And is very handsome withal—own you think so, Bess?"

"Nay, I have never bestowed enough consideration upon him to declare if he be handsome or otherwise," she replied, blushing slightly.

"Out on my unruly tongue for leading me thus astray!" exclaimed Edward, suddenly checking himself. "A moment ago I chided you for unseasonable levity, dear Bess, and I now am indulging in it myself. Come with me to my uncle Hertford."

With this he took her hand, and the young pair slowly, and with much dignity, directed their steps towards the earl, who instantly advanced with Sir Anthony to meet them.

"I am glad to see your grace look somewhat lighter of heart," said Hertford, bowing profoundly; "for though grief at so great a loss is natural, and indeed commendable, you have many necessary duties to fulfil which cannot be delayed, and the discharge whereof will serve to distract you from the thoughts of your bereavement. I am come, with Sir Anthony Brown, your master of the horse, to escort your majesty to Enfield, where you will sleep to-night. To-morrow you will be conducted to the Tower, there to meet all the lords, spiritual and temporal, who will assemble to tender their allegiance. Have you much preparation to make ere setting out?"

"Not much, my lord—not any, indeed," replied Edward. "I am ready to attend you now. But I would fain bid farewell to my preceptors—unless they are to go with me, which I should much prefer."

"They shall follow anon," returned Hertford. "But you will have so much to do at first, that you must, perforce, discontinue your studies for a while. Your grace will be pleased to say nothing to your preceptors as to what takes you hence, for the proclamation will not be made before to-morrow, and till then, for reasons I will presently explain, the utmost secrecy as to the demise of your royal father must be observed. This premised, I will cause them to be summoned. Ho, there!" he added to an attendant. "Let Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox be called. His highness is about to set forth for Enfield."

"Nay, I will go to them," cried Edward.

"Your majesty's pardon," rejoined Hertford, in a low tone; "they must now wait on you."

Presently afterwards two ancient personages, of very thoughtful and studious aspect, clad alike in long black gowns bordered with fur, and having velvet caps on their bald heads, entered the hall. The foremost of them, the learned Sir John Cheke, carried a ponderous folio under his arm; the other was the no less erudite

Doctor Cox. Being afflicted with gout, and requiring the support of a staff, Doctor Cox came on rather more slowly than his fellow-tutor.

Sprung from an ancient family, a ripe scholar, a proficient in oratory, and remarkably well versed in the Platonic philosophy, Sir John Cheke was the author of several learned treatises, and is described by Doctor Thomas Wilson, secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth, who knew him well, as "that rare learned man, and singular ornament of the land." His sister was wedded to Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burleigh. To philosophy, Cheke's fellow-preceptor, Doctor Cox, added a profound knowledge of divinity. Both Edward's tutors were extremely zealous Reformers, and it was no doubt owing to their judicious training that the young king became one of the brightest ornaments and most effectual supporters of the Protestant cause.

Edward flew to meet his preceptors, and, running up to Doctor Cox, cried, "Lean on me, good doctor—lean on me!"

Cox respectfully declined his aid, but suffered him to take his hand, and so lead him towards the Earl of Hertford, who was in the act of courteously saluting Sir John Cheke.

"My royal pupil tells me your lordship is about to take him hence," said Doctor Cox, bowing to the earl. "I am sorry his studies will be interrupted."

"They will only be interrupted for a time, doctor," replied Hertford. "Most like he will not return here," he added, with a certain significance, "but you and Sir John Cheke will rejoin him. His highness derives too much benefit from the able tuition of ye both to be longer deprived of it than is absolutely needful. Ye spare no pains with him, learned sirs, of that I am well satisfied."

"Few pains are needed, my lord," replied Cheke. "More credit is due to his highness than to us for the rapid progress he hath made. Trouble or difficulty with him we have none, for he hath a rare capacity for learning, and zeal and industry equal to his ability; and that is saying no light thing. He never tires of reading, but turns from profane history to philosophy, and from philosophy to the Holy Scriptures and theology. He is mastering all the liberal sciences. Logic he hath studied, as your lordship knows, and at this present he is learning Aristotle's Ethics in Greek, and, having finished with it, he will take up the Rhetoric."

"I can corroborate all Sir John hath advanced," observed Doctor Cox. "His highness needs no spur to study—nay, his application is so great that he rather requires to be checked than stimulated. He hath recently read Cato, the *Satellitium* of Vives, and the fables of *Æsopus*. As to Latin, he knows it better than many an English boy of his age knows his mother tongue. Per-adventure, your lordship hath seen his letters in that language to the king his father?"

"I pray you speak not of them, dear doctor," cried Edward, bursting into tears.

"I crave your highness's pardon!" exclaimed the worthy man, who was most tenderly attached to his royal pupil. "I would not pain you for the world."

"I know it," replied Edward, regarding him through his streaming eyes with almost filial affection; "but my heart is too full just now, and will overflow."

"Your accounts of my royal nephew's progress are most gratifying, learned sirs," observed Hertford, anxious to turn the discourse. "That you have avouched nothing more than the truth, I am sure; yet ye almost make him out a prodigy."

"And a prodigy he is," cried Sir John Cheke, with enthusiasm. "Few there be like him."

"Nay, my good uncle, you must distrust what my kind preceptors are pleased to say of me," remarked Edward. "They view me with too partial eyes."

At this juncture an interruption, anything but agreeable to Hertford, was offered by the unexpected entrance of Sir Thomas Seymour, evidently, from his looks and the state of his apparel, fresh from a rapid journey. Disregarding the angry glances directed against him by his brother, Sir Thomas doffed his cap, flung himself on his knee before Edward, and, taking the youthful monarch's hand, exclaimed, "God save your grace! I hoped to be first to tell you that the sovereignty of this realm hath devolved upon you, but I find I have been anticipated."

"I thank you heartily, gentle uncle," replied Edward, "not for your news," he added, sadly, "for I had liefer you had brought me any other, but for your display of loyalty and attachment."

"Have I and my fellow-preceptor been standing all this while in the presence of our gracious sovereign without knowing it?" exclaimed Sir John Cheke, as Seymour arose. "I pray you pardon us, and accept our homage."

So saying, he and Doctor Cox knelt down before the young king, who gave them each a hand.

"I now see my inadvertence," said Cox, "and I again pray your majesty to pardon it."

"Think of it no more," replied Edward. "Arise, my beloved monitors and preceptors. It is true I am your sovereign lord, but you must still only regard me as a pupil."

"You have done wrong in coming here, sir, without authority," said the Earl of Hertford, in a stern tone, to his brother, "and will incur the displeasure of the council."

"So I incur not his majesty's displeasure, I shall rest perfectly easy as to the council's anger," rejoined Seymour, in a tone of haughty indifference.

"Having discharged an errand which you have most officiously



and unwarrantably taken upon yourself," pursued the earl, with increasing wrath, "you will be pleased to depart.—How! do you loiter?"

"His majesty has not commanded me to withdraw, and I only obey him," returned Seymour, carelessly.

"Nay, my good lord," said Edward to the earl, "my uncle Sir Thomas seems to have ridden hard, and must need some refreshment after his hasty journey. That obtained, he can accompany us to Enfield."

"He cannot go with us," cried Hertford, forgetting himself in the heat of the moment.

"How?" exclaimed Edward, a frown crossing over his face, and giving him a slight look of his father. Without another word he then turned to Sir Thomas, and said, "Make haste, gentle uncle. Get what you lack, and then prepare to ride with us to Enfield."

"All thanks to your majesty, but I want nothing, rejoined Seymour. "I am ready to set forth with you at once."

The Princess Elizabeth, who had been standing a little apart with Sir Anthony Brown, and who appeared highly pleased with her royal brother's assumption of authority, here clapped her hands for an attendant, and commanded a cup of wine for Sir Thomas Seymour.

"I will not refuse this," said Seymour, when the wine was brought. "May your majesty reign long and prosperously!" he added, raising the goblet to his lips.

Having bidden adieu to his preceptors, and taken a tender leave of his sister, telling her to be of good cheer, and assuring her that their separation should not be long, Edward then informed the Earl of Hertford that he was ready to set forth, who thereupon ceremoniously conducted him to the door. They were followed by Sir Anthony Brown and Sir Thomas Seymour, the latter of whom lingered for a moment to whisper a few words to the Princess Elizabeth.

Horses and an escort were in readiness outside; and thus the youthful king, accompanied by both his uncles, rode to Enfield, where he rested that night.

## II.

HOW KING EDWARD THE SIXTH WAS PROCLAIMED AT WESTMINSTER; HOW HE RODE FROM ENFIELD TO THE TOWER OF LONDON; AND HOW THE KEYS OF THE TOWER WERE DELIVERED TO HIM BY THE CONSTABLE.

NEXT morning, Henry's demise was published abroad, and as soon as the news, which spread like wildfire, became generally known, an immense crowd collected before the palace of West-

minster, where barriers were erected, and other preparations made, for proclaiming his youthful successor.

A hard frost prevailed, and the day was clear and bright, though extremely cold. The general aspect of the crowd was anything but sorrowful, and few regrets were expressed for the departed monarch, though Henry had been by no means unpopular with the middle and lower ranks of his subjects, who approved of his severity so long as it did not touch themselves, but was merely exercised against the nobility. They did not, however, like his "Whip with Six Lashes," as the terrible statute of the Six Articles was commonly designated, for it cut right and left, and might hit any of them. All were glad he was gone, and many a remark was boldly uttered which would have caused the speaker to become acquainted with the Marshalsea or the Fleet in the king's lifetime. Most of the women—and there were plenty of them amidst the throng—loaded his memory with opprobrium on account of his treatment of his spouses; but their husbands jestingly retorted that he therein showed his wisdom, since the readiest way of getting rid of a troublesome wife was to cut off her head.

But by far the most audacious speech was uttered by a tall gaunt monk in the habit of a Franciscan friar, who, mounting a flight of steps, thus harangued the crowd in a loud voice: "Know ye me not, good folk?" he said. "I am that priest who preached before the king, now lying dead in yonder palace. I am that Father Peto who preached before King Henry in his chapel at Greenwich, and who told him to his face that heavy judgments would come upon him for his sinful doings—I am he who fearlessly told the king that many lying prophets had deceived him, but that I, as a true Micaiah, warned him that the dogs should lick his blood, even as they had licked the blood of Ahab. For the which prophetic words I was condemned as a rebel, a slanderer, a dog, and a traitor. Nevertheless, my words shall come to pass. Henry, the Ahab of England, is dead, and dogs will lick his blood."

Awe-stricken and astounded at the boldness of the Franciscan, many of the crowd looked round, expecting a pursuivant to ride up and arrest him. But the officers chanced to be otherwise engaged at the moment, and Father Peto, slowly descending from the steps, mingled with the throng, and was soon lost to view. The incident, however, produced a deep impression upon the assemblage, and the monk's words were long afterwards remembered.

Meanwhile, a lofty stage had been reared within the barriers in front of the palace. The throng was kept back, and order preserved, by porters of the royal household, who made good use of their staves upon the costards of such as pressed forward too rudely, by tall yeomen of the guard, having the king's cognisance worked in gold

on their breasts, and halberds in their hands, and by mounted pursuivants of arms, who rode constantly from point to point. Around the stage, upon the ground, was drawn up a bevy of trumpeters in embroidered coats, and with silken banners on their trumpets. All being, at last, in readiness, five heralds in coats of arms mounted the platform, and stationed themselves upon it, awaiting the lords coming forth from the Parliament House; and when this occurred, one of the trumpets blew thrice, making the palace walls echo with the shrill blasts. Then there was a deep silence throughout the hitherto noisy multitude, in the midst of which Somerset herald stepped forward, and in a loud voice made proclamation in the following terms: "Edward the Sixth, by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also Ireland, in earth Supreme Head, greeting,—Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God on Friday last to call to his infinite mercy the most excellent high and mighty Prince Henry, of most noble and famous memory, our most dear and entirely-beloved father, whose soul God pardon !——"

Thereupon the herald stopped, and immediately the whole band of trumpets blew a loud and courageous blast, stirring up every bosom. When this ceased, Garter advanced, and, at the top of his voice, cried out, "God save our noble King Edward!" upon which a tremendous shout rent the air. Many a fervent ejaculation was uttered for the young king's prosperity; but some old folk who had the reputation of wisdom shook their heads, and said, bodingly, in the language of Scripture, "Wo to the country whose king is a child!"

In the midst of these various expressions of sentiment, while some were full of joyful anticipations, and others, though very few in comparison with the rest, indulged in gloomy forebodings, while the lords, who had tarried for the proclamation, were moving away, and the heralds descending from the stage, a distant roar of ordnance was heard from the east, and a cry arose that the young king was going to the Tower; upon which the assemblage began to disperse, and a large portion moved off in the direction of the old fortress, such as could afford it taking boat at Westminster and going down the river to London-bridge, but the majority marching past the fair cross of Charing, erected by Edward I. to his queen, Eleanor, and along the Strand, to the City. Many of the lords entered the barges at the privy-stairs, near the palace, while others, anxious to make greater display, rode through the streets to the Tower, attended by large retinues of servants. The river was alive with craft of all sorts and sizes, from the stately and gilded barge, propelled by two ranks of rowers, to the small but crowded wherry. But it was below bridge, and near the Tower, that the greatest stir and excitement prevailed. Here the river was

thronged, and much difficulty was experienced by the smaller barks either in remaining stationary or in approaching the landing-places. All the barges, balingers, pinnaces, caravels, and great ships moored off the Tower, many of which had painted and gilded masts, were decorated with flags and streamers. Amongst the larger vessels were the *Mary Rose* and the famous *Harry Grace à Dieu*, the latter standing out of the water like a castle, with two towers at the stern. No sooner did the ordnance of the fortress announce the approach of the young king, than all of these ships replied with their heavy guns, which they then carried on the upper deck only, the sides of the vessels not being pierced. By these discharges the tall ships, Traitors' Gate, and the dominant White Tower itself, above which floated the royal standard, were shrouded in smoke.

Simultaneously with the proclamation of the new king at Westminster, a like announcement had been made by sound of trumpet in the City of London, under the authority of a sealed commission, by four heralds in their coats of arms—namely, Clarencieux, Carlisle, Windsor, and Chester—assisted by the lord mayor, the aldermen, and the sheriffs in their scarlet robes. Not a single dissentient voice was heard, but, on the contrary, the proclamation was received with immense cheering.

On the same day, about noon, the youthful prince on whom the crown had devolved set forth from the palace of Enfield for the Tower, accompanied by his two uncles, by his master of horse, and a large party of noblemen, knights-pensioners, esquires, and others, all very richly attired, and making an extremely gallant show. From his youth and beauty, Edward excited the admiration of all who beheld him. He was arrayed in a gown of cloth of silver, embroidered with damask gold, and wore a doublet of white velvet, wrought with Venice silver, garnished with rubies and diamonds. His velvet cap, with a white feather in it, was ornamented with a brooch of diamonds; his girdle was worked with Venice silver, and decked with precious stones and knots of pearls, and his buskins were of white velvet. His milk-white charger, a noble-looking but easy-paced animal, was caparisoned in crimson satin, embroidered with pearls and damask gold, and the bridle had wide reins of red leather. For his years, Edward rode remarkably well, maintaining his seat with much grace, and promising in time to become a consummate horseman, like his uncle Sir Thomas Seymour. By the young king's express command, in contravention of the Earl of Hertford's arrangements, his favourite uncle rode close behind him, and was not unfrequently called forward to his royal nephew's side. Mounted on a fiery Arabian courser, black as jet, but whose movements he controlled apparently by his will, magnificently attired, as his wont, in embroidered velvet cassock and silken doublet, by the stateliness of his person, and the haughtiness of his bearing, Seymour threw

into shade all the other nobles composing the king's train, and drew all eyes upon himself, after Edward had been gazed upon. Elated by his royal nephew's notice, his breast swelled with secret aspirations, and he listened to the promptings of his towering and insane ambition. Whenever he encountered the stern looks of his brother, he replied by a glance of fierce defiance.

In this way the royal cavalcade passed through Tottenham, where a large assemblage was collected, and where numerous clerks and priests were stationed near the High Cross, bearing censers, with which they censed the young king as he rode by. Other villages succeeded, and brought fresh crowds, fresh greetings, more priests, and more censuring. Fortunately, as we have already mentioned, the day was extremely fine, so the procession lost none of its effect.

Ere long, the ancient, and at that time most picturesque City of London came fully in view, protected by its grey walls, only to be entered through its gates, and remarkable for its many churches, amidst which the lofty spire of old Saint Paul's was proudly conspicuous. Joyously were the bells ringing in all these churches; but deepest and loudest in tone, and plainly distinguished above the rest, were the great bells of the cathedral. Bombards, falconets, and sakers were likewise discharged from the City walls and gates. Greatly pleased by these sounds, the youthful monarch smiled graciously, as Sir Thomas Seymour told him it was evident that his loyal subjects, the good citizens of London, meant to give him a hearty welcome.

Crossing Finsbury fields, the cavalcade entered the City by Bishopsgate. There a short pause occurred, the young king being met by the lord mayor—high Henry Hubblethorne—and the civic authorities, and being obliged to listen to an oration, to which he replied. Acclamations greeted him on all hands as he rode slowly through Bishopsgate-street Within, and blessings were showered upon his head. Not, perhaps, expecting so much enthusiasm, or at all events unaccustomed to such a display of it towards himself, the young sovereign was much moved; but he nevertheless acknowledged the hearty reception given him with infinite grace, bowing repeatedly right and left. His youth and gentle deportment won every heart, and all hoped that a prince so gracious and full of promise might meet with good counsellors. Time had not allowed much preparation to be made for the young king's passage through the City, but several of the houses were gaily hung with pieces of tapestry and cloths of gold and silver, while embroidered cushions were set in the windows, from which comely citizens' wives and their blooming daughters looked down upon the fair young king, and on his handsome uncle.

Near the church at the top of Gracechurch-street Edward was met by a solemn procession from Saint Paul's, consisting of a number of persons carrying silver crosses, the priests and choir

of the cathedral in their vestments and robes, followed by several of the City companies in their liveries.

As the royal cavalcade proceeded along Fenchurch-street, the popular enthusiasm increased, until the clamour became almost deafening, and the crowd pressed so much upon the young monarch, that it was with difficulty he could move on. However, the kindly tone in which he besought those nearest him to stand back, opened a way for him almost as readily as the halberds of the yeomen of the guard could clear it. The Earl of Hertford, who ever courted popular applause, smiled upon the crowd in vain. Attention was exclusively directed to the new king, and to the splendid-looking personage who immediately followed him; and it would be difficult to say which of the two was most admired, though doubtless far the greater amount of interest attached to Edward. But Hertford had the mortification of finding himself completely overlooked at a moment when he especially desired to be an object of attention.

Amid these manifestations of general enthusiasm and delight, which could not fail to be gratifying to him, Edward reached Tower Hill, where the populace was kept within due limits by a strong detachment of the mounted City guard. Here the ancient palace-fortress of his predecessors, wherein his august father had commenced his reign, and wherein he himself was about to keep his court for a while and hold his councils, burst upon his youthful gaze. No sooner was the young king discerned by those upon the watch for his coming, than from the summit of the White Tower burst forth a thundering welcome. The ordnance on the wharf before the fortress, on Traitors' Gate, on the By-ward Tower, on the barbican and the bastions, followed, and the roar was prolonged by the guns of the ships moored close at hand in the river.

"There spoke old *Harry Grace à Dieu!*" cried Seymour. "I know his tremendous tones well enough."

"'Tis the first time I have heard those guns," observed Edward. "In sooth, they have a terrible sound."

"Your enemies think so, sire," rejoined Sir Thomas, with a laugh. "Few who withstood the shot of those guns would care to hear them again. But you will have more of it presently. The cannoniers, I see, are once more ready on the White Tower. Heaven grant your highness be not deafened by the din!"

"Nay, I like it, gentle uncle," replied the young king, with boyish delight.

As he spoke, the ordnance from the Tower belched forth again; the roar being continued by the guns of the various ships, and closed by the deep-voiced cannon of the great *Harry*.

"'Tis a grand sound!" exclaimed Edward, with a glowing countenance. "I should like to witness a siege, uncle."

"Perchance your highness may have your wish," replied Sey-

mour. "The French are like to give us somewhat to do at Calais and Bouloign, ere long; and if they fail, the Scots are certain to find us employment. Your grace must visit Berwick. But here comes the Constable of the Tower to conduct you to the fortress."

As the second roar of ordnance died away, Sir John Gage, mounted upon a powerful sorrel charger, very richly caparisoned, issued forth from the Bulwark Gate. He was closely followed by the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Markham, two esquires, likewise on horseback, and by a long train on foot, headed by the chaplain of the Tower in his surplice, attended by the verger bearing the cross, and consisting of the chief porter, the gentleman-gaoler, and other officers, with forty yeomen of the guard, armed with halberds, and clad in their scarlet liveries, with the Rose and Crown embroidered upon the back—the latter walking two and two.

When within a short distance of the youthful sovereign, Sir John dismounted, and committing his charger to an esquire, bent the knee before Edward, and welcomed him to the Tower. The Lieutenant followed the example of his superior, after which the chaplain pronounced a solemn benediction. This done, the Constable and Lieutenant remounted their steeds; the yeomen of the guard and the others wheeled round, and returned as they had come, while Sir John Gage preceded the young monarch to the fortress.

On the stone bridge, built across the moat between the barbican and the By-ward Tower, were collected all the illustrious persons constituting the upper and lower councils appointed by the late king's will, except such as were actually in attendance at the moment. Chief amongst them were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and the Lord Chancellor; the two former being in full ecclesiastical costume, and the latter in his robes of office, with the collar of the Garter round his shoulders. Instead of sharing in the general animation, Wriothesley looked on with lowering brows, and to judge from the sternness of his visage and the coldness of his manner towards his companions, he meditated some hostile course against them. In the next rank were the Earl of Arundel, the venerable Lord Russell, the Earl of Essex, brother to Queen Catherine Parr, and the Lords St. John and Lisle. Most of these wore the Garter, and Lord Lisle was attired with extraordinary splendour. Behind them were the three judges in their robes, Montague, North, and Bromley. The rest of the brilliant assemblage consisted of Sir William Paget, chief secretary of state; Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, chief gentlemen of the privy-chamber; the vice-chamberlain, the treasurer, and several others. Yeomen of the guard bearing halberds, trumpeters sounding loud flourishes, bearers of standards, banners, guidons, pennons,

pensils, and bandrols, heralds in coats of arms, pursuivants of arms and marshals of arms with maces, came first, and the members of the council drew back on either side to allow them passage. Next came the Constable of the Tower, compelling his charger to move backwards along the whole length of the bridge, until he brought him under the vaulted archway of the By-ward Tower, where horse and rider remained motionless as an equestrian statue. While this feat was performed with so much address that no disturbance was caused to the bystanders, amid loud cheers from the beholders gathered on the walls and towers of the fortress, the king rode upon the bridge, and had got about half way across it, when the lords of the council, headed by Cranmer, advanced to pay him homage. A short address, concluding with a benediction, was pronounced by the primate, during which all the others, except Tunstal, knelt down. The blessing over, the kneeling lords arose, and exclaimed with one voice, "Vive le noble roi Edouard!" And the same cry was repeated with the utmost enthusiasm by Sir Thomas Seymour, who was close behind his royal nephew, by the Earl of Hertford, Sir Anthony Brown, and all upon the bridge.

Edward thanked them, in his clear musical voice, for these demonstrations of their loyalty and attachment. Then followed the ceremonial of the delivery of the keys of the Tower, which was thus accomplished. Attended by the chief porter bearing the keys on an embroidered cushion, the Constable of the Tower rode forth from beneath the gateway, and approached the king—the lords of the council drawing back on either side. The bearer of the keys then knelt down and proffered them to his majesty, who graciously thanked him, but desired they might remain in the custody of his right trusty and well-beloved cousin and councillor, Sir John Gage, seeing they be in no better hands. Thereupon, the Constable bowed to the saddle-bow, and, without more ado, backed his charger through the Tower gates, which were flung wide open, and so into the lower ward; the lords of the council forming themselves into a procession, and following as Gage retreated, and the king and his retinue slowly advancing, amid the reiterated acclamations of the beholders, so that, after a while, all had entered the fortress.

A striking sight greeted the young monarch as he passed through the gates. From the By-ward Tower to the Bloody Tower the whole of the lower ward was filled with archers and arquebusiers of the royal guard in their full accoutrements, drawn up in two lines—the archers on the right, and the arquebusiers on the left.

All these were picked men, of very tall stature, and their morions, breastplates, and tassettes were well burnished. Captains and other officers of the guard, distinguishable from their splendid equipments,



were stationed at intervals. The sight of these stalwart fellows, who had been his father's guard in ordinary, and had attended the late king to France, as Sir Thomas Seymour informed Edward, delighted the youthful sovereign. He had much military ardour in his composition, and might have displayed it in action, if circumstances had permitted. As it was, the veterans upon whom he now admiringly smiled as he rode past them, occasionally expressing a word of commendation that sank deep into the heart of him to whom it was addressed, predicted that he would become a hero.

Thus making his way, he passed through the gloomy gateway of the Bloody Tower, glancing at the iron teeth of the huge portcullis by which it was defended, and, mounting the hill, turned off on the right and entered a court, at that time existing between the White Tower and the palace, and which was now densely filled by the various personages composing the procession. Here alighting, he was ceremoniously ushered into the palace.

### III.

HOW THE EARL OF HERTFORD WAS MADE LORD PROTECTOR OF THE REALM, AND GOVERNOR OF THE KING'S PERSON DURING HIS NONAGE.

SHORTLY after Edward's arrival at the Tower, and while the young monarch was preparing to receive all the lords, spiritual and temporal, who had flocked thither to swear allegiance to him, a conference took place in the lesser council-chamber of the White Tower (now used as a depository for state papers and records), to which none but members of the upper and lower councils were admitted. The lower council could not vote, but they were allowed to assist at the deliberation. At the opening of the meeting, a resolution was moved by the Lord Chancellor, who had his own motives for making the proposition, that they should all solemnly swear to maintain inviolate every part and article of the last will and testament of their late sovereign lord and master. This motion, though displeasing to some, could not be opposed, and the oath was administered accordingly.

"The oath has been taken," muttered Wriothesley, glancing at Hertford. "We shall now see who will attempt to break it."

He had not to wait long, for Sir William Paget, chief secretary of state, and Hertford's principal associate, rose from his seat, and craving their attention, said,

"Before we proceed further, my lords and gentlemen, I may remark that it will be highly embarrassing to the people, and especially to foreign ambassadors, if they are compelled to address themselves on every occasion to sixteen persons, all of them clothed with

the same authority. I therefore propose to you, as a preliminary measure, that we select from our number the worthiest and fittest amongst us to be chief and president, conferring upon him the title of Lord Protector of the Realm. By such means there will be infinitely speedier despatch of business, while no change whatever can take place in the established form of government, inasmuch as an express condition shall be annexed to the dignity, that the Lord Protector shall do no act without the concurrence of the entire body of the council."

"Your motion cannot be entertained, good master secretary," cried the Lord Chancellor, rising, and speaking with much warmth. "It is in direct contradiction of the late king's will, which you have just sworn to uphold, and which you cannot infringe in any particular without unfaithfulness to your trust. We will have no chief, president, or Lord Protector. No such appointment was contemplated by our late royal master. I defy you to show it. Equal authority was given by him to us all, and I refuse to transfer any portion of mine to another executor, be he whom he may." And he glanced menacingly at Hertford, who, however, seemed perfectly easy as to the result.

"But if our choice should fall on you, my lord, would your objections to the step be equally strong?" said Sir Richard Rich, another of Hertford's partisans, rising.

"Ay, marry would they!" rejoined Wriothesley. "I wot well you have no thought of choosing me, Sir Richard; but if you had, you could not lawfully do it, neither would I accept the office of Lord Protector if offered me, knowing it to be contrary to the intentions of our late sovereign lord and master that any one of us should have higher power than his fellows. You must take the will as it is—not as you would have it."

"Far be it from me to propose aught contrary to the true intent and meaning of our lamented master's testamentary injunctions," said Paget; "but despatch of business and the convenience of the government generally, require that we should have a head. Otherwise, there will be nothing but perplexity and confusion. Moreover, since the Lord Protector will in reality have no power except such as is derived from us all, I can see no harm in the appointment—but much good. I therefore claim your voices for his majesty's elder uncle, the Earl of Hertford, whom I look upon as the fittest person to be our chief. If you consult your own dignity, you will grace him with the title of Lord Protector, and as he is nearest in relationship to the king that now is, and must have his majesty's interest at heart more than any other, you cannot do better than appoint him governor of the king's person during his nonage."

"It cannot be done, I say," cried Wriothesley, stamping furiously on the ground. "I will never agree to it—and, at least, the election must be unanimous."

"Not so, my lord. A plurality of voices will suffice," rejoined Paget.

"Be calm, I entreat you, my lord," said Sir Anthony Brown, in a low voice, to the Lord Chancellor. "Your opposition will avail nothing, but your adhesion will make you Earl of Southampton."

"Ha! say you so?" exclaimed Wriothlesley, becoming suddenly appeased, and sitting down.

"Proceed without fear," whispered Sir Anthony to Paget. "I have stopped the Lord Chancellor's mouth with an earldom."

"It is well," returned the other, in the same tone. Then looking round the assemblage, he added, "If I understand aright, my lords and gentlemen, you all agree with me that it is meet my Lord of Hertford be appointed President of the Council, with the title of Lord Protector of the Realm, and Governor of the King's Person during his minority. Be pleased to signify your assent by your voices."

"Hold yet a moment!" interposed the Lord Chancellor, again rising. "Couple with your proposal the condition that the Lord Protector shall do nothing save with the assent of all the other councillors. On that understanding I am content to withdraw my opposition."

"It is distinctly so understood, my lord, and I thank you for your adhesion," replied Paget, bowing. "Are all the rest agreed?" he added.

Upon which, the others arose, exclaiming with one accord, "that no one was so fit to be Lord Protector as the Earl of Hertford, and that they were well content with the appointment."

"I meddle not with secular matters," observed Cranmer, "for the conduct whereof I am little fitted. But feeling well assured that the affairs of the government will be managed with wisdom and ability by my Lord of Hertford; and feeling also certain that no efforts on his part will be spared to purge and purify the Church, and establish the pure doctrines of Christianity, I have given my voice for him."

"I have concurred in my Lord of Hertford's appointment," said Tunstal, "in the belief that it is essential there should be a head to the government; and in the firm belief also that no better person than his lordship can be found for the office. But still adhering, as I do, to the old religion, though I have been content, for the sake of peace, to conform to many changes wrought in it by our late sovereign lord and master, I am strongly averse to any further Reformation, as it is called, and I shall deeply regret the vote I have given if I find the Lord Protector take advantage of the power just conferred upon him to push for further separation from the See of Rome, and to widen and deepen the breaches already unhappily made in the Church."

"No fear of that, my lord of Durham," said Wriothlesley; "the cause of Rome is too ably supported in the upper council by

yourself, by my lords of Arundel and St. John, by Sir Edward Wotton, Sir Anthony Brown, and Doctor Nicholas Wotton; and in the lower council by Sir John Gage, Sir William Petre, Sir John Baker, and Sir Thomas Cheyney. I say nothing of myself—but you may count on all my zeal. We will resist—strenuously resist—any further interference with our religion.”

“You have spoken our sentiments, my lord,” said Sir Anthony Brown, and other friends of the old belief. “We are disposed to make up the breach with the See of Rome, not to widen it.”

“Nay, my good lords and gentlemen, let there be no disagreement amongst us,” said Hertford, in a bland and conciliatory voice. Then bowing around, he added, “Accept, I pray you all, my hearty thanks for the high and important offices just conferred upon me. My best endeavours shall be used to satisfy you all. I shall strive to reconcile differences, not to heighten them; I shall be moderate and tolerant, rather than over-zealous; and I cannot far err, seeing I must be guided and controlled by your collective opinions and wisdom.” This speech producing the effect desired by the new Lord Protector, he went on. “And now, my lords and gentlemen, there is a matter wherein many of ye are concerned to which I would direct your present attention, though the full accomplishment thereof must necessarily be deferred to another time. As you are all doubtless aware, there is a clause in the late king’s will requiring us, his executors, to make good all his promises of any sort or kind. What these promises were it will be needful to ascertain without delay. As a means thereto, I will call upon one who, being greatly trusted, had the best opportunities of knowing his majesty’s intentions, to declare. I address myself to you, Sir William Paget, and require you to state explicitly as much as you know of the late king’s designs.”

“I can answer your inquiries without difficulty, my lord,” replied the chief secretary, “for I have a book wherein the king’s wishes were set down by myself, under his majesty’s direction, by whom, as ye will see, the memoranda are signed. Here it is,” he added, exhibiting the book. “From this ye will learn the honours and rewards meant to be conferred by him upon his faithful servants. Herein ye will find it written, that the Earl of Hertford shall be created Lord High Treasurer and Earl Marshal, with the title of Duke of Somerset, and his son Earl of Hertford; in support of which titles, yearly revenues are to arise to the duke and his son out of the next bishop’s land that shall fall due.”

“That may be Durham,” observed Tunstal. “His majesty hath shown as little scruple towards us of the superior clergy, as he did towards the monasteries.”

“Nay, I trust my revenues will not arise from your diocese, my lord,” said Hertford, “though it be the richest and most considerable in the kingdom. What more, good master secretary?”

“The Earl of Essex is set down to be Marquis of Northampton,”

pursued Paget; "the Lord Lisle to be Earl of Warwick; the Lord Wriothesley"—and he paused to glance at the Lord Chancellor—"to be Earl of Southampton; Sir Richard Rich to be Baron Rich; and Sir Thomas Seymour to be Baron Seymour of Sudley, and Lord High Admiral."

The latter announcement was received with considerable applause, especially from those of the lower council, and the subject of it was warmly congratulated by his companions. Seymour, however, looked discontented, and evidently thought he had been inadequately rewarded. One person only in the upper council took umbrage at the appointment. This was the existing Lord High Admiral, Lord Lisle.

"How is this?" he cried, angrily. "Am I to be deprived of my office?"

"Only to have something better," replied the Lord Protector. "Resign your patent in my brother's favour, and I will indemnify you with the post of Grand Chamberlain, which I now hold."

"I am quite content with the exchange, my lord," replied Lisle, his angry looks giving way to smiles.

"What of Sir John Gage?" demanded the Lord Protector. "Is not he to be exalted?"

"No mention is made of him," replied Paget, shaking his head.

"I rejoice to hear it," resounded the deep voice of the Constable of the Tower, from the lower part of the chamber.

"Is there no title bestowed on yourself, good master secretary?" inquired the Lord Protector.

"Your lordship will see when you look over the book," replied Paget.

"Being in waiting when these memoranda were made," observed Sir Anthony Denny, "I told his majesty that master secretary had remembered all but himself; whereupon the king desired me to write him down for a yearly revenue, as appeareth in the book."

"Revenues were granted to all whom the king designed to honour," said Paget, "and were destined to spring from the forfeit estates of the Duke of Norfolk; but this plan has been defeated by the duke, who, as ye know, prevailed upon his majesty to settle the estates on his son, our present sovereign. Consequently, the revenues must be derived from other sources."

"All shall be ordered in due time," rejoined the Lord Protector. "After the coronation of his present majesty, all the creations appointed by the late king shall be made. Until then, those who are most interested must be content to wait. And now, my lords and gentlemen, let us to the king, who by this time must have entered the presence-chamber. I pray your grace to come with me."

This he addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, however, held back to let him pass forth first. The rest of the council, of both degrees, followed them out of the chamber.

## IV.

HOW THE YOUTHFUL KING WAS KNIGHTED BY THE LORD PROTECTOR; AND HOW THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON WAS KNIGHTED BY THE KING.

YOUNG Edward's first reception was held in the council-chamber of the White Tower—a vast apartment still existing, and which, if its height were only proportionate to its length and width, would almost be without equal. As it is, the chamber is very noble, with a massive timber roof, flat, and of immense weight, supported by double ranges of stout oak pillars. Around this chamber run narrow stone galleries, arched and vaulted, constructed within the thickness of the walls, and having large semicircular openings for the admission of light.

Fitted up as it was for the grand ceremonial about to take place within it, the presence-chamber, for so it was then styled, looked really magnificent; neither was it at all too large for the accommodation of the numerous ecclesiastics of the highest order, nobles, knights, City authorities—the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs to wit—pensioners, esquires, henchmen, pages, yeomen of the guard, marshals of arms, pursuivants, trumpeters, and others, by whom it was thronged. So overerowed was it, in fact, that the stone galleries previously mentioned were filled.

The walls were hung with costly tapestry, and the pillars garnished with cloth of gold, the sides of the chamber and the roof being thickly set with banners of arms and descents, together with banners of the king's dominions, while the floor was deeply strewn with rushes.

At the upper end there was a cloth of estate, beneath which, upon a dais with three steps, sat the youthful monarch; a wide open space, covered with a carpet, being kept in front of the throne by silken cords drawn from side to side, at the entrance to which space stood the vice-chamberlain and other court officials, while the exit was guarded by gentlemen-ushers.

Within these privileged precincts only two persons had as yet been admitted—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the newly-made Lord Protector. In his quality of grand chamberlain, Hertford stood on the right of the king, bearing the wand of office, while the primate occupied a place on the left.

It was a moment of intense excitement to the young king, whose breast was filled with emotions such as he had never before experienced; but though much agitated internally, he maintained an outward appearance of composure, and performed the new and difficult part he was required to enact in a manner that won him universal admiration. Once or twice he glanced at his uncle, the Lord Protector, somewhat timidly, wishing

Sir Thomas Seymour were in his place, but Hertford's bland and courtier-like manner quickly reassured him. Edward's face was flushed, and his eyes unusually brilliant, for his pulse beat fast; and though his deportment might want the majesty that years alone can impart, it had something infinitely more charming in the almost childlike grace of the young monarch, and in the sweetness and simplicity of his looks.

The queen-dowager, who, surrounded by her ladies of honour—the Marchioness of Dorset, the Countess of Hertford, Lady Herbert, Lady Tyrwhitt, and others—sat beneath a lesser canopy on the right side of the room, regarded him with almost maternal pride and affection. The widowed queen had been summoned from the privacy to which she had retired on the demise of her royal husband, and was now lodged within the Tower.

All needful preliminaries having been gone through, the whole of the council, headed by the Lord Chancellor, entered the reserved space, and passing one by one before Edward, who arose to receive them, knelt down, kissed the youthful sovereign's hand, and vowed allegiance to him. Such a ceremony must be always interesting, but it was never, perhaps, more interesting than on the present occasion, when the extreme youth and beauty of the monarch lent it a peculiar charm.

As Sir Thomas Seymour approached, Edward, who had not hitherto spoken, observed, with a smile,

“You have already vowed fidelity to me, gentle uncle.”

“Gramercy for the reminder, my gracious liege,” replied Seymour. “Yet shall not that vow, which I will most religiously keep, prevent me from taking the oath of allegiance from subject to sovereign.” And kneeling down, he went through the ceremony like the others, but with even more fervour.

The whole of the council having thus sworn fidelity to the king, the Lord Chancellor advanced, and making a profound obeisance to Edward, informed him, in a voice distinctly audible throughout the whole of the vast and crowded chamber, that they had unanimously elected the Earl of Hertford to be Lord Protector.

“You have done well,” replied Edward. “I approve the council's choice. But you have more to say. Proceed, my lord.”

“Considering the tender years of your highness,” rejoined Wriothesley, “we have deemed it expedient to appoint a governor of your royal person during your nonage.”

“I am right glad of it,” said Edward, fixing his eye upon Sir Thomas Seymour. “And you have chosen——”

“As your majesty will naturally anticipate, we have chosen the Earl of Hertford for your governor,” replied Wriothesley.

“How?” exclaimed Edward, unable to conceal his disappointment. “Marry, this is not what I expected!”

“Does not our choice give your highness satisfaction?” inquired

the Lord Chancellor, with secret malice. "The Earl of Hertford is your uncle."

"But I have another uncle," cried Edward, with much vivacity. "Marry, you should have chosen him."

"By my life, the boy is his father's true son," whispered Sir John Gage to Seymour; "he *will* have you for governor."

"He will, if they will let him have his way," replied Sir Thomas, doubtfully.

"And he will have it, if he holds firm," rejoined the Constable.

Several of the upper council had exchanged looks at the vivacious expression of the young king's sentiments and inclinations, and seemed shaken in their resolve. Seymour began to think his grand point was gained. The Lord Protector looked uneasy, but Cranmer came to the rescue.

"I can easily understand your highness's preference of your younger uncle," observed the primate to the young king; "but age, experience, and I may add high station, render the Earl of Hertford the more suitable of the two to be your governor."

"The last defect might be easily amended, your grace," rejoined Edward, in a tone of pique, "though I cannot so readily give my uncle Sir Thomas my lord of Hertford's years and experience. But be it as ye will. Ye are the best judges of what is fittest for me. I heartily thank your grace and the lords and gentlemen of the council for the care taken of me."

Thus were Seymour's hopes rudely dashed to the ground. But he was somewhat cheered by a significant look directed towards him by his royal nephew—a look that did not escape the vigilance of the Lord Protector.

"If I cannot be governor of his person, at all events I shall have unlimited influence over him in secret," mentally ejaculated Seymour.

Their business over, the Lord Chancellor and the rest of the council retired. They were succeeded by the lords spiritual, headed by Gardiner, who, as chief prelate, walked first. Tunstal having departed with the council, the Bishop of Winchester was followed by Doctor Bonner, Bishop of London, and the long list of church dignitaries was closed by Doctor Bush, Bishop of Bristol.

Then came the lords temporal, foremost of whom was the Marquis of Dorset. The Earls of Oxford, Shrewsbury, Derby, and Sussex, succeeded. Each noble as he arose from paying homage, exclaimed with a loud and earnest voice, "God save your grace!" Then came Lord Morley, Lord Daere of the North, and the Lords Ferrers, Clinton, Gray, and Scrope. These were succeeded by the Lords Abergavenny, Conyers, Latimer, Fitzwalter, and Bray, with a multitude of others whom it would be tedious to particularise; neither can we call over the long roll of knights and



esquires who subsequently vowed allegiance to their youthful sovereign.

Suffice it to mention that among those who thus swore fidelity to the new king were the Lord Mayor of London, and the aldermen and sheriffs in their scarlet robes.

It was while the civic authorities were yet in Edward's presence, that he prayed them to tarry a moment, and, descending from the throne, besought his elder uncle to knight him.

Whereupon, the Lord Protector immediately drew his sword and dubbed the king; after which, the youthful monarch took his uncle's sword, and, commanding the lord mayor to kneel, struck him on the shoulder with the blade with right good will, bidding him arise Sir Henry Hubblethorne.

Being a very portly personage, the lord mayor had much ado to get up again, but, having accomplished the feat, with considerable embarrassment he proffered his thanks to the youthful king, who could scarce forbear from laughing at his confusion.

Then the young monarch again gracefully ascended the throne. As soon as he faced the assemblage, they all cried out together, "God save the noble King Edward!"

The trumpets were then sounded.

Then the young king took off his cap with much majesty of action, and stood erect before them all.

Silence immediately ensued—a tag might have been heard to fall. Amidst this deep hush, in tones that vibrated through every breast, and stirred up the strongest feelings of loyalty and devotion, the young king said,

"We heartily thank you, my lords all. Hereafter, in all that ye shall have to do with us for any suit or causes, ye shall be heartily welcome."

Once more the trumpets were sounded. Cannon replied from without. And so the ceremony ended.

A grand banquet followed, at which all the lords assisted—the queen-dowager sitting on the king's right, and the Lord Protector on the left.

That night, and for some time afterwards, the whole of the council, upper and lower, with many of the nobles and knights and their attendants, were lodged within the Tower.

### Mingle-Mangle by Monks'hood.

. . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 Bp. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

#### OF STORM-BREWING, AND SKYEY INFLUENCES.

WAS there ever, I wonder, a novel written without a thunderstorm in it? A Novel without a Hero we have all heard of; but where is there a novel without tempest or hurricane?

Fictions just a few there may be, with this minus sign,—but then they are, depend upon it, of the dullest of domestically dull drab patterns,—without plot, or movement, or any such thing. Unless, indeed, they be the productions of that rare genius which can excite and sustain interest by the delineation of character alone.

It is half sublime, half ridiculous, to observe the everlasting recurrence of a thunderstorm, whensoever the novelist has occasion for a crisis or a catastrophe. He, with consummate ease and assurance, brings heaven and earth together to make two lovers happy, or the reverse. He gets up a tempest, regardless of expense in fire and water, to rescue his hero in the nick of time. He brews a storm, at a moment's notice, wherewith to whirl his arch-villain into present perdition. Whenever his ravelled skein of incidents is becoming knotted into Gordian complexity,—as soon as, or a little sooner than, the *nodus* appears to be really *vindice dignus*,—immediately the solution is evoked, *deus interest*, in the lurid advent of a storm. Sometimes, however, a good smart pelting shower will serve his turn.

Not that this system of wholesale brewing is the monopoly of novelists by profession. Poets and playwrights go shares with them in the business. Epics and tragedies divide the profits with them. We might commence a series of illustrations long prior to Virgil and his

Interea magno misceri murmure cælum  
 Incipit; insequitur commixtâ grandine nimbus,\*

—on the day so critical to Dido and Æneas, when torrents poured down the hills, and the conscious air flashed with lights, and resounded with sobbing wails. But *passons au* (or rather *from* that) *déluge*, and, instead of beginning at the beginning, and submerging ourselves in antediluvian times, or paulo-post-diluvian, let us take cursory note, here and there, of some more modern instances, to exemplify our theme.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain, who bore upon his breast a bloody cross, and a lovely lady rode him fair beside,—even thus opens, not one of Mr. James's novels, but Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; and before we have got through the sixth stanza of that first canto, the poet finds or forges occasion for nothing less than a "hideous storm of rain," threatening to wash out the colours of the Red Cross Knight.

Thus as they past,  
 The day with clouds was sudden overcast,

\* Æneidos, l. iv.

And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain  
 Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,  
 That every wight to shroud it did constrain;  
 And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.\*

No parallel passage to the Virgilian pairing off, however; but only a good drenching shower, and there an end. Contrast with so mild an effusion that storm-scene in the Temptation in the wilderness, of Milton's painting,—when either tropic

'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,  
 From many a horrid rift, abortive pour'd  
 Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire  
 In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds  
 Within their stormy caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts  
 Or torn up sheer.†

Or with the piled-up horrors of Lear's midnight wanderings—when we see the dis-crowned king, unbonneted too, contending with the fretful element, and tearing his white hair, “which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage, catch in their fury, and make nothing of”—striving to out-scorn the to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,  
 The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
 Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
 And bids what will take all.‡

The winds may blow, and crack their cheeks, for him—cataracts and hurricanes spout, till they have drenched the steeples all around; lightnings “sulphurous and thought-executing,” “vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,” are welcome to singe his white head, and “all-shaking thunder” he bids, in his frenzied appeal, “strike flat the thick rotundity of the world,” and annihilate the race of man. Lear taxes not the elements with unkindness: he never gave *them* kingdom, called *them* children; *they* owe him no obedience; so he bids them let fall their horrible pleasure on him their slave—a poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man. And yet he calls them servile ministers, that have with two pernicious daughters joined their “high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head so old and white” as his. Leal-hearted Kent bears record that since he has been man, “such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, such groans of roaring wind and rain,” he never remembers to have heard—yet in vain implores his distracted master to seek a covert from the storm. Alack, bare-headed the houseless king bows to the “dreadful pother” o'er his head, and moralises on trembling guilt and quaking crime, that “cry these dreadful summoners grace.” Lear's wits are not turned yet; but, consciously (appalling consciousness!), they begin to turn now. What intensity of indignant pathos in Gloster's reproach of Regan, describing her father's outcast fate:

\* *Facrie Queene*, c. i. st. 6.

† *Paradise Regained*, b. iv.

‡ *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 1.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
 In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,  
 And quench'd the stellèd fires: yet, poor old heart,  
 He holp the heavens to rain.  
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,  
 Thou should'st have said, Good porter, turn the key.

Of which fine stroke there is a fine paraphrase, later in the tragedy, when Cordelia exclaims—

Was this a face  
 To be exposed against the warring winds?  
 To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?  
 . . . Mine enemy's dog,  
 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
 Against my fire.\*

There is no such storm in the wide wide world of books, as that.

Other storms there are, however, of Shakspeare's brewing, not without their awe and grandeur. There is that in the "Winter's Tale,"† when the old Shepherd finds babe Perdita on the sea-shore, just after Antigonus has left her with his

—Farewell!  
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have  
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw  
 The heavens so dim by day.

There is that, again, on the eve of Cæsar's death, when the conspirators are arranging their last plans—when Casca, out of breath, and wild-eyed, and sword in hand, being questioned by Cicero, in the public street, what all this may mean, replies, amid peals and flashes overhead,

Are you not moved, when all the sway of earth  
 Shakes, like a thing infirm? O Cicero,  
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
 Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:  
 But never till to-night, never till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven;  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.‡

Cassius, as accords with his creed, or no creed, may make a merit of baring his bosom to the thunder-stone, and, when the cross blue lightning seems to open the breast of heaven, present himself "even in the very aim and flash of it;"—but Casca, who never knew the heavens menace so, is otherwise minded, and thinks it the part of men to fear and tremble, "when the most mighty gods, by tokens, send such dreadful heralds to astonish us." On such a night is Brutus summoned by anonymous appeals to awake, speak, strike, redress; and these letters he needs no taper to read at midnight:

The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.§

\* King Lear, Act III. Sc. 2 and 7; Act IV. Sc. 7.

† Act III. Sc. 3.

‡ Julius Cæsar, Act I. Sc. 3.

§ Act II. Sc. 1.

Then again there is the opening scene of "Macbeth," devoted to that unhallowed congress of weird sisters, in thunder, lightning, and in rain. And another opening scene there is in a play to which the Tempest of that prologue gives its very name, as well as determines its plot.

The third act of Ben Jonson's "Catiline" closes, and the fourth commences, amid the crash and glare of heaven's artillery. Into a Street at the foot of the Capitol, "Enter the Allobrogian Ambassadors. Divers Senators pass by them," after the stage direction, "quaking and trembling." Whereupon one of the envoys disdainfully remarks:

Of all that pass, I do not see a face  
Worthy a man; that dars look up and stand  
One thunder out; but downward all, like beasts,  
Running away from every flash is made.\*

Cato and Catulus, meanwhile, adopt a more reverent reading of the storm, believing that the "good heavens and just" are even now urging their anger against the sins of Catiline and his crew, and are telling guilty men what powers are above them; for, "in such a confidence of wickedness, 'twas time they should know something fit to fear." But to fear nothing is a practical maxim with Catiline and his crew.

Dryden gets up a tolerable bit of sea storm in his "Cymon and Iphigenia,"—where the transmuted lover is steering to Candy with his conquered prey, and all at once the winds arise, the thunders roll, the forky lightnings play, and the giddy ship labours and creaks in dread extremity—whereby is made to hang a new crisis in the tale.

Cowper evokes a storm, expressly to smite young Misagathus, "atheist in ostent."

A storm was near,  
An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.  
The impious challenger of power divine  
Was now to learn, that Heaven, though slow to wrath,  
Is never with impunity defied.†

The Christian poet, we may be sure, bent as he was on vindicating eternal Providence, would have strenuously maintained, if questioned upon this episode, that never was a rule *Nisi*, in the law *Nec Deus interit*, more properly taken and made use of, than here.

When Miss Sindall, in Mackenzie's tale,‡ is taking flight from her persecutor, "'Twill be a dreadful night," remarks her humble companion ("for it began to rain, and the thunder rolled at a distance"). The storm is a bad one, accordingly, and makes Mr. Bolton lose his way, and thereby light on an important stranger.—When Edie Ochiltree and Dusterswivel§ have their strange rendezvous in the ruined priory, of course the night sets in stormy, with wind and occasional showers of rain.—The bride of Lammermoor becomes Ravenswood's guest at Wolf's Crag in virtue of a lowering and gloomy sky—and anon the storm-cloud bursts over the castle, with "a peal so sudden and dreadful, that the old tower rocked to its foundation, and every inmate concluded it was falling upon them. . . . Whether the lightning had actually struck the castle, or whether through the violent concussion of the air, several heavy stones

\* Catiline, IV. 1.

‡ The Man of the World, ch. xvi. 27.

† The Task, book vi.

§ The Antiquary, II. 4.

were hurled from the mouldering battlements into the roaring sea beneath."\* It might seem as if the ancient founder of the castle were bestriding the thunderstorm, and proclaiming his displeasure at the reconciliation of his descendant with the enemy of his house.

Night closes around Mrs. Shelley's modern Prometheus† near the Alps—the darkness and storm increase every minute; the thunder bursts with a terrific crash over his head; vivid flashes of lightning dazzle his eyes—and presently one flash discovers to him, too plainly, the gigantic stature and the deformed aspect, "more hideous than belongs to humanity," of the "filthy dæmon" to whom he has given life. A later apparition‡ of the fiend is similarly ushered in by a heavy storm—title-page as it were to a tragic volume.

As Lear on the deluged heath bids the "all-shaking thunder"

Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man,

so does Schiller's fisherman in the storm-scene on the lake, bid them, in his fury of aggrieved patriotism,

In the germ  
Destroy the generations yet unborn.§

How the wind whistles and the whirlpool roars! exclaims the fisher-boy; and his elder interprets the tempest to mean heaven's wrath at the apple-cherery doings, just come off in Gesler's presence—a special performance by command.

To level at the head of his own child!  
Never had father such command before.  
And shall not nature, rising in wild wrath,  
Revolt against the deed?

The stage directions for managing the storm, prefixed to this scene, are characteristically German.

The atmosphere was heavy, and masses of low black clouds were gathering in the horizon, when young Werther called on Charlotte, and thereby inaugurated his celebrated Sorrows. There is company, and a dance || but the dance is not finished when the lightning becomes vivid, and the thunder is heard above the music, and the ladies' shrieks considerably above both. When, in after days, Werther tore himself from Charlotte, with an "adieu, for ever!" be sure the night was dark and stormy—it rained and snowed. "He reached his own door about eleven. His servant perceived, as he entered the house, that he was without a hat, but did not venture to say anything; and as he undressed his master, he found that his clothes were wet. His hat was found afterwards upon the point of a rock which overhangs the valley; and it is inconceivable how he could have climbed to the summit on such a dark tempestuous night without losing his life."¶ But how could a young man of Werther's mettle leave the world, except amid attendant associations of

\* The Bride of Lammermoor, II. 2.

† Ibid., ch. xxiii.

|| The Sorrows of Werther, b. i.

‡ Frankenstein, ch. vii.

§ Wilhelm Tell, IV. 1.

¶ Ibid., b. ii.

bad weather—the harmonies of storm discords—one of nature's voluntaries or symphonies, to the manner born?

But, among Germans, commend us to Klingemann, not only for magic-lantern transparencies, deaths'-heads, fire showers, plush-cloaks, &c.,\* but for thunder and lightning—the former well brewed, the latter equally well bottled. In him you find enough and to spare of "church-yard and chapel scenes, in the most tempestuous weather,"—which to those who like to be out in such, is as uncomfortably charming as bad taste could desire.

Adept at this sort of brewing as Herr Klingemann may have been, there is a non-dramatic writer of our own who is equally productive in the same trade, and whose tap is more to the mind of native consumers. A thirsty soul may drink his fill of Thomas Ingoldsby's storm-brewing. There is that night, that horrible night, in the Witches' Frolic ("folks ever afterwards said with affright, that they never had seen such a terrible sight"), when, after the sun had gone down fiery red, and left behind him a lurid track of blood-red light upon pitch-dark clouds,

There came a shrill and a whistling sound,  
Above, beneath, beside, and around,  
Yet leaf ne'er moved on tree! . . .  
And then a hollow moaning blast  
Came, sounding more dismally still than the last,  
And the lightning flash'd, and the thunder growl'd,  
And louder and louder the tempest howl'd,  
And the rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a  
Bard for a simile short of Niagara.†

So in that German wedding scene, between Sir Rupert and Lurline, at the altar rails:

With a gracious air, and a smiling look,  
Mess John had opened his awful book,  
And had read so far as to ask if to wed he meant?  
And if he knew any just cause or impediment?  
When from base to turret the castle shook!  
Then came a sound of a mighty rain  
Dashing against each storied pane,  
The wind blew loud,  
And a coal-black cloud  
O'ershadow'd the church, and the party, and crowd;  
How it could happen they could not divine,  
The morning had been so remarkably fine!‡

Then there are the haunted ruffians in the Drummer-boy legend, whose colloquy is thus interrupted, just as it becomes exciting on the topic of a—ghost:

"A what?" returned Bill,—at that moment a flash  
More than commonly awful preceded a crash  
Like what's called in Kentucky "an almighty smash."—  
And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,§ &c.

\* See Carlyle on German Playwrights. (1829.)

† Ingoldsby Legends: The Witches' Frolic.

‡ Sir Rupert the Fearless: A Legend of Germany.

§ The Dead Drummer.

Or again there is that more imposing example in the wedding progress of Edith and Sir Alured :

Now it seems that the sky  
Which had been of a dye  
As bright and as blue as your lady-love's eye,  
The season in fact being genial and dry,  
Began to assume  
An appearance of gloom  
From the moment the knight began fidget and fume,  
Which deepen'd and deepen'd till all the horizon  
Grew blacker than aught they had ever set eyes on,  
And soon, from the far west, the elements rumbling,  
Increased, and kept pace with Sir Alured's grumbling.  
Bright flashes between,  
Blue, red, and green,  
All livid and lurid began to be seen;  
At length down it came—a whole deluge of rain,  
A perfect Niagara, drenching the plain,  
And up came the reek,  
And down came the shriek  
Of the winds like a steam-whistle starting a train;  
And the tempest began so to roar and to pour,\*

that, in short, consequences ensued too numerous and critical for present mention. After which specimens, instead of citing others in addition, let us admit the appropriateness of Mr. Barham's parenthesis, in another stormy wind and tempest legend,—

You don't want me, however, to paint you a Storm,  
As so many have done, and in colours so warm;  
Lord Byron, for instance, in manner facetious,  
Mr. Ainsworth, more gravely,—see also Lucretius.†

Else we might tell how the Dutch packet was overtaken, "with the sands called the Goodwin's a league on her lee"—and how, by degrees, "still rougher it grew, and still harder it blew, and the thunder kicked up such a halliballoo, that even the skipper began to look blue, while the crew, who were few, looked very queer, too, and seemed not to know what exactly to do,

And they who'd the charge of them wrote in the logs,  
'Wind N.E.—blows a hurricane—rains cats and dogs.'  
In short it soon grew to a tempest as rude as  
That Shakspeare describes near the still-veit Bermudas,  
When the winds, in their sport,  
Drove aside from its port  
The King's ship, with the whole Neapolitan Court,  
And swamped it to give 'the King's Son, Ferdinand,' a  
Soft moment or two with the Lady Miranda."

Of Ingoldsby's three exemplars in the art of storm-brewing, Lucretius we need say nothing about, so trite and hackneyed is become his now proverbial picture. Byron's splendid sea-piece in the "Don Juan" neither needs quotation, nor will bear abridgment. Mr. Ainsworth's example we presume to be that where Rowland and Darrell struggle by

\* A Lay of St. Romwold.

† The Bagman's Dog.



night on the black flowing river—an elaborate description of what is said, historically, to have been the most disastrous hurricane that ever ravaged the city of London.

But our examples embrace a wider range than the Ingoldsby triad. Hardly a name of note but supplies a good rattling storm of its own particular brewing—nay, has them ready by the half-dozen or more. If you don't fancy one tap, try another: there's plenty to choose from. Treble X is to be had, for strong stomachs, and for others a sliding scale of qualities, descending to the smallest of small beer.

Dip—and that is, perhaps, about as much as the run of light readers can be expected to do—dip into Mr. Plumer Ward's "Tremaine," and even in that placid model of didactic fiction you will not escape storm-free. The author wants to get his heroine inside the house of a *noli me tangere* recluse, who will hold parley with nobody in the neighbourhood. And how is an entrance to be made? By a thunder-shower, of course. Georgina, besides having lost her way, has just had the door slammed violently in her face. But no matter. The author's brewery is at work, and all will go well. "Georgina was now in a real dilemma, not at all lessened by the change in the sky, in which large and heavy clouds had been gathering, and were now ready to burst over her head in all the drenching force of a summer storm. . . . At length a thunder-cloud broke with a dreadful crash, and the rain descended in a torrent which in one instant soaked both the lady and her groom through and through."\* Again, therefore, she seeks admittance at the inhospitable cottage, and in that opportune thunder-cloud her Open Sesame is found.

By the same agency is Abel O'Hara, in John Banim's romance, made acquainted with the Nowlans. Black clouds gather over his head, lightning quivers, thunder crashes and bellows above and around, and a torrent of rain rushes down, that in a trice drenches him to the skin. "To proceed four or five miles farther during such a storm, or even supposing it should pass off, in such a trim, was a madness against which my guide warmly remonstrated,"† of course with success, or where would the story of "The Nowlans" be, at all at all? And not only must the storm bring him to their house, but keep him there. So, when his clothes are restored as dry as chips, he buckles his Bramah again across his shoulder, and puts on a resolute face of departure; but the storm is more resolute than he; the sky frowns back his challenge; and his hosts assure him that, even should the thunder cease, there will not be a dry half-hour that day among the mountains. Another and worse storm,‡ with one "tremendous clap" in particular, is of essential service to a subsequent chapter of the tale.

So, too, when Mr. Carleton's Hanlon hurries to his appointment with Red Roddy, to secure the tobacco-box that will convict a murderer, it is through rain and wind, on a dark night, with lightning flashes from a funeral canopy of clouds, that he makes his way. The same night the murderer is watched by his daughter, visiting the murdered man's grave; and when he, for her and our convenience muttering his thoughts aloud, incidentally moots the query whether there *is* a Providence, the next sentence is an inevitable sequitur: "The words had barely proceeded out

\* Tremaine, ch. lii.

† The Nowlans, ch. i.

‡ Ibid., ch. vii.

of his mouth, when a peal of thunder, astonishingly loud, broke, as it were, over their very heads, having been preceded by a flash of lightning, so bright that the long, well-defined grave was exposed, in all its lonely horrors, to Sarah's eye."\* *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, thinks the wild Irish girl to herself, not in Latin, but, by intuition, more pithily still.

Again in that powerful Irish story of Gerald Griffin's, which a popular dramatist has just made so familiar to playgoers by his adaptation of it as "The Colleen Bawn," it is a dreadful night on which Eily O'Connor leaves the cottage in the gap. Meanwhile there is a drinking party at Kyrle Daly's: the thunder clatters close overhead, the rain falls in torrents, and the reflexion of the frequent lightning-flashes dance upon the glasses and bowl, round which the company are seated in the little parlour.†

The wind roars amid the pines of the Bochmer Wald, and a furious blast shakes the casements of the Giants' Castle, on the night of Consuelo's arrival—"the storm," says Count Albert, who ought to know, "drives a stranger to our castle."‡ A storm, during which the rain bursts down in a sheeted cataract, and at once swells every half-visible rivulet among the mountains to a strong and turbid river, is made the medium of Anthelia's introduction to, and rescue by, Sir Oran Haut-ton.§ A storm is raised to bring about the shipwreck that shall facilitate the finale of "My Uncle the Curate." Abruptly a storm is got up, to produce that scene on the lake, in which a sudden squall avails to convince Miss Ferrier's Edith|| that she is as nothing to Sir Reginald, and that Florinda is all. And what else effects the dénouement of the Two Old Men's first Tale? One moment we see Lord Louis proudly and happily receiving the congratulations of his tenantry, on coming of age. "The next moment—a crash of thunder, loud, terrible, rattled through the sky, and one bright flash penetrated, for a second, the horrible gloom. One flash—and a cry, a universal cry, rent the air—Lord Louis! Lord Louis!—the thunderbolt had fallen—and struck him dead at his mother's feet."¶ Far more impressively, though (or because) with less of spasmodic effect, is wrought out the dénouement of Galt's best novel,\*\* in that memorable storm-scene off the north coast of Scotland.

The prodigy of the tempest at Bertram's shipwreck, in Maturin's tragedy, elicited not a few strictures from Coleridge,†† on the management and meaning of it, as a mere supernatural effect, without even a hint of any supernatural agency,—it being possible, in fact, for every event and every scene of the play to have taken place just as well, if Bertram and his vessel had been driven by a common hard gale, or from want of provisions. But to the dramaturge a dash of the miraculous in his storm-brewing, a soupçon of the supernatural, is so tempting, while he is about it. And that novelists are liable to the same weakness, witness some foregoing illustrations from Carleton and Mrs. Marsh.

Leaving that question alone, let us briefly renew our passing acquaintance with storm and shower literature, in its most miscellaneous aspect.

\* The Black Prophet, ch. xix.

Consuelo, ch. xxiv.

¶ Two Old Men's Tales. The Deformed.

†† Biographia Literaria, II. ch. x.

† The Collegians, ch. xxxii.

§ Melincourt, ch. x.

|| Destiny, ch. xxi.

\*\* The Entail.

Here is Bothwell, for instance, recalling, in his prison-fortress of Malmoe, the scene and circumstances of Rizzio's murder :

'Twas night—murk night—the sleet beat on,  
The wind, as now, was rude,  
And I was lonely in my room  
In dreary Holyrood.\*

An example, this, of the art of investing poetic narrative with picturesque accompaniments—little touches that add colour and relief to surface painting. Of a wholly different and superior order, both in degree and in kind, is such a picture as that which closes Mr. Tennyson's second *Idyll of the King*—though, in the moral of it, analogous to some of the preternatural examples already cited from humbler prose. Vivien, false and fair, protesting her single-hearted devotion to Merlin, appeals to high Heaven, as it darkens over them, to "send one flash," that, missing all things else, may make her scheming brain a cinder, if she lies :

Scarcely had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt  
(For now the storm was close above them) struck, .  
Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining  
With darted spikes and splinters of the wood  
The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw  
The tree that shone white-listed thro' the gloom.  
But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath,  
And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,  
And deafened with the stammering cracks and claps  
That follow'd, flying back and crying out,  
"O Merlin, though you do not love me, save,  
Yet save me!" clung to him, and hugg'd him close.  
. . . And ever overhead  
Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch  
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain  
Above them ; and in change of glare and gloom  
Her eyes and neck glittering went and came ;  
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,  
Moaning and calling out of other lands,  
Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more  
To peace.†

We were all but italicising some lines and half-lines in this superb bit of word-painting, but the expenditure of italics would have been extravagant, and, more wisely, the word-painting is left to speak in plain type for itself.

Owen Meredith is another word-painter, even luxuriant in power. Here is the storm that overtakes Lucile and her gay cavalcade on the way to Bigorre :

After noontide, the clouds, which had traversed the east  
Half the day, gather'd closer, and rose and increased.  
The air chang'd and chill'd. As tho' out of the ground,  
There ran up the trees a confused hissing sound,  
And the wind rose. The guides sniff'd, like chamois, the air,  
And looked at each other, and halted, and there

\* Aytoun's *Bothwell*, I. 22.

† *Idylls of the King*: Vivien.

Unbuckled the cloaks from the saddles. The white  
 Aspens rustled, and turn'd up their pale leaves in fright.  
 All announced the approach of the tempest.

Ere long,  
 Thick darkness descended the mountains among;  
 And a vivid, vindictive, and serpentine flash  
 Gored the darkness, and shore it across with a gash.  
 The rain fell in large heavy drops. And anon  
 Broke the thunder.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the Storm is abroad in the mountains.

He fills  
 The crouch'd hollows and all the oraacular hills  
 With dread voices of power. A roused million or more  
 Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar  
 Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake  
 Of the cloud, whose reflexion leaves livid the lake.  
 And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends  
 From invisible lands, o'er those black mountain ends;  
 He howls as he hounds down his prey; and his lash  
 Tears the hair of the timorous wild mountain ash,  
 That clings to the rocks, with her garments all torn,  
 Like a woman in fear; then he blows his hoarse horn,  
 And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror,  
 Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error  
 Of mountain and mist.

There is war in the skies!  
 Lo! the black-wingèd legions of tempest arise  
 O'er those sharp splinter'd rocks that are gleaming below  
 In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though  
 Some seraph burn'd through them, the thunderbolt searching  
 Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now. Lo! the lurching  
 And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms, that seem  
 To waver above, in the dark; and yon stream,  
 How it hurries and roars, on its way to the white  
 And paralysed lake there, appall'd at the sight  
 Of the things seen in heaven.\*

We might quote a worse pendant, or parallel passage (poetical and topographical both), to this riotous *phantasiestück*, than Hood's poem to his Romance of the Iron Age, which begins,

Like a dead man gone to his shroud,  
 The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,  
 And the wind is rising squally and loud  
 With many a stormy token,—  
 Playing a wild fuereal air,  
 Thro' the branches bleak, bereaved and bare,  
 To the dead leaves dancing here and there—  
 In short, if the truth were spoken,  
 It's an ugly night for anywhere,  
 But an awful one for the Broeken!

\* \* \* \* \*

However, it's quite  
 As wild a night  
 As ever was known on that sinister height  
 Since the Demon Dance was morriced—

\* Lucile, part i. canto iv.

The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,  
 And the blast thro' the pines is howling and growling,  
 As if a thousand wolves were prowling  
 About in the old Black Forest!

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves  
 Thro' the narrow gullies and hollow caves,  
 And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,  
 Like the billows that roar  
 On a gusty shore

Mourning over the mariners' graves—  
 Nay, more like a frantic lamentation  
 From a howling set  
 Of demons met

To wake a dead relation.

\* \* \* \*

The lightning flashes,  
 The thunder crashes,  
 The trees encounter with horrible clashes,  
 While rolling up from marish and bog,  
 Rank and rich,  
 As from Stygian ditch,  
 Rises a foul sulphureous fog,  
 Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—  
 But leaving at once this heroical pitch,  
 The night is a very bad night in which  
 You wouldn't turn out a dog.\*

That, we reckon, Yankee-(weather-)wise, is the genuine article, real grit.

Nor be overlooked the same sterling artist's narration of Miss Kilmansegg's last night here on earth—she absorbed, as usual, in golden dreams, while storm-fiends without are up and doing :

And still the golden light of the sun  
 Thro' her golden dreams appear'd to run  
 Tho' the night that roar'd without was one  
 To terrify seamen or gipsies—  
 While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,  
 Kept peeping down on the ruffled earth,  
 As though she enjoy'd the tempest's birth,  
 In revenge of her old eclipses.†

In prose fiction, too, has Thomas Hood turned out some stingo samples of storm-brewing. For instance, the story of Raby's death, by the hands of the Creole, in "Tylney Hall,"—where the corpse is met, borne along on a litter of branches, by some of the Hall servants, one of whom remarks, in whispered interchange of misgivings with his mate, "Look up west, lad, at the sun settin',—he's like a clot o'blood, be'ant un? and the light's more like hell-fire, as the ranter talks on, than what's natural,—there's been summut done to make God Almighty angersome,—mark my words on it." Accordingly we are told, to bear out honest Sam's weather-wisdom in matters ethical, that the western sky had really assumed an awful and ominous appearance: the glowing sun, as if a visible type of the All-seeing Eye, "red with uncommon wrath,"

\* Hood's Poem, The Forge.

† Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg: Her Death.

slowly withdrew behind a stupendous range of dense, pitch-black, mountainous clouds, from whose rugged crests ascended jets of blood-red flame, and causing a lurid glow up to the very zenith, whilst enormous breaks and fissures in the dark volcanic mass, served to disclose the intense ardent fires that glowed within, suggesting a comparison with those nameless flames to which the rustic had alluded. "Fantastic clouds of a lighter texture, and portentous colours, in the mean time ascended rapidly from the horizon, and congregated overhead in threatening masses. Peals of distant thunder muttered from all quarters at once, as unintermitting almost as the roar of the ocean. The wind, rushing in fitful gusts through the forest, filled the air with unearthly moans, and sighs, and whisperings; and the dead leaves rose and whirled in rings, as if following the skirts of the weird beings who are said to dance at the approach of tempest and human desolation."\* All this while the storm has been brewing only; presently it breaks forth in wasting and withering fury.

Need we remind the readers of "Barnaby Rudge" of the prominence given in that story to elemental strife—of the tone imparted to the whole tale from its opening scene, that stormy night at the old Maypole? Or how the scene is repeated, stormy night expressly included, just five years later, with a keen knowledge of story-book effect? The *tempest* chapter in "David Copperfield" is perhaps the author's masterpiece in highly-wrought description—to say nothing of the art with which it is inwrought with a personal catastrophe. In "Bleak House," and elsewhere, we have "incidentals" in the way of shower and storm, comparatively faint in their colouring, but aptly timed, and effectively introduced.

Sir Bulwer Lytton is an eminent brewer of storms, in all their varieties of strength. The night that Eugene Aram's accomplice makes his attempt on Lester's premises, while the sisters, as the clock strikes one, are discussing dearest Eugene by the firelight,—“how loud the winds rave! And how the heavy sleet drives against the window!” Again, on the night of Aram's secret expedition, to confer with Houseman at the cavern, the rain descends in torrents, and the thunder bursts over their very heads, and, with every instant, the lightning, darting through the riven chasm of blackness that seems suspended as in a solid substance above, brightens the whole heaven into one livid and terrific flame, and shows to the two men the faces of each other, rendered deathlike and ghastly by the glare.—At the time of Ernest Maltravers's tête-à-tête with Valerie, the hail comes on fast and heavy, the trees groan, and the thunder roars.—When the orphan brothers in "Night and Morning" make their escape, a storm overtakes and obstructs them, dazzling them with forked lightning, confusing them with else utter darkness, and drenching them with pitiless rain.—But Sir Edward's most momentous storm-piece, in the guise of a *deus ex machina*, is probably that which forms the conclusion of "Godolphin," and involves the fate of that ambitious hero.

When Mr. Kingsley's high-and-dry vicar, in "Yeast," returns from his visit to Luke, ill at ease in his orthodoxy, though putting so bold a

\* Tylney Hall, vol. iii. ch. i.

face on the matter, the author takes care to have the wind sweeping and howling down the lonely streets, and to lash the rain into his face, while grey clouds are rushing past the moon like terrified ghosts across the awful void of the black heaven. As he staggers and strides along the plashy pavement, the roar and tumult without him, we are told, harmonise strangely with the discord. And therefore, artistically speaking, are that roar and tumult upraised.

With thunder and lightning Mr. Wilkie Collins environs the acquaintance-making of Basil and his evil genius, mysterious Mr. Mannion. It is the pursuit of tea-table-talk and tea-drinking under difficulties, considering that the hail is rattling vehemently against the window, and the thunder seeming to shake the house to its foundations. But Mr. Mannion sips on, and makes no sign—nothing by word, or look, or gesture, to show that the “terrible glory of the night-storm” has either a voice for his heart, or a sound for his ear; and therefore does Basil begin to feel strange, unutterable sensations creeping over him, and the silence in that little chamber becomes sinister and oppressive.

With thunder and lightning does Curren Bell make way for her Professor into the modest lodgings of Frances the lace-mender. “The clouds, severing with loud peal and shattered cataract of lightning, emptied their livid folds in a torrent, heavy, prone, and broad.—‘Come in! Come in!’ said Frances, as, after putting her into the house, I paused ere I followed: the word decided me; I stepped across the threshold, shut the door on the rushing, flashing, whitening storm, and followed her up-stairs to her apartment.”\* It is in a hailstorm that Lucy Snowe loses her way, and her senses, in the narrow streets of Brussels.† In a storm it is that she leaves Madame Walravens’ inhospitable saloon‡—a storm that seems to have burst at the zenith; it rushes down prone; the forked, slant bolts pierce athwart vertical torrents; red zig-zags interlace a descent blanched as white metal; and all breaks from a sky heavily black in its swollen abundance. And it is in a storm§—one that has roared frenzied for seven days, and strewn the Atlantic with wrecks—that M. Emanuel is lost.

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ACROSTIC ON DUNDONALD.

BY DR. HOLLOWAY.

DIGNUSQUE vir si excellens  
 Ut tu Dundonald nobilis!—  
 Non adulator principum—  
 De grege stat superior;  
 Obmixè stulti agitant—  
 Non palam—viles faciunt  
 Amara tuo nomine  
 Labesque, O Justitia!  
 Deprimerent ut hominem.

\* The Professor, ch. xix.

† Ibid., ch. xxv.

‡ Vilette, ch. xvi.

§ Ibid., ch. xlii., Finis.

## AN EASTER-DAY AT ROME, AND ITS CONTRASTS.

I HAVE often thought, and every day's observation confirms the opinion, that if the actual coincidences and contrasts of human life could be well and artistically brought together and grouped, they would furnish *tableaux* as effective and interesting as those with which the romanist works up to give novelty and excitement to his invented tale. This is but an amplification of the truism that "fact is often stranger than fiction," and to justify my assertion, I answer my worthy editor's request for an article for his forthcoming number, with a reminiscence for which I repudiate the slightest particle of invention or colouring, furnished as it is from a clear recollection, confirmed by the memory and note-book of my *compagnon de voyage* at the time. It may be a dull reminiscence—I can only say it is a real one—of the adventure as it happened.

We arrived at Rome in the English ante-Easter migration from Naples, in the year 185—, just in time to become spectators of the services of the *Settimana Santa*. Among the crowds who went up to "wonder after" these spectacles, there could be none who were less drawn by the "feelings of awe, mystery, and devotedness" by which many have been lured to make shipwreck of their faith amid the witcheries of Rome; to speak plainly, we went up "good Protestants," that is, with no more than travellers' desire to see these often-described wonders of the Roman faith. It may truly be said that the following incidents contributed to send us from Rome at least as thoroughly Protestant as we went thither.

All who have witnessed the "*funzioni*" at St. Peter's know that on all high days and festivals large temporary galleries are set up on each side of the baldachino, or great bronze shrine which surmounts the high altar of this high church. These *galleria* are set apart for the use of ladies exclusively, who must, as the book of directions says, "take care that their dress is according to rule."\* A gentleman can no more find entrance to these galleries than a female to a freemason lodge. We must conduct our ladies to the entrance, leave them to find their places, and adjust themselves as they best can, and betake ourselves to the great arena of the multitude below.

To one of these galleries on one of the "high days" (Palm Sunday, as I now recollect), I, who had only arrived in Rome a few days previous, and had not a single Roman acquaintance, conducted my two daughters, made free of the *galleria* by tickets from the "*maggior-domo*," procured by a relative, and having desired them to take the best places they could obtain, turned away to mix with the multitude in the great nave of St.

\* By "rule," no lady appears in the presence of his Holiness save in the "customary suit of solemn black," in which brunettes do penance and blondes do coquette, all wearing a veil, so-called, because it veils nothing, but streams gracefully from the back of the head, being, in fact, the most becoming set-off of the costume which fashion could prescribe. As everything in Romish ceremonial must have a "rationale" and a "symbolic" value, this rule, which compels ladies to enter the papal presence with a veil, or an apology for one, is apparently to be referred to that mysterious passage in 1 Cor. xi., "*Velat caput suum . . . . debet mulier potestatem habere super caput propter angelos.*"



Peter's. To any one who has seen St. Peter's on such an occasion, it need not be told that its *ensemble* is not to be taken in at a glance, or looked over or through in a moment. The arrangement for the array of cardinals momentarily arriving, each with his train-bearer acolyte; the *Guardia Nobile* ranging themselves, every private a prince; the outset of the high altar, "*simplex munditiis*;" the plain propriety of that plain chair in which "*Sua Sanctità*," embodiment of "the pride that apes humility," presently takes his place, as

centre of the glittering ring;

the variety and contrast of the costumes, wherein men of every name and nation figure, from

The Yorkshire hussar,  
To Hungarian boyar,  
From the grandee of Spain to the serf of the Czar;

and last, not least, the majesty of the great temple itself, unspoilable by the tawdry flaunting decorations with which on such occasions it is overhung. These and other sights and sounds, new and numberless, are not to be turned from or over hastily; they engrossed me so, that it was half an hour after I had parted with my girls at the gallery turnstile before I took a second observation as to how or where they had disposed themselves.

Meanwhile, the galleries had been filling apace, and in the sameness of the sober costumes it was as hard to distinguish any particular lady as to single out a particular flower in a bed of tulips. The thing is difficult, but may be done; and, after a searching gaze, I was able to fix on one of my daughters (they had not found seats next each other), on the benches which rose tier on tier above us the *οι πολλοι*, in the open nave of St. Peter's below.

My curiosity was not a little excited by perceiving that she was carrying on an animated conversation with the lady beside her, and my curiosity grew into surprise when I perceived that she was endeavouring by word and sign to point me out, and identify me from the great crowd around to her companion.

People talk of feminine curiosity: no curiosity could have been more intense than mine on these several points: first, how acquaintance and conversation could at all have arisen between my daughter and the lady beside her. I knew that out of her aunt's family she had not, *could* not have, an acquaintance in Rome. The lady was obviously a foreigner, and Anne's stock of French was slender, her Italian *niente*, and how this sudden intercourse could have arisen, and how their remarks could have led to an identification of me from the crowd, became a very perplexing problem.

No solution was possible until the blessing and wearying procession of the palms was ended. Sometimes, as I occasionally looked up, and saw remarks made and observations passing, I thought that this might be some subtle and accomplished *Jésuite* of "the short robe" though long petticoat, trying to interest and engage the feelings and enthusiasm of the young English girl in the showy pageant in progress before them. At intervals I blamed myself for having exposed my children, even for an hour, to such "devices," but it must now be borne; to invade the ladies' gallery, and withdraw my children thence, would have been, in the first

instance, repelled by those who kept the passage, and then atoned for by endurance of such punishment as Monsignor Talbot, or other papal chamberlain, might appoint for such breach of decorum in "the presence!" I must, therefore, see it out, and await the result with such patience as I could command.

At length, the solemnity was completed, the palms blessed, the Pope gradationally saluted on hand, knee, and *pantoufle*, the kiss of peace passed round the cardinal circle from some new members of the holy college (Antonelli's face, as he endured the *embrassade* of a brother not of his faction, was a perfect study), his Holiness (flabellæ "*sella gestatoria*," and all) had *wobbled* out from the gaze of the adoring many and irreverent few of the vast assemblage, and I was enabled at last to claim my daughters at the entrance of the gallery.

"How is this, Anne? I did not know your power of making up eternal friendships so suddenly." This was said after I had seen the ladies part in the passage with an "adieu" expressing much more of cordiality than ceremony.

"Oh, papa, such an extraordinary thing; that lady is a Protestant, and she wants so to speak to you."

"My dear," I said, "how do you know, and what can she know of me?"

"Oh," she replied, "she is a French lady, travelling with her family, as ourselves, and she is so solitary, and wants so to speak with a Protestant clergyman."

"This is strange," I said; "how did you learn all this?"

"The moment I was seated, she overheard me make some remark in English to E., and at once she said, in the prettiest broken *French-English*,

"You are an *Anglais*; of course you are offended, as I am, with these *fadaises*."

"I looked at her with some surprise; when she smiled, and said,

"Oh, I think just as you do about all these follies, but I do not often find one to whom I can tell my mind."

"She then asked me a variety of questions as to the differences between the English Church and the Church of Rome, more," said poor Anne, "than my knowledge in divinity enabled me to answer. At last, I said, I really cannot explain all these things to you, but my papa could, if he was here. He is an English clergyman."

"Where is he?"

"Then I pointed you out as well as I could in the crowd below, and she said,

"How long do you stay in Rome? How can I meet him? I cannot see him *chez moi*, for all my *parents* are averse to me and my thoughts; it is a *merveille* that I can speak to you now without being interrupted."

"And," said Anne, "all the while we were speaking I saw a stately old lady, who sat one or two removes from us, looking particularly curious and cross, and casting occasional glances of anger at my companion."

I thought this whole incident so remarkable, that I mentioned it next

day to my old and valued friend the clergyman then officiating in the English church (*fuori muri*) at Rome.

Before I go further in my narrative, I may state that this gentleman was one whom vulgar rumour would not hesitate to call "Roman all over," and yet would so call him as unjustly as ignorantly. With extreme High Church principles, though not learned in the Tract school, he was thoroughly loyal to his own communion and calling in the Church of England; always acting on high principle as a zealous and devoted clergyman, his judgment was of that calm and regulated character which might be thought to verge towards coldness, and, if I must "hint a fault" in one whose integrity and opinion I have ever valued most highly, I would say, that while his counsels would be always pure, truthful, and well-considered, he might be thought defective in sympathy or comprehension for any highly-wrought soul under the excitement of deep convictions and the unsettlement of mind resulting from new views of religion. Give him a disorganised parish to reduce to order, and he would soon show himself a master of a rare power of organisation in forming classes, arranging services, visiting districts, and bringing turbulent spirits to own and feel his pastoral influence, but I doubt very much whether he was just the person to whom I would for choice refer a newly-awakened, strongly-moved conscience; not that he would fail in giving sound and profitable advice, but that I should rather question his being able to enter into a state of feelings so very foreign to those on which his own temperament held the "even tenor of its way." I have often since wondered at the Providence which set a man with such peculiar powers for regulating a congregation, to minister where every Easter saw his hearers scatter to the four winds of heaven, never to unite in the same circumstances again, leaving him to begin his labours afresh in the next Roman season, with probably an entirely new set of characters to work on.

As I related the incident of St. Peter's the day before to my friend, I saw him glance once or twice at Mrs. — (his wife). At last, he said, "Can it be the strange lady who has been lately several times at morning prayers?"\* He then asked a description of her person. I gave it as I could: "About thirty years of age, a blonde, but not an English blonde, decidedly foreign, a fine profile, and noble, ardent countenance, to which more advanced age might give somewhat of harshness and coarseness."

"I am sure it is the same," he said; "come and assist me to-morrow morning, and you will probably recognise her."

\* At the time I speak of an early morning service was regularly carried on in the English church at Rome—much to the surprise of the Romans, who are sedulously taught that the English are without any religious services whatever, save those which they practise on Sundays—in imitation of the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. The worshippers at these early services were not numerous, and yet many an Englishman has found fresh cause to love the "reasonable service" of his national Church, from the refreshment and benefit of these simple ministrations, in his own tongue, in a strange land. Never have I so valued the common prayer of the Church of England as when I have gone from it to study the rationale of Roman service as performed by some priest and his careless acolyte in a solitary mass.

I did so, and it proved to be the very person. Service over, and the few worshippers dispersing, I perceived this lady still lingering in the passage leading to the robing-room of the church, and, as I passed out, following Mr. —, I could not resist saying to her, in French, as I passed,

"Apparently, madame, you are the lady who conversed with my daughter yesterday."

"Oh yes, sir," she said. "May I speak with you?"

"Wait a little," I replied. And proceeding into the vestry, I satisfied Mr. — that it was the very same person, and mentioned her request to speak to me.

There is, or was, a "lending library" attached to the English church at Rome. It is kept in a convenient well-sized room, where the minister sees persons having business with him, and where, I believe, the committee managing church affairs at Rome hold their meetings. Thither we adjourned, considering it best, in the peculiar and perplexing case before us, to see this stranger together.

Her case and story, as I now recal it—and I do not think I omit any essential circumstance—was indeed peculiar, affording an example and illustration of opinions and influences which may be working largely, though secretly, through this world of ours, the issue of which will never be known before the day of "the restoration of all things," and also proving with what just reason the Church of Rome dreads and opposes *an open Bible* as dangerous to *its* interests.\*

This lady—Madame C——, as she named herself—had been for some years married, was the mother of a family, surrounded by relatives, and living in full respect and prosperity in France, when thoughts and opinions long dormant on her mind began to germinate, until at length they grew to that degree of strength and maturity that the old sentence was repronounced upon her, "She is beside herself," and, as a last remedy, travel, change of scene, and a visit "*ad limina apostolorum*" was prescribed as her best means of cure; in other words, her inward convictions spoke out, "after the manner which her friends called *heresy*," and it was thought that the sights and sounds of Holy Week at Rome would bring her mind again under the power of the holy Roman Catholic and apostolic faith.

Her account of herself was very simple and unpretending, although, when she spoke, it was with a certain amount of that continental demonstrativeness which contrasts so strongly with our English phlegm and frost; still there was nothing exaggerated or florid in the narrative, which I give as I can best recal it after the interval:

"I was brought up," she said, "as other young ladies, save that I never went 'eu pension' to a convent. My mother loved me so well that she would never suffer me from under her own eye, and with a *Swiss* governess, engaged for that knowledge of English which we now think essential for '*les dames bien élevées*,' I spent a happy life at home. I loved

\* While I write, the *Times*, in an article on "Pio Nono's last Allocution," expresses the same opinion, in the following terse concluding apostrophe to the Pope: "Can it be true that these signs are marching through Italy—toleration, education, the Bible? Fold your robe, old man, your enemies are around you."

my mother, and had all my early ideas in religion from her, and I loved my dear governess too, but on religion she never spoke to me, it was a subject strictly '*défendu*;' for, as I was told, she was of the *prétendu réformé* communion. And though she was valued for her high education and accomplishments, it was expressly agreed that she should never give me any religious instruction. This was closely attended to by my mother and her confessor, a kind and amiable old man.

"Well and honourably did my dear governess observe that engagement. I always observed something in her kindness and loving goodness different from what I found from all others who loved me, for which I could not at the time account. I think I comprehend it now; but never, by word of any kind, did she break the engagement not to teach me her own opinions on religion. At length my education was completed, and '*mes fiancailles*' quickly followed. I had long been contracted to my own cousin, and our espousals were soon completed. At my earnest request my governess continued with me, no longer as teacher, but as friend, up to the period of my marriage. On the morning of our '*jour de nocés*' she came quietly into my chamber, dressed for her departure, which was to take place as soon as the marriage ceremony was completed, and with many embraces gave me a little book, in which I had often seen her read, but into which she always forbid me to look.

"'I can now give you this,' she said, 'which you often wished to look into, but which I could not honestly bestow until our relation of governess and pupil was at an end. I give it to you now, as my best *étrenne*; but put it by for the present, keep it for my sake, and if you are led to read it hereafter, it will answer some questions which you often asked, and which my heart burned to answer, though in honour and fidelity I could not while placed in trust by your *parents*.'

"I took the little book and placed it among my little treasures, not for any sense of its own value, but as the '*souvenir*' of one whom I loved fervently, and whom I never expected to see again, and have never seen since. I do not know if she yet lives.

"We were some years married, and my children were born, and we were living quietly, my husband and I, at our *château*, when ill health and other circumstances hindered me much from attending '*la messe*;' not that I had any difficulty about the subject, but it was necessary for some of the family to stay at home, and it often fell to my lot. At first I missed '*la messe*' greatly, and felt my solitary *Dimanche* very lonely. In time I thought of my dear governess, and how much she seemed to enjoy her lonely Sundays—alone in the midst of us, to whom she seemed a given-over outcast; and I thought with myself that I would make up for the want of public worship and the benefits of the holy mass with my own prayer-book. I determined every Sunday to read '*les lectures*' for the day, in my book of '*La Messe*,' as taken from the Scriptures. Reverend sirs, '*je vous jure*'" (and here, for the first time, did she exhibit any excitement in her narrative), "I declare to you, '*très solennellement*,' it was from the pieces of Scripture in the Roman missal that I learned to doubt and disbelieve the Roman Church."

"Did you never consult, or write to any one?" I questioned.

"Never—never! To whom could I speak? to whom write? My

governess, I knew not where she lived, or if she lived. In my confusion, I knew not to whom to bring the questions and difficulties crowding thick on me, and at last I opened them all—all to my confessor."

"And then?" I said.

"He first looked surprised, and asked 'with whom I had been speaking on these things?'

"I answered solemnly and truly, 'With no one.'

"Where had I found them?"

"In my prayer-book," I said.

"Impossible!" he rejoined.

"Assuredly, and before God, they rose in my mind, as Sunday after Sunday I read the service of the Mass. I could not wait on—"

"Why, madame," said our confessor, angrily, '*this is Protestantism! You are a Protestant!*\* I forbid you to think on such subjects.' And with these words ended all his attempts to teach or convince me that I was wrong; to every other and future attempt to get his advice or answer to my difficulties, he ever answered, 'No, daughter, I can't answer you; doubt is a sin—think on these things no more.' And so he ever left me with but one direction, which I could not obey—*could I?*—for he ever bid me not to think; and it seems to me, of late more than ever, that not to think is not to live."

All this, and much more of interest respecting her mental exercises, was told in that pretty kind of Anglo-French patois which we sometimes hear from a foreigner, who has acquired our language rather by study than use. Her sentences had somewhat a scholastic air, though enlivened by the vivacity of her manner, and her narrative of trials and opposition, experienced from her family, and of injunctions laid upon her, to which she tried, as she said, to conform, but could not, often took the shape of questioning, as if this poor isolated mind wanted to be strengthened and upheld, by the opinions of others, in the course of difficulty before her. I am not going to give a detailed, or indeed at all a particular account of this case. I know nothing of its further results, and can follow it little beyond the incident which marked next Easter-day at Rome.

Our conference on this occasion ended in her earnest inquiry whether she might not strengthen and confirm her convictions by attending the holy communion in the English church on the Easter-day approaching.

"I have used your prayer-book for some time past," she said, "and I think I know what your Sacrament means, and may I not approach it, though I may not embrace all your sentiments? for is it not a sweet word which says 'Grace—grace——'?" Here her *English* memory seemed at fault for the exact expressions, and she ran off rapidly in French the passage which says "Grace be with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." "This is all that is required, is it not?" she said, turning to us alternately, with a beseeching look.

I had no hesitation whatever in my response that it *was* the one thing

\* This confessor could not have been "cunning o' fence" to cope with an awakened soul. Had he been master of his craft, he would never have given fixity to these wandering thoughts by thus identifying them with that great secession from Rome of which Pio Nono now complains as becoming, in its principles, the "*public law of Europe.*" Another rash acknowledgment.

essential; but there appeared to me a certain reticence in my clerical friend's assent to the inquiry, as if, while assuring and encouraging her, a kind of *salvo jure episcopali* was working in his mind, and making a mental reservation of the necessity of being a member of the Episcopal and Apostolic Church of England, with which I own I could not bring myself, either mentally or orally, to cumber the conditions of invitation to a soul under such peculiar circumstances.

Our interview on this occasion terminated with this question and our reply of encouragement; a few more between me and this interesting lady passed in the same place during the Holy Week. There seemed a considerable mystery in her apparent liberty to go where she pleased, and the opposition of which she complained as made by her relatives to her views and opinions. At last I concluded that her family, not finding the wonders of the Holy City affecting her imagination as they had hoped, allowed her to do as she wished rather than hinder her at the risk of an "*esclandre*."\* There certainly appeared no kind of restraint on her attendance at the English church. Her relatives did not invoke the aid of the police. In the case of a native-born Roman such a scandal would have been redressed by immediate imprisonment, and probably the church would have been closed forthwith.

Easter-day came at last, and with it I will not say a disappointment, but certainly a *disposing* of events different from my own *proposing*. I had looked forward to seeing and studying *for once* the exhibition of the mass in all its gorgeousness, in its chief temple, and on its "great high day" at Rome; but with a case of such interest in my mind and thoughts through the week it was not an act of self-denial to prefer assisting at the simple celebration of communion in the English church beyond the Porta del Popolo to gazing at the grander funzion proceeding at the same hour beyond the Tiber; I exercised no control over the wishes of my daughters in the matter: one, of her own choice, accompanied me to *her own church*, the other decided to accompany her cousins to the showy *spectacle* performing at St. Peter's.

Without claiming for the communicants at Rome on that Easter-day anything of a cosmopolitan character, seeing that they were all, or nearly all, of "our name and nation," there was, nevertheless, a vast difference of demeanour, and, as far as demeanour expresses internal feeling, a great variety of sentiment and opinion among them. We had the undemonstrative reticent Englishman, whose bearing *might* cover formality and mere conformity to a customary observance, or *might* hide a heart glowing with a thankful remembrance and contrite spirit, of which he desired none but his "Father who seeth in secret" to be cognisant. We had the "Anglican" drifting Romewards endeavouring to infuse into our "reasonable service" a character of awe and hyper-solemnity, which, being constrained and non-natural, has an overdone and offensive appearance. Different from them all was the demeanour of our poor French sister,

\* I learned from her that her husband, without at all sharing her opinions or convictions, insisted on her being allowed a measure of toleration, which her female relatives would fain have restricted by force. This accounted for her enjoying at Rome, as a stranger, a freedom of action for which a Roman born would have been subjected to duress.

obviously strange to our usages, and yet evincing none of the confusion or awkwardness which others might have shown in the same circumstances. Mrs. —, the minister's wife, kindly came with her to the holy table; but when there, there was an abstraction from all surrounding circumstances, and real absorption of self in the rite of remembrance in which she was engaged, at once peculiar and touching to those who knew her position. I have often thought since, with painful interest, how far, and through what privations, that poor soul may have had to go, upon the supply of strength and confirmation of faith ministered to it then.

Even my calm, unimpressible friend was greatly touched and moved by it.

"Did you ever see more rapt devotedness?" he said, as we spoke of it afterwards.

"Yes," I replied, "it is indeed a case of great and painful interest. She tells me that they move to Naples after Easter. I wonder much where it will all end?"

"Not impossibly in a madhouse," was the startling reply. "We little know the resources and the extremities to which recourse is had to stifle and trample out conviction in these countries and under the ruling system; that poor lady's ardent temperament, in her insulated position, will be too likely to give way under the ordeal to which she is and will be exposed."

I never saw her but once afterwards: when her party and ours encountered in the gardens of the Villa D'Este, at Tivoli. My daughter, who had sat beside her in the gallery of St. Peter's, was walking with her aunt, when Madame C—— at once advanced from her friends, and greeted her with great and cordial satisfaction, and said how thankful she was for the chance which had thrown them together on the "Day of Palms." The English girl at once introduced her aunt, saying, "She can talk to you, and explain those things about which you are so anxious."

In a little time I came up, and perceived Madame C——'s party standing at a little distance, two gentlemen belonging to it conversing apart and energetically, casting, meanwhile, very angry glances towards the French lady and her two companions, with whom she was talking eagerly. I saw at once that Madame C—— did not wish to acknowledge me as an acquaintance, and I did not claim her notice in any way, being well assured that she had prudential reasons for not making a public demonstration, in the face of her family, of acquaintance with an English clergyman. After a few minutes thus passed, under the angry glances of her French friends, we passed on. She left next day for Naples, and I never saw her more.

Such is a reminiscence of an Easter-day at Rome, and its contrasts.

R.



## OUR CORPS' FRIENDS AND FOES;

OR,

HOW RANDOLPH TRAPPED A SUNBEAM, AND I TURNED A MEDIUM.

BY OUIDA.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

HOW A SILVER BUGLE SOUNDED DIFFERENT NOTES, AND RANDOLPH LOST  
A PONY-RACE.

MISS CLEMENTINA, the richest woman in Toadyshire, had bought, in common with other feminine county magnates, a silver bugle for her beloved "British Legions;" it being the custom now-a-days to reward those defenders of their nation who pop away at butts with a portion of Potosi ore, as righteous godmothers give young Christians a drinking-mug on the occasion of their being entered into the kingdom of Heaven, and zealous congregations present pious pastors with costly soup-tureens to hold their mock-turtle, as a reward for the elaborate periods with which he has taught them to turn away their eyes from beholding vanity, and to reject all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, giving all their goods unto the poor. If Miss Clementina had been poor, the whole of East Toadyshire would have shouted with laughter at the idea of a middle-aged lady filling so prominent a place, to the exclusion of all the pretty women with which the county was glutted; but Miss Clementina being Miss Audley, of Audley Court, paying the heaviest income-tax in the shire, all the volunteers were bound to be excessively flattered by the condescension, and everybody thought her the most proper person that could possibly have been selected, except certain of the disaffected amongst us, who swore at the old lady's tomfoolery, as we politely termed it, in not delegating the office to one of her charming nieces.

"Confound it!" said Randolph, savagely; "what folly it all is! And here am I, who hate humbug worse than any man going, forced to take a share in it. It is enough to make one sick only to think of all the bosh, that old lady will talk about her 'noble defenders,' and I shall have to listen to it all, and—reply to it!" With which, Sunshine's quondam Guardsman struck a fusee wrathfully, and lamented, with extreme pathos, his own weakness and amiability in consenting to accept the honour of commanding the East Goosestep. The East Goosestep, however, notwithstanding his and his ally Sunshine's scorn, considered themselves more killing than those very dazzling gentlemen the St. Georges or the Six Footers, and quite able, by the mere sight of their serried ranks, to carry terror into the bosoms of every French, Austrian, and Russian soldier in Europe, if Europe could but have looked on when we marched up the wide elm avenues of Audley Court, where the inspection by Lord

Saltire, the Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county, and the presentation of the silver bugle were to take place. How glorious we were! though little Fitzpop did fall flat on his face, owing to the extreme torture of some very new boots he had donned for the occasion, and Mr. Turbot, the town-clerk, did puff and blow under the burden of his epicure's tons of adipose tissue, and the anguish of that horrible belt, which would never come to without the united strength of his wife and his footman at either end; and young Simmons did get out of step in a manner calculated to drive himself and everybody distracted, and try to get right with such frantic efforts that he made himself black in the face, and had to partake of brandy from some humane pocket-pistol,—barring these and other small detrimental accidents, we were very grand, very grand indeed—at least we thought ourselves so, and that is the primary thing after all; if a woman thinks herself the belle of a ball-room, it will be very difficult to persuade her that others don't consider her so too. Most of the spectators, however, concurred in our self-adoration; for we were their pet hobby, and love made them blind to all faults in us or our manœuvres.

"How splendid they look!" said Pearl, gazing upon us like a young Semiramis on her battalions, as we passed her at double-quick. "Don't they walk as if they said 'We are gentlemen, not common soldiers?'"

"Well, dear, as the individuals at the present moment closest to my eyes are that diminutive shoemaker of Snobleton who sent home my kid boots this morning, and Mr. Turbot, who has about as unmilitary an aspect as an alderman after a corporation dinner, I can't see the force of your remark as much I could wish," returned méchante Sunshine, "and a 'common soldier' is no inglorious appellative. I haven't forgotten the Crimea, though everybody else has."

I don't suppose she had, with Randolph there in front of her, with his C.B. cordon and his medals on that grizzled Melton that had replaced his Coldstream scarlet!

We went through position, and battalion, and skirmishing; we performed manual and platoon exercise; we formed into line, and we formed into square; we fired in file, and we fired in volleys; and we marched in open column and in quarter distance column; and we did everything contained in those volunteer manuals, which have been to us of late what her breviary is to a good Catholic; and, what with the clash of the ramrods, and the tramp of the marching; and the smell of the powder, and the sight of the cartridge-strewn turf, all Toadysire was stricken with the deepest admiration of us, and perfectly persuaded that neither Cæsar's legions, nor Attila's hordes, nor Scipio's conquerors, were ever fit to hold a candle to us, which flattering sentiment our Lord-Lieutenant conveyed to us in a speech sweet as milk-punch and fragrant as attar of roses, calculated to fill us with the most delicious self-adoration, and to secure our votes to a man for his son in the coming county election.

Lord Saltire having concluded with much applause, as reporters say, Miss Clementina advanced, stately, solemn, severe, as Miss Clementina ever was, amidst as much cheering as Three per Cents. ever obtained for a lady, and made us, I think I may say, one of the most sublime perorations that ever issued from female lips since the Virgin Queen harangued the troops at Tilbury Fort. Hersillia, Hortensia, Aldrude,

Bertinora, Isabel of Arundel, Marthar Glar, all *their* eloquence was nothing to it, and I grieve that, instead of being handed down to posterity, Miss Clementina's oration will only live to line portmanteaus and butter-tubs, in company with the *Toadyshire Post* and the *Boshcumbury Herald*. She called us "the saviours of England;" she spoke of the homes and hearths we were banded together to protect; she enlarged on the defenceless sex, for whose safety we were armed. Altogether, she was so touching that all Toadyshire was strung up to the most rapturous pitch of enthusiasm, and many ladies present were moved even to tears. Mrs. Turbot wept plenteously at the thought of that dear twelve-stone lord of hers going out to stick invaders, dinnerless and grogless; Fitzpop's mother nearly went into hysterics at the vision of her dear boy, with gory wounds, defending that "hearth" where it was her delight to behold him every evening warming his slippers and going into muffins; and even flinty-hearted Sunshine was fain to hide her face in her cambric handkerchief, and give one little sob, but I am half afraid it was of a cachinnatory character, for, catching Randolph's ear, it sent him straight into agonies of suppressed laughter, which his pet ruse of stroking his moustaches could not hide so entirely but Miss Clementina saw it, paused one second, continued with extra solemnity, and presented him his silver bugle, with a mental vow that the captain of the East Goosestep Rifles should never blacken the doors of Audley Court again, by her invitation at least. That smile was never forgiven him; it was blacker in Miss Clementina's eyes than the blackest of Randolph's sins—which were d'une latitude enorme!

I question if Knowsley, lavish as it was, was better in its way than the Audley Court luncheon with which Miss Clementina regaled her beloved British Legions to a man—I ought to say to a boy, for our smallest bugler, aged ten, eat as much as a parish overseer would consider maintenance for six whole families for a month, in the tent prepared for their regalement—while we, the officers of the gallant Goosestep, walked into Strasbourg pâtés and Moët's best in the great old hall of Audley Court, where Miss Clementina, boiling with rage at Randolph's unpardonable sin, which was not assuaged by the three times three we gave her, presided with solemn majesty, with Lord Saltire on her right, and my governor on her left—Pallas herself was never more imposing. I had Pearl all to myself, a proximity, I believe, I managed to make as agreeable to the young lady as it was to me; and Randolph was so dévoué to Sunshine, that Mrs. Rocksilver's handsome eyes scintillated with annoyance as she sat opposite to him, and gave him now and then a peculiar smile, which made him restless, and think to himself what a confounded fool he had been the previous season, when the Rocksilver box, boudoir, and barouche had seen more of him than was wise, and a certain Buhl writing-case in the Rocksilver Davenport had been the receptacle for notes signed Randolph Gordon, which would have been much better left unwritten, especially now that a pair of softer eyes had chased the Rocksilver's sparkling black ones out of his mind.

"Do you like her?" asked Sunshine, noticing an anxious glance which Randolph gave across the table.

"Her—whom?" asked he, the quick and exceedingly unwelcome question upsetting that sang froid which Randolph was accustomed to

boast a man going into a fit of apoplexy at his side, intelligence that the house was on fire, the receipt of a challenge, an order for active service, and a summons for breach, all at the same moment, would be powerless to disturb.

"Your friend Mrs. Rocksilver," said Sunshine, with that impatience with which a woman always speaks of a rival, real or imaginary.

"Like her? Oh no! She can be very agreeable, but she is a frivolous, heartless woman of the world—nothing in her—nothing that I should admire *now*, at the least," said Randolph, with an assurance by his eyes that Sunshine had spoilt him for every other breathing woman.

"*Merci, mon ami.*" The whisper was very low, but both Randolph and his new favourite heard it, and there was a smile soft and amused, it is true, which said to him as plainly as smiles can speak, "I will pay you for that, monsieur!" on the Rocksilver's handsome *passé* face.

"Hark! your aunt is off upon spiritualism," began Randolph, *à propos* de bottes, to draw Sunshine's attention from the very malin glance of the Rocksilver's beautifully tinted eyes. "What a dear woman it is to take up fashionable follies, and I'm always tilting up against them. This very morning you made me laugh in the most mal-à-propos and ill-bred manner in the very midst of her most pathetic peroration! She's a firm believer in Mr. Howitt and Mr. Home, isn't she? I was looking at Mackay's Popular Delusions the other day, and thought we could scarcely laugh much longer, with any show of justice at the least, at the witch Mania, the mesmerism *furor*, or the philosopher's stone, now that people of education, intelligence, and accredited position can be found who will lend their drawing-rooms and give their credence to the legerdemain and vulgarities of clever charlatanism. The generation of a century hence will certainly be puzzled whether to vote us wilful fools or helpless idiots. It seems very curious to me that (with the power these mediums claim to possess of constant contact and intimate liaison with the spirit world, who in their turn know everything that has taken and will take place in the world they have quitted), instead of going about in such very *infra dig.* style, earning their few guineas a night at a *séance*, they don't make their fortunes by some noteworthy prophecy that would do some credit to their powers of vaticination: tell us the fate of Gaeta or Venice, or what the state of the funds will be a week beforehand, or how long Louis Napoleon will keep as his motto 'L'empire c'est la paix,' or something worth hearing. Ah! there is Miss Audley rising. Shall I ever make my peace with her, I wonder?"

Sunshine didn't answer him with her usual readiness and zest. She was pondering over Mrs. Rocksilver, a problem she could not solve to her liking; and she was probably wishing with all her heart that she had a medium for her friend, who would tell her the meaning of the sort of by-play that went on between the Captain-Commandant of the Toadyshire Rifles and Lord Saltire's dashing and dangerous guest.

"So you are *entêté* with one of the Audley girls, I hear, Randolph," said that lady, with a laugh and a sneer, as, after the luncheon was over, we broke up into groups to go and see the shooting-match for a beautifully-mounted rifle and a silver cup Lord Saltire and my governor had offered for the best shot in Toadyshire. "You were not made for a marrying man, *mon cher*; the Benedict rôle won't suit you, though you

are thirty-four. I doubt if you ever keep the same thought through twelve hours. Miss Audley is very charming, sans doute, still I have half a mind to do a good deed and save you from your doom."

"What do you mean?" said Randolph, with a carelessness that did him infinite credit as an actor.

"N'importe!" laughed Mrs. Rocksilver, gaily, with a glitter in her eyes. "I was only thinking of some letters I have, which might postpone your sacrifice; but if sacrifice is to your taste, I don't see why I should interfere to rescue you from it."

Randolph stroked his moustaches with an impatient frown on his brow.

"You can exhibit your correspondence where you please, of course; but whether it will be more to your credit than mine——"

"Fear makes you discourteous, mon ami," cried Mrs. Rocksilver, with another light pleasant laugh, her sweet temper in no wise disturbed. "Don't be afraid, you are not such a great prize that I shall dispute you. Ah! Major Thornton, how do you do? I have not seen you before. Are you come to have a shot for Lord Saltire's rifle?"

Whether she had any particular design to make Randolph fail to win the prize or not, I can't say, but her words and her smiles rankled sufficiently in his mind to make him so careless of his laurels as *the* shot of Toadyshire, that he who could hit anything—a willow wand at three hundred yards, if he had liked—when he and I were tied for the first prize, scoring fifteen points each, missed, and let me make a centre without dispute.

"Why don't you win it? You *can*," said Sunshine, impatiently, as he rejoined her. "Aunt Clementina looks so pleased, and so does that Mrs. Rocksilver."

When one lady applies the pronoun *that* to another, it invariably means a great amount of dislike, jealousy, and general contemptuous irritation. "That Julia Vernon!" say your sisters, of that girl without tin, whom you like and they dread, wishing to hook you for their rich friend, Miss Fitzingots. "That Miss Flirtington!" says your wife, of your pretty cousin, whom you ventured to take to the Crystal Palace one day.

"That Mrs. Rocksilver!" She is jealous already," thought Randolph, skilled in all feminine weaknesses, as he asked her very tenderly, "Do you wish me to win?"

"Of course I do," said Sunshine, more impatiently still. "You were meant to do something better than fire at electric targets for silver cups, but since you are doing it, do well in it. No man should ever do less than his best; if every one remembered that we should have greater men than we have, patriots would not sink into placemen, eloquence into clap-trap, genius into money-fetching trash. Why the first myrtle-wreaths are the brightest, is because a man puts out all his strength when he enters the arena, and thinks any blows will suffice to keep the belt when he has once been declared champion. Go and win; never let these civilians say they beat a man who fought on the Sand-Bag battery."

Randolph smiled; he liked his "little devil" best in her hot, impatient, contemptuous anger. He whispered something that nobody heard but Sunshine, and took care to carry off the governor's cup with eighteen points at a distance of five hundred yards, throwing to despair every one of our corps, who, from fat old Turbot to little sprat of a Fitzpop, had

each seen in their several imaginations that portion of Hunt and Roskell's plate standing on their sideboards, to be handed down to admiring generations in memoriam of the gallant Toadyshire Rifles, and was rewarded for his exertions with so radiant a smile from his Sunshine, that he wondered—as a man always does wonder when he changes his loves—what beauty he could possibly ever have seen in the bold, roving, tinted eyes of Augusta Rocksilver, as they had flashed on him in the grand tier, the Ring, and her artistically darkened and very embellishing boudoir in Curzon-street, the season before, when that lady had marked him out as the most agreeable man about town, from the day she first saw him driving his tilbury by the Serpentine.

"What's the matter with you, Randolph?" said I, when we were waiting for Lacquers and some others of the county men to go and play loo at the Angel in Boshcumbury, where we had dined after the Audley Court affair.

"Matter with me? Nothing particular. But devil take her! What did she come here for?" said Randolph, with an angry stab at his cigar, that wouldn't burn.

"Who are you anathematising?"

"Who? Augusta—Mrs. Rocksilver, of course. I was a fool last season, you know, Cosmo. I thought her a very handsome woman—and so she is—but I told her so a good deal too much, and I was idiot enough to give her my picture and write to her, and do all sorts of compromising things that are always in black and white against one, as if I'd been four-and-twenty instead of four-and-thirty; and now here she turus up in Toadyshire just when——"

"You're making the same love to another woman. Very inconvenient, I admit."

"Not the *same* love, thank you! The liking for the one is very different to the liking for the other," muttered Randolph, with his weed between his teeth. "I never *liked* the woman—there's nothing in her to like—she's all artificial; but she was deucedly handsome, and I made love to her. Tant pis! And now she'll go showing those letters and things to Sunshine. I'm certain she will; confound it!"

With which colloquy to himself, not to me, Randolph flung his refractory Cuba into the grate, as if it had been that luckless Rocksilver note-case which contained those dangerous letters with which his last love held him in check with his new one.

"And can't you trust to her forgiveness?"

He smiled. "Well, perhaps. She's very plucky; but your most plucky are often the gentlest to coax, and women always like a dash of the mauvais sujet, even when it militates against themselves; they prefer a man's mind to be a sealed envelope, about which there is a little mystery and a good deal of pride in getting it to unclose, to a blotless breviary that lies opened before them; a Rousseau's Confessions that they mustn't look into, to an open letter that those who run may read. How handy it would be if one could score out some of the days of one's life. If a man would set up in business to sell Lethe like porter by the pot, he'd very soon make his fortune—wouldn't he? However, if one does foolish things, I suppose one must expect to pay for them—eh? There come

the men." And Randolph took up a fresh cigar, and struck a fusee, humming to himself Béranger's

"Fî des coquettes maniérées!  
Fî des bégueules de grand ton!"

appropriating the refrain, I presume, to his quondam admiration and present detestation, Augusta Rocksilver, née Fixatrice; while I congratulated myself that the Rocksilvers of *my* past were not on the scene, but thought, if ever they did turn up, that I should soon persuade Pearl, with her languid eyes, and her calmness, and her very deep, though, perhaps, not very demonstrative, attachment to me, of which I had made myself sure that day under the tête-à-tête favouring orange-trees of the Audley Court conservatories, to listen to reason and forgive me; while with that vivacious, satirical, and very vehement Sunshine, I doubted if Randolph would not find it up-hill work to obtain his absolution if ever he asked her for it.

Our butt is about a mile out of Bosheumbury, the practising ground rejoicing in the non-military appellation of the Sheep-fields, from the fact that, when Bosheumbury possessed an abbey of which the ruins rejoice the souls of archæologists to this day, the old monks pastured their flocks, where now, as Randolph remarks, we are teaching our lambs to be lions, or, at least, our asses to don a leonine skin and semblance, and, like Bottom, "roar that it will do any man's heart good to hear, and fright the ladies till they shriek." The butt is a mile out of the town; and a sorry mile that is to all our corps when the practising days are wet ones, and their cock-tails are bedraggled, their Melton soaked through, and water dripping off every point of their beloved harness. Such a day was it after the Audley Court inspection: and if Randolph had given us the option of deferring the drill, I venture to say, martial though we were, we shouldn't have scorned the permission as pluckily as the Guards did the other day when they were up to their knees in water at Aldershot. But he offered no such thing—that winter before Sebastopol had made him horribly contemptuous of all effeminacies, and cruelly impervious to all "babies' whinings," as he brutally termed our most severe but mildly-silent sufferings. We went through the drill that pouring summer evening. Poor Turbot, who had got out of a comfortable after-dinner doze, snatched the handkerchief from his brow that kept the flies away while he slumbered, gazed wildly at the clock, and struggled frantically into harness, his wife pulling at that miserable belt till the poor little woman's face was scarlet, and the good town clerk decidedly apoplectic, in his haste to be in time. It was a picture of most touching misery to see that bon bourgeois, who had never stirred out without his goloshes, his umbrella, and his waterproof, dripping like a Newfoundland after a bath—himself puffing, blowing, saturated—a portrait of distress to touch the most flinty heart; and many an oath did he swear to himself for having exchanged his quill for an Enfield—the shelter of his snug office for the windy pampas of the Sheep-fields. Bas-sompierre-Delafield, the pet physician, who had bought a rifle and a ten pound diploma almost en même temps, and divided the worship of the fair women of the borough with the popular preacher at St. Faithand-grace, getting the more votes of the two because he was still unmarried,

thought wildly of bronchitis, diphtheria, phthisis, and every pulmonary evil under the sun, as the rain ran off his little shako into his neck in countless and chilling streamlets, and wished the volunteer movement at the devil, and his own fondly-cherished person safe in the drawing-room of one of his lady patients. Horrible as the bank and its imprisonment had once seemed to poor Simpson, the vision of that hated stool and desk seemed paradise, for they at least were *dry*, which not a thread of that beloved uniform of his could purport to be this dreary, pouring, remorseless, practising day; poor little Freddy Audley, shivering and wretched as his idolised curls hung dank and dripping, shrank under the great plash of each rain-drop as if it were the thug of a French cannon-ball; even Lacquers, that jolliest of men (when away from his wife), looked as blue and dull as if he were having one of my lady's diurnal lectures; and through it all, our heartless captain kept us hard at it as if it were a sunshiny noon, swore to himself what a fool a soldier was to have anything to do with a set of civilians, and looked as cool and unconcerned with the water dripping off his long moustaches as if he were an otter, or a boatman, or a seal, or a bathing-woman, or any other amphibious being to whom the element came as second nature.

"Go home and have a warm bath, Freddy," said he, with the most unfeeling laugh imaginable, as the poor little dripping heir of Audley Court wrapped the plaid round his knees as he started his dog-cart off from the Angel-yard. "Mind you have some white wine whey, and ask Miss Clementina for her chausserette; and a few drops of nitre, I've heard, are the very best thing for catarrh; but your aunt will see to all that. What a blessing a maiden aunt is to young volunteers, who'd like to play at soldiers only in fine weather! I wonder what you'd have done, my boy, if you'd been with us the night before Alma? Cambridge himself had only a tilted cart, and, by George! how it poured all night; splash, splash, into the puddle where we lay, sans cloaks, sans tents, sans anything. You'd have shone there, Freddy, and Miss Clementina's whey would really have been most acceptable, though, on my life, I don't think you'd have been alive to drink it, since you suffer so frightfully from a little rain."

"A little rain! Cats and dogs! You're as bad as Sunshine," murmured Freddy, between a growl and a lisp.

The last name silenced Randolph, or at least sent him into a reverie, so that poor Freddy was allowed to start his mare off in peace from further assaults; and the captain of the East Goosestep threw himself across his grey, shook his bridle, and clattered down the High-street, the young demoiselles at the pastrycook's looking longingly at him through the dripping plate-glass of their shrine, as they solaced shoals of moist volunteers with steaming mock-turtle and cherry brandy, or piping hot oyster patties. Turbot went home to an extra tumbler of whisky-and-water, warm slippers, and every creative comfort that his little wife could heap upon her patriotic and self-sacrificing lord. Bassompierre-Delafield changed and went to dine with a pet patient, who had his favourite entremets for him, and who listened to his recital of the horrors of the day with as thrilling an admiration as Europe now listens to the sufferings of Poerio, Arrivabene, or Teleki. Young Simmons and little Fitzpop turned into the Angel to warm themselves with mulligatawny, bemoaning bitterly



that their dear jackets were so utterly soaked through, that they should be obliged to go in mufti to the Fitzvalseurs' carpet-dance. Lacquers went home to a stately dinner and an admirably dressed and coiffée Zantippe, who would have been more cheering and refreshing if she had a little less handsome a toilette and a little more pleasant good humour. Freddy drove me off with him to Audley Court, where he had asked me to dine, I gladly accepting, hours with Pearl being the summum bonum of earthly felicity with me; and Randolph galloped on his own way back to Grassmere, thinking of the Rocksilver, of Sunshine, with some other entanglements of his past and plans for his future, as he rode his grey at a pace fit for Croxton Park or the Grand Military.

As he passed along by the side of that small stream dignified in Toadyshire by the name of river, which bordered the Audley estate, he heard the ring of a pony's hoofs, and a merry laugh that he knew well enough.

"Ah, bonjour! Will you ride a race after the rain?"

Quick as the wind, Sunshine rode past him, lifting her gay bright face to his, all the brighter for gleaming out of the dark afternoon mist.

"My little Arab shall beat your Grey Darrell. Fifty to one I reach the milestone first!"

"Done! For the best Jouvins!" laughed Randolph, though he felt a much greater desire to snatch her up from her little Arab, and carry her off to Grassmere, as the Gordons of old had summarily wooed and won the ladye loves whom fate and foe kept from them. Away they went, and the little half-bred Arab set off at such speed, when his rider struck his silky black flanks with her riding-whip, as promised to beat Randolph by a length, though he *was* counted one of the best riders that had ever graced the Queen's or cleared bullfinches with the Pytchley and the Tedworth. Probably he did not try to work up his grey to do her best; probably, he preferred losing the Jouvins, and giving her the pleasure of victory; at any rate, the little Arab dashed along the turfy road at a pace worthy of his ancestry, both English and Syrian, that would really have drawn him down admiration if he could have been entered for the Goodwood or the Ascot Cup, and Sunshine won the distance by a couple of yards, clapping her gauntlets with joyous laughter.

"I won! I won! I told you I should! Who can defy me?"

The bright blue eyes lifted to him chased the Rocksilver's black ones straight out of Randolph's mind.

"Not I," said he, passionately, as he reined up Grey Darrell close by the Arab's side. "Sunshine, some people will tell you that my love is no great prize, but such as it is it is yours, as long as my life will last, stronger and deeper than I ever felt it for any other woman before. Whatever faults I may have had to others I will have none for you, for God knows how dear you are to me!"

This form of address would have had far too little Grandisonian reverence in it to suit Miss Clementina, who would doubtless have expected Randolph to kneel on the ground, without any respect to the muddy state of the roads, and tender in submissive language his respectful homage and undying devotion. But Sunshine seemed to be very well satisfied with it in its modern, brief, and unreverential form. As Randolph bent down from his saddle, and his moustache touched those mischievous lips which spoke such cruel satire on his volunteer rifle corps,

Miss Clementina, on the other side of the river, going to visit her district, after the rain, with a gigantic umbrella, goloshes in which you could have put Sunshine's whole body, and her own pet page, bearing a packet of stiff tracts, looked stricken dumb with righteous indignation, trembling till every bone in the umbrella skin rattled.

"In a public road!" she murmured, almost paralysed with horror. "What next? How utterly lost to all self-respect, to all maidenly feeling, to all proper reserve! *He* shall never enter *my* house again!"

Past them, too, in the usually deserted highway rolled, just at the juncture, a carriage, with the Saltire arms on the panels and hammercloth, and Mrs. Rocksilver looked through the window at Grey Darrell and the little Arab, and set her fine white teeth together.

"Faites votre jeu, monsieur; but it will be odd if you win!"

## RECOLLECTIONS OF G. P. R. JAMES.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?

WHEN the writer of "*Richelieu*," encouraged by the frank praises of Sir Walter Scott, commenced his long career of authorship, I was traveling in Italy, and engaged in studies which made me more familiar with the middle ages than with modern literature. And, on my return to England, I was but slowly overtaking his rapid powers of production, when I had the pleasure of knowing him as my friend and neighbour.

We were both residing on one of the most beautiful portions of the south coast, and I certainly never enjoyed splendid scenery in more agreeable companionship. He was at that time occupied—as usual—in writing a new romance; or rather in dictating it—a practice which he informed me he had adopted at the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott, who (as a piece of authorcraft) thought it both expeditious and economical. With a regularity rarely departed from, he was steadily at work with his amanuensis from soon after an early breakfast till two o'clock. He then walked for about two hours; and I was fortunate when he made me his companion by taking my home in his way. Pleasant was often our talk while

High o'er the hills, and low adown the dale,  
We wandered many a wood, and measured many a vale;\*

or looked from some well-known steep upon the line of picturesque and rocky coast which lay before us in almost Italian beauty. It is only in this way that a natural and easy intercourse can be enjoyed with one who feels that something not too common is expected from him; and those walks will be long remembered. On his return he dictated or corrected till near dinner-time, and in the evening (when not in society) he looked over his manuscript copy. This, till he saw "*daylight*" (to use

\* Spencer.

his own phrase) in the progress of his story, was generally his daily routine.

But I am not about to become his Boswell. It is because the notices which have appeared since his death, while doing justice to him in every other respect, have been very chary in their acknowledgment of his talents, that I am induced to devote a page or two to his memory. His qualities of disposition have been dwelt upon as they deserved. His active friendship, his kindly feelings, his generous hospitality, could not be overrated. And why should not his talents have been as frankly praised? Who has replaced him? There was a time when one or two *three-volume* works of fiction yearly from his pen, seemed to be thought so absolute a necessity by the public, that it might have been supposed the machinery of society would stop whenever the supply should cease. *Punch* might smile at the two cavaliers who had so often appeared at the commencement of a romance, or might have represented him, pictorially, as grinding his works out of a mill; but in how few of our writers can we now look for the same unaffected style, or easy narrative, or for the pure and unobtrusive moral tone that distinguished everything he wrote? Of how few works of fiction can we say, as of his, that we rise from their perusal without any perversion of our feelings or principles. He had, also, that power of productiveness which has, in itself, been considered an attribute of genius. Like Scott or Voltaire, he could have sat in a library of his own creation; and if he had not the power which the former so eminently possessed of giving life and actuality to the personages he brought before us, he occasionally followed closely upon his great master in his descriptions of natural scenery and events. I only write from memory; but I may mention, *inter alia*, the thunderstorm, in "Margaret of Burgundy;" the trial scene, in "Corse de Leon;" the burning forest, in "Ticonderoga;" the Italian lake, in "Pequinello;" the battle of Evesham, in "Forest Days;" the attack on Angoulême and the battle of Jarnac, in the "Man at Arms;" and the revolt at Barcelona, in "De L'Orme;" a very incomplete list, but all that I at present recollect.

There was one quality in which he was peculiar. It was the natural and easy introduction into his narrative of reflections and remarks that often show great knowledge both of the world and of human nature.

When we were in habits of daily intercourse, I mentioned to him that this had always struck me, and that it was my intention to make a collection of them. It at once involved me in one of the embarrassments frequently consequent upon his generosity; for in the course of the day he made me a present of half a dozen of his works, at the same time wishing me, as he thought proper to express it, a less dry and laborious occupation. If it had not, he said, been for the awkwardness of a writer's selecting his own "beauties," he should probably have undertaken it himself. He even fixed upon a publisher. A variety of occupations, however, local and political, prevented me from proceeding with my task beyond sufficient matter for one small volume: and from this I make, at hazard, a few brief extracts.

"Eloquence consists not in many words, but in few; the thoughts, the associations, the images may be many; but the acme of eloquence is in the rapidity of their expression."

"It unfortunately happens that talent is less frequently wanted than the wisdom to employ it."

"Let not people speak lightly of lovers' quarrels. Lovers should never quarrel, if they would love well and love long."

"In the awful struggle which has gone on for ages between good and evil, the eye of man has looked upon a mass of agony, sorrow, and despair which—could it all be beheld at once, or conceived even faintly—would break man's heart for the wickedness and cruelty of his own nature."

"The mirror, like every other invention of human vanity, as often procures us disappointment as gratification."

"In the sad arithmetic of years, multiply by what numbers you will, you can never produce *one-and-twenty* more than once."

"Thought loads the heart and does but little good, when our resolutions are once taken."

"'Providence,' says a powerful but dangerous author of another land, 'has placed Disgust at the door of all bad places.' But, alas! she keeps herself behind the door as we go in, and it is only as we come out that we meet her face to face."

"Servants have a wonderful pleasure in revealing useful information when it is too late; though they take care to conceal everything they see amiss while their information can be of any service to their masters."

"Apprehension is to sorrow what hope is to joy,—a sort of *avant-coureur* who greatly magnifies the importance of the personage he precedes."

"Trust a woman's eye to discover when a man is insincere. She can always do it when her own heart is not concerned."

"Cast that man from your society for ever who does or says a thing in your presence which you would blush to have said or done yourself."

"How often do idle words betray the spirit within. They are the careless gaolers which let the prisoner forth out of his secret dungeon. They have cost, if history be true, many a king his crown, many a woman her reputation, and many a lover his lady's hand."

"The great mass of a man's mind, like the greater part of his body, he takes care to cover; so that no one may judge of its defects, except they be very prominent."

"If we miss the precise moment, whether it be by a minute or by years matters not, we have lost the great talisman of Fate for ever."

But it is not by such fragmentary specimens as these that we can judge of Mr. James's talents. If any one is unacquainted with his works, and wishes to estimate him as he deserves, let him read his "Attila;" which, as an historical romance, has rarely—except by the Great Master himself—been equalled; and having read it, he may say

of him in the words used by his guide and friend on a different occasion, that few writers have so well "succeeded in amusing hours of relaxation, or relieving those of languor, pain, or anxiety," as the author of "Richelieu" and of "Attila."

In the usual intercourse of society he was rather an agreeable companion than a brilliant diner-out; and even the brightest, amongst these, are stars that have their periods of obscurity. I have seen the elder Matthews in a state of depression which might almost have threatened suicide. In an hour or two he was

The life of pleasure and the soul of whim,

the best toned and most gentlemanly of humorists. One of our opium-eating celebrities would suddenly become silent as if he had been shot; nor did he soon recover. And we are told of a party of wits—one of them no less a personage than Theodore Hook—that having been invited by a City notability to amuse his guests, they became, *en revanche*, solemnly stupid, reserving their talents for an after-symposium of their own. But whatever he may have been generally, I remember how much the friend we have lost contributed to one of the most brilliant evenings I have ever witnessed at any dinner-table, from Albemarle-street to my own. He was unable, in the first instance, to accept my invitation, in consequence of the expected arrival of a visitor. On the morning of the day, he wrote me a note to say that if I had still a vacant place he would be happy to come. I need not mention how I answered it. He entered the drawing-room with an evident determination to be agreeable. Amongst the guests was one of the "best hands" of the *Quarterly Review*, who was an admirable talker. There were others of some mark. And for five hours the ball never fell.

But *cætus dulces valet!* I must bring these reminiscences to a close. If it was thought by the Romans to have been an act of piety to preserve from desecration the tombs of the departed, we may hold it to be a still higher duty to guard their memories from wrong; and, above all, when the wrong is done to one of whom we may say, in the language of *Bassanio*, that he was

—the kindest man,  
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies . . . . .  
That e'er drew breath.

I am glad to have the privilege of speaking as he merits of one whom I so much esteemed. We rarely flatter the dead; and I never gave expression to praise with more sincerity than now.

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## THE HOUSE, BLASWICK.

## PART THE FOURTH.

## I.

## MISTRESS CROSSMAN.

WELL did Mistress Crossman remember her early days and the life at "The House." How the young rector of Allandale was a frequent visitor there, when Mrs. Douglas and her two daughters were at home, and how it was not difficult to discover that an attachment had sprung up between the younger of the two and Mr. Acton, the rector. There were difficulties in their way, however; the course of true love was not to run smooth. Mr. Douglas, for no apparent reason, could not be persuaded to give his consent to the marriage, and the lovers waited and hoped on, till his death made them free to do as they pleased; and they accordingly married, but not from "The House"—that was left as soon as old Mr. Douglas died—but from a lodging in London, and the bride's mother gave her away. Mrs. Acton was not on very good terms with her brother, and at that time they never saw anything of him, on account of his wild ways.

Whilst her young lady had been hoping and waiting, Lizzie Robinson had found a lover, and had married him. Her patience was not tried by a long engagement, for Joseph Crossman was the possessor of a capital farm, and was ready to take his sweetheart to his home as soon as she had made up her mind. Many years have rolled away since those happy days, and Lizzie can look back upon her life with satisfaction: it has been an untroubled current flowing calmly on. She had never wanted for anything, and was ever contented with her lot. Joseph, the gallant young man of former days, lay in his grave in the churchyard at Allandale. Mr. Acton had married him, and Mr. Acton had read the burial service over him. He had visited Joseph very often during his last illness, and was present when the moment came that the good man breathed his last, and husband and wife were parted, but for a short time. Ah, these were scenes past and gone, and Mistress Crossman stood in Moss-gate leaning on her stout umbrella, and thinking over the purchases she had made—the winter gown that she might never need: "Ah weel, 't 'ill do foor Betsie if A'm gone," was the reflection which consoled her for the money she had spent; and in another minute she was greeted by John's inquiry:

"And A hope A sees ye weel, Mistress Crossman?"

"Yees, thankee, A'm a bit weary wi' the mornin's work, boot A sharl rest awhile befoore A gang hame."

Saying this, she would have passed on, but so short a conversation in no way satisfied John. He asked after every one he could think of; put questions so as to elicit the longest answers; but there was apparently no news from Allandale, or Mistress Crossman did not choose to tell it, if there was. John grew impatient; he had no time to lose; and, as if to excite the flagging spirit of gossip in his companion, he said:

"Ma'be ye doan't ken thaata A haad a strange letter t'other day foora t' Hoose?"

"Naa, sir," replied the old lady, in a provokingly indifferent manner. "We hears boot little oop at t' farm, and it's naa the woorse foora oos."

"Ye carl to mind t' little bairn, Miss Doouglas, doan't ye?"

"A kenneed her weel enou'," said Mistress Crossman, with a sigh. "Poor thin', she's gang'd t' her reest."

"Ah, and folks think it joost likely thaata she ma' geet letters whare thaata is," added John, with a shake of the head and a knowing twinkle of the eye. "A took a letter to t' Hoose wi' her name on't."

"Ma'be a mistake," reasoned the old lady. "Sumboddy fro' furren parts."

"Ye ma' think soo, and it's like enou' ye be right, boot A ha ma ain thoughts," said John. "Mr. Branburn haas gang'd oop to Lunnon, they say. His carriage was in Kelton. Whaw kens boot thare was boosness in t' letter?"

He thought that this speech would have excited some little curiosity in his companion, but she only sighed and said: "It's a baad fam'ly. Naa gude wi' cum on 'em. T' prop'ty ooght to be wi' t' Doouglases."

This was a fact which had long been established throughout the neighbourhood, and, consequently, was nothing new to John. Mistress Crossman was dull that morning; all he had got out of her was, that Mr. Alfred Acton had returned home from college, and this fact would have a very minor interest for the gossips of Blaswick. Old John was sorry that he had wasted his time and thoughts over her, and he muttered half aloud, "Hump! A think A ha' been pla'en chairmaan t's mornin'." He evidently considered by this speech that chairmen have all the talk to themselves. Mistress Crossman did not hear what he said, and, with a polite "Gude day," the old woman passed slowly down the street, now advancing a few steps, now waiting patiently till the younger folks had brushed past her, and were well out of the way. She was the picture of what a good old woman of the middle class might be, but what they so seldom are; she was gentle and courteous in her manner, easily pleased and contented with everything. Instead of being a hindrance to the young family with whom she resided, she was one of the greatest comforts and ornaments of the farm. Granny, in her neat cap and apron, sitting in the spotless kitchen at the lull farm, was always shown to visitors with pride. She had a kindly word for everybody, and it would be a sad day when her chair should be left vacant and another green mound added to the dreary little churchyard over which the cold winds blew so pitceously.

## II.

### A CONFESSION.

THE train drew up at Harboth station, where the branch to Kelton joined the main line and a middle-aged person, dressed in widow's weeds, got out of a first-class carriage, carrying a little black bag in her hand.

"Is there any one here who is expecting a lady by this train?" she asked the porter.

"There's Mr. Acton, the priest," was the reply. "He's in his carriage outside."

The stranger then produced her ticket, and following the man through a side-door, found herself confronted by Mr. Acton and his wife, who were both wondering at the moment whether their correspondent was forthcoming, or whether they were the victims of some conspiracy. The sun was in her eyes, and she could not see Mrs. Acton grasp her husband's arm, and whisper, "It is she, there is no doubt about it;" neither could she perceive the expression of wonder and curiosity depicted on their faces, but she felt the restraint of their manner, and they could not be otherwise than reserved towards her, for they were all placed in so peculiar a position. After the first greeting, and the inquiry if Mrs. Martin had any luggage, and when they had received the somewhat startling information that what she held in her hand contained the requisites for her toilette, and that lady had seated herself in the back seat of the waggonette, then Mr. Acton felt it incumbent on him to say something. He hoped that she had had a good journey, he stammered something about Australia, and then they lapsed into total silence. It was very awkward. Mrs. Acton wondered within herself what would come of their adventure, how she should account to her son and daughter for their strange visitor—the subject of the letter had been kept a profound secret—and how she should ever break the ice which seemed to be congealing their thoughts and encrusting itself so closely round them as to destroy the possibility of any confidence. "It will thaw when we are at home," she meditated, and so they drove on in silence.

Alfred and Louisa had not returned from their fishing expedition; this was a great relief, and Mrs. Acton conducted her strange guest to her chamber. She would now have time to prepare them for her appearance in the family circle at dinner. The letter had been followed up by substantial fact. It could no longer be altogether a hoax, and there was nothing to conceal from her children, nothing that she need blush to relate.

After expressing a hope that Mrs. Martin would find all she wanted, and that she would ring the bell should she require any assistance, Mrs. Acton was about to withdraw, when the thought struck her that they were all acting as if in a play, and that something ought to be said to show that they understood each other.

"We have met together again under strange circumstances," she said, stiffly, "and many things have happened since we parted some eight years ago."

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Martin; and grasping her hostess's arm with a trembling hand, she said, hurriedly, and in a voice choked by emotion, "I come to retrieve what I can of the past. The terrible secret weighs heavily on my conscience. I must unburden myself, and I trust there is time to free one who has been bitterly wronged, and to give your children the chance of succession which is their due. All that *he* does is so veiled, so hard to see through, I cannot pretend to say anything for certain, but you shall be made acquainted with all that is past—only not now—and when you know the particulars, you must act as you think most proper."

Mrs. Acton had gazed at the excited face turned towards her with undisguised interest and wonder. She could not let the moment for explanation be put off, her thoughts had been busy on the subject, and an intense, almost feverish anxiety to know what Mrs. Martin had to tell, made her voice tremble, as she bent forward, and eagerly inquired:



"Did *she* die, then? Tell me, was it true?"

There was no answer to her appeal.

"Is she alive now? Have you come from Australia to tell me this?" again demanded Mrs. Acton.

There was a knock at the door, and a servant asked permission to bring in a jug of hot water; she was admitted, and remained bustling about the room, so that Mrs. Acton was obliged to leave her guest and to retire to her own apartment, there to regain her composure and arrange her thoughts.

"Well, Elizabeth?" said her husband, on seeing her.

"Well?" she replied, with a short sigh.

"Have you heard anything?"

A shake of the head informed him to the contrary.

Dinner-time came; they were all waiting for Mrs. Martin in the drawing-room; the parlour maid stood in the passage outside with folded arms; Alfred looked very hungry, and Mr. Acton grew impatient.

"Do you think, my dear, that she is aware that dinner is on the table? Had you not better go and see?" he remarked, being very desirous that something should be done. The good man had not quite made up his mind as to whether or no he was harbouring a thief in his house. It was so mysterious, and every little contretemps was sufficient to raise a perfect hurricane of suspicion in his brain. People were so clever in their contrivances to rob and murder; she might still be an impostor, and her story a complete hoax. He did not give vent to his feelings in words, however; he was afraid that his wife might laugh at him, that she might ridicule the idea of a person taking all the trouble to make up a plausible story, and go to the expense of so long a journey simply to get into an humble rectory, to carry off what little property she could find. It was certainly a preposterous idea, more especially as there was no doubt as to Mrs. Martin's identity.

Alfred gave utterance to several highly uncomplimentary speeches relating to the tardy movements of the visitor, who was keeping him so long from his dinner, and then Mrs. Acton was roused into going in search of the delinquent. She found Mrs. Martin's door locked, and upon intimating to her that they were waiting dinner, she received a polite excuse from that lady. "The journey has given me a headache; if you would allow me to have a cup of tea here, it is all I require."

This request was granted as soon as asked, and the family saw nothing of their guest that evening. She was, however, the subject of much conversation. All the events in Switzerland were raked up again from the dusty corners in their memories, where they had lain dormant. A great deal was said, but no conclusion arrived at. Alfred suggested that his aunt's sad fate had turned the brain of the good lady up-stairs, and that she had a monomania. This was a very unsatisfactory solution of the mystery, and no one gave any heed to it.

Late in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Acton were walking up and down the terrace walk in the garden, and they saw a light burning in their guest's chamber; the shadow of a head, too, rested on the window-blind; the shadow was very still—perhaps she was reading, and perhaps she was sleeping.

It was twelve o'clock; Mrs. Acton, who had sat up late to look through some old papers, was retiring to rest. She had to pass Mrs. Martin's door

in going to her own bed-chamber. The sound of a falling book met her ear, that lady was still stirring; the headache could not have been very acute, at least so thought Mrs. Acton, as she passed on, wondering when her curiosity was to be satisfied. Ideas similarly detrimental to the character of the lady, as such as her husband had indulged in, never crossed the good hostess's mind. Yet, what if she were to commit suicide that night in their house; what if she were to murder them in their beds, out of some petty revenge? Mrs. Acton might have conjured up such things, but she would only have tortured herself in vain, for no such terrible events were destined to occur.

Morning came, breakfast lay on the table, the urn sent up a goodly steam, and the viands looked inviting enough, but Mrs. Martin never made her appearance. She sent an excuse, and a cup of tea and a slice of bread-and-butter were taken to her room. It was certainly singular behaviour. Alfred was more convinced than ever that she was crazy, but he did not say much about it, as he saw that his doing so vexed his mother.

Eleven o'clock struck; Mr. Acton was in his study, his wife was busy with household matters, Alfred was writing a succession of very short, concise letters, and his sister was mending his landing net, when, to the surprise of all, Mrs. Martin was seen slowly to descend the stairs, with a sheet of letter paper in her hand. It was covered with very close writing, and Louisa, who was the first to be aware of her approach, thought that the document looked exceedingly ominous.

"Here she comes, Alfred," whispered she; and a very meek, unpretending person she was to cause so much excitement and speculation. Without taking any notice of the young people, Mrs. Martin walked directly up to Mr. Acton, and said, in a resolute tone of voice, "Will you call your household together? I wish them all to witness to my having signed this document."

Mr. Acton stammered something about exposure, things were better kept secret till the right moment for bringing them before the public, &c.

"Nothing shall be said on the subject. I merely wish for witnesses to my signing my name here." She placed her hand on a clear space at the bottom of the sheet she had brought with her, and looked so resolute, that Mr. Acton, who was naturally afraid of strong-minded females, immediately rang the bell.

When the servant answered, he ordered her to tell her mistress to come, and to return with her herself. A few minutes more and a goodly party had assembled round the writing-table in the study. It would have been an excellent psychological lesson for a bystander, there were such various expressions on the different countenances, all directed towards the commonplace-looking woman, who stood, pen in hand, in the act of writing her name at the bottom of the document, about which they knew nothing, or next to nothing. There was a dignified interest expressed in Mrs. Acton's face; surprise in that of her husband, who was gazing at the whole proceeding over his spectacles; entertainment in Alfred's; curiosity in Louisa's; and innocent perplexity in that of the servant-girl.

The name was signed, and beneath it were affixed the signatures of the witnesses. Mrs. Martin then folded up the paper and presented it to Mr. Acton, together with a packet of letters. "I give these to you in the hope of repairing the evil which I, in some measure, have been instru-

mental in bringing about. Use the information which is contained here as you think best." Having said this, she begged leave to retire to her room. "I am not strong; it is a great effort for me to do this, and I cannot bear much interrogation. What is necessary I will submit to, but let me entreat you to spare me as much as you can." Mrs. Martin turned and left the room, the servant was motioned to follow her, and the Acton family were left alone with the weighty secret in their hands.

"Take it, my dear," said the good rector; "your eyes are better than mine."

Mrs. Acton took the sheet of paper, and drawing to the window to obtain all the light there was, she read aloud as follows, for the benefit of her husband and children:

"I was Miss Douglas's confidential companion; I took care of her, and managed her affairs to the best of my ability, so far as she would entrust me with them. In some things she depended on me as a child, whilst in others it was all I could do to divine her intentions and to regulate her movements. That Miss Douglas was eccentric in her habits is well known. Travelling was a passion with her; she enjoyed the mere locomotion, the changing from place to place. She left the arrangement of these journeys entirely to me. I do not think that she had it in her power to regulate or plan anything. I endeavoured to do my duty at first. It was for my interest to gain Miss Douglas's confidence, and to remain with her; for I was saving money in the hope of adding my little earnings to that of Mr. Martin, to whom I was then engaged. There was no prospect of our marriage for some years to come, as he had got entangled in some speculation, and there was a danger of his being drawn into worse difficulties, owing to no fault of his own. Mr. Branburn was acquainted with all the circumstances, and he had my future husband in his power. I was in constant correspondence on the subject, both with Mr. Branburn and Mr. Martin, but I could never extort a promise of secrecy from the former. He reserved this till he could exercise his power over us to his own advantage.

"We were staying at Strasburg, when I received a letter from Mr. Branburn informing me of the death of Mr. Douglas and of his singular will. I knew that my cousin had set his heart on obtaining that property for himself. No sooner had the entail been broken than he began his deep plan. It must have been very galling to him to be thus frustrated, but he was not a man to be beaten if he saw the least chance of extricating himself from a difficulty. He proposed a deep design to me in this letter, by which he might secure the person of Miss Douglas through my connivance. He threatened me if I refused to act with him, and offered me a bribe if I complied.

"His threat was to expose my future husband, and his bribe was to supply me with the money necessary for emigration. I could marry, he said, and it would be safer for my husband to be out of England. It was a terrible temptation, and I fell into his snare. There could be no harm in complying with the first part of his instructions, I thought; they were simple, and might lead to nothing; at all events, I should have time to consider, which I had not then, as we were to leave Strasburg immediately, and journey by a very circuitous route to a small town in Switzerland, where it was agreed that we should meet him as if by accident. Mr. Branburn was to appear to pay his addresses to Miss Douglas, and I

was seemingly to object to his behaviour, to oppose his coming near her, and yet secretly to favour his doing so to the best of my ability. He was then to pretend to disclose to her a story against me, to hint that I was an instrument in the hands of her sister, Mrs. Acton, to prevent her ever marrying, that the property might not be left away from her own children. Miss Douglas was aware that, the entail being broken, she would have a right to dispose of it should she come into possession; but she was not, of course, acquainted with the fact of her brother's death, nor with the will he had made; the story would, therefore, be very plausible in her ears. I found no difficulty in making Miss Douglas remove at a moment's notice from Strasburg; I invented some trivial reason for our doing so, and she was perfectly willing to go wherever I proposed. Our journeys were so intricate, and arranged with such secrecy, that no clue was gained as to our place of residence, or, rather, I should say, place of rendezvous with Mr. Branburn. Miss Douglas once wrote to her sister, but I intercepted the letter; it was destroyed. Every day made me more callous to the part I was acting; the only restriction that caused me any pain was that I might not communicate with Mr. Martin. I dreaded lest he should think me wanting in affection, and I longed for the time when I should meet him in England, and acquaint him with what he would consider my cousin's magnanimous offer.

"At the town agreed upon Mr. Branburn met us; he was travelling with his servant, who is now, I am told, acting as porter at "The House." We had a lengthened interview together, in which he developed his plans more fully to me. I was awed by his manner, and partly frightened by his threats of vengeance, if I did not do all he desired. In this interview it was arranged that we should travel amongst the mountains, he following in our track, sometimes with us, sometimes before or behind us, but always paying marked attention to Miss Douglas. He thoroughly succeeded in making my unhappy charge believe his professions of undying devotion, and, what is more, he persuaded her to fly from me with him. I was informed of all this, and acted accordingly—aiding the plot whilst apparently making it difficult. Fortune favoured the design much more than we could have anticipated. It was I who provided the shawl, and Hugh Franklin, Mr. Branburn's servant, placed it on the glacier; he also dropped a little flower-basket belonging to Miss Douglas on the moraine, which was not found till some days afterwards. How they succeeded in escaping unobserved, I cannot tell; that they should not do so, was a source of great anxiety to me, as you may suppose. I spread the report that it had not been accident, but suicide; I wrote the information necessary for the newspapers, and told my heart-rending tale to the authorities with a pathos which was not altogether unnatural. For when I had done my part, and was no longer called into action, my strength gave way; I was so nervous, so confused, that I had to entreat not to be questioned any more. I pretended that horror at what had occurred overwhelmed me, and I met with much compassion, much undeserved kindness. The rest of my personal history you are acquainted with, for it was young Mr. Acton who escorted me back to England.

"As to Miss Douglas, I know that a house had been hired in an obscure part of Islington, which was intended for her reception. She was

doubtless kept in close confinement there under Hugh Franklin's charge until it was safe to convey her secretly to the north. Before my marriage, and subsequent departure from England, I heard that she had been removed to 'The House.' I wrote several times to Mr. Branburn, entreating him to use all kindness to his prisoner, for my conscience began to torment me even in those early days. I hoped that change of scene would drown the past, but I was mistaken; no one can tell the agonies of remorse I have endured all these long years. Fear of Mr. Branburn, and the dread lest he might expose my husband, kept my mouth closed, and it is only now that I come to confess. I may be too late to do any good; but I trust not. I cherish the conviction that Miss Douglas is still living, and that she is concealed at 'The House;' should this be the case, I shall yet have the unmerited satisfaction of retrieving in some measure the evil I have done. May it be so! My confession is now almost completed; I have but to add that I wrote a few days ago to Miss Douglas, directing the letter to 'The House.' This may seem to be a strange act on my part, but I did it for two reasons: first, to warn Mr. Branburn of what was coming upon him, for though the letter was anonymous, he will most assuredly guess the writer's name—he has done much for me, I wished to give him an indirect warning; and secondly, I wrote with the idea of rousing suspicions, or at least gossip, amongst the peasants of the neighbourhood.

"I have now told all, and every word here stated is true. To this I swear and sign my name before witnesses."

Mrs. Acton had read in a clear, distinct voice; she never paused to take breath, or to smother any emotion, till she reached the end, and then, covering her face with her pocket-handkerchief, she sank into a chair and sobbed audibly. Here was the truth, the whole dreadful truth. "Is it possible!" "Could you have believed it?" "Poor, poor Mary!" were the exclamations which burst from the lips of all.

"If it is actually true—and it has all the semblance of truth," said Mr. Acton, patting the document, which now lay on the writing-table—"we must have been marvellously blind not to have seen through so simple a veil."

"There was no clue," said his wife, recovering her composure by degrees. "They made no mistakes, they did the deed cleverly, and we were duped. To think that poor Mary may have been a prisoner all these years! Could she exist in confinement? must she not have died of grief? The thought is terrible, but she may have met with another fate. Her death was desired by her captors; they may have hastened it. One crime leads to another—nay, it sometimes necessitates another. Mrs. Martin has no proof of her being still alive." And again Mrs. Acton's voice was choked by her tears.

"We have still the letters to read," remarked her husband, in the hopes of rousing her. "There may be proof here to warrant our arresting this upstart, this impostor."

He unfolded the packet, and perused each letter in turn; one was addressed to Mrs. Martin, from William Branburn, and it disclosed the design he had formed for the capture of Miss Douglas; the others were short notes of less importance, but still bearing on the same subject.

"These are very valuable," said the rector. "Read them, Elizabeth."

Mrs. Acton did as she was requested, and then folded them carefully together.

"How must we set about ascertaining whether there is any one confined in the old house?" inquired she, looking towards her husband.

"It is a subject for a magistrate; we had better consult with Mr. Proctor, he will advise us. We must have the law on our side," said he.

"Should we give publicity to the affair so soon?" asked his wife. She flinched from exposure, from the busy tongues of the world at large. Visions of newspaper reporters came before her, and she expressed her dislike in particular to making Mr. Proctor their confidant. "He is so pompous; he thinks of nothing but his own consequence, and I believe that he delights in raising a scandal about any family."

"We must have some advice, or the whole thing will be allowed to drop, and we ought to have an investigation with such a confession as that in our possession. We cannot pass it over; it would not be right."

"Far be it from me to wish such a thing; and if we must ask advice, let us consult Mr. Salamon, he is by far the most skilful and active magistrate in the county."

This was agreed upon, and whilst the rector went in search of his friend, Mrs. Acton was closeted with her strange guest up-stairs. We forbear to describe what passed in so strictly private an interview.

Mr. Salamon heard the whole history with great interest; he returned to the rectory in company with Mr. Acton, was introduced to Mrs. Martin, talked the matter over with all parties concerned, behaved in a very gentlemanly, kind manner, and the result of all this will form the subject of a future chapter.

## ODE OF CALLISTRATUS TO HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

BY E. A. BOWRING.

With a bough of green myrtle my sword I will cover,  
 Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton of yore,  
 When they slew the proud tyrant who Athens ruled over,  
 And gave to their country its freedom once more.

Thy name, loved Harmodius, shall long live in story,  
 In the isles of the blest a bright home thou hast won,  
 Where swift-footed Achilles is dwelling in glory,  
 Ay, and Diomed too, of old Tydeus the son.

With a bough of green myrtle my sword I will cover,  
 Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton of yore,  
 Who, ere yet the glad feast of Athene was over,  
 Laid the tyrant Hipparchus all welt'ring in gore.

Harmodius and Aristogeiton the Glorious,  
 Countless ages to come your great names shall adore,  
 For ye slew the proud tyrant with sword all-victorious,  
 And gave to your country its freedom once more.

## CANTERBURY AND ITS ARCHBISHOPS.

IN Dr. Stanley's engaging narrative of the landing of Augustine—a narrative which has been justly said to be written in the spirit of a poet and with the accuracy of an historian—the reverend and learned writer points out the memories that are associated with the view beheld from the hill of St. Martin's little church, near Canterbury. It is justly described as a view the most inspiring that can be found in the world; for from Canterbury, the first Christian city of England, from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom, has flowed the Christianity of our country; and from that little hill a power went forth, which in the course of a few centuries adorned England with all its glorious monuments of piety and ecclesiastical art.

The landing of Augustine has, therefore, a continuing interest for England through every age; and, beginning with the story of that memorable event, and tracing thence the succession of the Archbishops of Canterbury, the learned Dean of Chichester has produced\* a work of national as well as great historical interest, by connecting with the biography of each primate the ecclesiastical and chief political events of his age. Dr. Hook thus presents the Church of England as a national institution which, under its various phases, has existed from the time of Augustine, through whom is (of course) deduced that succession of the Christian ministry which connects the present Church of England through the Gallican, with the primitive and apostolic Church of Christ. And by giving not merely the episcopal acts but the lives of the archbishops, the author has embraced a large region of literature and theology, and events of political and of private life—the latter often as characteristic of the times as of the mind of the individual prelate.

Hardly any one of the lives contained in the first volume (it is the only one at present published, and embraces the period—extending over about four hundred and seventy years—from the mission of Augustine to the close of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty) is without some memorable features of interest relating to the early days of the English Church and English civilisation; and it would be difficult to point out a subject of ecclesiastical controversy, usage, or legislation, from the planting of the Church in England down to the time of the Conquest, that does not receive illustration in Dr. Hook's pages. The state of the country and of the people, the progress of arts and employments, and of religion and learning, are illustrated in almost every chapter; and one cannot fail to recognise how truly, in this labour of love, as in his long life of sacred duty, the learned author has himself worked in the spirit of his maxim, "that no man becomes great or really good who does not give his heart and mind to perform what his hand finds to do." His charitable judgment, his candour, and his fairness, are, moreover, not less conspicuous than his industry.

\* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Vol. I.—Anglo-Saxon Period. London: Richard Bentley. 1860. Pp. 530.

As might have been expected from such an historian, the Dean of Chichester, in tracing the Church of England back to the Italian mission and the see founded by Ethelbert at Canterbury, is not forgetful of the previous existence of the British Church, or of the earlier missionary enterprise of the Celtic Church among the pagans of the north of Britain. By whom the Church of Christ was first planted in these islands, by what missionaries the Celts, or pre-historic inhabitants, were originally converted, must probably remain for ever unknown. There is the authority of Tertullian for the simple statement that in the second century regions of Britain inaccessible to the Romans were subdued to Christ; and other authorities assert that this conquest was effected by Eastern missionaries either by direct ministrations or through the Church of Gaul. To the abundant zeal of Irish missionaries some years before the landing of Augustine, and no less than thirteen hundred years ago, the northern provinces of Britain, which became known as Scotland, were indebted for their conversion; and very remarkable it is to see that at a period little antecedent to that in which Gregory the Great signalled at Rome his zeal in the cause of missions, Columba, without any communication from Rome, came from Ireland (crossing in a boat covered with the hides of oxen), and in the remote island of the Hebrides, which became famous as Icolmkill (Columba's Island of the Cells), surrounded himself with men of religious zeal and learning, who went forth to preach the Gospel to the rude natives of Caledonia. By the term "the Celtic Church," Dr. Hook aptly enough distinguishes from the Italian mission established at Canterbury, that branch of the Church of Christ which comprised the Irish or Scots, the Caledonians, the British, and the Welsh. The author rightly deduces from the history of the Celtic Church that it was eminently a missionary church, and his theory seems to be that the Italian mission became necessary from the unwillingness of the Saxons to be taught by the despised and persecuted Britons. Be this as it may, the British Christians seem to have regarded as hopeless the conversion of the pagan Saxons, their oppressors, the slaves of idolatrous superstitions and a terrific mythology. But the northern half of Britain owed its conversion to missionaries of the Celtic Church, and they, in the following century, passed through the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms now comprised in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and York. As far as regards the Mercian kingdom, it appears that the British Christians had fled to Wales and to Armorica before the coming of Augustine. His success in conversion was confined to Kent and Essex, but all the branches of the Church that were planted in England by the Celtic missionaries became ultimately absorbed in the Anglo-Saxon patriarchate of Canterbury, just as the Celtic and Teutonic races have blended in the English people.

But among even the most hostile of the semi-barbarous tribes in the north and west of Europe Rome, was looked to as the representative of civilisation and excellence. Of Roman forms of government and Roman art some traces survived amongst themselves. Various works that surrounded the Saxons in England reminded them of Roman grandeur. When Christianity began its civilising work among the Anglo-Saxons, England was a thinly populated country, abounding in forests and fens, the resort of the bandit and the abode of the wolf; but towns, light-



houses, roads, and bridges of Roman workmanship remained to tell of the civilisers from Italy who had once held sway in Britain.

There was, however, a special preparation—a preparation which surely we may recognise as providential—for the reception of the Gospel in the kingdom of Kent, inasmuch as Ethelbert the king was not only a noble-hearted, liberal-minded, and intelligent man, but was married to a Christian princess—Bertha, daughter of Charibert, King of Paris—for whose enjoyment of the free exercise of her religion due stipulation had been made; and (as the learned historian of the archbishops remarks) “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit” with which Bertha was adorned, must have predisposed the royal household to think favourably of her religion. Such was the preparation of the land when the sower came to sow his seed; and it has been truly said that we may well be thankful not only that an Augustine came to convert, but that an Ethelbert reigned.

In describing the circumstances which led to the mission of Augustine, well as they are known, Dr. Hook gives a new interest to them by the manner of the narration, and brings before the mind's eye every scene from the time when Gregory's missionary zeal was excited for the countrymen of the three Yorkshire lads whom he beheld in the slave-market of Rome, to the interview of Augustine at the head of his little band of monks and clergymen, with Ethelbert the royal “son of the ash-tree,” seated amidst his soldiers and wise men under an ancient oak in the Isle of Thanet. When, after Ethelbert's friendly reception of the missionaries, permission was given them to approach Canterbury, the Saxons gazed with admiration on the dark-haired and swarthy but tall and dignified Augustine, who, preceded by his silver cross and the picture of Our Saviour wearing the crown of thorns, headed the procession; and the melodious tones of a music they had never heard, as the advancing choir was led by the sweet voice of the youthful Honorius, spoke to their hearts before their minds were enlightened by the truth. The missionaries soon acquired a fixed locality in Canterbury, but the spot on which, probably, Augustine first celebrated Christian rites was the venerable church of St. Martin. Bertha's chaplain (Liudhard, who had been a French bishop) had received an old Roman or British church for her service, which he consecrated afresh and named after that celebrated French saint—the most famous of all the great Christian saints of whom the descendant of Clovis had heard. Ingoberga—said to be her mother—bequeathed legacies to St. Martin's church of Tours, and this is another reason for supposing that the dedication to St. Martin of the little edifice near Canterbury was a recollection by Bertha of her native land. Bede mentions this church as “formerly built while the Romans were still in the island;” and the walls of the building that now stands are full of Roman bricks—relics, doubtless, of the church in which Bertha knelt. The chancel is built almost entirely of Roman bricks, but in the rest of the building these are mixed with later materials, and its windows belong to various periods of Gothic architecture. Tradition maintains that the edifice is as old as the second century, but its form and structure belong to a later date, though it is quite possible that parts of the fabric are coeval with the time of Bertha. At Canterbury, too, Ethelbert, after

his conversion, endowed the monastery to which Augustine's name was afterwards given, and which was designed as a missionary college, a purpose to which modern piety has, happily, once more consecrated its site.

Gregory the Great intended to have two archbishoprics—one at London, which had been one of the three metropolitan sees of the British Church before the coming of the Saxons, and the other at York, once the *altera Roma* of Britain—and twenty-four bishoprics throughout England. Probably (as Professor Stanley has suggested) Gregory, to whom Britain was an unknown island, thought it might be about the size of Sicily or Sardinia, the only large islands he had ever seen. Great was the work which Augustine accomplished towards fulfilment of this purpose, although much short of the designs of the pontiff, and it seems all the greater when we reflect that it was accomplished within the short space of ten years. We shall not here follow Dr. Hook through the accurate account he gives of the difficulties that arose from the ritualistic peculiarities (attributable to the Eastern traditions, followed by the missionaries, who, coming, not from Rome, but from the Eastern Church, had originally christianised Gaul) which offended the Canterbury mission, or of the memorable conference at "Augustine's Oak," between the archbishop and his Italians on the one side, and the British bishops on the other, the object of which was to decide whether the two branches of the Holy Catholic Church then existing in the land should unite under one head, that head being the archbishop at Canterbury. Although the Celtic branches of the Church were afterwards brought under the Roman obedience, the attempts at conciliation in Augustine's lifetime were abortive, the Scots and Britons refusing to yield points which they conceived to affect their ecclesiastical independence. In narrating these and the other events of Augustine's life, the author gives us a connected narrative of actual facts, carefully sifted from the doubtful legends that have surrounded them.

The extension to Northumbria of the Kentish mission is a most interesting portion of this great chapter of English history. It was the principal event of the short episcopate of Justus, a Roman, the first Bishop of Rochester, which, notwithstanding its proximity to Canterbury, was made a separate see, it being the capital of one of the two kings of Kent (for in those days Kent was honoured with two kings), the other of whom reigned at Canterbury. It is very remarkable that in the remote kingdom of Northumbria, Edwin, the king—who then ruled from the northern shore of the Humber far into the lowlands of Scotland, and westward into Cumberland—had been, by his marriage with Ethelburga, brought into contact with Christianity, as Ethelbert was by his marriage to Bertha. Like him, Edwin had conceded that his wife should enjoy free exercise of her religion, and Paulinus was sent with her from Kent by Justus on her marriage to the Northumbrian prince, and in 625 was consecrated Archbishop of York. Very interesting is the picture we have of Paulinus\* as he appeared in Edwin's council: the lofty stature, slightly bending, the dark eye flashing, the black hair curling round his bald head, the slender aquiline nose, the thin, spare features, the dignified and

\* His personal appearance was described by one of his converts to a friend of Ven. Bede.

venerable appearance of the civilised Italian contrasting with the long-flowing flaxen locks, blue eyes, ruddy weatherbeaten faces, and robust forms of the Saxon king's rude warrior-counsellors. The Dean of Chichester gives due prominence to Bede's account of the proceedings at Edwin's Witanagemote in A.D. 627—so interesting as the earliest report of a parliamentary debate. Edwin's baptism preluded the conversion of his kingdom; and the heart of the aged Justus, at that time archbishop, was gladdened in his then humble cathedral at Canterbury by the triumphant success of his mission. But in 633, at the fatal field of Hatfield-chase, near Doncaster, the noble Edwin lost his kingdom and his life, and with him fell in the north of England the short-lived edifice of Christianity which Paulinus, the Roman missionary, had so wondrously raised.

In narrating how Northumbria once more became a Christian country, Dr. Hook again renders due justice to the Celtic mission, and to the character of Aidan, the new bishop, an illustrious representative of the educated, self-denying, and zealous heroes of Christianity who were sent forth by the Celtic Church, and who brought the sons of Odin into contact with the descendants of the Celtic Britons who had resisted Cæsar. In those days King Oswald reigned, and the light of the Gospel, cherished by that regal convert, shone from Bamburgh, the sea-coast fortress of Ida—"the flame bearing"—far to the Cleveland Hills. When Oswald determined to attempt the restoration of Christianity, he resorted, not to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but to the Celtic Church; and Aidan having fixed his cathedral on sea-girt Lindisfarne, that remote island church became the pharos of Northumbria in the twilight between heathendom and Christianity, and mother of all the churches from Tyne to Tweed. To the missionaries of the Celtic Church, even the midland (or Mercian) kingdom and all the northern territory, from the Wall of Antoninus to the Humber, became indebted for Christianity. The missionaries in Kent seem to have made no attempt to convert even the adjoining kingdom of Sussex, which was in those days a territory almost impenetrable, and it did not receive the Gospel until Wilfrid, when deposed from his diocese of York, found employment for his active and zealous mind in its conversion, Sussex being at that time the only realm of the Heptarchy that still remained pagan. It was in the Whitby synod (at which Hilda, the celebrated abbess, and other ladies were present) that Wilfrid first displayed the powers of intellect and eloquence which early marked him for prominence and distinction. He was a young Northumbrian Saxon, who had been educated in the Celtic Church, but had visited Rome, and now became the champion for everything Roman:

"The scenes of beauty and of grandeur, of nature in its loveliness, and of the relics of art in its perfection, overpowered," says our author, "the enthusiastic mind of the youthful traveller; and from the palaces of Rome and the vineyards of Italy, he returned to the wooden hovels on the bleak hill-sides of Northumbria, proclaiming his altered principles by displaying his Italian tonsure, despising everything English, and becoming a vehement assertor to the crowds who surrounded him of the superiority of all that was Roman."

Ripon, then a monastery of the Scottish monks, having been conferred upon him,

"He immediately," continues Dr. Hook, "indulged his newly-acquired and expensive tastes by erecting a building, the marble and ornamental arches of which, while they faintly reminded the builder of his beloved Italy, filled the minds of native beholders with admiration."

In the Whitby synod, Wilfrid secured a victory for the cause of Roman obedience in the controversy on the subject of Easter—an important step in the concession of superiority to the church of Canterbury as the English representative, in fulness of apostolic power, of the Bishop of Rome, whose recognition in England as successor of the Prince of the Apostles (about seventy years after the coming of Augustine) led to the assumption of those despotic powers which the Pope was ere long to assume.

About ten years before the Whitby synod, Honorius, almost the last survivor of the companions of Augustine, died. He was the last Italian bishop of the Anglo-Saxon Church. At that time there was no archbishop either of London or York; the bishops at London and at Lindisfarne represented the Celtic mission, and claimed no rights over other sees.

It is a remarkable fact that to the distant civilisation of Mediterranean shores, in the persons of Hadrian and of Theodorus, the one an African, and the other a native of Tarsus, in Cilicia, England—at least, in the southern province—became indebted towards the close of the seventh century for the foundation of learning. Tarsus was still a Greek city in the time of Theodorus, who acquired his learning in the same schools in which, six hundred years before (as the Dean of Chichester remarks), St. Paul was a boy learning Greek. Here, from the sailors, the youthful Theodorus may have heard of the Saxon pirates who endangered the trade that had been carried on, from the earliest periods of history, between the shores of the Mediterranean and the Cassiterides :

"Little did he think that his old age would be passed in a remote island—chiefly known by its connexion with the Scilly Islands—which these Saxons had subdued, or that his active mind would find its repose by describing to his converts there the goat-hair tents which dotted those luxuriant plains, upon which, extending on one side to the sea, and terminating on the other with the Taurus, he had been accustomed to look down from the terraced roofs of his native city."

This remarkable man, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 669, first introduced the study of the Greek language into England; and while we are indebted to Honorius, his predecessor, for our ecclesiastical music (in the chants still heard in our cathedrals), we owe to Theodorus the organ, that noble instrument, which was known in the eighth century only to the Greeks, and of which our Church appears to have been in possession before any other Church in the west of Europe. In the schools founded by Theodorus, and carried on by his successors, we find laid down the great principle—revived by William of Wykeham, and still characteristic of English schools and universities—not only to impart knowledge but to exercise the mind; not to burden the memory, but to invigorate the intellect. St. Augustine's and the other monasteries in England were lay institutions connected with the Church; and their resemblance to our colleges in the universities became the greater when, on the whole country having been converted and the Church established, Archbishop Theodorus made them seats of learning, and laid the foundation of English scholarship. The episcopate of Theodorus was disturbed

by many a controversy, and especially by that with Wilfrid, of which, as of the other chief events of his politic and sagacious administration, a concise and interesting account is given in Dr. Hook's work.

In tracing the extension of Christianity in the northern as well as in the southern province, the learned author justly presents these early missionary bishops as the pioneers of arts and civilisation no less than of Christianity; and the music of the church of Canterbury, as well as the decorative arts of Rome, were ere long imitated by other votaries besides Wilfrid, even in the Celtic branches of the Church. We learn from Alcuin, the illustrious preceptor of Charlemagne, that in his time the Northumbrian kingdom possessed written monuments of ancient genius and learning that could not be found in France; and it would appear that, during the lifetime of Bede (who died A.D. 735), and the remainder of the eighth century, learning was pre-eminently cultivated in Northumbria. At York, its ancient capital, the princely Archbishop Egbert, the friend of Bede and patron of learning, founded a noble library, which he probably stored with manuscripts obtained from Rome; and at York he educated Alcuin, the most learned man of his age, who, when founding at the request of Charlemagne a school of learning in Tours, where he was then abbot and desired to raise up an Athens of France, sent to York for copies of works which could not be obtained in France, in order to transplant what he figuratively calls the flowers of Britain to perfume the palaces of Tours. The Anglo-Saxons early learned to excel all western nations in the decorative arts, and they flourished at illustrious Lindisfarne in times when the midland and western kingdoms had hardly emerged from barbarism.

It is curious that in the lifetime of Bede, only eight of the present sees were existing in England. It seems to have been the wish of the kings of Northumbria and of Kent, and perhaps of all the kings of the Heptarchy, to place all the sees under the metropolitan of Canterbury; but into the disputes relating to primacy and ecclesiastical government it is not our purpose to enter here.

Years, and decades, and centuries, pass by as we turn over these historic pages: kings succeed to kings, prelates to prelates, and at length we see the petty kingdoms of the Heptarchy merge in the realm of England, and the humble mission church of Augustine and his companions expand into the stately metropolitan church of Canterbury—may its shadow never be less! Among the primates, as among the occupants of the Roman see, there have been (to use the language of our author) men good, bad, and indifferent; some eminent for their learning, integrity, and piety; others, disgracing their station by vicious life and imbecility of mind; but, to the honour of the early archbishops be it said, that their moral conduct and exemplary lives place them in favourable contrast to the Roman dignitaries, who were too often mere politicians and worldly-minded men. Through all the turbulence and bloodshed of the time, the calm figures of Anglo-Saxon prelates shine in the troubled scenes of English history: such was Alstan, Bishop of Sherborne, that noble-minded patriot, who was a statesman as well as prelate, wise in council and brave in war, to whom we are to ascribe the ultimate successes of the reign of Ethelwulf; such, too, was St. Swithin, of Winchester, who, little as he may have had to do with July weather, had im-

mense and beneficial influence on that monarch, and added sound discretion to religious zeal.

A long course of prosperity had followed the fusion of the British and Anglo-Saxon races, and preceded the Danish invasions. But in the first quarter of the ninth century there was episcopal indolence, and a decay of morals among public men, the traces of which are found, says Dean Hook, in the enactments of the ecclesiastical synods of the time and at the courts of Ethelbald and Offa. Piety had decayed and learning had declined in the Church of England when the patriotic Alfred undertook his reforms, and the state of public affairs was menacing to civilisation as well as to Christianity. We have a terrible but not exaggerated picture of the state of the country at the death of Archbishop Ceolnoth (A.D. 870), when the Danes were devastating England. All Europe was equally disturbed, and the ninth and tenth centuries were also the gloomiest period in the history of Rome.

In the northern province, the monasteries were always the first objects of plunder by the Danes, yet the rich monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury was spared on both the occasions when the invaders pillaged the city in the time of Ceolnoth. Our author explains that exemption by the presumption that this archbishop, who was remarkable for the quantity of money which he coined in virtue of his right of mintage, his moneyers having turned into coin all the silver on which he could lay his hands, applied this treasure to buy off or bribe the enemy.

When Alfred had defeated the Danes at "Ethandune"—one of the decisive battles of the world—the illustrious king began to acquire his right to his historical title, ALFRED THE GREAT, and added to the abilities of a military commander the prudence and sagacity of a legislator. What a pleasing picture is presented of his court, where the good king had surrounded himself with learned men attracted from all parts of Europe! From the time of Theodorus, schools of learning had been engrafted on the monasteries, but Alfred founded schools that were independent of monasteries; and we may, undoubtedly, trace to his wisdom what long afterwards, under Wykeham and Henry VI., became the great blessing of his country—the system of public school education. The dean, however, has no faith in the legend which attributes to Alfred the foundation of the University of Oxford. Neither did he create the British constitution; but it was his wise and Christian policy to fuse the discordant Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Danish races into one united people, and in this great work he was aided by the influences of the Church of England. Her revived energy was even signalled by a mission to the Christians of India, organised under the pious and patriotic Alfred, and the episcopate of Archbishop Ethelred has become perhaps chiefly remarkable for having witnessed the first intercourse between England and Hindostan.

It was in his relations to Alfred that Plegmund, a Mercian, who succeeded Ethelred as archbishop, became memorable. He is presumed to have superintended, if he did not himself transcribe, the oldest known manuscript of "the Saxon Chronicle."\*

Archbishop Wulfhelm began his episcopate auspiciously, for one of his earliest duties was the coronation of Athelstan, which took place in the

\* The Plegmund manuscript is the basis of the text edited in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*.

royal camp at Moreford (an old Roman ford across the Thames), since known as Kingston. There the grandson of Alfred stood before the Witan and the people: "a thin, spare man thirty years of age, his yellow hair interwoven with threads of gold, and himself arrayed in a purple vestment, with a Saxon sword in a golden sheath hanging from a jewelled belt, the gifts of Alfred; and on a stone-seat in the market-place he was raised the better to be seen by the people." A propos of this event, the dean remarks that the coronation service has remained substantially the same from the eighth century to the present time; and in relation to the coronation oath, he mentions that very interesting and, perhaps, only undoubted relic of the ancient regalia of England—the Latin manuscript of the Gospels (now in the Cotton Library of the British Museum), which was sent over to Athelstan by his brother-in-law, the Emperor Otho, and was given by Athelstan to the church of Canterbury. So, too, the Bible, which Pope Gregory sent to Augustine—a manuscript justly regarded as the beginning of English biblical learning—was, in the year 1414, still in the library attached to St. Augustine's College, and is now in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Dr. Hook gives an interesting sketch of the state of England as it was left by the noble Athelstan and Wulfhelm, his archbishop; and then, reverting to ecclesiastical affairs, describes the revolutionary reforms of the Benedictine party, led by Odo, Dunstan, and Thurketul. Odo was a young Dane, who had been sent by one of Alfred's nobles to study Greek and Latin, but who was of a military temperament, and was three times in the field after he became a prelate. To a bishop of the tenth century, however, military command was not inconsistent with episcopal duties: "he uplifted his right hand and girded on his armour, using—not, indeed, a sword, for that was contrary to clerical etiquette, but—a yet more formidable weapon, a club studded with spikes."

The life of Dunstan naturally occupies a lengthy chapter of Dr. Hook's work, and he has ably separated the real history of that remarkable man from the mass of fable with which the superstition of devotees and the malignity of enemies have surrounded it. Glastonbury—that venerable fane which was the sole inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon from the British Church, and hallowed the island, charmed of old, among the glassy streams—fed the fancy, cherished the genius, and excited the imagination of the youthful Dunstan. It was in his time occupied by scholars from Ireland, but by his exertions and endowment after he became abbot of the royal monastery of Glastonbury, it became the great public school of England through the remainder of the Anglo-Saxon period—the Eton of those days, and, according to William of Malmesbury, no fewer than seven archbishops of Canterbury were Glastonbury scholars. The author does justice to the master intellect of Dunstan, the wonderful versatility of his talents, his natural gifts, the ardour of his character, and the variety of his accomplishments; and rightly places this celebrated man in the first rank of ecclesiastical statesmen, such as Becket, Wolsey, Laud, Richelieu, and Mazarin. As minister of Edgar, who became monarch of England at the age of sixteen, and whose reign is one of the most glorious in the Anglo-Saxon annals, he secured for his sovereign a title—THE PACIFIC—of which even Alfred might have been proud. As a statesman, Dunstan maintained peace by always keeping

the country prepared for war, and under his administration (says the Dean of Chichester) "England was as a giant taking her rest, but as a giant armed and ever ready for action." The English navy was made so effectual that no enemy dared attack the coast; commerce was fostered, the authority of law enforced, the Danes subdued, and the King of England's sovereignty established even beyond the Tweed.

Elfric, a succeeding archbishop, is, perhaps, best remembered for his Homilies, which became authoritative in the Church of England: he was also remarkable as the author of a Dictionary, Grammar, and Latin Colloquies, and for a facility of composition very rare in that age.

In relating the history of Elphege (the patron saint of Greenwich, the place of his martyrdom at the hands of the Danes in 1012), Dr. Hook again enters on the department of the general historian, and concisely places before the reader the political circumstances of England at the time. By a curious revolution, London saw, ten years after Elphege had been slain, the painted and golden-ornamented barge of a Danish king receive on board the body of the archbishop, which had been interred with great pomp at London; and preceded and surrounded by Danish courtiers and a guard of honour, it was conveyed to Canterbury, and deposited beside the reputed relics of Dunstan. It is worthy of remark, that when the Danish army besieged Canterbury in the time of Elphege, it was sufficiently fortified to hold out for twenty days, and was then only entered by treachery.

When the author comes to the middle of the eleventh century, we seem to hear the note of preparation for the Norman invasion, and a very interesting account is given of the gradual establishment of the Norman party in England, and the bestowal on Normans of all chief preferments, by the policy of Archbishop Robert of Jumièges, in whose cloisters Dr. Hook represents the heart of Edward, surnamed the Confessor, to have been, even after he had come to the English throne. But when the exhortations of the Anglo-Saxon or patriotic party led the king to submit to the decision of a Witanagemote, in which Stigand, who was the chaplain and adviser of Queen Emma, presided, Archbishop Robert was deposed. He appealed from the English tribunal to Rome; but England, although the Anglo-Saxon dynasty was drawing to a close, defied the papal decree, and Stigand was installed Archbishop of Canterbury. The most interesting events with which his name is associated were the consecration of Westminster Abbey at the close of 1065, and the coronation of "the tall, handsome, and open-handed" Harold (for crowned he seems to have been); and on this event the author eloquently remarks that Stigand, when he presented Harold to the people after the election by the Witan, and saw England once more free, and heard the people hail her champion by one long, loud, patriotic shout, must have experienced the pleasure which those enjoy who, after years of difficulty, doubt, and danger, have at length achieved, as they imagine, the great object of their sublimary ambition and desires. But Stigand was destined to be the last Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, and the patriot and primate lived not only to become a state prisoner at royal Winchester, but to see his brave countrymen and the Church of England prostrate beneath a foreign yoke.

W. S. G.



## THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE.

THE present may fairly be regarded as the golden age of the professional literary man. Every month sees the birth of some new periodical, and the competition among publishers is so great, and perhaps suicidal, that the writer who has in any way gained the ear of the public is sure to obtain work, not only profitable but tolerably regular in its nature. At the same time, however, it cannot be denied that the character of our literature has degenerated, and that the books are rare which will be remembered by our successors, while those that have a chance of living are, with few exceptions, the productions of amateurs, who have time and money to bestow on their favourite employment. Why this is a necessary evil connected with the literature of the day it is our purpose to investigate.

In the first place, historical researches are not within the province of the literary man who has to live by his pen. Time is essentially his capital, and every hour spent at the Museum is so much loss to him, and could be more profitably and pleasantly spent in writing articles in which smartness is substituted for learning. History, then, has become the domain of the rich, or of those of our literary brethren who, having fought nobly in their day in the arena, have retired with a competency that enables them to devote their hours to subjects which they have ever kept in view, but have hitherto found themselves unable to carry out. Hence it is that, now-a-days, the reputation of the literary man only attains its climax in the sere and yellow leaf, and while his readers have long admired his talent, he has not had the power to produce a work worthy of himself and his reputation, simply from the fact that with him "time is money," and must be put out to the best interest. We may fairly assume, therefore, that historical works of permanent value may be sought in vain from the present list of young writers, whose names are in everybody's mouth, but whose productions, if analysed, are of the most ephemeral nature.

There was a time when the rising author was enabled to give a test of his constructive ability in the shape of a three-volume novel, for which he obtained a scanty honorarium, it is true, but consoled himself by the reputation he acquired. Now-a-days, all this is changed: everybody writes novels, and, be it whispered, many of the amateur novels are better than those produced by professional writers, simply from the fact that the former, not being tied by time, and able to concentrate their minds on one subject, have it in their power to elaborate the plot and employ the file with creditable effect. With the literary man, however, the rule must be "*littera scripta manet*;" he hurriedly writes a sheet or so of his novel in the intervals left by his other engagements, and, as a necessary consequence, the cohesion and finish are sacrificed.

There is a very simple way now of obtaining a reputation, although we think it must be detrimental to the true interests of literature. We

allude to the collection from periodicals and serials of fugitive pieces, which are reprinted under some quaint title, and evidently command a large sale, from the number of works of this nature produced. It is certainly an easy way of attaining popularity, for it at once identifies the author with those periodicals in which the papers originally appeared, and places him on a level in the public mind with the writers of repute who honour those periodicals with their productions; but we fear that such volumes, if carefully examined, will not at all enhance the true and lasting fame of the author. The great evil of the present day is straining after effect, and that word-painting which has become so fashionable, but, after all, is so unmeaning: it is, moreover, the easiest possible matter to achieve, for it requires knack, and not thought. Picturesqueness of style and quaintness of diction are too often employed to veil the utter absence of thought: in a word, authors write too much, not because they have something to say, but because they have entered into engagements to produce a certain amount of copy, for which they expect the ever-welcome cheque. When this fashion becomes tedious to the public, and they long for simpler fare, and a return to the sturdy Anglo-Saxon, we do not believe that one of the books to which we have alluded will survive the general collapse.

There was a capital rule once laid down by the grey-haired author for the aspiring youth in literature: "Go through your copy carefully and knock out all the adjectives." But this rule, healthy as it is, would not do in the present day, for the prevalent fault of our literature is verbiage, and an ardent necessity to make two words take the place of one. We grant that the effect thus produced is extremely striking, and has a varnish of cleverness, but when dissected the result is most barren and impotent. Strained similes, confused metaphors, and repeated sins against taste by the employment of slangy expressions to do duty for wit—such are the prevailing sins of our literature, and such they will remain, until the public put their veto upon them. But you may wander in vain through this wide waste of words to find an original idea. In this instance you may walk from Dan to Beersheba, and, with your hand on your heart, safely assert that all is barren—but, then, it pays.

We think we have shown how it is that the professional author of to-day "brille par son absence" from the lists of sterling literature, and we do not well see how it can be otherwise, as he cannot be expected to waste his time over unprofitable speculations. When he began writing, and really believed in literature as a profession, honouring and honoured, he may have thrown his whole mind into a work worth tenfold anything he now produces, but which failed from the lack of technical knowledge and the art of displaying his wares to the best advantage, so as to attract the attention of the public. But so soon as he has drifted into an employment which keeps the wolf from the door, it is remarkable what a change comes over his views: he regards his occupation as one which should return him the largest weekly stipend possible, and becomes a manufacturer instead of an originator. We do not say this by way of disparagement, but we own to a regret that this process of conversion has brought our literature to a very low ebb. It has long been a matter of reproach against French authors that they convert the tenderest feel-

ings into "copy," and though we are far from having attained that point, the practical spirit is so prevalent among our authors, that they have fallen into the rule of only regarding the solid pudding and caring little for the empty praise.

To a great extent we believe this to be the cause of that picturesque and ornate style of writing to which we have alluded: time not admitting of thought, the popular author beats out his gold to the thinnest dimensions, and trusts to the ornamentation to distract attention from the intrinsic value of the metal. The quantity of copy produced by a writer in vogue is something astounding, and what is published with his name is not a tithe of what he turns out under the protection of the anonymous. The constant wear and tear of mind would be impossible if writers thought of what they were saying, and hence we have another prolific cause of that barrenness we complain of. But it is the spirit of the age to make money, and authors must not be blamed if they follow the general rule. Besides, the public have the remedy in their own hands, for they cause the demand, and if they run after the author of the hour, he is justified in satisfying them, his only care being that he does not nauseate.

We have purposely drawn a wide line of demarcation between the professional author and the amateur, and we think we can easily determine where each should begin and end. The latter may be allowed still to supply the number of three-volumed novels required, and the other will not interfere. If he desire to have a word with the public in a serial form, there are plenty of periodicals open to him, and their number, in all probability, will largely increase.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the professional author has much to contend against: every one who thinks proper can enter the republic and create a competition injurious to all. There is nothing so easy as to set up for a literary man, and hence that profession becomes the temporary refuge of all those who have failed in law, physic, and divinity. It is hardly possible to mention one author of the day, indeed, who was not intended for something else, and better, and who drifted, as it were, into literature owing to circumstances beyond his control. And the profession certainly has its fascinations; apart from the vanity of seeing one's name in print, the author is emancipated from all authority, and has, after all, more time on his hands than any other profession affords.

The worst evil against which authors have to contend is the possession of no professional status, and the want of recognition in society as forming a definite class. Efforts have been made, spasmodically as it were, to correct this, but the only possible remedy is not available: that is, the refusal of admission to its ranks of those who do not pass a regular examination. This, of course, is not feasible, and the next best thing is for authors to act with that scrupulousness which will prevent malice from assailing them. Regarded to a certain extent as public property, their smallest foibles are held up in an odious light, and slander finds acceptable food in their short-comings. There is one point, above all, which we think should be taken into consideration; the error of appealing to the public in cases of distress. This is a relic of the old Grub-



do so as long as it is conducted with the same spirit and energy that now characterise it.

In conclusion, we must express our belief that the present state of literature in England is transitional, and that it will lead to better things. Among much that is to be regretted, there is a germ of hope, and whenever the present fashion, which insists on straining after effect as the first condition of literary success, has died out, and we revert to simpler writing, an upward and onward tendency will soon be perceptible. In the mean while, let us accept in a satisfied spirit what is offered us, and if there be not much to instruct, at any rate we have an ample fund of amusement ever present to hand.

## WAITING TILL MY SHIP COMES HOME.

BY MARY C. F. MÜNSTER.

I'LL build myself a palace  
 Of marbles fine and rare,  
 All draped with gorgeous flowers,  
 Whose scent shall load the air;  
 Bright fountains in the sunlight  
 Shall flash their rainbow hues,  
 And star the glossy myrtles  
 With diamond-sparkling dews.  
 Behind, shall lie a valley  
 Close nestled in the hills,  
 Amid whose giant larches  
 Shall foam a hundred rills;  
 Before, the grand wide ocean,  
 As far as eye can reach,  
 With piles of giant wave-worn rocks,  
 And miles of sandy beach;  
 And there shall one who loves me  
 In peace and gladness come,  
 For her heart is sick with waiting  
 Till my ship comes home.

I'll go into the highways,  
 The hard, bare roads of life,  
 And raise the faint and weary  
 Down-trodden in the strife;  
 I'll heal with gold and kindness  
 The wounds which want hath dealt,  
 And wake the sullen spirit  
 To joy too long unfelt;  
 I'll seek the sunless darkness,  
 Where flourish shame and sin,  
 And with me peace and pardon  
 And hope shall enter in;

## IN MEMORIAM.

I'll tell them of His mercy  
 Who died to set them free,  
 Till love shall melt the softened heart,  
 And bend the stubborn knee ;  
 The orphan should be friendless,  
 The houseless have no home,  
 No more, oh never more,  
 If my ship were come.

Thus said I, young and sanguine,  
 Full twenty years ago,  
 When life and health and spirit  
 Were at their fullest flow ;  
 But though long I've watched and waited,  
 From dawn of day till night,  
 No ship that called me owner  
 Hath come to bless my sight.  
 The waves and winds may keep it—  
 In truth I care not now—  
 For Death hath set his signet  
 On one fair maiden brow,  
 And the heart that lies so pulseless  
 Was dearer far to me  
 Than all the precious argosies  
 That ever sailed the sea.  
 By me no wrongs are righted,  
 For me no hearth-fire burns,  
 The quiet grave shall hold me  
 Ere my ship returns.

## IN MEMORIAM.

BRABAZON—DE NORMAN—BOWLBY.

BY JOHN B. SHAW.

Too soon, alas ! the ghastly rumour grows  
 Into the hopeless certainty of fact ;  
 And now, in hearts by dark forebodings rack'd,  
 Sorrow's full cup with the last drop o'erflows.  
 Sad is the tale ! the sport of ruthless foes,  
 By famine-pangs and fell disease attack'd,  
 Imprison'd, tortured, mutilated, hack'd,  
 They slowly died. Heav'n grant their souls repose !  
 Not unaveng'd, not unaveng'd, I trow,  
 O Hero-Spirits, shall your fate remain.  
 The barbarous horde shall learn, though late, to know  
 How dear to Britain are her children slain.  
 England's best blood, shed by a treacherous foe,  
 Cries from the ground. Say, shall it cry in vain ?

## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE PLEDGE.

ONE cold, misty evening in November, about five-and-twenty years ago, a curious loiterer in the Strand—if any such could be in a thoroughfare always so crowded, it being, moreover, Saturday—might have noticed a tall, slight, elegant, well-dressed woman, who, walking with a quick step but uncertain manner, stopped suddenly from time to time and gazed anxiously about, as if she feared pursuit or were seeking for something which she could not discover.

At one moment she would pause to look wistfully into a shop window, at another her glance would be directed upwards, and then, as if unsatisfied, she would hurry on, faster than before.

At length she seemed to have found what she wanted, for she rapidly crossed the road, and remained with her eyes fixed on a narrow open doorway, above which was a pane of clouded glass, illuminated from within, the bright light behind revealing three golden balls, and the words "Money Lent" inscribed beneath them. On the side which faced the Strand appeared a jeweller's shop, filled with glittering, miscellaneous objects; it stood at the angle of a street that led towards the river, and a few paces down was the narrow doorway with the sign which announced that Isaac Squirrel, the jeweller, was also a pawnbroker.

Although the lady's destination was evidently the pawnbroking department, she turned away from it and passed three or four times before the front shop, peering through the wirework which guarded its treasures, and straining her eyes to descry who might be within.

Apparently she was satisfied with her scrutiny, for, after a last, long, searching look, she walked swiftly round the corner, and hurried through the narrow entrance. Arrived within it, a series of doors on the same level, each with its own illuminated pane, arrested her progress; she pulled the handle of one of them towards her, and squeezed her way into a small square space which was closed on the opposite side by a broad counter.

There were at that time, as it so happened, only two persons in Mr. Squirrel's shop—his wife and himself—his only assistant having been sent out on an errand. Business was slack, and while Mrs. Squirrel was simply engaged in hemming some domestic garment, Mr. Squirrel was doing absolutely nothing, unless the mental process of reckoning up interest on money lent may pass for occupation. But the creaking mechanism of the door by which the lady had entered one of his business-cells

aroused him at once from his reverie, and he stepped briskly towards the back part of his premises to see what was required.

A range of gas-burners above the counter was so placed as to throw a strong light into each of the compartments for pledging goods, and in the last of the row, though she stood as far back as she could, Mr. Squirrel perceived a lady closely veiled and wearing a large wide cloak.

"What is your pleasure, ma'am?" asked Mr. Squirrel, with more politeness than usually characterises the tribe of money-lenders, with whom that virtue is rare.

"I believe," replied the lady, in a low, hesitating voice, "I believe you take—that is, receive—articles of—of different kinds, on which you—you advance money?"

"Always give full value, ma'am," said Mr. Squirrel, rubbing his hands cheerfully, "for every description of property."

"I have—something," continued the lady, "that—that cost me—a good deal, and it is—is——"

"Yes, yes, ma'am," observed Mr. Squirrel, with a smile—"I know. Such things come in our way very often. Let me see it."

The lady drew from beneath her cloak a very fine cambric handkerchief, beautifully worked in the corners, and richly trimmed with deep Brussels lace.

Mr. Squirrel raised the handkerchief with his finger and thumb, and held it between himself and the light. He screwed up his mouth, and, turning to the lady, said: "How much do you want, ma'am?"

"It cost me ten pounds," was the answer.

"Very likely," replied Mr. Squirrel; "but we couldn't afford to advance more than two-ten at the very outside. Mrs. Squirrel," he went on, raising his voice, "come and tell me the value of some lace."

"Bring it here, Mr. Hess," emphasised his helpmate from the other end, "you know I can't leave the shop."

"Wait a minute, ma'am," said Mr. Squirrel. "I will be back directly."

The instant he was gone the lady began to tremble violently; she rested all her weight on the counter, and gasped for breath, then, stooping, she lifted a bundle, wrapped up in a shawl, kissed it repeatedly with stifled sobs, placed it carefully on the counter, gently opened the door, and disappeared.

"Two-seven-six," said Mr. Squirrel, returning, and waving the costly trifle with a complacent air—"two-seven-six, ma'am, is the highest. Hey! what! God bless me! where's the lady gone to? How's this—how's this? Why there's ever such a big bundle, and nobody belonging to it! Lock the shop door and come here, Mrs. Squirrel; you *must*, I tell you!"

"What is the matter, Mr. Hess? It's very good lace, no doubt; but Brussels ain't near so much liked as Honiton, just now, and——"

"Keep that for the owner, Mrs. Squirrel," cried the pawnbroker, in a pet. "I tell you she's gone, and left her handkerchief, and the devil knows what besides, behind her. Look here!"

"A shawl full of goods!" exclaimed Mrs. Squirrel. "Oh, she must have stepped outside for more! Perhaps there's a cab at the door. Go round and see."

Mr. Squirrel, who was for the most part a very docile husband, retraced



his steps to the front door, unlocked it, and peeped round the corner. No cab was in sight, nor, indeed, was any one visible in the street. He ran hastily to the pawnbroking entrance, satisfied himself that no one was there, and rushed back as fast as he went, completely winded by his exertions, for he was of a plethoric habit, and not much given to violent exercise.

"This is a rum go!" said Mr. Squirrel, as soon as he got his breath—"one of the rummest of goes I ever came across in the whole course of my experience!"

"You may say that, Mr. Hess," returned his wife, who, during his absence had not stood quietly with her hands before her, but indulging in a natural, a pardonable curiosity, had occupied herself by untying the shawl and examining the contents of the bundle. "You may say that, Mr. Hess. You never had a babby in pledge before, I 'ope, Mr. Hess?"

"A babby!" cried the pawnbroker, raising his hands and opening his eyes wide with astonishment. "You don't mean to say so! A babby!"

"Yes; and a very pretty one! A little boy, by the *rosette* in his cap, and as like our poor dear little Tom at six weeks as ever was two young brockkilo sprouts."

"You surely don't mean, my dear——"

"No, Mr. Hess!" interrupted Mrs. Squirrel, staring hard in her husband's face while she spoke. "I acquit you of that. It bears no resemblance to you. When I thought of poor little Tom, taken from us ten years ago—but all children at that age are alike—it's of no use grieving now."

Yet Mrs. Squirrel wiped her eyes as she uttered these words.

"What's to be done with the hinfant?" said the pawnbroker, who, like his wife, was troubled by false aspirates.

The little creature at that moment awoke from sleep, and as it lay smiling suggested the answer by stretching out its feeble hands. It said, as plainly as if it had spoken, "Take me to your bosom!"

Vulgar, Mrs. Squirrel undoubtedly was, angry often, a shrew sometimes; but she had once been a mother, and still possessed a woman's heart. It yearned towards the helpless, abandoned babe, and she took it in her arms, while Mr. Squirrel stood foolishly dangling the handkerchief which had let him into this, "the rummest of goes."

"A darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Squirrel. "It never cries! And see, Mr. Hess, what nice things it has on! Real Valanseens round the cap and tucker. The shawl, too, is French cashmere. Stay, what's that pinned to it? Put down that hankercher, Mr. Hess, and look!"

The object that had attracted Mrs. Squirrel's attention was a folded paper, on the outside of which was some writing in a feminine hand.

The pawnbroker held it under one of the gaslights, and read as follows:

"This child has been christened Lorn; add any other name you please. Preserve the memorials left with it, and use the money enclosed."

Mr. Squirrel opened the paper and took out a Bank of England note for Fifty Pounds.

"Just like a parcel," observed Mr. Squirrel; "booked and carriage paid all reg'lar."

"They don't mean us to lose by it, that's clear!" said his wife. "What do you think?"

"Rum, very rum!" ejaculated the pawnbroker, scratching his head. "I've had many queerish pledges in my time, but never so queer a one as this. Whatever must we do?"

"We can't send the baby to the work'ouse," said Mrs. Squirrel, who did not feel disposed to part with it on any terms.

"No," replied her husband, dubiously. "I suppose not."

"Fifty pound," remarked Mrs. Squirrel, "will go a good way towards its keep."

"It will," returned the pawnbroker, in the same tone as before. "Besides," he added, in a more assured manner, like one accustomed to calculate chances, "hinfant's lives is precarious: there's Godfrey, and Overlaying, and Falling in the Fire, and Biling Water drunk out of the Spout of the Tea-kettle——"

"Mr. Hess!" exclaimed his wife, "I wonder at you! Did any of them things carry off our poor dear little Tommy? Did I ever——"

"Well, well, my dear, I never said you did; only haccidents will happen in the very best reg'lated of fam'lies. And so we may as well keep the baby and pocket the note, for if we gave up the one we should have to fork out the other—as honest people, you know!"

This last sentence was rather an interrogation than a positive assertion, but if uttered as a feeler it failed of its object, Mrs. Squirrel promptly replying that, of course, the child and the money went together.

"That being the case," said the pawnbroker, oratorically, "we've only one line of conduct in which we must pursue. First, there's the nuss."

"Leave that to me, Mr. Hess."

"Then," pursued Mr. Squirrel, "it's only half-named—and a strange one it's got to begin with. What's the meaning of 'Lorn?'"

"Why, what it's wrapped in to be sure. You ought to know, Mr. Hess, you've lent upon plenty of pieces."

"Oh, ah! But this is spelt different," persisted the pawnbroker.

"What does that signify?" returned his wife. "I know of nothing else."

"About the other name, though," said Mr. Squirrel.

"Time enough to talk about that," was the reply. "There's Cramp" —this was the shopman—"just come in. You go and lock up the money while I get something for this precious babe. Hush! hush! that's a darling!"

With these words Mrs. Squirrel disappeared on her maternal mission, leaving her husband to ponder, in some perplexity, over the events of the evening.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE ORACLE CONSULTED.

THE knotty question of naming the Foundling was settled at a very early period of his existence, but not without a warm discussion—altercation, perhaps, would be the better word.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel had fancy names which they wished to bestow on the child, the lady inclining to the high aristocratic, nothing less than descendants—or presumed to be so—of the noble robbers that

came over with the Conqueror, of whom, by the way, she had never heard; her more dead-level-like partner affecting rather the people with whom he came in contact every day, the proprietors of flat-irons, blankets, and wearing apparel of divers sorts and textures. Thus while Mrs. Squirrel hesitated between Craven, Villiers, Cecil, and Somerset, all of them having a flavour of the locality in which she dwelt, and almost resolved upon Northumberland on account of her respect for the Lion whose tail dominates the Strand, Mr. Squirrel repeated a bead-roll, containing nothing more euphonious than Digweed, Spikins, Gollop, or Boggs, names, equally well known in the vicinity, of parties who wore purple velvet waistcoats and the thinner integuments associated by poets with perpetual lightness of heart.

At last the dispute was put an end to by a compromise, that happy expedient which saves so much conscience, and which, if thought of in time, would often save so much temper, only people like to have their quarrel out before they come to terms. It was, then, finally agreed, since the pawnbroker's shop, like the grave, is visited by high and low, that Mr. Squirrel should produce his day-book—the book in which he entered his pledges—and take the first name at the top of the page at which he opened.

The Sortes Squirrelianæ determined as follows:

“February 10. Lriot, Charles. 12, King Street, Soho. Diamond ring. Nine Pounds.”

“Charles Lriot,” said Mrs. Squirrel, musingly, and not altogether with a Parisian accent. “Um! Well! what sort of person was he, Mr. Hess? Do you remember?”

“Seldom forget my customers,” replied the pawnbroker. “Never, when they bring me a good thing that they're not likely to redeem. Besides this one gave me plenty of time to remember him. Told the old story, of course, but told it in bad English, which made him longer about it: should take it out in a week, or less—perhaps to-morrow, perhaps that very night—only wanted a temporary accommodation—sudden call upon him for a sum of money to help a friend in distress, bank closed before he was applied to—obliged to come in a hurry—wanted as much as I could possibly let him have—only valuable he had convenient—family relic—wouldn't sell it for anything, must take the greatest care of it—sure to come for it to-morrow—as soon as the doors were opened, if he didn't happen to be able to return to-night. I needn't tell you,” continued Mr. Squirrel, “that I've never set eyes on him since.”

“What was he like?” asked Mrs. Squirrel. “Did he seem a gentleman?”

“Gentleman! Well! I've my doubts. He looked like a forriner.”

“Tall or short?”

“Six foot at least.”

“Handsome?”

“Uncommon saller. With bushy hair and black eyes. I don't call that handsome.”

Mr. Squirrel, be it remarked, was short, stout, bald, and florid.

“I do, though,” rejoined Mrs. Squirrel, quickly.

“Every one to their taste,” observed the pawnbroker, and if curiosity had not at that moment been uppermost, the alteration might have been renewed; but Mrs. Squirrel's questioning was not over.

"How old was he?"

"Seven or eight-and-twenty, or thereabouts."

"How was he dressed?" she inquired.

"That's more than I can tell you," replied Mr. Squirrel. "Being, as I said, a forriner, of course he wore a cloak; what's under a forriner's cloak is mostly seedy."

"Was he wearing the ring he pledged?"

"He took it off his little finger. Long fingers he had, too, that opened and shut like springs, and hands never quiet for one instant, kept taking up his ring and putting it down again, and looking round him as if for something else to take up, though about putting down again I won't take on me to say."

"You're always so suspicious, Mr. Hess."

"Need to be, in our profession. Many a bit of paste I've had shoved across that counter as coolly as if they'd been dimonds just dug out of the mine."

"This was good water?" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"He wouldn't have caught me lending nine pound on it if it hadn't been," returned the pawnbroker. "Worth thirty—cost, perhaps, twice as much."

"Cost him, do you think?"

"How inquisitive you women are," said Mr. Squirrel, laughing. Then, in a graver tone: "What it cost *him* was, maybe, the pains he took to get it. Them nimble fingers, and them quick black eyes, don't make that supersition so very unlikely."

"Do you fancy he'll ever take it out?"

"Not he!"

"Well then, Mr. Hess, I'll make a bargain with you. Give the boy any name you like—this forriner's I mean—you fixed on it, you know—and when the twelvemonth's out I'll keep the ring for luck."

"And who's to pay me my nine pound and interest?" said the pawnbroker, with a blank countenance.

"Put it down as a bad debt, if you like. But if you want peace and quietness, Mr. Hess, and if you mean, for once in your life, to behave to your wife as a husband and a man ought to do——"

The storm was brewing again, and the pawnbroker wisely gave in.

"Julier," he said, "you know I love you. My affections has never swerved since the day I fondled you at the halter, leastways——"

I break off to observe that hot rum-and-water assisted at this conversation, and that Mr. Squirrel was entering upon his third glass.

——"Leastways, when I brought you home in a 'ackney coach, Julier, an 'ansome blushing bride. The ring, my dear, shall be yours, the moment it's mine to give."

"Thank you, Mr. Hess!" cried Mrs. Squirrel, bestowing on her husband a conjugal salutation, "and out of compliment to you and the dimond, we'll call the child LORN LORIOT!"

For the second time since our acquaintance with him, Mr. Squirrel looked puzzled. The name was none of his choosing, and he was, as it were, done out of his ring. The inexorable logic of these facts he could not quite understand.

Happy, however, is the husband who has nothing more difficult to solve.

## CHAPTER III.

## AN INTERIOR.

THE showman's bear that only danced to "the genteelst of tunes" owed, probably, more to education than to instinct. The reverse we may suppose to have been the case with Lorn Loriot, for certainly what gentility there was in him he did not acquire in the pawnbroker's shop.

If it had depended only on the wishes of Mrs. Squirrel, the boy would have eclipsed the Admirable Crichton; in her estimation, indeed, he was the equivalent of that distinguished personage, even before he cut his teeth.

Mrs. Squirrel was one of those women who, with strong feelings upon every point, feel most strongly on the subject of maternity. Bereaved of her first hope by the loss of her lamented Tommy, her perpetual yearning had been for another child to replace him, but Nature had denied this boon, and she yearned in vain till Chance gave her the little waif so unexpectedly cast at her door. She cherished it, accordingly, with a fondness which, though pronounced absurd by all her neighbours, who wondered and sneered by turns, was, after all, extremely natural. When every expectation had ceased of again becoming a mother, the sole object she desired was suddenly placed within her reach, and the wish, so long repressed, had a legitimate means of expansion.

If Mr. Squirrel had shared his wife's sentiments, the foundling would most assuredly have been an utterly spoiled child; but there were several reasons why he took a different view of the domestic question. In the first place, he had not originally been endowed with too great tenderness of heart, and the calling he followed was not one to add to it; in the next, he had no love of offspring in the abstract—paternal honours were indifferent to him, even when they came in the course of nature, irregularly, therefore, they possessed but little charm; thirdly, the absorption by the little stranger of all his wife's affection, excited jealousy and provoked ill-will; and lastly, Mr. Squirrel had a business eye to the future, and soliloquised after this fashion:

"A fifty pun' note is all very well, but how long will it last if Mrs. Squirrel carries on the way she's begun, bringing this here child up like a hinfant prince, with only to cry for a thing and 'ave it? Why before a twelvemonth's over I shall be a dead loser by the transaction, and 'ave a hinfant prince on my 'auds for life! Blow the babby! I wish I'd never seen it!"

Be it observed, however, that this expression of opinion was literally, not dramatically, a soliloquy—it was no theatrical "aside" for all the world to hear: a wholesome dread of Mrs. Squirrel's excitable temper kept the pawnbroker silent; but he brooded over his grievance, and, as his prediction grew towards its accomplishment, disliked the child more and more.

During the period of Lorn's infancy this hostile feeling was of little consequence, for in all that related to the affairs of his household, Mr. Squirrel was never allowed to interfere. Neither did it operate directly to Lorn's detriment for several years. The boy was sent to school—a day-

school only (it would have cost Mrs. Squirrel too much to have parted with him for more than a day); he profited by his lessons, and Mr. Squirrel, inwardly protesting, paid the bill. In like manner, and with like protest, Mr. Squirrel met all the expenses attendant on Lorn's bringing up.

This may seem a sort of generous forbearance on the pawnbroker's part, but it is explained by the fact that Mrs. Squirrel endowed her husband with what, in her station of life, as a thriving butcher's daughter, might be called a fortune—a sum of money, at all events, which mainly contributed to establish Mr. Squirrel in business.

When a man marries an heiress—as when he marries a beggar—he must take the consequences. Sometimes he is ruined by the first process more speedily than by the second; but, whether ruined or not, if the lady has a proper sense of her own merits, and those of the gentleman are not conspicuous or asserted—if the lady, moreover, possesses relatives, in the butchering or any other line, who still thrive, and the gentleman, on the other hand, has no prospective resources, he does not marry with impunity. The conjugal reminder “Remember what I brought you!” is, in such cases, a mortal blow to marital independence.

Mr. Squirrel, when he married, was in the position of a gentleman who has no particular merits to assert, and in their absence he was not gifted with sufficient moral courage to kill the cat on his wedding-day: he lost his opportunity, on the occasion to which we have heard him advert, when a hackney-coach conveyed his “Julier” to her future home, and he never again recovered it.

On this account, then, it was, that when he murmured none heard his murmurings but himself,—on this account he ate his leek without swearing; and owing to Mr. Squirrel's forbearance, which, you see, was not generous but compelled, the days of young Lorn Lorient—like those of Thalaba—“happily went by.”

But “Time at length sets all things even,” and, whether for good or ill, “the whirligig of Time brings round his revenges.”

Till Lorn was fourteen years of age even the happy Thalaba need not have envied him. In the figurative language of Mr. Squirrel, he led the life of a prince—as princes of yore are supposed to have lived—with scarcely a wish ungratified; only it must be remembered that Lorn's wishes had no very extravagant tendency. Roll-pudding, when the raspberries were freshly preserved—peg-tops, hoops, and kites, during the several seasons for those amusements—a rabbit in its hutch, that special delight of juvenility—the Christmas pantomime—“Robinson Crusoe,” for more imaginative enjoyment—a holiday in the hay-fields at Midsummer, and a day's fishing in the Hampstead ponds, whenever the day could be stolen, made very nearly the sum total of the youthful pleasures of Lorn Lorient.

The end of Lorn's fourteenth year saw, however, the end of all these pleasures. He returned home one evening to find a sad change there. During his absence Mrs. Squirrel had been stricken by apoplexy, and was lying insensible. In this state she continued for nearly four-and-twenty hours; then there was a return of consciousness, during which she asked after her dear Lory—the pet name she gave to Lorn—made him sit on her bed, held his hands in hers, tried hard to say something that was on her mind, but failed to speak intelligibly, and by certain feeble efforts

seemed to express her desire to transfer the diamond ring she always wore to one of Lorn's fingers,—but failing in this, too, she fell back powerless, moaned twice, and died.

What Mrs. Squirrel had been unable to accomplish was speedily effected by her husband, who, standing by, had narrowly watched his wife's movements. Her breath had scarcely departed before he leaned across the bed, removed the ring, and put it in his own pocket, at the same time ordering the weeping Lorn down stairs; he then locked the door. Next day the undertaker came and "performed," as his tribe call it, the functions of his calling, the coffin was screwed down, and Lorn never saw again the face of the woman who had been more truly his mother than she who bore him. He was, however, allowed to follow her remains to the grave in the dreary, desolate churchyard that throws a gloom over Covent-garden, and then he became the exclusive property of Mr. Squirrel, who eyed him as if he were a property he should very much like to find a bidder for.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MR. CRAMP'S ADVICE.

IF any doubt existed in Lorn's mind as to the nature of Mr. Squirrel's sentiments towards him, they were speedily removed. On the very day of the funeral—as soon, indeed, as the mourners were dispersed—he received the first convincing proof.

"Come, get that cloak off, and don't stand snivelling there," said the pawnbroker to Lorn, directly they entered the house; "be handy, and help to take down the shettors—I've lost more daylight by this affair than I shall make up in a fortnight: you're not going to heat the bread of hidleness any more, I can tell you! Come, look alive!"

A violent push, which sent Lorn staggering to the other end of the shop, was the accompaniment to these unwelcome words. It had the effect of suspending Lorn's grief for the time, his spirit rising against treatment so harsh and cowardly. He did not, however, give vent to his feelings in speech, but gave Mr. Squirrel a look which the latter rightly interpreted.

"Oh, that's it!" he said, as Lorn proceeded to do the work appointed—"you're ongrateful, are you, as well as hobstinate! But we'll soon see who's master here! Yes!" continued the pawnbroker, maundering to himself as he took out his books, "hobstinity—that's where it is! He's been so from the beginning. Things that carry off other folk's children, afore they can turn round, never 'ad no heffect upon 'im! Look at the weekly return of the Register! What does he say? Measles, so many; hooping-cough, so many; searlytcena, so many; burns and scalds, turned up in bedsteads, clothes took fire, choked by eatin' too fast, so many; to say nothin' of the invariable practice of drinkin' bilin' water out of the spout of the tea-kittle, which, I must own it, it was my stand-by, and he never so much as once give a thought to doin' of it! Hobstinity and wiciousness always go together. That boy will come to a bad end!"

If all prophets were, as many are, the arbiters of their own predictions, Mr. Squirrel's prophecy respecting Lorn would, without doubt, have

been rapidly verified ; that is to say, if ill treatment could have driven the boy into the vicious courses which, in the pawnbroker's opinion, he was destined to follow. But that resistance to physical ailment, which Mr. Squirrel so feelingly lamented, had also a moral development. It was rather hard upon Mr. Squirrel, but Lorn would not gratify him by going wrong.

Amongst the minor expedients to which the pawnbroker resorted, was that of cutting off Lorn's pocket-money, the few pence per week that his wife had always so gladly given. He did this, less for the desire of saving expense, less for the satisfaction of depriving Lorn of the things the pence could buy—though each of these motives had weight—than for the hope that, wanting money, Lorn might be tempted to pilfer. But Mr. Squirrel marked his sixpences in vain—in vain the till was left open—nothing was touched. Mr. Squirrel stinted Lorn at his meals, but the contents of the bread-pan were undiminished, the meagre larder remained as it was left. On the score of dishonesty, therefore, Mr. Squirrel was disappointed. He then tried the effect of the hardest work to which Lorn could be set. This experiment offered three chances : the boy might refuse to work, and thus afford Mr. Squirrel a legitimate excuse for beating him ; he might break down under his toil ; or, which Mr. Squirrel would infinitely have preferred, he might run away, and never be heard of more. But, here again, the obstinacy that was at the bottom of Lorn's character spoilt the experiment ; he performed the tasks assigned, not with the readiness of fear, but with a readiness prompted by the resolution to endure, by the exercise of a courage on which many demands were one day to be made.

At last Mr. Squirrel took another view of the matter, and not liking Lorn a whit the more, released him from performing the common drudgery of the house, and took him into the shop. The reason for this proceeding was simple enough. Lorn had profited by his schooling ; he wrote an excellent hand, and was a good arithmetician ; he was quick, too, beyond the generality of boys of his age. These qualities, serviceable in every trade, were especially serviceable in that of a pawnbroker. But Mr. Squirrel was influenced by an additional consideration. An apprentice, who had been weak enough to yield to the infirmity of illness, was carried off by consumption, and there was a vacancy in Mr. Squirrel's establishment. By putting Lorn in the young man's place there would be no fresh mouth to feed, and only the experience was wanting which Lorn's readiness would soon supply. The place thus offered Lorn accepted, as he had accepted everything else at the hands of Mr. Squirrel ; he was too young to theorise about fate, but the doctrine of fatalism was that which he unconsciously adopted.

Mr. Squirrel's business has been mentioned as an "establishment," a modern word which has even reached the pawnbroker's shop. However high-sounding the appellation, the establishment had no very high pretensions. It was conducted by Mr. Squirrel himself, by his assistant, Mr. Cramp, who, when we heard of him before, was of middle age, but now elderly—and by the neophyte Lorn Loriot ; to induct the latter into a knowledge of his profession was chiefly the task of the assistant.

Mr. Cramp was a thin, hollow-eyed, mysterious-looking man, with what is termed a hatchet-face, and a high bony nose of such excessive



proportions, that the face behind seemed rather to belong to it, than it to the face; like Mr. Cramp's eyes, this nose, too, was hollow, and a naturalist might have been pardoned the fancy that it was just the sort of place in which the hermit-crab would take refuge when obliged by increase of growth to quit its shell and seek another casual dwelling. As a matter of course, the voice that issued from—not to speak it irreverently—Mr. Cramp's conch, partook very much of a nasal or cavernous tone. His manner corresponded with his external attributes; he was greatly given to the utterance of oracular sentences, which, fresh from the coinage of his brain, appeared of immense value, but when put into circulation, underwent a considerable abatement of their worth. As befitted one who had spent the greater part of his life in the pawnbroking line, Mr. Cramp was of a doubting, misanthropic turn, as if he thought that men like articles offered in pledge always put too high a price on themselves. Something of this sourness of spirit was owing, perhaps, to the fact that the assistant was a disappointed man; he had constantly cherished the expectation that the name of Cramp would one day figure in the same line with that of Squirrel, but five-and-twenty years had gone by, and the reward of his ambition seemed as remote as ever.

At the first business interview between Mr. Cramp and Lorn, the Scrutiniser—as we may call him—spoke as follows:

“If you expects to get on in this here world”—Mr. Cramp's language was slightly defaced by ungrammatical blemishes—“you must look at both sides of everythink. Man's natur is prooe to deceive. It ain't the gloss on a coat as makes it new: threadbare clothes is always the shiniest. Handle folks as if they was the weskits and trowsies they comes to pop; hold 'em well up to the light, try the strength of their seams and stitches, take care the moth ain't in 'em. The 'umau 'art is full of wickedness, and all's not gold as glitters. A man comes to you and says—so and so; don't trust him: plated goods ain't silver; if you want to get at the real thing test it with a stroug mind and aquafortis. Men's words is mostly outside show: they don't mean what they expresses; paste looks like dimonds till you gets at the foil that's under. Never believe half a man tells you, and don't offer more than a quarter of what's asked. Snakes often lies 'id in the grass; they rises their painted eds and smiles; when a female puts a pledge in your 'and look at the harticle, not her eyes; think of the valley of the object, not of the honey that trickles from her tongue. Charity begins at home; arts is soft and eds is ard; you owes your dooty to your ed; else, what are you there for? The simble of our perfession is three gold balls, two at top and one at bottom. When a man is in want the world is two to one agin him; keep that in mind, wheu parties pops the ne-cessaries of life—fire-irons, bed furnitur, and all kinds of wearin' apparel—the more he wants the less he's able to get. Them's my maxims, and them's the pawnbroker's golden rule.”

In such sentences, pregnant with worldly wisdom, perfectly new to Lorn, and very useful to him if it had been quite intelligible, the Scrutiniser laid down the theory of the Art which he so long had practised.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE STRANGE VISITOR.

By dint of repetition on the part of the teacher, and the process of weeding on that of his scholar, who learned to separate the high moral from the low useful, Lorn acquired in the course of a couple of years a tolerable notion of the intricacies of the pawnbroking business. Not every one of Mr. Cramp's maxims took root in his bosom, and he was constantly getting into scrapes with Mr. Squirrel, for compassionately listening to tales of sore distress; but in matters that only required professional acuteness to fix the value of articles offered, he acquitted himself very creditably, and became a serviceable adjunct.

One afternoon, about the period of the year at which this story opened, and something like two years and a half from the death of Mrs. Squirrel, the Scrutiniser and Lorn, now a fine, tall, handsome lad of nearly seventeen, were at their usual posts behind the counter, but not particularly engaged. Mr. Squirrel had gone to a trade sale, and Mr. Cramp—who grew more oracular, and, of course, more misanthropic with age and hope deferred—taking advantage of a temporary lull of custom, was solacing himself by administering a dose of advice to his young companion, which was not advice only, but counsel, mingled with reproof. Lorn's occupation for the moment was that of burnishing some tarnished silver; he could, therefore, listen or not, as best suited him, and considering that, by this time, he had had quite enough of Mr. Cramp's dogmatic philosophy, it need scarcely be said which course he adopted.

Mr. Cramp had been recently refreshing himself at the fount of knowledge which flows from the Book of "The Preacher;"—he had also stepped out in the course of the afternoon and taken an extra glass of gin-and-water at the "Blue Anchor," in the street round the corner; and owing to this twofold spiritual aid his discourse, while it savoured of scriptural phrases, was more than usually obscure.

"What," he began, "is heavier than lead?—"

Lorn turned, supposing that Mr. Cramp was asking a professional question, but quickly perceiving by his lack-lustre eye that he was in one of his Delphic moods, he went on with his work, and the Scrutiniser continued:

"What is heavier than lead? And what is the name thereof, but a fool?"

"Does he mean me, I wonder?" thought Lorn; "but what do I care? Let him go on."

"Sand, and salt, and a mass of iron, is easier to bear than a man—no, not a man—nothing more than a boy—without understanding. Rub them spoons lengthways or you'll never get the dirt out of the beading. Oh, do it your own way, do! Whoso teacheth a fool is as one that glueth a pewter pot—no, a potsherd—together. Here have I been settin' seven-and-twenty years on this here stool, or the feller to it, and what the better am I? That boy's just as likely as me to be a partner. Not if Squirrel knows it, though! He takes it easy, he does! A sloth-

ful man—or boy—is like unto the filth of a dunghill. Wine is a mocker—particularly port at two-six—strong drink is raging—if you take too much—but a glass of grog, well mixed, is comforting. I say, young chap, I want you to go of a herrand!”

Lorn looked up.

“Did you speak?” he asked.

“Speak! To be sure I [did! I’ve been speaking this ’alf’our,” returned Mr. Cramp.

“Have you?” said Lorn, laughing. “I was busy, and didn’t hear.”

“A fool,” said the Scrutiniser, “lifteth up his voice with laughter, but a wise man—put that fork down, run over to the Blue Anchor, and tell them to send two-pennorth——”

“I can’t,” interrupted Lorn, “there’s somebody coming; you’re wanted!”

As he spoke a stranger entered the shop.

He was a tall, well-built man, apparently about five-and-forty years of age, with a very sallow face, a large beard, and small restless black eyes that glanced in every direction, as if to take in all the contents of the shop at once.

Mr. Cramp, compelled to forego his promised treat, put on his business manner and left his stool, while Lorn resumed his occupation.

“This, I believe, is the shop of Mr. Squirrel, the silversmith and jeweller?” said the stranger, in English which, though very good, was marked by a strong foreign accent.

“Quite right, sir,” replied Mr. Cramp; “what can we show you?”

“I will tell you, presently,” returned the stranger. “Ah, this is, then, the shop of Mr. Squirrel! I was not quite sure of it.”

“Our name is on the front, sir,” said Mr. Cramp. “Quite time it was altered,” he muttered.

The stranger only caught the last word of Mr. Cramp’s aside.

“Altered! Yes, that is the reason I did not at first remember. But you are not Mr. Squirrel!”

This was said with a glance which measured all of Mr. Cramp that was visible above the counter.

“N—no!” replied the Scrutiniser, “I am not. But it’s all the same.”

“I do not know that,” said the stranger. “However, we shall see. You advance money upon jewels and plate; you buy, exchange, and so forth.”

“Giving as good a price,” added Mr. Cramp, “as any house in the trade.”

“I dare say. I make no doubt. I am sure of it. Yes, I remember;” and the speaker smiled.

“Have we had any dealings before, sir?” inquired Mr. Cramp.

“Once. A long while ago. Not with you; your principal. It was, therefore, my wish to have seen him.”

“That being the case, I must trouble you to call again, sir. Mr. Squirrel will not be in till late.”

“How late?”

“Not before seven,” was the reply: it was then only four.

“Three hours! That is, indeed, a long while. And my time is precious. I cannot afford to waste it. What is to be done?”

The stranger mused for some moments before he spoke again.

"Is there any probability," at length, he asked, "of my getting back something I left here—on which money was advanced to me—more than a year since?"

"A good deal depends on the nature of the goods," replied Mr. Cramp. "Some we sells outright as soon as the time's up—some we keeps. Perishables mostly goes at once."

"This was a diamond ring," said the stranger.

"How long ago?" inquired Mr. Cramp.

"You shall see. I have still the ticket."

The speaker took from a pocket-book a small, square, discoloured piece of pasteboard, and placed it before Mr. Cramp.

"Turn the gas up, Lory," said the Scrutiniser, now quite in his element.

With a movement of surprise the stranger turned towards Lorn as he rose, and knelt on the counter to do as he had been directed.

When the light was full on, Mr. Cramp, having mounted a large interrogative pair of spectacles, took up the ticket and examined it.

"More than a year since!" he repeated, in his hollowest tones. "I should think so. Why it's going on for eighteen years! Who ever heard of such a thing! Expect a ring pledged nearly eighteen years ago!"

"I was afraid," said the stranger, "that I was too late. Yet I thought there was just a chance it might have remained in your possession. I did not expect to recover it in the usual way. Diamonds very frequently remain on sale a long time, and I would gladly have bought it."

It was curious, considering the stranger's solicitude about the ring, that all the time he was speaking, his eyes were fixed—not on Mr. Cramp, but Lorn, who was listening attentively to this novel sort of application, which presented an unrevealed feature in the history of pawnbroking.

Mr. Cramp did not observe the stranger's preoccupation: he was cogitating on what he had said.

"How was the ring set?" at length he asked.

"Transparent. A single diamond, in a claw of five points, surrounded by blue enamel."

"We've nothing of the kind in stock, that I'm sure of," said Mr. Cramp. "But, stay—a dimond ring, set claw fashion? transparent, you say? It can't be the one Mr. Squirrel always wears—and yet it seems like it. Mrs. Squirrel wore it before him for ever so many years—as far back as I can well remember. There's nothing else that I know of."

"Won't your books tell you?" inquired the stranger, whose interest in the subject that brought him there appeared to have revived, though his quick eyes still kept glancing at Lorn.

"The books! Yes! There'll be the original entry, with the date of sale, if we've sold it," replied Mr. Cramp. "What year was it? Oh, the ticket will tell me!"

After looking again at the discoloured voucher, Mr. Cramp turned to a shelf behind him, sought for and took down a folio lettered on the back with the year required. The stranger in the mean time had seated himself, and remained alternately glancing at the book and Lorn.

"Ah, here's the entry!" said Mr. Cramp, after he had turned a few

pages:—"February 10. Loriot, Charles."—Mr. Cramp muttered something to himself, looked hard at the foreigner who sat before him, cast down his eyes again, and read on:—"12, King-street, Soho. Diamond ring. Nine pounds.' That's it sure enough. Then here's a memorandum, in Mr. Squirrel's hand-writing:—'Unredeemed. Not transferred to stock. Made a present of to Mrs. S.' What made him do that I wonder! He's not so fond of giving. But Her,—oh, ah,—the grey mare,—that's were it was!"

These last words were uttered in a kind of rumbling soliloquy, having made an end of which, he said, in a more audible voice:

"You are the same party, I suppose?"

To this the stranger replied in the affirmative, and Mr. Cramp continued:

"It may be worth your while now to wait till Mr. Squirrel comes in, or to drop in after seven. I can't say whether he'll sell the ring or no, but if he do it won't be at a low figure."

"It has a certain value for me," said the stranger, "or I should not, at this distance of time, be desirous to regain possession of it. The ring, in fact, is a relic of my family, and would never have been parted with but for a painful accident. I intended to have redeemed it on the following day, but was suddenly obliged to leave England, and since then I have been living abroad."

Mr. Cramp smiled grimly at this explanation, setting it down as simply a variation of the old tune: scepticism is the pawnbroker's sheet anchor.

"Well, sir," he said, "shall I say you will call again?"

"As I have other affairs to arrange," replied the stranger, rising, "I cannot exactly promise to return this evening, but if I can do so I will. Is that young man," he added, lowering his voice, and pointing to Lorn—"is that young man the son of your principal?"

Another grim smile parted Mr. Cramp's thin lips.

"I should think not," he answered. "He were a ready-made 'un. Come, nobody know'd how. Took in and adapted. A queer piece of business!"

"What is his name?" asked the stranger.

"The same as yourn," returned Mr. Cramp, in a deep whisper, as he leaned over the counter. "Queer again, ain't it?"

"Yes—that is, indeed, singular, for I have no relatives in this country. Ah, while there is light, permit me to make a memorandum of something I have to remember. May I trouble you for a pencil?"

Mr. Cramp handed one, and while the stranger, who still had his pocket-book in his hand, was standing before him writing, narrowly examined his sallow features, and then turned his eyes on Lorn, whose cheeks glowed with the hue of youth. He was seeking a resemblance, but apparently found none, for he merely shook his head.

"You will be good enough, then," said the stranger, tearing out the leaf on which he had been writing, and taking up the pawn ticket—"you will be good enough to acquaint your principal with the object of my visit, and say to him, that if I cannot return this evening, I will not fail to be here at ten to-morrow morning. Good afternoon, sir! Ah, I cannot open this door: the fastening is very awkward. Young man, will you assist me?"

Lorn, to whom he spoke, replied, "With pleasure, sir," and came quickly forward. As he stooped to reach the door-handle, the stranger, who stood between him and Mr. Cramp, and with his back to the latter, stooped also, and saying rapidly, under his breath, "Take this: don't look at it till you're alone, say nothing about it," slipped a paper crumpled very small into Lorn's hand. He then turned round, took off his hat to Mr. Cramp, made him a low bow, and left the shop.

Lorn was very much surprised at the words he had heard, and the act which accompanied them; but as there was no particular reason why he should make a confidant of Mr. Cramp, he put the paper in his pocket and returned to his work, a still more mechanical process now than before. What, he asked himself, had made the strange gentleman speak to him in so mysterious a manner? Why did he enjoin secrecy? What was in the paper? Could his fingers have answered the last question he would soon have known, for to keep them out of his pocket was impossible. He felt and felt again, but was none the wiser for doing so. His curiosity at last got the better of him, and taking advantage of Mr. Cramp's head being turned another way, he managed, unobserved, to withdraw and open the paper. If Lorn expected to find money in it he was disappointed, but he read as follows: "I wish to speak to you in private. It is for your good. Contrive to get out to-morrow, and come to the Hôtel de Provence, in Leicester-square, at one o'clock. Ask for Mr. Charles. When you see me here in the morning, reply by a sign. I shall understand. Destroy this when read."

Had the Scrutiniser been disposed to lecture again from the Book of Ecclesiastics—or any other book—he would have done so *en pure perte*, for of nothing did Lorn think, during the rest of the evening, but the singular communication which he had received.

At the expected hour Mr. Squirrel came in, and Mr. Cramp at once related what had happened.

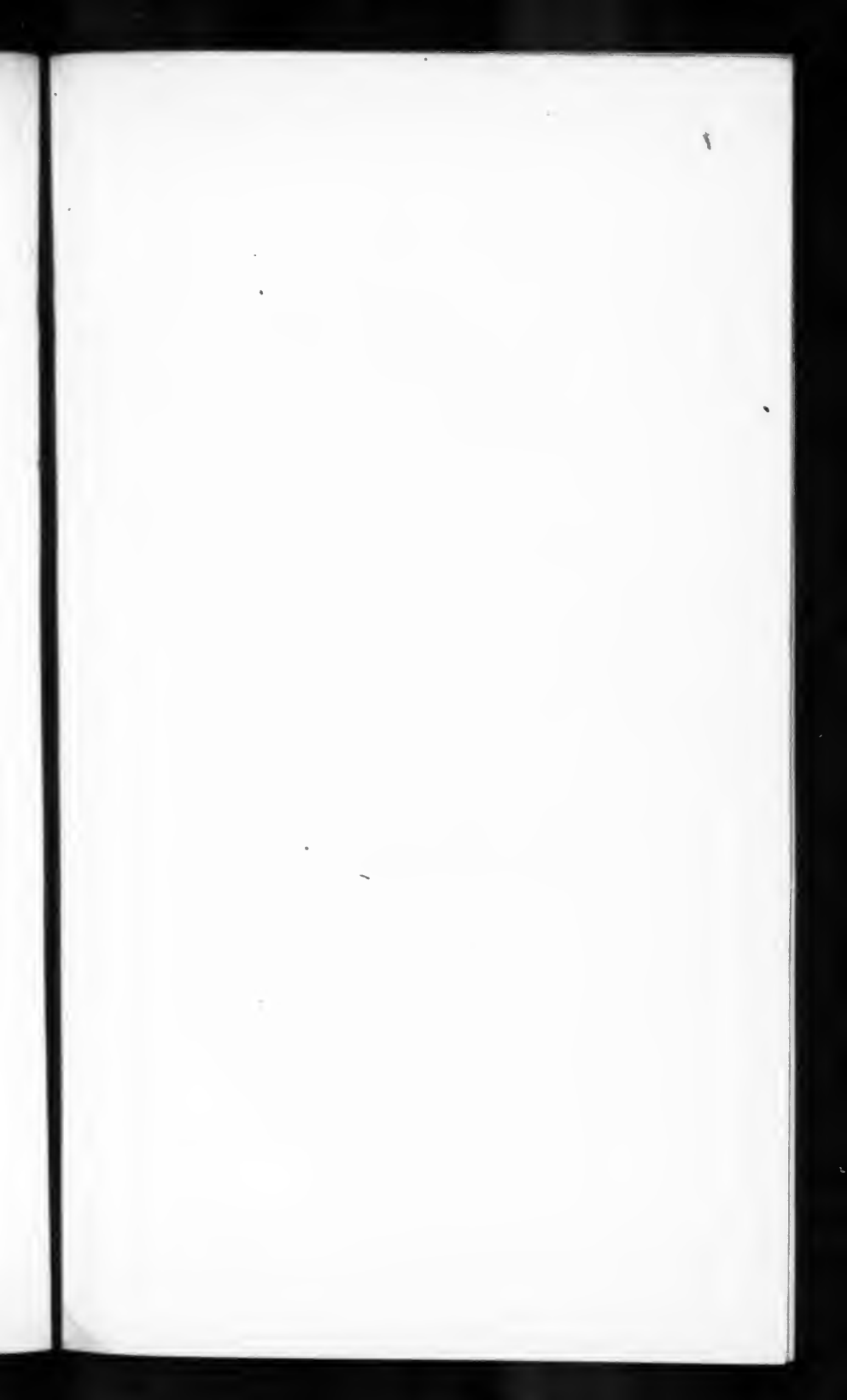
"Sell that there ring, Cramp!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, with a gesture of horrified indignation, "not if I hadn't a penny to bless myself with! Think of the way I got it, Cramp! When Her, as I refrain myself from naming, was on her death-bed, she stretched out her 'ands and said, 'Mr. Hess'—she always called me short—'Mr. Hess, you've been the best of 'usbands to me. You're all my 'appiness! I never know'd no other! Wear this for my sake till your dying day.' These was the last words she huttered. What a beast I should be to forget 'em! No, Cramp, that there ring descends with me to the grave!"

Mr. Squirrel put his handkerchief to his eyes for a moment. When he took it away he said,

"Ten o'clock, I think?"

Mr. Cramp nodded.

Except a few objurgations, of which Lorn was the object, Mr. Squirrel spoke no more that night. Harrowing memories, no doubt, were at work within him. Or perhaps he was occupied in thinking how much he should ask for the ring.





The meeting between King Edward and the Lady Jane Grey  
in the Tower Garden.



# The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GILBERT.

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Book the First.

V.

HOW KING EDWARD VI. WENT FORTH BETIMES INTO THE PRIVY GARDEN OF THE TOWER.—HOW HE THERE ENCOUNTERED THE YOUTHFUL LADY JANE GREY, AND OF THE PROFITABLE DISCOURSE THAT ENSUED BETWEEN THEM.

DURING the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., the Tower had been little more than a strongly-fortified, well-garrisoned state prison. Its dungeons were crowded with sufferers from the terrible statute of the "Six Articles," and with important state-delinquents; but the grand apartments of the palace were closed, and the council-chambers in the White Tower but rarely visited. Never, indeed, since the luckless Catherine Howard was brought to the block, had the ruthless monarch set foot within the fortress. Well might he avoid the Tower, for its very stones would have cried out against him! He could not have passed over the open space in front of Saint Peter's Chapel, and have marked that blood-sprinkled spot, where, according to tradition, no grass will grow, without thinking of the two lovely women who had there been put to death, after vainly suing to him for mercy. He could not have looked around at the various towers girding the inner ward, without recalling the hundreds whom he had there immured. To him the Tower must have been full of dreadful memories—memories of the noble, the wise, the good, the beautiful and once-beloved, whom he had held in durance in its cells, or delivered over to the headsman. If all those who had perished by his decrees, by the axe, or at the stake, could have been collected together on Tower-green, they would well-nigh have filled that spacious area. No wonder Henry, proof as he was against remorse, should shun the scene of his atrocities.

But the gloom that had so long hung over the bloodstained for-

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dress, making it an object of dread to all who gazed upon it, was now for a time dispelled. Sounds of revelry and rejoicing, as we have shown, were once more heard within its courts. All the state apartments in the palace—a structure that, unfortunately for the lover of antiquity, has totally disappeared—were decorated anew, and thrown open. The court was now held at the Tower, and such was the throng of visitants brought thither by the circumstance, that every available chamber in the fortress had an occupant, and many chambers—and these none of the largest—had several.

But not only were there more guests within the palace and in the different lodgings connected with it, but the military force ordinarily maintained within the Tower was trebled. These precautions were taken for the security of the young king's person. Not that any rising on the part of the citizens was apprehended; but such was the course usually adopted at that time on the accession of a monarch to the throne. Thus, in addition to the nobles and their retainers, the Tower was so crowded with archers and arquebusiers that it was wonderful where so many persons could be bestowed. The bastions bristled with cannon, and the ramparts were thronged with men-at-arms. Yeomen of the guard paraded within the outer ward, while troops of henchmen, sergeants of office, clerks of the king's house, marshals of the hall, ushers and sewers of the hall and chamber, minstrels, and serving-men, in rich and varied liveries, were collected in the courts of the palace, or at various points of the wide inner ward. Within and without, all was stir and animation. And if the hapless prisoners still languishing in the dungeons did not share in the general rejoicing, they did not interfere with it, since none save the gaolers troubled themselves about them.

Early on the morning after Edward's arrival at the Tower, while the extraordinary bustle just described prevailed throughout the fortress, the object of all this unwonted stir was walking, almost alone, in the privy garden attached to the palace. Garden and palace have long since disappeared, but at that time the former occupied a large triangular space between the Lanthorn Tower, the Salt Tower, and the Well Tower, and being enclosed by the high ballium wall, had a very secluded air. It was pleasantly laid out with parterres, walks, a clipped yew-tree alley, and a fountain, and boasted two or three fine elms, and an ancient mulberry-tree. But it must be recollected that it was now winter, and consequently the place was not seen to advantage: the trees were leafless, the water in the fountain congealed, the clipped alley covered with hoar-frost. Whenever the Tower was used as a royal residence, the privy garden was reserved exclusively for the king. Edward, therefore, had no reason to apprehend intrusion while taking exercise within it.

Notwithstanding the fatigue and excitement of the previous day, Edward quitted his couch long before it became light, and having finished his devotions, and heard a homily from his chaplain, which occupied some time, he repaired by a private passage, and attended by a single gentleman of the chamber, to the palace garden, where he supposed he should be undisturbed. The diligent young monarch, who never wasted a moment, did not seek this quiet retreat merely for the purpose of exercise, but, while walking to and fro, employed his time in studying the Institutes of Justinian, while another ponderous tome, namely, the venerable Bracton's treatise "*De legibus et consuetudinibus Angliæ*," was borne by his attendant for occasional consultation. Wrapped in a velvet gown, lined and bordered with sable, Edward did not seem to feel the cold half so much as his attendant, but continued to pore upon his book as unconcernedly as if it had been a morning in June, sometimes moving very slowly, and occasionally coming to a stand-still, if a passage perplexed him.

The person with him, whom he addressed as John Fowler, had nothing very noticeable in his appearance. He was short and stout, by no means ill-favoured, and wore a reddish sugar-loaf beard. Fond of good cheer, he had usually a ruddy, jovial look, and a droll, good-humoured expression of countenance; but his face was now pinched with cold, and his nose, large, knobbed, and mulberry-coloured, was literally blue with cold, and he had much ado to prevent his teeth from chattering. He did not dare to utter a complaint, and, as a matter of course, was obliged to stop whenever his royal master stopped, and keep up his circulation in the best way he could. While Edward was buried in Justinian, how Master Fowler longed to be back at the great fire in the hall, heaped up with logs, which he had so recently quitted! how he promised to solace himself for his present suffering by a deep draught of mulled sack, and a plentiful breakfast on pork-chine, roast capon, and baked red-deer! Fowler had occupied the post he now filled during the late king's lifetime. Much trusted by the Lord Protector, he was placed near Edward in order that all the young king's doings might be reported to his uncle. Whether Fowler merited the confidence reposed in him by his employer will be seen hereafter.

Nearly an hour passed by in this manner, and all the creature-comforts so anxiously looked forward to by the half-frozen gentleman of the privy chamber seemed as far distant as ever. The young king still continued occupied with Justinian, and showed no signs of returning to the palace. He had come to a stand, and was conning over a passage of unusual perplexity, when another person entered the garden. This was a young girl of extraordinary beauty, wrapped like the king in a furred mantle to defend her tender person from the severity of the weather, and, like him, pro-

vided with a book, on which her eyes were studiously fixed—so studiously, indeed, that she did not appear to observe the young monarch and his attendant. On his part, also, Edward was equally unconscious of her approach, and never once raised his eyes to look at her.

It was the duty of the gentleman of the chamber to warn the fair intruder from the royal presence; but either he was too cold to discharge his office properly, or curious to see what would happen, for he contented himself with coughing slightly, and failing to arouse the king's attention, he took no other means of checking her advance.

By this time the fair young creature was within a short distance of Edward, who, hearing footsteps, lifted his eyes from his book, and regarded her with some astonishment, but with anything rather than displeasure.

At the same moment the young maiden looked up, exhibiting a countenance of wondrous loveliness. A slight blush suffused her features, and heightened, if possible, their beauty. She might have been a year older than the king—at all events, she was the taller of the two. Her high birth was proclaimed in her lineaments, in her carriage—which had a most charming dignity about it—and in her attire, which was such as became the daughter of one of the most powerful nobles of the land. Serene and gentle in expression, full of thought, and apparently free from any taint of humanity, her physiognomy presented that rare union of intelligence and beauty, which, when seen in perfection, as in the present instance, seems to raise its possessor to a level with beings of a higher and purer order than those of earth. Her look and smile were little less than seraphic. Such was the youthful Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, great-niece of Henry VIII., and granddaughter of his beautiful sister Mary, wedded first to Louis XII. of France, and secondly to the illustrious Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

“Good morrow, sweet cousin,” said the youthful king, graciously returning Jane's lowly obeisance. “Marry, you are early astir. I should have thought, that on a frosty morn like this, a seat by the warm hearth would have been fitter for one so delicate as yourself than exposure to the keen air. But you seem to bear the cold bravely.”

“I do not feel it,” replied the young Lady Jane; “I am accustomed to exposure to all weathers, and take no hurt from it. Your majesty is mistaken in supposing that I am at all delicate. I am far hardier than the slightness of my frame would seem to warrant. When I am at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, I ride to the chase with my father, and am never wearied by a long day's sport. Sport did I call it?” she added, with a half-sigh—“hunting the deer is no pastime to me; but such it is generally considered, and so I must

performer style it. Then I rise betimes, for I am no lag-a-bed, and take my book, and stroll forth into the park, if it be summer, or into the garden if winter, and read and meditate till summoned to my slender repast."

"Much the same mode of life as I have passed myself," replied Edward, "though I have never yet had my fill of the chase. Now I am king I mean to gratify my inclinations, and kill plenty of deer in Windsor Forest and in Enfield Chase. But if you like not hunting, sweet coz, surely you must be fond of hawking? 'Tis a noble pastime!"

"May be so," rejoined Jane, gravely, "but I like it no better than hunting; and I like coursing with greyhounds less than hawking, and angling less than coursing. Your majesty will smile when I tell you that I deem all these sports cruel. They yield me no delight. I cannot bear to have harmless creatures tortured to make sport for me. It sickens me to see a noble hart pulled down, and I have rescued more than one poor crying hare from the very jaws of its pursuers. Poor beasts, I pity them. I pity even the mischievous otter."

"I do not share your sentiments, Jane," said the king; "but I admire them, as they show the tenderness of your disposition. For my own part, while hunting or hawking, I become so excited that I feel little for beast or bird. I have small liking for angling, I must needs confess, for that sport does not excite me, but I read by the river-side while my preceptors ply the rod and line. But, as I just now said, I will have a grand chase in Windsor Forest, which my uncle, Sir Thomas Seymour, shall conduct; and you shall come and see it, if you list, sweet cousin."

"I pray your majesty to hold me excused," replied Jane. "I have more hunting than I care for at Bradgate. But I should delight in roaming through Windsor Forest, which, they tell me, is a right noble wood."

"Have you not scen it?" cried Edward. "Nay, then, there is a great pleasure in store for you, sweet coz. Marry, there are no such groves and glades at Bradgate as you shall find there."

"That I can readily believe," rejoined Jane; "and the castle itself hath much interest to me."

"I shall not visit it until after a sad ceremony hath taken place in Saint George's Chapel," observed Edward, with much emotion, "and the king, my lamented father—on whose soul may Jesu have mercy!—hath been placed by the side of my sainted mother in its vaults. But when this season of gloom is passed, when I have been crowned at Westminster, when the Lord Protector and the council will let me remove my court to Windsor, then, sweet cousin, you must come to the castle. Marry, it will content you. 'Tis far better worth seeing than this grim old Tower, which looks more like a dungeon than a palace."

"Nay, my liege," replied Jane, "Windsor Castle, however grand and regal it may be, can never interest me more than this stern-looking fortress. Within these walls what tragedies have been enacted! what terrible occurrences have taken place! It must be peopled by phantoms. But I will not dwell longer on this theme, and I pray you pardon the allusion. Strange to say, ever since I set foot within the Tower, I have been haunted with the notion, which I cannot shake off, that I myself shall, one day, be a prisoner in its cells, and lose my life on its green."

"That day will not occur in my time, sweet cousin," replied Edward. "It is not a place to inspire lively thoughts or pleasant dreams, and I must needs own that I slept ill myself last night. I dreamed of the two children of my namesake, Edward V., and their murder in the Bloody Tower. I hope you had no such dreams, Jane?"

"Indeed, my liege, I had—dreams more terrible, perchance, than your own," she rejoined. "You will guess what I dreamed about when I tell that, on awaking, I was rejoiced to find my head still on my shoulders. Hath your grace any faith in omens?"

"Not much," answered Edward. "But why do you ask, sweet coz?"

"Your majesty shall hear," she returned. "When I entered the Tower yesterday with the noble lord my father, and your grace's loving cousin my mother, we crossed the inner ward on our way to the palace, and amongst the crowd assembled on the green I noticed a singularly ill-favoured personage, whose features and figure attracted my attention. The man limped in his gait, and was clad in blood-red serge, over which he wore a leathern jerkin. Black elf-locks hung on either side of his cadaverous visage, and there was something wolfish and bloodthirsty in his looks. On seeing me notice him, the man doffed his cap, and advanced towards me, but my father angrily ordered him back, and struck him with his horsewhip. The man limped off, glaring malignantly at me with his red, wolfish eyes, and my father then told me it was Mauger, the headsman, and, as it was deemed unlucky to encounter him, he had driven him away. Doth not your majesty think that the meeting with such a man, on such a spot, was an ill omen?"

"Heaven avert it!" exclaimed the young king. "But let us change the topic. Tell me the subject of your studies, my learned cousin?"

"I can lay no claim to the epithet your majesty hath bestowed upon me," she replied. "But the book I am reading is Martin Bucer's 'Commentary on the Gospels.'"

"I have heard of it from my tutor, Doctor Cox, who describes it as an admirable treatise. You shall expound it to me, Jane. Doubtless you have read Bucer's 'Commentary on the Psalms?'"

"I have, my liege, and I will essay to expound that work to you, as also the 'Pirskoavol' of Paul Fagius, which I have been lately reading, if you be so minded."

"You could not please me better. I am certain to derive profit and instruction from your comments, Jane. The preparation is needful, for it is my purpose to invite Bucer and Fagius to England. His grace of Canterbury hath already spoken to me concerning them. It shall be my aim to make my court the resort of learned and pious men, and, above all, of such as are most zealous for the reform of the Church, and its complete purification from the errors of popery."

"Bucer and Fagius are both men of great learning and piety, sound and severe controversialists, able and ready to refute and assail, if need be, the adversaries of the good cause, and I am rejoiced that your grace intends to invite them to your court. You will do yourself honour thereby. But there is another person, not unknown to your highness, whom I think might be of service in carrying out the mighty work of the Reformation which you project. I mean the Princess Elizabeth's instructor, worthy Master Roger Ascham."

"I have not overlooked him," replied Edward. "Ascham merits promotion, and he shall have it. A man must needs be master of Greek to fill a professor's chair in St. John's College, Cambridge, as Ascham hath filled it, and his knowledge of divinity is equal, I am told, to his scholarship. My wise and well-beloved father chose him from his acquirements to be Elizabeth's instructor—she is now reading Sophocles and Cicero with him—and when his task with her is finished, as it must be ere long, for she is a quick and willing scholar—I will have him near me."

"Your grace will do well," rejoined Jane. "Roger Ascham ought to be one of the luminaries of our age; and, above all, he is a godly man, and without guile. His latinity is remarkably pure."

"It must be so, if you commend it, my learned cousin," remarked the king, "for you are a very competent judge. Both Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox lauded your Latin letters to me, and said they were written with classic elegance and purity."

"Your grace will make me vain," rejoined Jane, slightly colouring; "but I am bound to state that my own worthy tutor, Master Elmer, made the same remarks upon the letters with which you have honoured me. Talking of my correspondents—if I may venture to speak of any other in the same breath as your majesty—I am reminded that there is another person worthy of your attention, inasmuch as he would be a humble but zealous co-operator in your great design. The person I refer to is Henri Bullinger, disciple and successor of Zwinglius, and at this present a pastor at Zurich."

Bullinger hath suffered much persecution, and would endure yet more if needful."

"Bullinger is an ardent Reformer," observed Edward. "He assisted, I remember, at the famous conference at Berne. You shall tell me more about him on some other occasion, and if you will favour me with a sight of his letters to you I shall be well pleased. Meanwhile, you may rest satisfied that he shall not be forgotten. You are a very zealous advocate for the Reformed faith yourself, cousin Jane."

"I have that in me which would enable me to die for the religion I profess, sire," she cried, looking upwards.

"I do not doubt your constancy, sweet cousin, but I trust it will never be put to the proof," said the young king, approvingly. "I came out to study Justinian and Bracton, but you have given me a far better lesson than any law-maker could afford. You must come often to our court, Jane, whether we be at Westminster, Shene, or Windsor."

"It will gladden me to comply with your majesty's injunctions, if I have my father's permission," she replied; "but he will probably think me much too young to appear at court. I have lived almost wholly in retirement hitherto, my education being far from complete."

"But if I command, my lord of Dorset must obey; and so must you, fair cousin," cried Edward, with a slight touch of his father's imperious manner.

"Your grace will command nothing that a loyal subject cannot comply with—of that I am certain," rejoined Jane. "But your majesty seems to forget that you have a governor—and a strict one, if what I hear be true. Are you quite sure that the Lord Protector will allow you to choose your own companions?"

"Peradventure not, unless they are agreeable to him," returned Edward; "but he cannot object to you, fair cousin, or to my sister Elizabeth. I will not ask him to let my sister Mary come often to me, unless she will abjure her errors, and conform to the new doctrines."

"Gentle persuasion may lead the Lady Mary's grace into the right path," said Jane. "No pains should be spared with one so richly endowed. Such a convert would be worthy of your majesty, and redound greatly to your honour."

"I despair of making a convert of Mary," replied Edward. "So stiff-necked and bigoted is she, that even the strong-willed king my father had enough to do to bring her to submission; and for a time she set his rightful authority at defiance. His grace of Canterbury will advise me as to the course that ought to be pursued with her, and I shall be guided by his counsel.—Know you my younger uncle, Sir Thomas Seymour, Jane?"



"But little," she answered. "I have seen him with my father, and I could not fail to notice him yesterday, for by common assent he was judged the noblest-looking personage who vowed fealty to you. Now I bethink me, her highness the queen-dowager called my attention to him, and asked me what I thought of him. I told her I deemed him wondrous handsome, whereat she smiled very graciously upon me."

"He is wondrous handsome!" cried Edward, enthusiastically; "and I marvel not her majesty should smile to hear him praised, for he is a favourite with her, as, indeed, he is with my sister Elizabeth, and with most people, except the Lord Protector. To speak plain—for I dare speak plain to you, sweet cousin—I think the Lord Protector is jealous of him, and of his fancied influence over me. I would Sir Thomas Seymour had been chosen my governor. My elder uncle is good and kind, but he is austere, and—not exactly like Sir Thomas. He will keep all the power in his own hands, and leave little more than the name to me."

"Perhaps it is for the best. Your grace is very young, and can have had but slight experience of state affairs."

"But I shall not like the Lord Protector's control," cried Edward. "I feel impatient already, though he has scarcely begun to exercise it. But I *could* obey Sir Thomas without a murmur."

"I begin to perceive that Sir Thomas's influence over your majesty is by no means imaginary, and that the Lord Protector may have good cause for jealousy of his younger brother," observed Jane, smiling. "But I must crave your majesty's permission to retire. I have sufficiently interrupted your studies already, and will not trespass further on your valuable time."

"Nay, I hold your discourse to be more profitable than my studies, as I just now told you, fair coz," rejoined the youthful king. "I shall read no more now. Do not burden yourself longer with that book, but let Fowler carry it for you."

And as at a sign from his majesty the gentleman in attendance respectfully advanced to take the books from his royal master and the Lady Jane, Edward observed that he looked very cold.

"I am well-nigh starved, an please your majesty," replied Fowler. "I have no inward fire, like your highness and the Lady Jane Grey, to warm me withal."

"What inward fire dost thou speak of, Fowler?" demanded the king, smiling.

"The fire of intellect, an please your majesty," replied the other, "which burns so brightly in your grace and my Lady Jane, that you have no need of any grosser element to warm you—at least, it would seem so. For my own part, the little wit I possess is frost-bitten, like the point of my nose—if so blunt a nose can be said

to have a point—and, if I tarry here much longer, I am like to lose both wit and nose.”

“Thou shouldst have advised me of thy sorry case before, good fellow,” said the king, laughing. “Let us in, sweet cousin; or, while we discourse here at our ease, this dainty gentleman will be turned to ice.”

“Of a verity shall I, my gracious liege,” rejoined Fowler; “an I be not speedily delivered hence, I shall be fixed to the spot like yonder frozen fountain.”

“And albeit thou mightst ornament the garden as a statue, I cannot afford to lose a good servant, so I will take compassion upon thee. Come, fair coz.”

So saying, the young king gave his hand to the Lady Jane, and led her towards the entrance of the palace, followed by Fowler, upon whose features the anticipation of a warm fire and a plenteous repast had produced a very pleasurable expression.

## VI.

OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE LORD PROTECTOR AND SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR,  
AND HOW IT WAS ADJUSTED.

THE privy garden was bounded on the north by a long stone gallery, extending from the Lanthorn Tower to the Salt Tower, and communicating by a corridor with the royal apartments. From an upper window in this gallery two persons had for some time been looking down upon the youthful pair, and the window luckily being open, no part of their discourse escaped them. They listened to it with the greatest attention, and both seemed equally well pleased with what they heard. Though these eavesdroppers were wholly unobserved by the young monarch and his companion, they were not unnoticed by Fowler, who, having nothing else to do, was casting his eyes about in every direction; but, as he recognised in them the Marquis of Dorset, the Lady Jane's father, and Sir Thomas Seymour, he did not think it necessary to give his royal master a hint of their proximity. Moreover, a sign from Seymour, with whom he seemed to have a secret understanding, served to make him hold his tongue.

Just at the point when Edward called to his attendant to relieve him and the Lady Jane from the books, the listeners withdrew from the window, and the gallery being empty at the time, Seymour said to the marquis, with a proud smile,

“What think you of what you have heard, my lord? How stand I with his majesty? Have I overrated my influence with him?”

"Not a jot," replied Dorset. "You stand so well with your royal nephew, that it will be your own fault if you be not the first peer of the realm."

"What! do you place me above the Lord Protector?" cried Seymour. "Bethink you that the council have given him all the power."

"I am not unmindful of it," replied the marquis; "but you have the king on your side, and unless the Lord Protector contrives to wean his highness's love from you, you must ere long gain the ascendancy."

"You are in the right, my lord of Dorset," said Seymour; "I shall both gain it and maintain it. And as I rise, others shall rise with me—that you may reckon on. A thought crossed me while I was listening to yon pretty pair, and I will make you privy to it. They seem made for each other. Why should they not be wedded when they arrive at a suitable age?"

"Even if I dared indulge the thought," replied the marquis, evidently well pleased by the suggestion, though striving to appear unconcerned, "his majesty's extreme youth and my daughter's tender years forbid it."

"What is to hinder their affiancement?" rejoined Seymour. "The alliance may be brought about, I tell you, my lord. Nay, to be plain, it *shall* be brought about, if we fairly understand one another."

"Nay, good Sir Thomas, there is nothing I would not do, if I felt sure my daughter would be queen; and I will own to you, since you put it to me thus, that my lady marchioness hath broached the matter to me. Women will talk idly, as you wist. After all, the match would not be unsuitable, seeing that the Lady Jane herself is of the blood-royal."

"The match *can* be made, and *shall* be made, I repeat, my lord marquis," said Seymour; "but I must have the disposal of your daughter's hand. My plans must not be interfered with. You must commit the Lady Jane entirely to my charge."

"To your charge, Sir Thomas?" exclaimed the marquis, greatly surprised.

"To mine," rejoined Seymour—"that is, to the charge of my wife, when I get one. I design to marry ere long, my lord, and then I shall be able to receive your daughter."

"Accept my congratulations, Sir Thomas," said Dorset. "I doubt not that your choice hath been well made; nay, if it hath lighted on the very highest, it would not amaze me."

"I cannot let you into the secret as yet, my lord," replied Seymour, smiling; "but thus much I will tell you. My marriage will assuredly not diminish my influence with my royal nephew or with the nobility. My rule, as you wot, is to make no step save

in advance. You will hold it no discredit, but the reverse, to commit your daughter to the charge of her who may, perchance, condescend to take me for a husband."

"Methinks I can read your riddle, Sir Thomas, but I will not try," observed Dorset. "Enough, that you have convinced me. Have I your permission to consult the marchioness on this important matter?"

"Not as yet, my lord," rejoined Seymour. "Women are ill at keeping a secret; and though my lady marchioness be the discreetest of her sex, yet hath she, I doubt not, a certain proneness to talk, given her by nature, which would render her an unfit depository of a matter of this moment. Till all be settled, I must enjoin profound secrecy. I will give you a hint when to speak. Till then, let a seal be placed upon your lips.—But see! the king and the Lady Jane are entering the gallery. Let us hasten to pay our devoirs to his majesty."

The undisguised delight manifested by the young king on seeing his favourite uncle would have satisfied the Marquis of Dorset of the place held by Seymour in his royal nephew's affections, if the conversation he had just overheard in the garden had left that cautious nobleman any doubt on the subject.

Hearing quick footsteps behind him, Edward turned to ascertain whence they proceeded, and the instant he beheld Sir Thomas, he quitted the Lady Jane's hand, which he had hitherto retained, and disregarding all ceremony—perhaps even forgetting in the impulse of the moment that ceremony was needful—he flew to meet his uncle, and without allowing him time to make any obeisance, or utter a word of remonstrance, he sprang towards him, and threw his arms affectionately round his neck.

Never, perhaps, did that ambitious man's heart beat higher than when he returned his royal nephew's fond embrace. He felt the effect produced by the demonstration on Dorset and his daughter, and though scarcely able to repress his exultation, he feigned to be overwhelmed by the king's condescension.

"Your majesty honours me far too much," he said. "Near as I am to you by relationship, dear as you are to me as a nephew, I am bound to remind you that the distance between us is much greater than it was, and that the marks of affection which you have been accustomed to lavish upon me, and for which I shall ever feel proud and grateful, ought now, by right, to be discontinued."

"Why so, gentle uncle?" rejoined Edward. "You do not love me less because I am king, do you? Certes, my love for you is not diminished by the circumstance. Wherefore should I put a mask upon my regard? Rather let me rejoice that I am now better able to prove its strength."

"I want words to thank your highness," said Seymour, with every appearance of the most fervent gratitude; "but the prefer-

ence for me, which you so graciously exhibit, will, I fear, be distasteful to your new governor, who will expect you to reserve all your affection for him."

"I see not why he should; but if he does, he will be disappointed," rejoined Edward. "I may show him obedience, but I am not bound to give him the first place in my regard. I shall never love him so well as you, gentle uncle; that I can promise him. I have not yet had an opportunity of telling you how much my satisfaction was marred yesterday by learning that the council had not chosen you as my governor. Meseems I ought to have been consulted on the matter."

"Had your grace loved me less, or had I been less deserving of your love, because not so entirely devoted to you as I am, the council might—nay, would—have chosen me. But your uncle Hertford viewed me with a jealous eye, and the council were governed by his opinion."

"So I guessed," replied the king. "My lord of Hertford has gone too far. He will gain nothing by his opposition to my expressed desires. He knew full well whither my inclinations tended."

"And therefore 'twas he thwarted them," rejoined Seymour. "Your highness must dissemble your regard for me, if you would keep peace between me and the Lord Protector."

"I hate dissimulation," said Edward, "and 'twill be hard to practise it. Yet I will try to do so to prevent all chance of difference betwixt you and my lord of Hertford, which would be greatly to be deplored."

"May it please your grace, his highness the Lord Protector comes this way," said the Marquis of Dorset, stepping forward.

As he spoke, the Earl of Hertford was seen advancing from the corridor, already described as communicating with the state apartments of the palace. From the magnificence of his apparel, and the splendour of his train, the Lord Protector would appear to have assumed a perfectly regal state. Preceded by a gentleman usher, and followed by a throng of esquires, henchmen, and pages, in superb habiliments, he was accompanied by the Constable of the Tower and Lord Lisle. His deportment was haughtier than it used to be, and now that he felt secure of his position, he seemed determined to assert his importance to the full.

"On my fay!" exclaimed Edward, "my uncle bears him bravely. One would think he were king, and not Lord Protector."

"Lord Protector is only another name for king, your highness," observed Seymour, dryly.

"Stay with me, gentle uncle," said Edward. "His highness looks angry. I hope he will not chide me."

"Chide you, my liege!" exclaimed Seymour, almost fiercely. "He will not dare!"

"I am not so sure of it," rejoined Edward. "But stand nigh me, and then I shall not heed him."

"I do not quit your person without your majesty's commands," answered Seymour.

As he drew nearer, it was evident that the Lord Protector was much chafed, and unable to conceal his displeasure. Sir John Gage addressed some observations to him, to which he made a very brief reply, keeping his eye all the while intently fixed upon the king and Sir Thomas. The latter hoped there might be an explosion of rage on the part of his brother, by which he could not fail to profit, but Hertford was too wary to damage himself by any such display of passion.

Making way for the Lord Protector and his train, the Marquis of Dorset and the Lady Jane Grey stationed themselves near Edward, while the luckless Fowler, who had not yet been dismissed, remained standing behind the young monarch. Sir Thomas Seymour did not move from his royal nephew's side, but drew himself up to his full height, as if prepared for the encounter.

Arrived at the proper distance from the king prescribed by court forms, the Constable of the Tower and Lord Lisle came to a halt; but the Lord Protector stepped forward, and after a profound salutation, which was courteously returned by his royal ward and nephew, said, with forced composure, "I have just been to your grace's chamber, and it greatly surprised me to learn from your chaplain that you had gone forth, nearly an hour ago, almost unattended, to walk and read within the privy garden. Permit me to observe to your highness that such a proceeding, not being altogether in accordance with princely decorum and needful self-restraint, it will be incumbent upon you, henceforth, to keep your room until I am able to wait upon you, when I will decide how it is meet your majesty should go forth, and whither."

"By Heaven! he will have your grace in leading-strings next," muttered Seymour.

"Does your highness mean to deny me all freedom of action?" cried Edward, somewhat sharply. "May I not walk forth at any hour I please—especially when disengaged? If so, I had better be back at Hertford than a prisoner in the Tower."

"Far be it from me to place any restraint upon your highness's movements," rejoined the Lord Protector; "and if it be your pleasure to walk forth early, you shall have no interference from me. Only I must give directions that you be properly attended, and that no one"—and he glanced menacingly at his brother—"be allowed to approach you without my consent."

"No one has approached me except my cousin, the Lady Jane Grey, and my uncle, Sir Thomas," rejoined the king. "Fowler will explain all to your highness if you question him."

"That will I," replied the gentleman of the privy-chamber, advancing a few steps, and bowing profoundly. "The Lady Jane Grey came forth to read in the garden, and there encountered his highness, who was similarly engaged. It would have done your highness good to see how little those two exalted personages heeded the cold, though I was half perished by it."

"What makes the Lady Jane Grey abroad so early?" demanded the Lord Protector, bending his brows upon Dorset. "You should keep her within her chamber, my lord. The privy garden is for the king's sole use, and none but he may enter it."

"I am well aware of that, your highness," replied the marquis. "I knew not that my daughter had so trespassed, and am sorry for it. Bear in mind what the Lord Protector has said, Jane."

"Doubt it not," she replied, meekly. "I am not likely to forget the reproof administered by his highness; but it was in ignorance that I offended."

"You will walk in the privy garden whenever you list, Jane, so long as you remain in the Tower," said Edward, taking her hand. "I, the king, give you permission—let who will say you nay. You need not fear disturbing me, for I shall go there no more."

The Lord Protector bit his lips, and looked perplexed; but perceiving that his brother was enjoying his confusion, he turned his rage against him.

"How is it that I find you with the king, sir?" he demanded, sharply.

"Because I chance to be with his highness when you seek me, brother. I know no better reason," replied Seymour, coolly.

"I do not seek you, but I find you where I would not have you," rejoined Hertford, sternly. "Take heed, sir. As governor of the king's person, it is for me, and for me alone, to decide who is fit, or unfit, to approach him. I do not deem you a judicious counsellor, and therefore forbid you to come nigh his grace without my sanction."

The only answer vouchsafed by Seymour was a disdainful smile.

Still more enraged, the Lord Protector went on: "After this warning, if you seek by any indirect means to obtain an interview with his highness, I will have you before the council, to whom you shall answer for your disobedience to my mandates."

Seymour glanced at his royal nephew, whose spirit being now roused, he promptly responded to the appeal.

"Your highness is mistaken," said Edward, addressing the Lord Protector with great firmness; "my entirely-beloved uncle Sir Thomas always gives me the best advice, and such as your grace and the council must approve, if you were made acquainted with it. I will not be debarred of his society. Tell the council so. Nay, I will tell them so myself, if needed."

"There are some of the council now present, who will doubt-

less report to their colleagues what your highness hath declared, said Seymour, glancing at the Constable of the Tower and Lord Lisle.

"Assuredly the council will take the matter into immediate consideration, if his majesty shall express any such desire," said Sir John Gage; "but bound as they are to uphold the authority of him they have appointed governor to his grace, I can little doubt their decision. I trust, however, that his highness the Lord Protector, in his wisdom and discretion, will withdraw the interdict he hath imposed on his brother Sir Thomas Seymour—the rather that it seems to me harsh and uncalled for, and liable to censure."

"I am of the same opinion with yourself, Sir John," said Lord Lisle. "If this interdict is bruited abroad, it will be said, and with apparent reason, that there is little brotherly amity between his majesty's uncles."

"I would not have that said, since it is not the truth—at least, so far as I am concerned," rejoined Hertford. "I therefore yield to your advice, Sir John Gage, which is ever judicious as honest, and leave my brother free intercourse, as heretofore, with my royal ward, only cautioning him not to put into his majesty's head a misliking of the government of the realm, or of my doings, so as to deprive my authority of its weight, and my counsels of their proper effect."

"That I will promise for Sir Thomas," said Edward. "May I not, gentle uncle?"

"Indeed you may, my gracious liege," replied Seymour. "I will instil nothing into your mind but what is right and just, and any influence I may possess with your highness will ever be directed towards preparing you for the exercise of the power you are one day fully to assume. Such conduct the council and his highness the Lord Protector cannot fail to approve."

"I am heartily glad you are reconciled, my good uncles both," said Edward, looking from one to the other, "and I trust no further difference will arise between you on my account, or any other."

## VII.

OF THE AFFRONT OFFERED BY QUEEN CATHERINE PARR TO THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD; AND HOW UGO HARRINGTON WAS SENT TO CONDUCT THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO THE TOWER.

THE reconciliation between the two Seymours was so evidently hollow, that it imposed on no one—not even upon their royal nephew. The arrogant and domineering tone suddenly adopted by the Lord Protector towards his brother would scarcely have been brooked by Sir Thomas, even if his nature had been less fiery; while the haughty and insolent manner of the younger Seymour was equally intolerable to Hertford, who now seemed to expect the submission ordinarily paid to the will of a sovereign.



Instead of being allayed, therefore, their animosity was merely masked, and threatened a fresh and more decided outbreak.

Though quite aware how matters stood with his uncles, the amiable young monarch fondly persuaded himself he could keep peace between them; but besides having to deal with impracticable subjects, he himself unwittingly heightened the discord. From the ingenuousness of his nature, and from his extremely affectionate disposition, he was utterly unable to disguise the preference he felt for his younger uncle, and instead of soothing the Lord Protector's irritation, he still further exasperated him against one whom he was unable to regard in any other light than that of a dangerous rival. Already Hertford had resolved to remove his brother, as soon as opportunity offered: already Sir Thomas Seymour had determined, at any cost, to supplant the Lord Protector.

Another grand banquet was given that day, to which the young king, with the Lord Protector, the council, and all the nobles, knights, and ladies within the Tower, sat down. It was served with all the profusion and state of the times. A long grace in Latin was delivered by the Tower chaplain, both before and after the meal, to which Edward listened with devout attention, distinctly pronouncing the word "Amen," on both occasions, at the close of the prayer. The young king would willingly have dispensed with the services of the numerous marshals and ushers, the officious cup-bearers and other officers of the table, but he endured their attendance with a very good grace. Excessively temperate in his habits, Edward drank nothing stronger than water, and did but scanty justice to the good cheer provided for him by the clerk of the kitchen.

At the commencement of the feast, a trifling incident occurred which somewhat marred the harmony of the proceedings, and gave the Lord Protector new ground of offence against his brother. The Countess of Hertford, a very beautiful and exceedingly proud woman, had fancied herself slighted at the banquet on the preceding day by the queen-dowager, of whom, in consequence of her husband's elevation to almost regal state, she thought herself entitled to take precedence. She therefore persuaded her husband, who was greatly under her governance, to assign her a seat near the king at the next banquet. The Lord Protector gave the requisite instructions to the chief usher, and the matter appeared to be arranged; but before Lady Hertford could occupy the coveted position, the queen-dowager appeared, and haughtily declining the seat offered her by the usher, took her customary place beside the king. In the execution of this step she was aided by Sir Thomas Seymour, who prevented his sister-in-law from sitting down, and ceremoniously ushered the queen to her chair. If the affront to Lady Hertford on the previous night had been undesigned on the queen's part, the same excuse could not be

offered for her majesty's behaviour on this occasion. She was pointedly rude to the countess, and made several cutting remarks on the Lord Protector, which he was unable to resent. Additional effect was given these sarcasms by Sir Thomas Seymour, who remained standing behind the queen's chair for some time to enjoy his sister-in-law's discomfiture, and exerted all his great powers of wit and raillery to lend force and pungency to her majesty's observations. Lady Hertford was even more mortified than her husband, but her indignation was chiefly directed against the queen, on whom she resolved to be revenged at the earliest opportunity. She also internally resolved to call the Lord Protector to task for not sufficiently asserting his dignity, and her own. As to Sir Thomas Seymour, the position he had taken up enabled him to divide his attention between the queen-dowager and his royal nephew, and he performed his part so adroitly as to delight both.

The youthful Lady Jane Grey occupied a seat at the royal board next to her father, and not so far removed from Edward but that he was able, occasionally, to exchange a word with her. Jane ate as little as the abstemious young monarch himself, a point of resemblance between them not unnoticed by Seymour, who called the queen-dowager's attention to the circumstance. Catherine appeared greatly pleased with the young maiden, and, when the repast was ended, called her to her, bidding her come with her to her private apartments, and adding graciously that she had heard much of her, and desired to know her better. The invitation was equally agreeable to Jane and to the Marquis of Dorset, though the latter fancied he could tell by whom it had been prompted.

As the king was quitting the banquetting chamber with the Lord Protector, he expressed a desire that his sister Elizabeth should be sent for to the Tower; and, furthermore, that his two preceptors, Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox, should accompany the princess. Though the request did not seem to be relished by his uncle, he made no objections to it; and Sir Thomas Seymour, who was evidently delighted by the notion, volunteered to go to Hertford for the princess. This proposal, however, was peremptorily rejected by the Lord Protector, but he at length agreed that his brother's esquire, Ugo Harrington, should be despatched on the errand with a sufficient escort.

"I will go seek Ugo," cried Seymour, as soon as his brother's consent had been obtained, "and despatch him at once to Hertford."

A grateful look from his royal nephew thanked him for his zeal.

But his haste to depart seemed to surprise and displease the queen-dowager, for she called out to him somewhat sharply, "Whither so fast, Sir Thomas? Methinks I have not yet dismissed you, and I counted upon your attendance for some little while longer."

"I pray you have me excused, gracious madam," he replied, in

a deeply deferential tone. "I have his majesty's commands to send off an escort to bring the Princess Elizabeth from Hertford. As soon as I have executed my commission I will return."

"Is Elizabeth coming to the Tower?" inquired Catherine, with a look of annoyance.

"Ay, madam," answered Edward. "The Lord Protector has kindly yielded to my desire to have my sister near me."

"I do not altogether approve of her highness's coming," observed Hertford; "but I cannot say 'nay' to your majesty."

While this was going on, Seymour made a profound reverence to the king, bowed with equal respect to Catherine—contriving at the same time to direct a very devoted glance towards her—and departed.

Making his way as quickly as he could through the crowd of gentlemen, ushers, henchmen, grooms of the chamber, yeomen of the guard, and others that beset the corridors and passages which he traversed, he at last reached the apartments assigned to him in the Wardrobe Tower; a structure at that time connected with a portion of the palace known as the "King's Lodgings." On entering a circular stone chamber, garnished with arras, and so richly furnished that its original dungeon-like look was completely changed, Seymour found the person of whom he was in quest seated beside a table, on which a flask of wine and a silver goblet were placed. He was singing an Italian canzonet with much taste and execution, his voice being a very fine tenor, and accompanying himself on a cittern. On seeing his patron he instantly discontinued his song, laid down the instrument, and arose.

Tall and gallant-looking, Ugo Harrington might have been considered very handsome, had not a sinister expression detracted materially from his good looks. His age was somewhat under thirty. His frame was slight but very muscular, his complexion olive, his eyes dark and quick, his teeth beautifully even and white, and in strong contrast with his short, silky, raven-black moustaches and beard. His looks were more those of an Italian than an Englishman; and, indeed, his mother was a Florentine, while he himself had passed most of his youth in the Tuscan capital and Rome. He was richly attired in a doublet of russet velvet, with hose to match, and a furred velvet mantle was lying beside him, ready to be put on when he went forth. On the mantle were laid a long rapier and a poniard, both forming part of the gallant esquire's ordinary equipments.

Respectfully saluting Sir Thomas, he waited till the latter had hastily explained his business to him, and then declaring he was ready to proceed on the errand at once, inquired if his patron had any further commands.

"Thou shalt take a short missive from me to the princess, Ugo," replied Sir Thomas. "Thou canst make such preparations for the journey as are needful while I prepare it."

Signifying his ready assent, the esquire retired to an inner

chamber, while Seymour sat down at a table on which writing materials were placed, and commenced the letter.

Apparently, what he wrote did not satisfy him, for, on reading it, he tore up the paper, and threw it into a wood fire, which was blazing cheerily on the hearth. He then began anew, but the second letter pleased him no better than the first, and was likewise consigned to the flames. The third essay proved more successful. Glancing over the note with a complacent smile, he muttered, "Methinks this will do!" and then placed it in a cover, secured the tender despatch with a silken thread, and sealed it with his signet ring.

While he was writing the third letter, his esquire, habited for the journey, returned to the room, but remained standing at a respectful distance, watching him with a very singular expression of countenance.

"Deliver this into the princess's own hands, Ugo, at a convenient opportunity. Thou understandest?—ha!" said Seymour, giving him the missive.

"Perfettamente, monsignore," replied Harrington. "But I confess I did not expect to be the bearer of a biglietto amoroso at this moment, when I had reason to believe your lordship to be on the brink of an engagement in another quarter."

"Thy conclusion that it is a billet d'amour with which I have charged thee is altogether erroneous, Ugo," said Seymour, with a smile. "I have merely indited a few words of good counsel to the princess, which I think she ought to receive before she arrives at the Tower. Presume not too much on my familiarity towards thee, amico, and, above all, never seek to penetrate my secrets. Be content to act as I direct thee, without inquiring into the motive. The time will come when thou wilt be well rewarded for any services thou mayst render me now."

"Per Sant' Antonio! I am sufficiently rewarded already," rejoined Harrington. "You have been a most munificent patron to me, monsignore."

"Nothing to what I will be, Ugo. But I must have blind obedience to my behests."

"You have only to command, monsignore. But I would I might prevail upon you to abandon this dangerous game, in which, I fear me much, you will fail; while you will assuredly jeopardise that of which you are at present secure. It seems to me a vain pursuit—gettare la sustenza e prendere l'ombra."

"I am resolved to risk it," cried Seymour, "be the consequences what they may. To speak truth, Ugo, I am so madly in love with the charming princess that I cannot endure the thought of yoking myself to another."

"Your lordship was wont to be more prudent," observed the esquire, shrugging his shoulders. "E perchè questa subita mutazione?—Una pollastrina non ancora buona per la tavola."

"Hold thy ribald tongue!" cried Seymour. "My passion may overmaster my reason. But setting aside my uncontrollable love for the princess, which would carry me to any lengths, however desperate, she is a far richer prize than the other. Possession of her hand would place me near the throne."

"You are irresistible, monsignore—that I well know—and the princess, like any other donzella, will no doubt accept you. But that will avail you little. The council will never sanction the match, and by the late king's will their consent must be obtained."

"Thou prat'st in vain, Harrington. I am immovable. Let me win the princess's consent, and all the rest will follow. And, by my halidame! I *shall* win it."

"To resolve to win, is to be sure to win, monsignore. I am all obedience. Not only shall this letter be delivered with the utmost discretion to the adorable princess with the tresses of gold, which seem to have ensnared your lordship, and which I must needs own are most ravishingly beautiful, but I will lose no opportunity of sounding your praises in her ear."

"Note her slightest word and look when thou speakest of me, Ugo, and report them."

"You shall have every blush, every downcast look, every half-sigh of the divinity faithfully rendered, monsignore. 'Tis a pity I cannot take my cittern with me, or I might sing her a love-strain which could not fail to move her. Luckily, the enchanting princess speaks Italian fluently, and if she will only encourage me, I will converse with her in that language of love, and then I shall be able to say more than I should dare utter in our rude northern tongue."

"Go, then, and success go with thee!" cried Seymour. "Thou must reach Hertford with the escort to-night, and set forth on thy return at as early an hour to-morrow as may suit the princess. Remember, her highness's governess, Mistress Catherine Ashley, and the king's preceptors are to come with thee, and make it thy business to stir up the two learned drones, that they occasion thee no needless delay."

"It shall be done, monsignore," replied Harrington, buckling on his rapier, and attaching the poniard to his girdle. Throwing his mantle over his shoulder, he then followed his patron out of the chamber.

An escort of some five-and-twenty well-mounted arquebusiers was quickly provided by Seymour, who at the same time ordered his own charger to be saddled for Harrington. All being soon in readiness, the gallant esquire crossed the stone bridge at the head of his troop, rode forth from the Bulwark Gate, and took his way towards Hertford, accomplishing the distance, about one-and-twenty miles, in less than three hours, which, in those days, and in the winter season, was not bad travelling.

## VIII.

HOW XIT WAS APPOINTED THE KING'S DWARF; AND HOW OG, GOG, AND MAGOG  
CRAVED A BOON OF THE KING.

AT noon on the day following, the youthful king, with the Lord Protector, and all the members of the upper and lower councils, met for deliberation within the great council-chamber in the White Tower. Though Edward sat in a chair of state, and ostensibly presided over the assemblage, it was quite evident that his voice had little weight, and that the real ruler was Hertford. All measures were proposed by the Lord Protector—all questions settled by him. As a matter of form, every matter deliberated upon by the council was submitted to the throne; but the king's advice was so asked, that the answer could only be given in the way desired by the Lord Protector.

Generally, the council seemed willing to act as Hertford desired, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor; but as yet he had merely exhibited a few symptoms of hostility, no matter having arisen of sufficient importance to justify decided opposition. Slight as they were, these indications were sufficient for the Lord Protector, and he resolved to be beforehand with his opponent, and to find a speedy pretext for his removal from the council.

After the main causes had been determined, two other matters were brought forward by the Lord Protector, which, it might naturally be presumed, would be of especial interest to the king—namely, the interment of his late royal father, and his own coronation. The former ceremonial was appointed to take place in the chapel of Saint George, in Windsor Castle, on Wednesday, the 16th of February; while the latter was fixed for February the 20th, the Sunday after the funeral.

Some time was occupied in discussing the arrangements of both these ceremonies. Nothing was determined upon with regard to the coronation, save that, on account of the king's tender years, it ought to be materially abridged, while several important alterations in the forms were proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury—but these were left for future consideration. It was decided, however, that Henry's interment should be conducted upon a scale of unheard-of magnificence, and with all the pomp and solemnity befitting so renowned a monarch. This design was to be fully carried out, even if the exchequer should be drained by the cost.

Edward seemed comparatively indifferent to the ordering of the solemn act that was to place the crown upon his brows, but he exhibited marked anxiety that the utmost respect should be paid to the memory of his mighty father; and entirely concurred in the

propriety of making due provision to give unwonted solemnity and grandeur to his interment. "As my father was the noblest and greatest of kings during his life," he said, "so it is meet he should be borne more honourably than any other to the grave."

Little share was taken in these deliberations by Sir Thomas Seymour, but he was not idle. He employed his time in the advancement of his ulterior designs, and strove by every means in his power to ingratiate himself with his colleagues. Perceiving the covert hostility of the Lord Chancellor, he made cautious overtures to him, but these were haughtily repelled by Wriothsley, who showed no disposition to act in concert with him.

At the bottom of the ill-feeling subsisting between the two Seymours lay Lord Lisle. By his arts, he had sharpened their mutual dislike into hatred, their jealousy into active animosity, and their want of forgiveness for slight wrong into fierce vindictiveness.

Lord Lisle had long since perceived the growing animosity between the brothers, and cautiously fostered it, in the hope that the designs of the younger brother to supplant the elder might occasion the downfall of both, and leave the stage free to himself. He therefore gave all the encouragement he could do, without committing himself, to Sir Thomas's aspiring projects, and led him to conclude he would join any cabal formed against the Lord Protector. With the elder Seymour his course was simpler. By inflaming Hertford's jealousy, and poisoning his mind against his turbulent brother, he rendered a good understanding between them impossible. It was Lisle who informed the Lord Protector that the young king had stolen from his chamber at an early hour in order to obtain a private interview with his favourite uncle; and though the maker of the mischief joined with Sir John Gage in the good Constable's efforts to heal the difference between the brothers, he knew he could easily undo the work, and widen the breach he pretended to repair.

So far from suspecting Lisle of treachery, or in any way distrusting him, Hertford regarded him as one of the firmest of his partisans. He knew him to be rapacious, daring, and unscrupulous, but he had no conception of the towering nature of his ambition, or of the mark at which he aimed. Deceived by the other's professions of gratitude, and fancying he had purchased his fidelity, Hertford took him entirely into his confidence, and laid open his breast to him. At this moment it would have been easy to crush such a foe; but the Lord Protector unwittingly let the opportunity pass by.

On the present occasion, Lisle did not fail to point out to the Lord Protector that his brother was intriguing with certain members of the council against him, and he advised him to beware. Hertford replied, with a significant look, that he would not neglect the caution.

On the breaking up of the assemblage, Edward signified his intention of visiting certain portions of the fortress, and directed Sir John Gage and his younger uncle to attend him during the inspection. The Lord Protector, whom it was needful to consult, even on so unimportant a matter, at once assented to the arrangement, but somewhat marred his royal nephew's satisfaction by offering to join the party with Lord Lisle.

The day was exceedingly fine, and very favourable for the promenade. Indeed, ever since Edward's accession to the throne, the weather had been most propitious. A sharp frost had now lasted for more than a week, and the atmosphere, though keen, was dry and wholesome. Moreover, the sun was shining brightly, and gave a pleasant and lively character to the scene, depriving the hoary walls of the keep and the grim-looking towers surrounding the inner ward of much of their customary gloomy character. The spacious area, known as Tower-green, was at this time, as we have already shown, thronged from morn to eve; but it chanced to be more crowded than usual at the moment when Edward issued from the portals of the White Tower with his two uncles and his other attendants. As soon as the assemblage became aware of the young sovereign's presence amongst them, loud acclamations resounded on all sides, and a great rush was made in the direction of the royal party.

While Edward was moving slowly along through the crowd, his attention was caught by a fantastic little figure, which at first he took for a monkey, but on examining the grotesque object more narrowly, he found it to be human—though the smallest specimen of full-grown humanity he had ever set eyes upon. Attired in a tiny doublet of bright orange-coloured satin puffed out with white, with hose to match, the mannikin wore a scarlet cloth mantle lined with sky-blue silk, about large enough to cover the shoulders of a Barbary ape. In his hand the little being held a flat bonnet of green velvet, which he waved enthusiastically to the king. The dwarf's features were decidedly of a simious character, the nose being flat, with wide nostrils, and having a long interval between it and the mouth, and the hair being of a tawny hue, with a marked resemblance to fur. The position occupied by this grotesque little personage was such as enabled him to overlook the royal party; he being perched on the broad shoulders of a gigantic warder, whose colossal frame towered far above the heads of the bystanders.

This tremendous son of Anak was quite as noticeable in his way as his pigmy companion—more so, perhaps. His features were broad and good-humoured, and mightily pleased the king, who could not help regarding him with a certain degree of wondering admiration. Clad in the scarlet cassock of a warder, with the rose and crown embroidered on the front and back, the giant carried a partisan almost as long as the spear of Goliath of Gath.



"Marry, that should be one of the three giants of the Tower of whom I have heard tell," observed Edward to Sir John Gage, halting as he spoke; "but who is the pigmy upon his shoulders?"

"Hath not your highness heard of Xit, the famous dwarf of the Tower?" cried the mannikin, anticipating the Constable's reply. "I am he. And it rejoices me thus to be able to wish your majesty a long and prosperous reign. Long live the noble King Edward!" he exclaimed, at the top of his shrill voice, waving his cap to the crowd, who loudly repeated the cry. "This overgrown fellow, an please your majesty, is Og—not Og, King of Basan,—but Og of the Tower," he continued, patting the giant's head, which was almost on a level with his own; "and yonder, on either side of the gate of the Cold Harbour Tower, stand his two brothers, Gog and Magog. There is not much difference of size amongst them, but, if anything, Og, though the eldest, is the lesser of the three; howbeit, he is the broadest across the shoulders."

"If Nature hath given thee but a small frame, she appears to have furnished thee with a glib tongue, sirrah," replied the king, laughing.

"I complain not of Nature, my gracious liege," rejoined Xit. "True 'tis she hath stinted me of my fair proportions, but if she hath denied me lofty stature, she hath given me in revenge more brains than she hath lodged in the thick skull of this mighty Anakim."

"Peace, thou saucy jackanapes, or I will dash thee to the ground," cried Og, angry at the laughter of the bystanders.

"That shouldst thou not wert thou as powerful as thy namesake of Basan," cried Xit, clinging with great tenacity to his locks. "I descend not from my station unless at his highness's bidding. Remove me an thou dar'st!"

"Set him down before me," said Edward, much diverted by the scene, "and take heed thou dost not harm him."

"Hear'st thou not his majesty's command, base giant?" cried Xit, pulling him by the ear. "Place me on the ground gently and gracefully."

Thus enjoined, Og stepped forward, and bent down in order to allow Xit to spring from his shoulder.

But though the giant stooped his huge frame as much as he conveniently could, Xit had still rather a high jump to make, and his foot unluckily catching in the puffed-out wing of Og's cassock, he alighted upon his head amid the irrepressible laughter of the beholders.

Luckily, the dwarf's head was tolerably thick, so no great damage was done him, neither was he much disconcerted. Picking himself quickly up, he rated Og for his clumsiness, sharply reproved the bystanders for their unseemly merriment, which caused them to laugh the more, and then made a profound, and, as he conceived, courtier-like obeisance to the king.

"What office dost thou fill in the Tower, sirrah, if there be an office small enough to fit thee?" inquired Edward.

"Any office would fit me, an please your majesty, since my capacity is equal to the greatest," answered Xit, readily; "but desert, as I need not remind so wise a prince, doth not always meet reward. At this moment I am out of office, or rather, I should say, I have been unaccountably overlooked. Honours and posts have fallen on taller men's heads, but not on mine, which they would have suited equally well—mayhap better."

"Your majesty's august father always kept a fool—nay, three—to make him merry with quip and quirk," remarked Sir Thomas Seymour. "Will Somers, Sexton, and Patch, are out of date; but this conceited dandiprat might fill the place of one of them, and serve to divert your grace."

"By the rood! I like your notion well, gentle uncle," rejoined Edward, with boyish delight. "Thou shalt be my fool, sirrah, if thou wilt," he added to Xit.

"I will be aught your majesty may deign to make me," responded the dwarf, "and I thank you, in all humility, for your goodness; but I would fain have the designation of mine office slightly changed. Half-witted buffoons, like Will Somers and his compeers, might well be styled 'fools,' seeing they were little better; but for me, I have ever been noted for sprightliness and wit, and I hope to divert your highness in a very different sort from dullards like to those."

"If thou lik'st not to be called 'court fool,' will 'court jester' suit thee better, thou malapert little knave?" asked Sir Thomas Seymour.

"It may suit me, yet I like it not," replied Xit. "If I sought to be styled 'jester' instead of 'fool,' it would prove me a great fool and a sorry jester—a jester being the greatest of fools, since every man may make game of him, which, I promise your worship, no man shall do with me."

"Aha! thou art as difficult to please as a breeding dame, thou saucy little varlet," laughed Seymour. "What title will please thee?"

"An I be simply termed his majesty's faithful dwarf, I shall be well satisfied," returned Xit, bowing obsequiously.

"Have thy wish, then," said Edward, delighted by the mannikin's readiness. "Henceforth I take thee into my service under that designation. Thou shalt have a dwarf's wages and a dwarf's livery."

"Let my wages be full-grown, though my livery be never so scant, an please your majesty," rejoined Xit. "If my hire be proportioned to my size, it will come to little. Measure it rather by yonder giant. Howbeit, in any case, I humbly thank your highness. Grant me a sword, and my happiness will be complete."

"A bodkin would suit thee better," observed Seymour. "What should such a jackanapes as thou do with a sword?"

"Use it in his majesty's defence, and in the maintenance of mine own honour," replied Xit, with the pride of an offended Castilian.

"Nay, if a sword will make thee happy, my cutler shall provide thee one," said the king. "Hie thee and bring those giant warders before me. I am curious to behold them."

"Your highness's commands shall be promptly obeyed," replied Xit, darting off towards the Wardrobe Tower.

"Ho there! ye dull and sluggish Titans," vociferated the dwarf, as he drew near the gateway beside which Gog and Magog were stationed. "Ho there, I say! Are ye deaf as well as stupid? Come with me instantly!"

"Wherefore should we go with thee, thou restless gad-about?" rejoined Gog, leaning on his tall partisan, and looking down good humouredly at him.

"Question not, but follow," cried Xit, authoritatively.

"Even if we cared to comply, we could not," rejoined Magog, the youngest and largest of the three giants. "Our post is at this gate, and we may not quit it till the guard be relieved."

"But I am sent by the king's majesty to bring you to him, rebellious Titans," cried Xit. "Obey at your peril!"

"Is this one of the gamesome little bawcock's jests, thinkst thou, Gog?" said the younger giant.

"I know not," replied the other. "His majesty is yonder—but if we stir from our posts without the Lieutenant's license we shall be reprimanded."

"But my order is from a greater than the Lieutenant, or even than the Constable, and ye had best not neglect it," cried Xit, stamping his tiny foot impatiently on the ground. "Know, ye incredulous bawsons, that I am now one of the royal household."

"Nay, an thou affirmest that, I doubt all the rest," said Magog. "I stir not hence."

"Neither do I," added Gog. "Thou must invent a better tale than this, thou false imp, to lure us from our duty."

"On my soul! your stupidity is on a par with your stature, ye huge puzzle-pates," cried Xit. "Ye are keeping the king's majesty waiting all this time. Ye shall ride the wooden horse and brook the stinging lash, if you detain me much longer."

"An it be true that the king hath sent for us, we ought to go," observed Magog, with a perplexed look.

"Assuredly," returned Gog; "but we have no certitude on the point. Ha! here comes Og to help us in the dilemma. What must we do, brother?" he added, as the third giant approached them with mighty strides.

"Stay where you are," replied Og. "The king will be here anon. Nay, Xit hath not deceived you," he added, seeing them look at the dwarf; "he was sent to bring you into the royal presence, but since then, his majesty having been informed, by the

Constable of the Tower, that you are on duty here, would not have you disturbed, but is coming hither himself."

"His highness will be here in a trice," said Xit, perceiving that the royal party was drawing nigh. "Take pattern by me, and demean yourselves properly."

In another moment Edward and his attendants came up. The three gigantic warders were now standing together, and as their big burly frames were bent towards the youthful and fragile-looking king, it was like three sturdy oaks inclining to a slender reed.

"A boon! a boon! an please your majesty!" exclaimed the three giants, in concert. "A boon we crave at your royal hands."

"Name it, good fellows," replied Edward, well pleased by their appearance.

"Fain would we be allowed some part, however humble, at your majesty's approaching coronation," said Magog, who acted as spokesman for the others.

"The request is granted as soon as preferred," replied Edward, graciously. "The Lord Chamberlain shall assign you a fitting part in the ceremony."

"Gramercy, my gracious liege," cried the three giants together.

"Bestow upon them ten broad pieces each, Sir John," said Edward to the Constable, "as an earnest of our future favour."

"Your majesty is over bountiful," rejoined Magog, modestly. "Howbeit, I make bold to say that your highness hath not three trustier subjects than my brothers and myself."

"Not three taller subjects, certes," rejoined Edward; "and I doubt not trusty as tall. There must be no pageant or court show without these lusty fellows," he added to Sir John Gage.

"'Tis what they are specially fit for, my gracious liege," said the Constable. "Your august father loved to see their burly figures in a pageant."

"Your majesty's condescension makes us proud," said Gog. "We shall hold our heads higher ever afterwards."

"No occasion for that," rejoined Xit. "Marry, your heads are too much i' the air already."

"Let us now to the Bloody Tower, good Sir John," said Edward to the Constable. "You promised to show me the chamber where the murder of the young princes was done."

"I will conduct your highness thither at once," replied Gage.

"Nay, I must have thy company, my merry little knave," cried Edward, seeing Xit look at him beseechingly. "I have conceived a liking for thee. Thy humour pleases me. Follow in my train."

Made supremely happy by the permission thus graciously accorded him, Xit strutted after the royal party like a peacock with its tail displayed in the sun.

## IX.

IN WHAT MANNER MAUGER, THE HEADSMAN, FORETOLD THAT CERTAIN LORDS SHOULD DIE BY HIS HAND.

ON reaching the wide, deep archway of the Bloody Tower, then secured at either end by strong gates and a ponderous portcullis, the royal party came to a halt, and a few moments were occupied by Edward in examining the beautiful groining and tracery of the vaulted roof. His curiosity satisfied in this respect, the young monarch was conducted by Sir John Gage to a postern on the east side of the gateway, which led to a small gloomy stone chamber, or rather vault, wherein, according to tradition, the victims of the ruthless Gloucester's cruelty were interred.

The Constable would fain have dissuaded the young king from entering this dismal vault, and the gate-porter who was with them appeared extremely reluctant to show it, but Edward had set his mind upon seeing the place, and was resolved to go in. There was nothing in the appearance of the chamber to reward the young monarch's curiosity. It was built of stone with a ribbed ceiling, and looked confined and gloomy, being imperfectly lighted by two narrow grated embrasures. But it had a very strange occupant, and on beholding him, Edward at once comprehended why admittance had not been more readily accorded him.

The aspect and demeanour of this personage were savage and repulsive, and even the king's presence did not seem to inspire him with much awe, though he rose on Edward's appearance, and made a clumsy attempt at an obeisance. The upper part of his frame was strongly, though not stoutly built, the arms being remarkably muscular, but his lower limbs were less powerful, and he seemed to be halt of the right leg. His physiognomy was singularly repulsive, the nose being broad and flat, and the eyes fierce and bloodshot; the forehead bald, and the hue of the skin dull and earthy. His cheeks were clothed with a shaggy black beard, and the sable locks left on either side of his head were wild and unkempt. His habiliments were of red serge, but above his doublet he wore a leathern jerkin, which was sullied with dark stains, as if of gore. On his right hip he carried a broad two-edged knife, protected by a sheath. But the implement that proclaimed his revolting office was an executioner's axe. This he had not the grace to lay aside, but continued to lean upon it while standing before the king. Another axe, similar in size and form, was reared against the wall, and near it stood a two-handed sword, sometimes, though but rarely, employed in capital punishments. When the headsman arose, it instantly became apparent that the seat he had occupied was the

block—and, moreover, that it was a block which had been frequently used.

While Edward gazed at the executioner with feelings of mingled horror and loathing, he bethought him of the Lady Jane Grey's description of the hideous catiff, and recognised its justice. At the same time, Sir John Gage sharply rebuked the porter for allowing his majesty to be offended by such a sight.

"Nay, the fault was mine own, good Sir John," interposed Edward; "the man tried to hinder me, but I would come in. Is it sooth that the two hapless princes were buried here?"

"Here where I stand, sire," replied Mauger, striking the floor with his heel. "Their tender bodies were laid i' the earth beneath this stone."

"Hold thy peace, fellow, unless his grace address thee," cried the Constable, angrily.

"Nay, I meant no offence," growled the headsman; "his majesty's royal father was wont to talk to me, and I thought I might do the same with King Harry's royal offspring. I once gave his late majesty a proof of my power which greatly amazed him, and I will do as much for his present highness if it shall please him to command me."

"Again I bid thee hold thy peace," said the Constable, sternly. "Hath your grace seen enough of this dismal chamber?"

"Ay; but before quitting it, I would fain know what proof of power the varlet proposed to display to me," rejoined Edward, whose curiosity was awakened.

"Some juggling trick, most likely, your highness," said Gage.

"Not so, Sir John," rejoined Mauger. "I am no soothsayer, but long practice hath given me a certain skill, and I can tell by a man's looks if he be to die by my hand."

Edward looked surprised, and glanced at the Constable, who shook his head sceptically.

"Will it please your majesty to put me to the test?" demanded Mauger. "But I must be permitted to speak freely and without respect to persons, else I dare not do it."

"Are there any here willing to submit to the ordeal?" inquired Edward, turning to his attendants, all of whom had entered the chamber.

Several voices replied in the affirmative.

"I am to be free from all consequences if I proclaim the truth?" pursued Mauger.

"Thou hast my royal word for it," replied Edward.

"Then let any one who will advance, place his foot upon the block, and look at me steadily," rejoined Mauger.

"I will go first, having neither fear nor faith," said the Constable. And he did as Mauger had directed.

After looking fixedly at him for a moment, the executioner ob-

served with a grim smile, "Your head will never be mine, Sir John."

"I never deemed it would, thou fell hound," replied the Constable, turning away.

"I will make the next essay," said Sir Thomas Seymour, stepping lightly forward, and placing his foot gracefully upon the block.

The headsman fixed his eyes upon him keenly for a moment, and then struck the flag with his axe.

A hollow and ominous sound was returned by the stone, as if the repose of the dead had been disturbed.

"That signifies that thou art to handle me on the scaffold, thou vile caitiff—ha?" cried Seymour, with a contemptuous laugh. "My nerves are unshaken. Does your highness hesitate?" he added to the Lord Protector.

"Not I, forsooth," rejoined Hertford, taking his place. "I have no more misgiving than yourself."

"Desist, I pray your highness. I like it not," cried Edward.

"Nay, I must needs disobey your grace, or my brother will say I am afraid," returned Hertford.

"That shall I, and think so too," cried Seymour.

"I pray your highness look me straight in the face," said Mauger.

And as the Lord Protector complied, he again struck the stone with his axe, occasioning the same hollow resonance as before.

"Soh! your highness is likewise doomed!" exclaimed Sir Thomas Seymour, with a laugh.

"It would appear so," rejoined Hertford, with a forced smile.

"Let us see what my destiny will be," said Lord Lisle, advancing.

And, setting his foot on the block, he gazed with exceeding sternness at the headsman, hoping to terrify him. Mauger, however, did not quail before the look, but, after a brief scrutiny of the other's countenance, again smote the stone with his fatal axe.

This time the sound proceeding from the flag was deeper and more awful than on the previous occasions.

"The knave ought to pay for his insolence with his ears," cried Sir John Gage, angrily.

"I have his majesty's word that I am to go scot-free," rejoined Mauger. "I cannot alter the decrees of fate, and am no more responsible for what may ensue than the senseless weapon I strike withal. But I do grieve sometimes; and it saddens me to think that a fair and noble young creature whom I beheld for the first time in the Tower, only three days ago, will most like claim mine office."

Edward shuddered on hearing this remark, for he could not help

fearing that the caitiff alluded to the Lady Jane Grey. However, he forbore to question him.

"Are there any more who desire to make the experiment?" pursued Mauger.

"Ay, I would fain ascertain if my death is to be by decapitation," cried Xit, leaping on to the block, and regarding the executioner with ludicrous sternness.

"Hence!" exclaimed Mauger, pushing him with the handle of his axe, and causing him to skip off with all haste. "No such honourable ending is reserved for thee."

This incident, which created some merriment, dissipated the unpleasant effect produced by the previous trials; and directing that half a dozen rose-nobles should be given to Mauger, the king quitted the vault with his attendants.

## X.

### HOW KING EDWARD VISITED THE DUKE OF NORFOLK IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

PRECEDED by Sir John Gage, and followed by the rest of his attendants, Edward next ascended a short spiral staircase communicating with an upper apartment in the Bloody Tower, wherein the dark deed was done that has conferred such fearful celebrity on the structure; and after examining the mysterious chamber, and listening to the Constable's details of the tragical affair, he tracked a narrow passage, constructed in the inner ballium wall, leading to the Lieutenant's lodgings. On arriving there, he was received with great ceremony by Sir John Markham, and shown over the building.

Throughout his investigations, the young monarch allowed no object of interest, historical or otherwise, to escape him, and displayed a quickness and a fund of knowledge surprising in one so young. Inquiries having been made by the king of the Constable respecting the state-delinquents at that time imprisoned in the Tower, Sir John Gage seized the opportunity of asking whether it would please his majesty to visit any of them, and especially the Duke of Norfolk. As may be conjectured, the proposition was not made without a latent motive on the part of the worthy Constable, who, being warmly attached to the duke, hoped that Edward's compassion might be so much moved by the sight of the illustrious captive, that he would grant him a pardon. The Lord Protector evidently entertained a like impression, and his dread lest his royal nephew's clemency might be exercised in behalf of the unfortunate nobleman was so great that he would have opposed the visit, had he not feared to incense Sir John Gage, with whom for many reasons he desired to continue on good terms. He therefore raised no objections when Edward agreed to go at



once to the Beauchamp Tower, where the Duke of Norfolk was confined, but bowing gravely in token of acquiescence, observed, "Your majesty must steel your heart. Efforts, I foresee, will be made to move it. But you must not forget that the Duke of Norfolk is a condemned traitor, and still under sentence of death."

"I shall not forget it," replied Edward.

It was not necessary for the royal party to go forth in order to reach the tower in question, since a communication existed between it and the Lieutenant's lodgings by means of a paved footway along the summit of the inner ballium wall, and by which the chief officer of the fortress could visit the prisoners unperceived. This mode of access, which still exists, soon brought them to the chamber wherein the duke was immured.

No intimation was given the prisoner of the king's approach. The door was unbarred by Tombs the gaoler, and Edward and his attendants admitted.

The apartment entered by them was spacious, and sufficiently well adapted to the purpose to which it was applied. Connected with it were two cells, which could be locked at night, and the walls, which were built of stone and of immense thickness, were pierced by four deep recesses, with narrow apertures strongly grated without. That the chamber had had many previous tenants was proved by the numerous melancholy memorials covering its walls. Its present unfortunate occupant had sought to beguile the weary hours by similar employment, and at the moment when the royal party invaded his solitude, he was engaged in carving a large crucifix on the stones.

Despite the terrible reverses he had experienced, and the weight of years—he was then considerably past seventy—the Duke of Norfolk was still a very noble-looking personage. Though shorn of wealth and honours, disgraced and attainted of high treason, his grandeur of soul enabled him to bear his unmerited misfortunes with dignity and fortitude. His lofty and stately figure was still proud and erect as in the summer season of his prosperity. He had fallen on evil days, but calamity had no power to shake him. His looks had ever been proud, as was not unnatural in the first peer of the realm, and his deportment singularly majestic; and both looks and deportment continued the same under the present trying circumstances. It is true that deep traces of care were visible on his pallid brow, and that his features were stamped with profound melancholy, but these changes only heightened the interest of his noble countenance. His grey beard had been allowed to grow to great length, and his hoary locks were untrimmed. On his head he wore a flat velvet cap, destitute of brooch, jewel, or plume. No collar of the Garter, bestowed on him by his own sovereign—no collar of Saint Michael, given him by Francis the First, were placed round his neck. His attire was without

ornament, and consisted of a long, loose, philemot-coloured velvet gown, furred with sables, with a high collar and wide hanging sleeves, beneath which the tight sleeves of a russet doublet were discernible.

On hearing the entrance of the royal party he ceased his occupation, and at once perceiving it was the king, he laid down the mallet and chisel, and doffing his cap, cast himself at Edward's feet.

It was a touching spectacle to behold this reverend and noble-looking prisoner prostrate before the youthful monarch; but with the exception of Sir John Gage it failed to move any of the beholders with pity. Even Edward himself seemed to have followed his uncle's stern counsel, and to have hardened his heart against the unfortunate duke.

Norfolk essayed to speak, but his emotion was too great to enable him to give utterance to his words, and a convulsive sob alone escaped him.

"Arise, my lord duke," said Edward, coldly. "And I pray you put some constraint upon your feelings."

"Will not your highness suffer me to kiss your hand and pay you homage?" rejoined the duke, retaining his humble position.

"Attainted of high treason as thou art, Thomas Howard, thou art incapable of rendering homage, and his highness cannot receive it from thee," interposed the Lord Protector, severely. "This thou shouldst know. Arise, as thou art bidden."

Recalled to himself by this harsh treatment, Norfolk got up, and said, in a mournful voice, "This, then, is the end of my long services to the king my master! Heaven grant me patience—I have sore need of it!"

Edward could not fail to be touched by the duke's distress, and would have spoken to him had not Hertford again interposed. "Thou forgettest the heinous offences laid to thy charge, Thomas Howard," he said, "and of which thou didst confess thyself guilty in thy submission made to his late majesty. Thy offences against thy royal master far outweighed any services rendered by thee towards him, and justly provoked his ire. Had the late king been spared another day, thou wouldst not be here now."

"I know it," rejoined the duke; "but another and a mightier hand than thine, Edward Seymour, was at work for my preservation. My death-warrant was prepared at thy instigation, but it was not given to thee to accomplish thy work. My life has been wondrously spared—it may be for some good purpose. Thou, who mockest me in my distress, mayst be the first to perish."

"Your highness has brought this upon yourself, I must needs say," observed Sir John Gage to the Lord Protector.

"In regard to my confession," pursued Norfolk, "no one knows

better than thou dost, Edward Seymour, by what devices it was wrested from me, and if it shall please the king's majesty to question me, I will explain why I was led to make acknowledgment of crimes whereof I was guiltless, and to sue for pardon when I ought to have been honourably absolved. Faults I may have had—as who amongst us is free from them?—but want of fidelity and devotion to my late royal master—on whose soul may Jesu have mercy!—was not amongst them. Witness for me the victories I have won for him over the Scots and French. Witness my wounds received at the siege of Jedworth and the assault and taking of Montdidier. Witness for me my expedition to Ireland, now some five-and-twenty years ago, when you, my Lord Protector, were humble enough, and proud of a smile from me—witness, I say, that expedition, wherein I succeeded in compelling the submission of O'Moore, and in pacifying the insurgents—for the which I received my sovereign's grateful thanks. Witness for me my missions to Francis the First, to prevent a complete rupture with his holiness the Pope. My royal master was well pleased with me on both occasions, and so I may presume was the French king also—seeing that the latter decorated me with the collar of Saint Michael. The collar is gone, but ye cannot say I had it not. Witness also for me the quelling of the dangerous rebellion in the north, and the dispersion of the so-called Pilgrimage of Grace. Owing to my determined measures it was, that a second insurrection was crushed. My royal master thanked me then, and termed me 'his right hand.' Witness for me five-and-thirty years passed wholly in my master's service. Witness full fourteen years passed in the service of that master's father. And, if it had been permitted me, the remainder of my days should have been spent in the service of my master's royal son, whom Jesu preserve!"

"I thank your grace with all my heart," said Edward.

"The best counsel my judgment could furnish hath been ever offered to your august father, sire," pursued Norfolk; "and it was offered disinterestedly. On more than one occasion I have poured out my best blood for him, and I would joyfully pour out the rest for your majesty."

"What says your highness to this?" demanded Edward of the Lord Protector.

"In enumerating his services to his sovereign," replied Hertford, "the Duke of Norfolk hath carefully omitted all mention of the pernicious counsels given by him against the professors of the Reformed faith, and of the secret efforts he hath made to bring the Church again under subjection to the See of Rome. He has forgotten to state that he was the principal deviser of the sanguinary Statute of the Six Articles, and that he was the grand persecutor of all professing the new opinions. Neither has he stated that in his last expedition to Scotland, in 1542, when he went

thither as captain-general of the forces at the head of twenty thousand men, the campaign was without result, and the king deeply dissatisfied with him. Equally inglorious would have been the expedition to France in 1544, had not the king conducted it in person."

"At that time my enemies were at work against me," said Norfolk. "They envied me my master's favour, and were resolved to rob me of it. Foremost amongst my detractors and enemies hast thou ever been, O Edward Seymour! The axe has been laid by thee at the root of one of the goodliest trees that ever grew on English soil, and thou hast hewn it down remorselessly. Beware of the axe thyself! Thou hast robbed me of my brave and chivalrous son Surrey, the soul of honour and loyalty! Never shall he be replaced! Never shall the young king's highness find such another, search where he may! I weep for my son," he continued, in a broken voice, "though I weep not for myself. A father's curse light on thee, Edward Seymour!"

"Your majesty will perceive what vindictive sentiments the arch-traitor nourishes," observed the Lord Protector.

"Some allowance must be made for a father's feelings," said Sir John Gage. "The loss of such a son as the Earl of Surrey may excuse much passionate grief on the duke's part."

"I thank you, good Sir John," said Norfolk. "Much courage is required to plead for the unfriended captive. One word more with thee, Edward Seymour, and I have done. Thou didst think to obtain possession of my estates. But I have balked thy rapacity. My royal master yielded to my prayer, and allowed me to bestow them upon the prince his son—and they were a gift that not even a monarch might disdain."

"We thank you much for your consideration of us, my lord duke," said Edward, "though we had rather you had been influenced by better motives than appear to have governed your conduct in the affair. Howbeit, we are beholden to you, and to prove our gratitude we hereby offer you a full pardon."

"Sire!" exclaimed Hertford, startled.

"Interrupt us not, we pray your highness," continued the king, with much dignity. "We offer your grace a free pardon," he added to the duke, who awaited the conclusion of his address with deep anxiety, "but we must clothe it with the condition that you renounce your errors, and embrace the Protestant faith."

"Your majesty hath said well," observed the Lord Protector, approvingly.

"What answer makes your grace?" asked Edward of the duke.

"Your majesty's pardon will avail me little," replied Norfolk, shaking his head. "I attribute the heavy afflictions with which it has pleased Heaven to visit me to my toleration of many mat-

ters contrary to my conscience—but I will sin no more in this manner. I will not change the belief in which I have been nurtured, even to purchase liberty and the restoration of my wealth and honours.”

“Your grace is very stubborn,” remarked Edward, with a look of displeasure.

“It is idle to argue with him, sire,” said the Lord Protector. “Severer measures might work his conversion, and these shall be adopted if your highness wills it.”

“Try them,” cried Norfolk. “Bring the sworn tormentor here, and let him essay his implements upon me. He may wrench my joints asunder, but he shall not tear me from the opinions to which I cling. The crucifix is graven on my heart as deeply as on yonder wall, and cannot be plucked forth, save with life.”

At this juncture Sir John Gage felt it behoved him to interpose in behalf of the unfortunate duke.

“If your majesty will listen to one who ever spoke fearlessly to your august father,” said the worthy Constable, “and whose sincerity was never questioned, though his bluntness may sometimes have given offence, you will abandon all idea of making the Duke of Norfolk a proselyte. Neither by fair means nor foul will his grace’s conversion be wrought.”

“You are in the right, good Sir John,” cried the duke. “I will die for my faith, if need be, but I will not forsake it.”

“It will be labour in vain, therefore,” continued the Constable, “to proceed in a task impossible of accomplishment. More than this, the course will be fraught with consequences inauspicious to the commencement of your reign, as I will venture to point out. The adherents to the old faith—of whom I am one—would consider any undue rigour shown their chief, as they still regard his grace of Norfolk, on account of his religion, as a blow aimed at themselves, and as an ensample of what they may in turn expect; whereby the minds of half, nay more than half, your now loving and loyal subjects will be estranged, discontent will speedily manifest itself, and troubles ensue, not easily quelled, and greatly perplexing to the government. Entertaining this view of the matter, I humbly advise your majesty not to meddle with his grace of Norfolk’s religion. By making a martyr of him, you will only serve the cause you desire to put down.”

“If your highness is bent on making a proselyte of the duke, try what reasoning and persuasion will do before having recourse to extreme measures,” remarked Sir Thomas Seymour. “Let his grace of Canterbury be sent to him.”

“I will not see Cranmer,” cried Norfolk, sharply. “He is my abhorrence. If he be forced upon me I will shut mine ears to his discourse, and utter no word in reply.”

“What is to be done with such a stiff-necked bigot?” exclaimed

the Lord Protector, shrugging his shoulders. "Compassion is thrown away upon him."

"If the duke's long services cannot procure him any mitigation of his sentence," remarked the Constable, "at least let him enjoy his opinions undisturbed. Here, in this dungeon, they can harm no one save himself."

"I love his grace of Norfolk sufficiently to feel great concern for the welfare of his soul," observed Edward. "I do not despair of opening his eyes to his errors, and rescuing him, even at the eleventh hour, from perdition. The separation of one so eminent from the communion of Rome would redound to the honour of the Reformed Church, and I have set my heart upon effecting it. The greater the difficulty, the greater will be the merit."

"I am glad to hear your highness announce such praiseworthy intentions," said Hertford. "They are sure to give satisfaction to the majority of your subjects."

"Again I implore your majesty to forbear," cried Gage. "You are ill advised to commence your rule with persecution."

"How, Sir John!" exclaimed the Lord Protector. "Do you dare impugn my counsel?"

"Ay," rejoined the Constable, firmly. "Moreover, I dare bid you take heed, lest you pull about your ears the house you have but newly reared. Body o' me! I dared speak my mind to King Harry, of whom I stood in some awe; and think you I shall not dare to utter it to your highness, of whom I stand in none? Nay, marry, but I will."

"Sir John! good Sir John! I pray you moderate yourself," cried Norfolk. "If I should unhappily be the means of dragging you into the pit into which I have fallen myself, it will aggravate my affliction. Let my enemies work their will against me. I can bear it all without a murmur. But let me not feel that I have harmed a friend."

"Let me join my entreaties to those of Sir John Gage, that your highness pursue this matter no further for the present," said Sir Thomas Seymour. "Above all, let not any warmth of temper which the worthy Constable may have displayed prejudice him in your eyes."

"Nay, if my wise father could overlook Sir John's impetuosity, in consideration of his worth, I am not like to be more particular," replied Edward. "But he should reflect, that by over-zeal he may injure his own cause."

"Rebuke so just and yet so temperate, proceeding from lips so young, shows what may be expected from your highness's mature judgment," replied the Constable. "I thank you for the lesson, and will lay it carefully to heart."

"Let me not be backward in acknowledging that my own hastiness occasioned Sir John's display of temper," said the Lord

Protector, "and therefore your majesty's just rebuke applies to me as well as to him. I pray you forgive me, good Sir John."

"Nay, your highness makes more of the matter than it needs," rejoined the Constable, heartily.

"Since they are all making friends, the real cause of the quarrel will be overlooked," whispered Xit, who was still with the royal party, to Sir Thomas Seymour.

"Peace, knave!" cried the latter, sharply.

"My indiscretion, I trust, hath not prejudiced the duke's cause with your majesty," said Sir John Gage. "If so, I shall deeply lament it."

"Set your mind at ease on that score, good Sir John," returned Edward. "Second thoughts, they say, are best, and, on reflection, I have decided upon leaving his grace of Norfolk to the free indulgence of his own religious opinions, erroneous and pernicious as I feel them to be. If any change comes over him, I shall hail it with the liveliest satisfaction—with the joy of the shepherd at the return of a lost sheep. Means shall not be wanting towards this end, and good books shall be provided for him. It grieves me that I cannot hold out any promise of liberation to his grace. So long as he entertains these opinions he must remain a prisoner. It might be injurious to the well-being of our Church to let so powerful an enemy go free."

"I am content, and humbly thank your majesty," replied the duke, bowing his head in resignation.

"I must repeat," said Edward, preparing to depart, "that it will be your grace's own fault if you be not speedily liberated, and restored to favour."

Norfolk shook his head mournfully, and bowed reverentially as the king and his attendants departed.

Soon afterwards, the door was barred on the outside by Tombs. On hearing the noise of the bolts shot into their sockets the unfortunate prisoner heaved a deep sigh, and then took up his mallet and chisel.

"Men's hearts are harder than this stone," he muttered, as he resumed his sad and solitary task. "Something tells me that boy's reign will be a short one. If it shall please Heaven to spare me to see the right succession restored in the person of Mary, and the old belief brought back, I shall die happy!"

## XI.

SHOWING HOW SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR PROSPERED IN HIS SUIT.

TOWARDS evening, on the same day, the Princess Elizabeth and her escort, accompanied by her governess, Mistress Catherine Ashley, and the young king's preceptors, Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox, arrived at the Tower. Sir Thomas Seymour, who had been on the watch for more than an hour, and whose impatience by this time had risen almost to fever heat, no sooner beheld the troop of arquebusiers, with the princess at its head, crossing Tower Hill, than he flew to meet her, and continued by the side of her palfrey as she entered the gates of the fortress.

Elizabeth blushed deeply as her handsome suitor drew nigh, and exhibited a confusion from which Seymour drew a favourable augury. Moreover, his anticipations of success were confirmed by the glance he received from his esquire, who rode behind the princess with Mistress Ashley and the young king's preceptors—a glance that proclaimed as plainly as words, that all had gone on smoothly and satisfactorily.

Never had Seymour looked more captivating to female eye than on this occasion. When he chose to exert the full force of his remarkable attractions, he was almost—as his esquire had described him—irresistible. Elizabeth now found him so.

Some months previously, during the late king's lifetime, perceiving that the fair young princess deigned to cast her regards upon him, Sir Thomas, whose temerity was equal to his good looks, had not hesitated to declare his passion. The declaration, however, was but coldly received, and he subsequently yielded to the temptings of ambition which pointed out the queen-dowager as the better match. At the last moment, however, and when he was all but committed to Catherine, his passion for Elizabeth revived with greater intensity than ever, and, as we have seen, decided him, at the risk of losing the prize of which he felt secure, to make a final attempt to win her.

On the princess's part, whatever prudent resolutions she might have formed, and however decided the refusal she designed to give, her determination failed her at the sight of her resistless admirer, and she listened to his honeyed words with a complacency that seemed to warrant the conclusions he drew as to her improved disposition towards him.

"Your esquire, Signor Ugo, is an Italian, it would seem, Sir Thomas?—at least, he chiefly spoke that language to me," she observed, as they passed through the gateway of the By-ward Tower.

"Mezzo-Italiano, altezza," replied Seymour, smiling. "A Tuscan on the mother's side."



"By my fay, a sprightly galliard!" she rejoined; "and much devoted to you, I should judge. He could talk of little else save his lord's merits and noble qualities, and harped so much upon the theme, that I was obliged at last to bid him change it, or hold his tongue."

"I am sorry he has offended your highness," returned Seymour. "In future, his manners shall be amended, or he shall no longer continue esquire of mine. But he hath heard me speak so often of you, and in such terms, that he may have fancied himself in duty bound to extol me to your highness. I gave him credit for more discretion."

"Nay, I might have been content to listen to his praises of you, Sir Thomas," observed the princess, blushing. "But when he repeated what you had said of me, I deemed it time to check him. Methinks you make too great a confidant of this galliard. They of his country are proverbially faithless."

"But Ugo is only half Italian, as I have just said," rejoined Seymour, "and I have bound him to me by ties of deepest gratitude. I have every reason to believe him faithful; but your highness may rely upon it, I will not trust him further than can be done with safety. And there are some secrets I shall keep sedulously guarded from him."

"You have given him a key to one he ought never to have been entrusted withal," remarked Elizabeth, half-reproachfully.

"Nay, if your highness views the matter thus gravely, I shall indeed be angry with the knave," rejoined Seymour. "But you may rest quite easy—whatever he may suspect, he knows nothing of a certainty."

"I am not to be deceived on that score," returned Elizabeth. "No man ever spoke as that galliard did, without authority for what he uttered."

"Hum! the impudent varlet must have gone too far," mentally ejaculated Seymour. "He shall never offend again in like sort," he added, aloud.

"To chide him will not mend matters," said the princess. "If anybody deserves reproof for presumption, it is yourself, Sir Thomas. Signor Ugo is the mere tool of his lord."

"Signor Ugo shall pay dearly for it, if he loses me only a feather's weight of your highness's good opinion, which I value more than my life," cried Seymour. "If I have been too bold, the force of my passion must plead my excuse. Since I last beheld your highness at Enfield, your charms have had such an effect upon me that my judgment has scarce been under my own control. Every thought has been given to you—every emotion has been influenced by you. My existence hangs on your breath. It is for you to make me the proudest and the happiest of men, or to plunge me into the lowest depths of despair."

"No more of this, I pray you, Sir Thomas," replied the princess, her bosom palpitating quickly, for she was not insensible to his ardour. "You will draw the eyes of the bystanders upon us, and some sharp and curious ear may catch your words."

"Nay, condemn me not to silence till I have learnt my fate!" cried Seymour, in accents trembling with emotion, which was communicated to the princess as he approached her saddle. "Idolo del mio cuore! what response do you vouchsafe to my letter? Speak, I implore you, and put me out of my misery."

"To-morrow I will decide," said Elizabeth, in tones almost as tremulous as his own.

"No, now—now, adorata!" cried Seymour, pressing still closer towards her, and essaying to take her hand.

At this critical juncture the warning voice of his esquire reached him. They were now not far from the entrance of the palace.

"Zitto! zitto! monsignore," cried Ugo. "Eccola li!—alla finestra del palazzo—la Regina Caterina!"

Roused by the caution, Seymour looked up, and, to his infinite annoyance and dismay, beheld Queen Catherine Parr, with the Countess of Hertford, the Marchioness of Dorset, Lady Jane Grey, and some other court-dames, looking down upon them from the open casements of the palace. Though it did not seem possible that the queen-dowager could have heard what was passing between the pair, yet the enamoured deportment of Seymour, his propinquity to the princess, and the blushes and downcast looks of the latter, seemed scarcely to leave a doubt as to the subject of their discourse. The scornful and indignant glance given by Catherine to Sir Thomas, satisfied him that her jealousy was awakened. Elizabeth looked up at the same moment, and was covered with confusion on perceiving so many eyes directed towards her.

"Retire instantly, I entreat you, Sir Thomas," she said, hastily—"you have placed me in a very embarrassing situation."

"Heed them not, fair princess!" he rejoined, complying, however, with her injunctions, and removing from her side; "they will merely think some light and trivial discourse hath been passing between us."

"The queen, my stepmother, looked as if she had a shrewd notion of the truth," rejoined Elizabeth.

"It may be well to lull her suspicions," said Seymour. "Treat the matter lightly, and laugh it off, if she questions your highness, as peradventure she may. She can have overheard nothing, so you are quite safe on that head."

In another moment they reached the entrance of the palace, near which the three gigantic warders were stationed, Edward having expressly commanded that, during his stay at the Tower, they should be constantly placed on guard there. A crowd of henchmen, pages, ushers, grooms, and other functionaries had

issued from the palace as soon as the princess's arrival at the fortress was announced, and they were now drawn up at the foot of the perron leading to the principal door to receive her. Alighting from her palfrey with the aid of Sir Thomas Seymour, Elizabeth entered the palace with Mistress Ashley, and was ceremoniously ushered by the marshal of the hall into the apartment assigned her. After making some slight change in her apparel, she descended to one of the state-rooms, where she was informed by Fowler she would find her royal brother. Edward was impatiently expecting her, and on her appearance he flew to meet her, embraced her tenderly, and gave her a hearty welcome to the Tower.

Scarcely had the amiable young monarch's raptures at the sight of his dearly-loved sister subsided into calm satisfaction, when he found a new subject for delight in the appearance of his two tutors. To the infinite astonishment of Fowler, who would have expressed his courtly dissatisfaction at the proceeding if he had dared, he ran towards them as he had flown to Elizabeth, and gave them both a very affectionate and unceremonious greeting. Taking them kindly by the hand, he prevented them from kneeling, saying with much benignity, "I have received you in private, my respected preceptors, because I wish all ceremony to be dispensed with in regard to friends I so entirely love and esteem as yourselves. As far as possible, I desire our old relations to continue. At the earliest opportunity I shall resume my studies with you, and while so employed I shall altogether lay aside the king, and be again your pupil."

"Such words have rarely issued from royal lips, sire," replied Sir John Cheke, "and do as much credit to your head as to the heart that prompted their utterance."

"Do not flatter me, worthy Sir John," rejoined Edward, smiling. "Now that I have got you with me, my dear preceptors, and my sister Elizabeth," he added, looking affectionately at her, "I shall be perfectly happy, and care not how long I may remain at the Tower. Since I have been here, Elizabeth," he continued to the princess, who had now joined the group, "I have formed a strict friendship with our cousin, the Lady Jane Grey. Her tastes, in all matters, coincide with my own. She likes reading, and is very devout. I am sure you will love her."

"I am quite sure I shall if your highness loves her," replied the princess.

"You will be able to form an opinion upon her at once, for here she comes," observed Edward, as the subject of their discourse entered the chamber with the queen-dowager, the Marchioness of Dorset, the Countess of Hertford, and most of the other court dames who had witnessed the princess's arrival from the windows of the palace.

Catherine's manner towards her stepdaughter was cold and constrained, and her greeting anything but cordial. On her side,

Elizabeth was no less distant and haughty. Her pride was instantly roused by the queen-dowager's treatment, and she resented it with great spirit. Besides, she instinctively recognised a rival, and this feeling sharpened her sense of injury.

As yet Catherine had not had opportunity of upbraiding her fickle suitor by word or look, but in the very midst of the scene we have described he entered the chamber. To keep aloof from the dispute would have seemed to be Sir Thomas's wisest course, but he knew better. He did not miscalculate the extent of his influence upon either party. At a reassuring smile from him, the frowns vanished as if by magic from Catherine's brow, and her countenance resumed its wonted serenity. At a glance, perceptible only to herself, Elizabeth was instantly softened, and assumed a more conciliatory manner and tone towards her stepmother. Lady Hertford noticed this sudden and striking change, and failed not to attribute it to the true cause. An unguarded exclamation of Catherine on beholding Sir Thomas's marked attention to the princess on the arrival of the latter at the Tower, had led Lady Hertford to suspect the truth, and subsequent observations confirmed the surmise. Still smarting from the affronts she had received from the queen-dowager, she now felt that revenge was in her power.

Catherine's coldness and asperity towards his sister had much pained the amiable young monarch, and he was just about to interfere, when Seymour's appearance dispelled the clouds, and turned the gloom into sunshine.

"On my faith, gentle uncle," he said, with a smile, "you bring good humour with you. We seemed on the verge of some incomprehensible misunderstanding here, which your presence has sufficed to set right. What witchery do you practise?"

"None that I am aware of, my gracious liege," replied Sir Thomas. "But were I an enchanter, my spells should undo mischief, not work it. I would put trust in the place of groundless suspicion, and gentleness in that of inconsiderate heat. By so doing, I might justly merit your majesty's commendation."

"You give yourself a good character, Sir Thomas," observed Catherine, with some remains of pique.

"Not better than he is fairly entitled to, gracious madam," observed Edward. "If my uncle always exercises his talent for pleasing as beneficially as on the present occasion, he has a right to be vain of it."

"An please your majesty," said Fowler, advancing and bowing profoundly, "the marshal of the hall hath just entered to announce to your grace that the banquet is served."

"Marry, then, we will to it at once," replied Edward. "Fair cousin, your hand," he added to the Lady Jane Grey, "and do you, gentle uncle, conduct our sister to the banqueting-hall."

Secretly delighted, though drawing a discreet veil over his satis-

faction, Seymour immediately tendered his hand to the princess, much to the mortification of Catherine; after which the whole party, preceded by a troop of pages, henchmen, ushers, and marshals, repaired to the banqueting-hall, and entered it amid lively flourishes from the trumpeters stationed near the door.

At the banquet the queen-dowager occupied the seat next the king, to which she had asserted her claim in the manner heretofore narrated, and of which no further attempt was made by the Lord Protector to deprive her. Sir Thomas Seymour, however, no longer stood behind her majesty's chair, but placed himself between the Princess Elizabeth and the Countess of Hertford. Nothing of moment occurred at the entertainment, which was on the same scale of grandeur and profusion as those preceding it, and which numbered as guests all the members of the council, and all the nobles and other persons of distinction then staying at the Tower; but Catherine's jealousy was re-awakened by the ill-disguised attentions of Seymour to her youthful rival—attentions which, it was quite evident, were anything but disagreeable to the princess. The slighted queen longed for an opportunity of launching her anger against them, but no pretext for such an outbreak being afforded her, she was obliged to devour her rage in silence.

Either Sir Thomas's prudence had deserted him, or the violence of his passion deprived his judgment of its due control, for at the close of the banquet he made no attempt to join Catherine, but again gave his hand to the princess, and without casting even a look at the neglected queen, or, it may be, not even thinking of her, followed his royal nephew and the Lady Jane Grey out of the hall. Catherine stood still as if stupified by his conduct, and pressed her hand against her heart to keep down the force of her emotions. She had not entirely recovered when Lady Hertford approached her.

"Methinks I can guess what is passing in your highness's breast," observed the countess.

"What insolence is this?" cried Catherine, haughtily. "By what right do you pretend to penetrate the secrets of my breast?"

"Nay, it is your highness's unguarded manner that betrays the state of your feelings," rejoined Lady Hertford. "Little penetration is requisite to discover that which must be apparent to all. My friendly intentions did not deserve this rebuff. I came to warn you that you are deceived—basely deceived by him in whom you place your trust. I overheard enough at the banquet to convince me of this. I could tell more—but my lips are now sealed."

"No! no! speak!—speak! I implore you, dear countess!" cried Catherine, in extreme agitation. "You sat next him, and must have heard what passed—in pity, speak!"

"Compose yourself, I pray your highness," replied Lady Hertford, secretly enjoying her distress, though feigning sympathy. "I feel for your situation, and will lend you help, if you are disposed to receive it. If you would effectually cure yourself of this unworthy passion—for so I must needs call it, though Sir Thomas is my husband's brother—which you have allowed to obtain dominion over you, go to-morrow at noon to Lady Hertford's chamber in the north gallery, and you shall hear enough to convince you of your lover's perfidy."

"Hath Elizabeth agreed to meet him there?" demanded Catherine, becoming as white as ashes.

"Your highness will see," rejoined Lady Hertford. "If you will leave the matter to me, I will contrive that you shall be an unseen and unsuspected witness of the interview."

"Do what you will, countess," said Catherine. "Prove him forsworn, and I will stifle every feeling I have for him, even if I expire in the effort."

"Proof shall not be wanting, trust me," replied Lady Hertford. "But I do this in the hope of curing your highness, and from no other motive."

"I know it, and I shall be for ever beholden to you," rejoined the wounded queen, gratefully.

"It will be needful to the full success of the plan that your highness put constraint upon yourself during the rest of the evening," observed Lady Hertford. "Let not Sir Thomas or the Lady Elizabeth fancy they are suspected."

"The task will be difficult," sighed Catherine, "but I will strive to perform it."

"Doubt not I will be as good as my word," said Lady Hertford. "Your highness shall be present at the rendezvous, and shall have the power to surprise them, if you see fit. I now humbly take leave of your grace." And she mentally ejaculated, as she quitted the queen, "At length I have avenged the affront! No, not altogether—but to-morrow it shall be fully wiped out."

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood.

. . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 Bp. LATIMER's *Sermons*.

## OF STORM-BREWING, AND SKYEY INFLUENCES.

THERE is a branch of our stormy subject which, though already partially illustrated, may justify some further notice—namely, the sympathies ascribed, by poetical licence or what not, to inanimate nature, in relation to struggling and suffering man, and *vice versâ*. No doubt that atmospheric changes materially affect the nervous system. Cuvier speaks of “cette malaise qui précède les orages dans les personnes nerveuses”<sup>\*</sup>—a *malaise* of which few households are ignorant. Now in the last fiction quoted by us, Miss Brontë's “*Villette*,” this *malaise* is copiously exemplified, with a curious degree of psychological and physiological interest, that indicates the personal experience of Charlotte herself. At one time Lucy Snowe is sitting at the fireside knitting: the wind has been wailing all day; but, as night deepens, it takes a new tone—an accent keen, piercing, almost articulate to the ear; a plaint, piteous and disconsolate to her nerves, trills in its every gust. “Oh, hush! hush!” she says in her disturbed mind, dropping her work, and making a vain effort to stop her ears against that subtle, searching cry. Three times in the course of her life events have taught her that these strange accents in the storm—this restless, hopeless cry—denote a coming state of the atmosphere unpropitious to life. Epidemic diseases, she believes, are often heralded by a gasping, sobbing, tormented, long-lamenting east wind.† At another time we see her in the empty *pension*, during the long vacation, the latter weeks of which have been tempestuous and wet. “I do not know why that change in the atmosphere made a cruel impression on me, why the raging storm and beating rain crushed me with a deadlier paralysis than I had experienced while the air remained serene; but so it was; and my nervous system could hardly support what it had for many days and nights to undergo in that huge empty house.”‡ At another time we stand with Lucy, in the night-time, beside a newly-sodded grave. “The air of the night was very still, but dim with a peculiar mist, which changed the moonlight into a luminous haze. In this air, or this mist, there was some quality—electrical, perhaps—which acted in strange sort upon me,”§ &c. And once more—to illustrate another aspect of these interacting sympathies and occult affinities—there is the apparition of the Nun, at whose going, “the wind rose sobbing; the rain poured wild and cold; the whole night seemed to feel her.”||

As a mere matter of history we all know how prompt men are to connect the phenomena of material nature with human incidents. That tremendous tempest which appalled the Spaniards at the siege of Mexico, is thus interpreted by the historian. The war of elements, says Prescott,¶

\* Cuvier, *Progrès des Sciences*, I. 265.

† *Villette*, ch. iv.

‡ *Ibid.*, ch. xvi.

§ *Ibid.*, ch. xxvii.

|| *Ibid.*, ch. xxxii.

¶ *Hist. of Conquest of Mexico*, bk. vi. ch. viii.

was in unison with the fortunes of the ruined city: it seemed as if the deities of Anahuac, seared from their ancient abodes, were borne along shrieking and howling in the blast, as they abandoned the fallen capital to its fate. Men take earnest note, as Louis the Fifteenth (no longer *Bien-Aimé*) lies a-dying, while the whole Court assists at the chapel, and priests are hoarse with chanting their Prayers of Forty Hours, and the heaving organ-bellows blow, that, "almost frightful!" the very heaven blackens; battering rain-torrents dash, with thunder; almost drowning the organ's voice; and electric fire-flashes make the very flambeaux on the altar pale.\* While Byron lay *in articulo mortis*, the poor Greeks of Missolonghi, who thronged the streets, inquiring into his state, regarded the thunder-storm which, at the moment he died, broke over the town, as a signal of his doom, and cried to each other, "The great man is gone!"† Both Dryden and Butler make emphatic mention of the hurricane that signalled the day of Cromwell's decease.

Lamartine's animated description of the arrival of the Marseillais at Charenton, on the eve of their entry into Paris, expressly notes that, "by one of those strange coincidences which sometimes appear to associate great crises in nature with great crises in empires," a storm burst over the excited capital. A close and dense heat, he continues, had rendered respiration difficult during the day. Thick clouds, striped towards the evening with lowering lines, had, as it were, swallowed up the sun in a suspended ocean. "About ten o'clock the electrical matter disengaged itself in a thousand flashes, like luminous palpitations of the sky. The winds, imprisoned behind this curtain of clouds, disengaged themselves with a rush like a flood of water, bending the crops, breaking the branches of trees, carrying the tiles from the roofs. Rain and hail sounded on the earth, as if they had been violently pelted from on high. Houses were closed, streets emptied simultaneously." It is added, that the lightning, which glared incessantly for eight consecutive hours, killed a great number of the men and women who bring provisions to Paris during the night; that sentries were found killed, and their watch-boxes burnt to a cinder; and that iron gates, bent by the wind or the lightning, were rent from the walls to which they were fastened by their hinges, and carried to incredible distances.‡ In the midst of this hurricane it was, that the conspirators of Charenton deliberated on the overthrow of the throne. At a lone house in the village were assembled blustering Santerre, and stammering, eager Camille Desmoulins, and burly bull-headed Danton, and croaking, equalid Marat, and Fabre d'Eglantine, and Barbaroux, and others of less note or notoriety; while the dreadful pother o'er their heads resounded as proem or prelude to the greatest and bloodiest of revolutions. Well might the skies have their Marseillais Hymn, breathing fire and slaughter, as well as the Marseillais themselves. If

A sudden gloom fills all the town,  
The wind comes sighing o'er the moors,  
And wandering, moaning up and down,  
Shakes with its trembling hand the doors,

\* Carlyle, Hist. of French Revolution, v. i. ch. iv.

† Moore's Life of Byron, ch. lvi.

‡ Histoire des Girondins, l. xix. § 15.



when, in a modern ballad, "The Whisper in the Market-place,"

When slowly through the market-place  
A stranger rode, but spoke to none,\*

if this amount of skyeey sympathy is poetically required for a single stranger and his mysterious advent, well might a storm of the first magnitude be brewed, and by poetising historians be described in detail, to usher in the tramp, tramp of those Marseillais thousands.

We have seen how Shakspeare works up the storm on the eve of Cæsar's death. But we have not yet quoted a passage which specially recognises the sympathy of the elements with the troublous time. "For now, this fearful night," says Cassius,

There is no stir, or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
Is favour'd † like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. ‡

Observe, too, the lowering, or rather the darkly, thickly veiled aspect of the heavens on the morning that King Richard arms him for Bosworth field. The doomed prince consults a calendar, to account for the sun's not rising. When, when will it be day?

Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

*Ratcliff.*

Not I, my lord.

*K. Richard.*

Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,  
He should have braved the east an hour ago:  
A black day will it be to somebody.—  
Ratcliff,—

*Rat.*

My lord?

*K. Rich.*

The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day!

The night of Duncan's murder is unruly; lamentings are heard in the air, strange screams of death; a rough night, of which Lenox testifies that his young remembrance cannot parallel a fellow to it. § An elder remembrancer, who can count his threescore years and ten, and who has in his time experienced "hours dreadful, and things strange," declares "this sore night" to have "trifled former knowings." || As closes, at sombre daybreak, the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, in the tomb of the Capulets, "a glooming peace this morning with it brings," says Prince Escalus, as the mourners disperse, "The sun for sorrow will not show his head." ¶ So in Addison's tragedy: the dawn is overcast, the morning lowers, and heavily in clouds brings on the day, the great, the important day, big with the fate of Cato and of Rome. \*\*

When Eve plucks the forbidden fruit, and eats, Milton tells us, "Earth felt the wound,—and Nature from her seat, Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe That all was lost." Anon, Adam is enticed to share in the transgression. And then, too,

\* Thornbury, *Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads*, 261.

† That is, resembles.

‡ Julius Cæsar, Act. I. Sc. 3.

§ Macbeth, Act I. Sc. 1.

|| Ibid., Sc. 2.

¶ Romeo and Juliet, Act V. Sc. 3.

\*\* Cato, Act I. Sc. 1.

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;  
 Sky lowered; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin.\*

And again, after sentence has gone forth against the guilty pair, while Eve would fain still sojourn in Eden, there, though in fallen state, content, Nature gives the first unmistakable sign† that Paradise is indeed Lost.

Justly does Sir Walter Scott admire in Dryden's Theodore and Honoria (from Boccaccio) the preliminaries to the apparition—the deepening gloom, the falling wind, the commencement of an earthquake. "Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye."‡—Sir Walter himself was notably susceptible to, and observant of, impressions of this kind. Lockhart tells us how they stood together in the Canongate churchyard, while the turf was being smoothed over his old favourite, John Ballantyne's remains,—when, of a sudden, the heavens, which had been dark and slaty, cleared up, and the midsummer sun shone forth in his strength. "Scott, ever awake to the 'skyeey influences,' cast his eyes along the overhanging line of the Calton Hill, with its gleaming walls and towers, and then, turning to the grave again, 'I feel,' he whispered in my ear, 'I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth.'"§ Among the many examples the Waverley Novels afford of skyeey sympathies, two occur to us, which may be taken to represent the class. One is where the Ellangowan retainers are searching for little Harry Bertram, after the gipsies and smugglers have made off with him, and away with the gauger. "The evening had begun to close when the parties entered the wood, and dispersed different ways in quest of the boy and his companion. The darkening of the atmosphere, and the hoarse sighs of the November wind through the naked trees, the rustling of the withered leaves which strewed the glades," &c., "gave a cast of dismal sublimity to the scene."||—The other is where Sir George Staunton—the husband of Effie Deans—is crossing the Highland lake, in quest of that outcast son at whose unconscious hands his death is even now imminent. "Pull away, my lads," says Sir George to the rowers; "the clouds threaten us with a storm." And in fact, as we then read, "the dead and heavy closeness of the air, the huge piles of clouds which assembled in the western horizon, and glowed like a furnace under the influence of the setting sun—that awful stillness in which nature seems to expect the thunder-burst, as the condemned soldier waits for the platoon-fire which is to stretch him on the earth, all betokened a speedy storm. Large drops fell from time to time, . . . but the rain again ceased. . . . 'There is something solemn in this delay of the storm,' said Sir George; 'it seems as if it suspended its peal till it solemnised some important event in the world below.'"¶ Reuben Butler may object, with the query, What are we, that the laws of nature should correspond in their march with our ephemeral deeds or sufferings? but the objection goes for little either with Sir George Staunton or Sir Walter Scott.

\* Paradise Lost, b. ix.

† Translations from Boccaccio.

‡ Guy Mannering, ch. ix.

¶ The Heart of Mid-Lothian, penultimate chapter.

† Ibid., book x. line 180 *et seqq.*

§ Life of Sir Walter Scott, ch. lii.

Manzoni's description of the lazaretto, peopled with its sixteen thousand patients, during the plague at Milan, omits not to make atmospheric influences add to the horror of the scene. The disc of the sun, as if seen through a veil, sheds a feeble light in its own part of the sky, but darts down a heavy deathlike blast of heat, while a "confused murmuring of distant thunder is overheard. Not a leaf stirs, not a bird is seen. Nature seems at war with human existence.\* The fifth act of Talfourd's Castilian tragedy opens on the battlements of Toledo, with a stormy sunrise, portending what is to come. "Those ponderous clouds that drew An awful splendour from last evening's sun Spread now a black pavilion, where the storm Waits to make noontide terrible." So speaks Padilla, on the watch-tower. And when he and his boy are about to set forth to battle, the wife-mother's remonstrance is founded on these same skyey influences:

Oh not to-day; all things in earth and sky  
Are charged with terror; see the river's mists  
Rise like huge shrouds to veil your battle-field,  
And the air's fill'd with storm.†

Floribel, in the Brides' Tragedy, awaiting her beloved, and on the eve of her death by his hand, exclaims drearily, as she sits by the fire in Mordred's cottage, "How gloomily the clouds look, and the wind Rattles among the brown leaves dolefully." In the next scene a mighty storm overhangs the huntsmen in the wood—"the day is in its shroud while yet an infant"—and anon the "great Tempest in his midnight car" comes forth, conquering and to conquer.

And thro' the fiery fissures of the clouds  
Glistens the warfare of arm'd clements,  
Bellowing defiance in earth's stunned ear,  
And setting midnight on the throne of day.‡

Meet time for the cowering huntsmen to find the murdered woman in the wood.

Meet and right too it is, on the same principle of electric affinities, or skyey sympathies, that when Violenzia parts with Ethel, she should have cause to exclaim, in her own despite, as she glances at the o'erarching heavens—"But late so fair—and now, look, clouds arise, And the wind begins to blow. We shall have rain. I think you are not ominous. Well, good night."§ And that when the mischief at court begins to work, and tidings of it reaches Ethel in the camp, there should be a storm without to give tone to the opening lines of his soliloquy: "How the wind rushes and the gusty rain Comes pattering in the pauses of the blast!"|| Campbell, in the feeblest of his longer poems, makes Theodric reach his dying Julia's abode amid a raging winter tempest—

Without was Nature's elemental din—  
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within!¶

Campbell's name, by the way, reminds us of what Bon Gaultier de-

\* I Promessi Sposi, cap. xxxiv.

† The Castilian, v. 1.

‡ T. Lovell Beddoes, *The Brides' Tragedy*, Act V. Sc. 2 and 3.

§ W. Caldwell Roscoe, *Violenzia*, Act I. Sc. 1.

|| *Ibid.*, Act III. Sc. 1.

¶ *Theodric: A Domestic Tale*.

scribes as having occurred at his funeral in Westminster Abbey. Milman, himself no mean poet, read the service, we are told; that service which may at no time be listened to without emotion; but in such a place, and in such circumstances, how solemn! As he read, the day, which had been lowering, grew darker and darker, and when the requiem mourned along the echoing roof, and the coffin was lowered into the earth, a solemn shadow thickened over the spot, which was made more sad and solemn, by a wan and sickly beam that struggled in from a side window.

"Then, as the mimic thunder of the organ rolled away, by one of those strange coincidences which are often observed in nature, a low peal of thunder murmured along the heavens without, carrying the thought far, far away from this dim spot of earth to the great unfathomed world beyond."\*

Louder, louder, let the organ like a seraph anthem roll,  
 Hymning to its home of glory our departed brother's soul!  
 Louder yet, and yet more loudly let the organ's thunder rise!  
 Hark! a louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies,—  
 Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing on from east to west,  
 Never grander music anthem'd poet to his home of rest!

In connexion with this particular we may notice what a graphic attendant at the funeral of Thomas Chalmers reports of skyeey sympathies. The day, he tells us, was one of those gloomy days, not unfrequent in early summer, which steep the landscape in a sombre neutral tint of grey—a sort of diluted gloom—and volumes of mist, unvariegated, blank, and diffuse of outline, flew low athwart the hills, or lay folded on the distant horizon. "A chill breeze from the east murmured drearily through the trees that line the cemetery on the south and west, and rustled amid the low ornamental shrubs that vary and adorn its surface. We felt as if the garish sunshine would have associated ill with the occasion."† At how many common funerals how many common men have thought the like thoughts!

There are frequent examples of skyeey influences in Galt's story of the Entail. Here is Charles Walkinshaw, just after he has learnt his disinherited lot, and just before his fatal illness—wandering distractedly down the Gallowgate. "The scene and the day were in unison with the tempest which shook his frame and shivered his mind. The sky was darkly overcast. The clouds were rolling in black and lowering masses. . . . The gusty wind howled like a death-dog among the firs [beside the Molendinar Burn], which waved their dark boughs like hearse plumes over him, and the voice of the raging waters encouraged his despair."‡ Then again when James Walkinshaw is perplexed as to his future movements—where to go, and what to do—we read that the doubts, the fears, the fondness, which alternately swayed him, received a "secret and sympathetic energy from the appearance and state of external nature. The weather was cloudy but not lowering—a strong tempest seemed, however, to be raging at a distance; and several times he paused and looked back at the enormous masses of dark and troubled vapour, which were drifting along the whole sweep of the northern horizon, from Ben Lomond to the Ochils, as if some awful burning was laying waste the world

\* Bon Gaultier and his Friends. 1844.

† Hugh Miller.

‡ The Entail, ch. xxxvii.

beyond them. . . . The uncertainty which wavered in the prospects of his future life, found a mystical reflex in the swift and stormy wrack of the carry, that some unfeeling wind was silently urging along the distant horizon."\* And, once more, when his widowed mother is on her dubious way, to take counsel with auld Leddy Grippy (Byron's favourite character in all modern fiction): "The twilight of the evening having now almost faded into night, she caught gloomy presentiments from the time, and sighed that there was no end to her sorrows. . . . The darkness of the road, the silence of the fields," &c., might awaken associations of anxiety and misgiving; "but the serene magnificence of the starry heavens inspired hope, and the all-encompassing sky seemed to her the universal wings of Providence, vigilant and protecting with innumerable millions of eyes."†

Even Miss Austen—homely, common-sensical, unromantic Jane Austen—employs in a quiet way the machinery under present review. But then it is in the congenial tale of "Northanger Abbey." Does not Henry Tilney fairly forewarn Catherine of what she may expect on becoming a guest at the abbey? The first night, after surmounting her "unconquerable" horror of the bed, she will retire to rest, he predicts, and get a few hours' unquiet slumber. But on the second, or at furthest the third night after her arrival, she will probably have a violent storm. Peals of thunder so loud as to seem to shake the edifice to its foundation will roll round the neighbouring mountains; and during the frightful gusts of wind which accompany it, she will probably think she discerns one part of the hanging more violently agitated than the rest. And so on. That is all Mr. Tilney's fun. But sure enough the very night of her arrival was worthy of the abbey, and attuned the impressionable damsel's thoughts accordingly. "Catherine, as she crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe; and when she heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building, and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds: they brought to her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such storms had ushered in." Gradually she is prepared for the worst. To her bedroom she goes, but not to bed—to bed—to bed! That were too dreadful. "The wind roared down the chimney, the rain beat in torrents against the windows, and everything seemed to speak the awfulness of her situation." She is irresistibly tempted to examine that high, old-fashioned black cabinet—to unlock it—to make off with a mysterious manuscript. Then snuffs her candle—alas, *out*. Appalling position. "Darkness impenetrable and immovable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from hand to foot." In a cold sweat, she gropes her way to bed, though repose is impossible. "The storm, too, abroad so dreadful! She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed fraught with awful intelligence."‡

Here again is another style of example to the main purpose, from one of Banim's Irish tales. Terence Delany is about to slay the proctor, Peery Clancy, beside an open grave, but grants his victim a few minutes

\* The Entail, ch. lxvi.

† *Ibid.*, ch. xcvi.

‡ Northanger Abbey, ch. xx. xxi.

of grace to make his last prayer to Heaven. "He walked aside. By one of those singular coincidences which occur oftener than they are noticed, the face of night suddenly changed; the stars became extinguished, and the wind howled through the leafless branches."\* All betokening a melodramatic crisis, ushered in accordingly. No sooner has Justice Rivers, in Hood's novel, announced to Grace her engagement with the obnoxious Ringwood, than "a startling crash of thunder, as if dashing in the roof of the house, seemed to ratify the sentence just pronounced. The father sat still as unmoved and imperturbable as usual, though the flash which belonged to the shock had shivered a poplar in sight of the window; but it made the terrified girl start to her feet with a smothered scream, as she saw the green tree, upon which she had been gazing, instantaneously stripped and whitened by the rending off of the bark."†

Lest we should be overdoing the melodramatic section, take an illustration from that of farce—in the case of Mr. Winkle on his way, by sunset, to become a duellist, *malgré lui*. "The evening grew more dull every moment, and a melancholy wind sounded through the deserted fields, like a distant giant, whistling for his house-dog. The sadness of the scene imparted a sombre tinge to the feelings of Mr. Winkle."‡ Mr. Dickens is profuse in examples of our theme, melodramatic as well as burlesque. The night was dark, and a cold wind blew, driving the clouds fast and furiously, before it, when Ralph Nickleby went his way to keep his last appointment. Ere long, he hangs, a dead man, in a deserted lumber-room—his last look from the window having lighted on "the same black cloud that had seemed to follow him home, and which now appeared to hover directly above the house."§ Note the weather, too, and its associations, when Ada and Esther Summerson go to cousin Richard's, neither of them in hopeful or lively mood. "It was a sombre day, and drops of chill rain fell at intervals. It was one of those colourless days when everything looks heavy and harsh."|| Even more profuse, perhaps, is Sir E. B. Lytton, in little sympathetic details of this sort. As Aram strides homewards to his solitary valley, one autumnal evening, Nature is described as seeming restless and instinct with change—there being those signs in the atmosphere which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning may rise in storm or sunshine—while in this particular period, the skyeey influences seem to tincture the animal life with their own mysterious and wayward spirit of change. It is the night of Aram's interview with the Stranger.¶ So with the day on which the latter tempts Eugene to his crime. "It was a gloomy winter's day, the waters rolled on black and sullen, and the dry leaves rustled desolately beneath my feet. Who shall tell us that outward nature has no effect upon our mood? All around seemed to frown upon my lot."\*\* Maltravers is talking with Florence, when, raising his eyes, he sees the form of Lumley Ferrers approaching them from the opposite end of the terrace: "at the same instant a dark cloud crept over the sky, the waters seemed overcast, and the breeze fell."†† When Robin Hilyard warns

\* Crohoore of the Billhook, ch. x.

† Tylney Hall, vol. iii. ch. ii.

§ Nicholas Nickleby, ch. lxii.

¶ Eugene Aram, book iii. ch. ii.

†† Ernest Maltravers, book viii. ch. iii.

‡ Pickwick Papers, ch. ii.

|| Bleak House, ch. li.

\*\* Ibid., book v. ch. vii.

the Earl of Warwick against Edward's false smile, and Clarence's fickle faith, and Richard's inscrutable craft, he takes his leave with these foreboding words: "'Mark, the sun sets!—and while we speak, yon dark cloud gathers over your plumed head.' He pointed to the heavens as he ceased, and a low roll of gathering thunder seemed to answer his ominous warning."\* Aspiring Glyndon, Zanoni's neophyte, retires to gaze on the stars: "But the solemn stars, that are mysteries in themselves, seemed, by a kindred sympathy, to agitate the wings of the spirit no longer contented with its cage. As he gazed, a Star shot from its brethren, and vanished from the depths of space!"† Godolphin speeds to his interview with Constance—that crisis in his life. As the event is unhappy, naturally we read that "The day was sad and heavy. A low, drizzling rain, and labouring yet settled clouds, which denied all glimpse of the sky, and seemed cursed into stagnancy by the absence of all wind or even breeze, increased by those associations we endeavour in vain to resist, the dark and oppressive sadness of his thoughts."‡ And, to give one more Lyttonian example, this little paragraph from the later history of Lucretia speaks for itself: "The following morning was indeed eventful to the family at Laughton; and, as if conscious of what it brought forth, it rose dreary and sunless; one heavy mist covered all the landscape, and a raw drizzling rain fell pattering through the yellow leaves."§ So commences significantly a chapter whose significant title is *The Shades on the Dial*.

Mark the opening paragraphs of "*The Woman in White*"—relative to Walter Hartright's expedition to Hampstead, on the memorable night of his roadside adventure with Anne Catherick. "The evening, I remember, was still and cloudy; the London air was at its heaviest; the distant hum of the street-traffic was at its faintest; the small pulse of the life within me and the great heart of the city around me seemed to be sinking in unison, languidly and more languidly with the sinking sun."|| Mr. Wilkie Collins is an artist—and artist-like is the striking of the keynote in passages of running accompaniment, such as these. So again on the night of Walter Hartright's visit to the Limmeridge churchyard, to keep watch for the white woman he erst encountered on the Finchley-road: "The clouds were wild in the western heaven, and the wind blew chill from the sea. Far as the shore was, the sound of the surf swept over the intervening moorland, and beat drearily in my ears, when I entered the churchyard. Not a living creature was in sight. The place looked lonelier than ever, as I chose my position, and waited and watched with my eyes on the white cross that rose over Mrs. Fairlie's grave."¶ Similarly, on the night of the lawyer's arrival at Limmeridge House, to arrange the marriage settlements: "The wind howled dismally all night, and strange cracking and groaning noises sounded here, there, and everywhere in the empty house."\*\* And, as stands to reason, it is on "a wild unsettled morning"†† that the marriage ceremony comes off, between ill-starred Laura Fairlie and Sir Percival Glyde.

Nor can any attentive reader of Mr. Hawthorne's romances have

\* *The Last of the Barons*, book vii. ch. iv.

† *Godolphin*, ch. xviii.

|| *The Woman in White*, vol. i. p. 5.

\*\* *Ibid.*, p. 253.

† *Zanoni*, book iii. ch. xii.

§ *Lucretia*, part ii. ch. xxiii.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 144.

†† *Ibid.*, p. 315.

missed the frequency of these and kindred phenomena, so closely interwoven with the progress and destiny of his characters. Here is conscience-stricken Arthur Dimmesdale speaking, as becomes his office, of judgment to come—at which little Pearl gives an elfish laugh; but “before he had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. . . . The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street, with the distinctness of mid-day, but also with an awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. . . . And there stood the minister with his hand over his heart; and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered [Scarlet] letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting link between these two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendour, as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the daybreak that shall unite all who belong to one another.”\* The stress laid on this meteoric appearance is thus far in keeping with the time and place of the story, that in those days the New Englanders interpreted all such phenomena (indeed whatever occurred with less regularity than the rise and set of sun and moon) as so many revelations from a supernatural source. The author doubts even whether any marked event, for good or evil, ever befel New England, from its settlement down to revolutionary times, of which the inhabitants had not been previously warned by some spectacle of this nature. *His* employment of them, we need not say, takes a wider range, and involves a subtler meaning.

Here again are Hester and little Pearl taking a forest walk—along a footpath that straggles onward into the mystery of the primeval forest—which hems it in so narrowly, and stands so black and dense on either side, and discloses such imperfect glimpses of the sky above, that, to Hester’s mind, it images not amiss the moral wilderness in which she has so long been wandering. “The day was chill and sombre. Overhead was a gay expanse of cloud, slightly stirred, however, by a breeze; so that a gleam of flickering sunshine might now and then be seen at its solitary play along the path. This fitting cheerfulness was always at the further extremity of some long vista through the forest. The sporting sunlight—feebly sportive, at best, in the predominant pensiveness of the day and scene—withdraw itself as they came nigh, and left the spots where it had danced the drearier, because they had hoped to find them bright.”† Sunshine on her pathway, is not for such as Hester Prynne.

Or shall we glance at the pastor and his parishioner sitting down, side by side, and hand clasped in hand, on the mossy trunk of a fallen tree? “The forest was obscure around them, and creaked with a blast that was passing through it. The boughs were tossing heavily above their heads; while one solemn old tree groaned dolefully to another, as if telling the sad story of the pair that sat beneath, or constrained to forebode evil to come.”‡

One glimpse more of them, and it shall be a cheerier one. Hester has doffed, once and for all, the scarlet letter, as an outward and visible sign at least. And she finds exquisite relief, that stigma gone, and the pastor enters into her joy. The day has been gloomy; but now, as if

\* The Scarlet Letter, ch. xii.

† Ibid., ch. xvi.

‡ Ibid., ch. xvii.



the gloom of the earth and the sky had been but the effluence of these two mortal hearts, it vanishes with their sorrow. "All at once, as with a sudden smile of heaven, burst forth the sunshine, pouring a very flood into the obscure forest, gladdening each green leaf, transmuting the yellow fallen ones to gold, and gleaming adown the grey trunks of the solemn trees. The objects that had made a shadow hitherto, embodied the brightness now. The course of the little brook might be traced by its merry gleam afar into the wood's heart of mystery, which had become a mystery of joy.

"Such was the sympathy of Nature—that wild, heathen Nature of the forest, never subjugated by human law, nor illumined by higher truth—with the bliss of these two spirits."\*

Is then the author of "Transformation" so objective a philosopher as to imply reality and self-existence in this flood of sunshine? Not at all. His doctrine it explicitly is, that love, whether newly-born, or aroused from a death-like slumber, must always create a sunshine, filling the heart so full of radiance, that it overflows upon the outward world. Had the forest still kept its gloom, it would, he says, have been bright in Hester's eyes, and bright in Arthur Dimmesdale's. Assuredly, in delicate symbolism of this peculiar kind, Mr. Hawthorne's tact is *sui generis*—so ingeniously fanciful is he, so quaintly suggestive, so profoundly humane.

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#### MACMAHON, DUKE OF MAGENTA.

CAN we justly blame the *laudator temporis acti* if, during the last ten years, he has insisted on the truth of his theory more pertinaciously than ever? This appears more especially true with respect to the modern celebrities of France, and we are tempted to ask whether the heroes of the first Gallic Empire wore stilts, or the generals of the second have had their feet lopped off. When the panegyrists of the last French campaigns placed the tactics and genius of the generals of the day above those of General Bonaparte, we could not refrain from remembering the old fable of the monkey on the camel's back, which fancied itself taller than the ship of the desert. With time, honest-minded people have grown reconciled to the first Empire, for the blows it dealt us it dealt, at any rate, fairly, and if it boasted, that was in a measure justified by the grandeur of its exploits; but at the present day parasites poison the sources of history, and smuggle pigmies into the Gallery of Giants. The real Napoleon, with his paladins, stands as high above the pasticcio of the present day as Thiers the historian does above M. de Bazancourt.

Any one who had a reticent dislike for France could not satisfy it better than by comparing the two generations of marshals in their good and bad points: Massena, Prince of Essling, with Leroy de St. Arnaud, who raked his marshal's staff out of the blood of his fellow-citizens;

\* The Scarlet Letter, ch. xviii.

Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, with Magnan, the Military Provost of Paris; Lannes with the mad De Castellane; Ney, Duke of Elchingen and Prince of Moskowa, with Baraguay d'Hilliers, who did not take Bomarsund; Suchet, Duke of Albufera, with the soldier-pedant Randon; Macdonald, Duke of Tarento, with Canrobert, who did nothing either in the Crimea or in Italy; Moncey, Duke of Cornegliano, with Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, who, as Minister of War, deposed Changarnier, and for it received the command of those Guards who defended the sacred person of Louis Napoleon and the Magenta Bridge, and thus gained their leader his marshal's staff.

We have purposely omitted several names, but the list of the old marshals is not exhausted, and even the July dynasty has its Gérard, Clausel, Valée, and Bugeaud, himself worth all the new men. Will Marshal Valiant feel complimented if we place him side by side with Mortier or Lefebvre? Does Pelissier consider he stands higher than Davoust? Bosquet is in no way superior to Augereau, and Macmahon has his natural prototype in Desaix, who won the battle of Marengo, and died ere he achieved his marshal's staff. Niel can raise no objection if we remind him of Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel, who also was an engineer, and little more. There is only one marshal for whom the first Empire has no comparison: in January 1, 1850, the Prince President of the Republic appointed his uncle, Jerome Bonaparte, Marshal of France.

Macmahon is, personally, the most perfect type of a soldier, and we have failed in discovering in him the slightest trace of any dynastic preference. He is a thorough soldier and a thorough gentleman. As his prenomens indicate, he is no Frenchman, as, indeed, the Parisians were taught by the harlequinade, "Macmahon, roi d'Irlande." His family fled after the overthrow of the Stuarts from Ireland to Burgundy, and thus the marshal was predestined to be the purest type of legitimacy. His father and uncle, like so many of their countrymen, served in foreign armies, the father rising to the rank of French lieutenant-general, the uncle to that of *maréchal-de-camp*. The family estate was the splendid chateau of Sully, near Autun, where, on June 13, 1808, the young Count Marie Edmé Patrice Maurice de Macmahon was born. He received his early education in the paternal mansion, and then entered the small theological seminary of Autun, with the intention of taking holy orders. The Catholic Church has been unlucky with its Autun priesthood: Talleyrand, bishop of that town, became an apostate in the French revolution, and finally emerged as very temporal Prince of Benevent, and diplomatist. The young seminarist of Autun also seceded, and went to a military preparatory school at Versailles. After all, though, the change was not so very great: Macmahon passed from the black army to the blue, for in both discipline and authority are the watchword. If you look closely into the marshal's delicate and somewhat ascetic face, and imagine the new imperial moustache removed, you can readily fancy that you have before you a Jesuit general or an Ultramontane monsignore.

In 1825 the Count of Macmahon entered the celebrated school of St. Cyr, which he left two years later, as fourth in order of merit. This distinction entitled him to join the general staff, in which he entered after studying at the Staff College, and in 1830 was appointed orderly officer

to General Achard, serving in Algeria. Macmahon was the first to scale the heights of the Lesser Atlas, when the army conquered the peaks of the Mouzaia; and he also distinguished himself at Staveli. Appointed aide-major in 1831, in the next year he accompanied General Achard, as adjutant, to the siege of Antwerp, where he also distinguished himself.

The year 1837 is memorable in French war history for the capture of Constantine. Niel was at that time captain in the Engineers: a prince of the blood was present at the siege, and the rock fortress must be captured at any price. Niel here gained his promotion as general officer, and Captain Macmahon was always in the front ranks, and on October 10th, 1837, received a bullet in his chest, which sent him home. In 1840 he was adjutant to General Changarnier, and he has retained that gallant officer in his memory, for he asked him, after the battle of Magenta, whether it was tactically justifiable. His ex-superior officer most kindly acquitted the Duke of Magenta; and a similar instance of an unswerving brotherhood in arms was soon after displayed by the brave Colonel Charras, who declined to lead one of Garibaldi's columns against the papal defender Lamoricière. Such a delicacy would be hardly comprehended by partisan politicians.

The above details, which we have chiefly compiled from the public papers since the battle of Magenta, are, we fear, dry, and do not account for the interest Europe has taken in Macmahon since he burst into renown. Unfortunately, the same dryness of detail continues till September 8th, 1855, not through our fault, nor that of any one, save the subject of our memoir himself. The marshal is a thorough gentleman, proud, aristocratic, reserved, always doing his duty, never boasting of his exploits, but obstinately concealing them from the sight of the world. He is not so easily satisfied with himself as are Castellane, Baraguay d'Hilliers, St. Jean d'Angely, and Randon; he does not play the soldier peacock like Caurobert; he does not even try to elevate himself by criticising others, like Niel. The services of all French officers are detailed at the war ministry of Paris; but every officer till his death is absolute master as to their publication. Read de Bazancourt's romantic description of the Crimean war: all the services of distinguished officers, whether alive or dead, are most carefully quoted by him; but you do not find a line relating to Macmahon. The *Revue d'Autun*, which has a right to be proud of him, spoke as follows, in 1859: "It is quite impossible to follow M. de Macmahon methodically through his repeated promotions and brilliant actions. He refused his family permission to make extracts from the papers of the war ministry; and even his brother, Count Joseph de Macmahon, who absolutely worships the marshal, knows only so much of the details and phases of his military life as the voice of the people and the newspapers, the narratives of soldiers and the echoes of the battle-field, have brought him." One of these echoes we readily repeat here, as characteristic of our hero: One day, after a hot affair, General Achard ordered his adjutant Macmahon to gallop with orders to the chief of a column, from whom he was separated by a large party of Arabs. "Take a squadron of Chasseurs with you," said the general. "They are too many, or too few," the adjutant answered, as he leaped into his saddle: "too many to get through unnoticed, too few to beat the enemy." And he galloped off. The Arabs saw him, and pursued him. A raging torrent had to be

crossed; Macmahon leaped it, and his horse fell on the opposite bank with a broken leg. The Arabs did not dare pursue him, but only sent some bullets after him; and the daring horseman carried out his orders.

In 1840 the fight took place in the "Bois des Oliviers," and Macmahon received, as the reward of his bravery, the command of a squadron of the staff. But another honour awaited him, which removed him from his past career: the Duc d'Orleans was at that time forming the ten battalions of Chasseurs à Pied, and selected the bravest of his brave officers to command them. The choice must have been excellent, for of the ten chefs de bataillon, seven are still on the general staff of the army. On October 30th, 1840, Macmahon took the command of the tenth battalion of Chasseurs, and remained with the army of Algiers till 1855, only leaving it for a short period in 1852.

In April, 1842, he distinguished himself at Bab-el-Taza, and was promoted to the Lieut.-Colonelcy of the 2nd Regiment of the Foreign Legion. In 1844 he behaved most brilliantly in the expedition against the Kabyles, especially at the battle of Biscara, for which he was promoted to the full colonelcy of the 41st Line Infantry. At length the *annus mirabilis* 1848 arrived. The "political" officers hurried to Paris; some from republican convictions, some on speculation, many as paltry adulators of the new authority, ready for later treachery to it. Colonel Macmahon remained in Africa, and the republic made him a general of brigade; in 1850, he became, *ad interim*, Commandant of Oran; and in 1852, Commandant of the Constantine division. At this time he undertook an expedition to the eastern part of the province, and fought the brilliant battles of Kalaa (from 11th to 19th July), for which he was promoted general of a division.

Until 1855 he remained in Algeria, when he was recalled, and given the command of the first infantry division of the second corps of the Army of the East. Canrobert, who had already surrendered the command of the army to Pelissier, was unwilling longer to command the division in Bosquet's corps; Macmahon was appointed to it, and had scarce entered the camp ere he had to prepare for action.

The 8th of September was approaching; Niel and Bosquet gave Macmahon their final instructions, and showed him the importance of the attack on the Malakoff. "To-morrow I will enter it," Macmahon replied; "and be assured that I shall not come out again alive." The division had only about thirty yards to cover from their trenches to the outer works. As the clock struck twelve the generals sprang forward. Bosquet had his colours put up on the extreme breastwork of the trench, as a guide to officers who had to fetch orders, and as a signal to the soldiers that the leader of the division exposed himself to all dangers with them. Macmahon placed himself at the head of his men, and even the Zouaves admired his coolness; four times did Pelissier send to him, begging him not to expose himself so madly. At length the troops reached the Malakoff, and, as Pelissier exclaimed, "it was impossible to stand more nobly under fire" than Macmahon did. Macmahon held the tower, and though he left it alive, it was not till the following day, when the Russians had blown up their Sebastopol, and thus heralded the victory of the allies. Strangely enough, Macmahon had not received a single scratch, for Providence wished to afford him opportunities of proving that he was more

than a simple Zouave. He temporarily received the command of the reserve corps of the eastern army, and returned to France, where he was placed *en disponibilité* on August 1, 1856.

External marks of honour now rained upon him. In 1849 he had become Commander of the Legion of Honour, Grand Officer in 1853, and Grand Cross in 1855. In the following year the Queen of England gave him the Grand Cross of the Bath, and the Sultan the Medjidié, while his own emperor appointed him a senator. But the laurel-crowned general could not endure the thought of a peaceful life, and in April, 1857, he took the command of an active infantry division in Algeria, and fought a brilliant action with the Kabyles. On January 1, 1858, he was again placed on the reserved list, and quietly entered the Senate, where he displayed a most unexpected independence of character when the laws of security were brought before the illustrious body of nutes. Macmahon could not agree to this political surveillance over all France, and alone of the senators voted against the measure. Most probably this act was the cause of his speedy removal, for, on August 31, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the Algerian forces afloat and ashore. It was the period of the experiment with Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, who suddenly received the ministry of Algeria and the colonies, and whose statesmanlike wisdom was to benefit the kingdom beyond the Mediterranean. The prince wished to decentralise Algeria, give the country its own civil administration, prefects, and general council, and he, of course, came into collision with the prerogatives of the hitherto omnipotent military administration. General Macmahon naturally sought to maintain the latter in their integrity, but did so with great tenderness for the views of the prince minister. The latter soon handed in his resignation, and Macmahon was recalled to France for the impending Italian campaign. Everybody predicted that he would have a grand command; and the emperor had three candidates for the marshal's staff: Macmahon, Saint Jean d'Angely, and Niel. In addition to the Guards, four corps d'armée took the field; the first under Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, the second under Macmahon, the third under Marshal Canrobert, the fourth under General Niel, and the fifth wheel in the carriage under the ex-minister Prince Napoleon. Macmahon complained to his imperial master that he had only two divisions, while his colleagues had three; but the emperor replied, "Your men are all Africans, and these two divisions are worth any three others." Macmahon might assuredly have asked for Christian troops instead of African tirailleurs or Turcos, for he was no longer in the half-Asiatic Crimea, where the black monsters "crept through the bushes like panthers," but on perfectly civilised Italian ground. But then Macmahon's two divisions thought they ought to receive the pay of three!

On May 31, 1859, Macmahon was with his corps at Borgo Vercelli, and on June 1 he advanced beyond Novara, with his front turned towards Milan. The next day Espinasse's division marched on the Ticino, with orders to hold the San Martino, or Buffalora bridge, which it found only imperfectly destroyed, and the river Ticino only defended by Austrian recruits under Clam Gallas. On the morning of June 3, Turbigo was occupied, and two bridges made. Macmahon's corps received orders to march on Turbigo, and, after joining Espinasse, advanced up the river.

At three o'clock Macmahon arrived at Turbigo: he ascended the tower of Robchetto, a village about two miles farther on, and discovered large bodies of Austrians coming up. At once he sent General la Motterouge, with a regiment of Turcos, to attack the enemy, and other troops advanced. A skirmish took place, in which forty men were placed hors de combat on either side. But why were not the Austrians pursued? The inexplicabilities of the battle of Magenta began on the previous day.

Napoleon III. gained the victory at Magenta, as Louis Bonaparte had done on the Deux Décembre—on both occasions through the stupidity of his opponents. What orders of the day were those for June 4? The second corps (Macmahon) was to advance, with the whole Sardinian army, on Buffalora and Magenta, and the Sardinians had only arrived at Novara, from Palestro on the previous evening. If the troops descending the Turbigo were to fight the battle, no preparations had been made, for only one division of the Sardinians was following General Macmahon's corps at a distance. At a later date this division figured in the French army reports to some extent, as Omar Pasha did in the Crimean bulletins: "his Turks," namely, "swept the streets of Balaklava." If, on the other hand, the main attack was to be made from San Martino, it is incomprehensible with what troops it would have been carried out. The third corps (Canrobert) had only marched the previous day to Novara, and yet the generalissimo had ordered Canrobert to cross the San Martino bridge with the grenadiers of the Guard. Canrobert was not there; but the fourth corps, ordered to march on Treocate, and the first, proceeding to Ofenga, were evidently intended to form a reserve and cover the flank. With what troops could the action be fought? Where were the "ten or twelve divisions" to cross the Ticino simultaneously? At eight in the morning, when a brigade of grenadiers was crossing the river at San Martino, Canrobert had just sent off a brigade from Novara. About two in the afternoon, when firing was heard from Buffalora (Macmahon) the Guard instantly held the two strong points of the Naviglio-Grande, the Ponte Nuovo di Magenta and the railway redoubt before Ponte Vecchio, but at this place the entire French army consisted of five thousand Guards, without any reserve. Where was Canrobert?—where the silent Macmahon? Is it possible to conceive that an enemy's territory would be invaded in such a way, on the risk of being cut off from the Ticino and transported to Vienna? The Austrians already occupied the houses to the east of the Ponte Nuovo; the Grenadiers and the Zouaves only held their own to the right with the utmost difficulty,—that is to say, a great battle was being fought with the reserve, which the Guards usually represent!

Picard's brigade, a portion of Canrobert's division, who, like Niel, was incessantly pursued by imperial orderly officers, first saved General Wimpffen and his Guards at the railway redoubt. The Line saved the Guard, as one corps must presently save the entire army. The right-hand side of the Ponte Vecchio was carried, but new Austrian regiments flocked in between the canal and the Ticino. At half-past three the indefatigable Canrobert hurried on before his troops to Ponte Nuovo; the Guard had by this time been decimated, and Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely saw his fine regiments shattered, as he was himself. The emperor, who, to the west of Ponte Vecchio, was probably meditating on his improper

wearing of the "round hat," answered all requests for help and relief by telling them "to hold their own." At half-past four, Niel reached Ponte Nuovo with Vinoy's division: at this moment Macmahon's guns began thundering at Magenta, and called the Austrians back, who were closely followed up by Niel with Martimprey's brigade. No battle, however, was as yet won, though one foolishly risked was saved. Giulai had let a glorious prey slip through his fingers.

Who was it that saved the battle, the empire, and the emperor? General Macmahon. On the morning of June 4 he marched his division in two columns southward. Motterouge's and Camou's brigades proceeded under Macmahon on Buffalora, while Espinasse dawdled along the road to Magenta, just as he had done in the Dobrudja. The distance between the two columns was too great, and menaced them both with destruction. Macmahon himself had pushed on to Buffalora, where the Guard had already arrived from the other side. Suddenly General la Motterouge remarked heavy masses of Austrians between Magenta and Buffalora, and Macmahon perceived, to his terror, that he had gone too far to his right, while Camou's division was still a long way in the rear. How easily could the Austrians get between the two columns, and defeat them in detail! Adjutants were hurried off to Espinasse, and for two hours Macmahon's troops waited, sniffing the smell of gunpowder.

Macmahon became a prey to impatience, and behaved here as he had done when General Achard's adjutant. He galloped with the speed of lightning through the Austrian videttes, and, though fired after, not a bullet struck him. He reached Espinasse's column, ordered him to turn to the left, and marched straight on the church tower of Magenta. Then he rode back to his own column, which he also led in the direction of Magenta. Espinasse, however, had great difficulty in moving among the shrubby ground, until, at length, Zouaves and foreign legion, losing patience, shouted "A la baïonette!" and formed in long line of sharpshooters. At five o'clock the second corps d'armée was together, and Macmahon led it towards Magenta. There was a terrible collision, for the village was barricaded, every house formed a fortress, and the railway station a miniature Sebastopol. General Auger planted a battery thirty paces from the station, and the action began: the troops advanced over corpses, and Espinasse was mortally wounded. By six o'clock the victory was virtually decided, although the fight was continued from Magenta to Ponte Vecchio till nine. General Auger pounded the retreating Austrians with forty howitzers, and the French bivouacked a little to the west of the battle-field. The battle was not continued on June 5, because Giulai had lost unaccountably two of his corps d'armée; but had it been so, the allies would have had nothing to fear, as their seventeen divisions were now concentrated. Of these only six had been under fire, which, according to the views of Jomini, is a great fault, for he asserts that all troops present ought to be led in turn into action. This was the cardinal defect of the Napoleonic strategy, and produced that "motion décousue et morcelée" to which even French writers gingerly allude.

Macmahon had orders whose strict execution must have proved the infallible ruin of his master. He was, namely, to debouch on "Buffalora

and Magenta:" that is, as matters stood, he was to march inland, and enable the Austrians to drive him into the river. But his perception of the danger of the position and his orders to Espinasse to push on, as well as his decision "de marcher au canon," prove to us the true general. An ordinary strategist would have tried, before all, to join the main body, and have effected the junction at Ponte Nuovo; Espinasse would, probably, have led his column straight on, and exposed it to certain destruction. But Macmahon had the luminous idea of passing round the main body, and laying a trap for the retreating Austrians. In fact, he caught five thousand of them in the triangle formed by Buffalora, Magenta, and Ponte Nuovo. He boldly went at the flank and cut the communications of the enemy: it was a brilliant manœuvre, in which Ney had failed at Bautzen, and which Desaix effected at Marengo at the cost of his life. The order of the day, dated from Napoleon's head-quarters, strangely enough, said but little of Macmahon, while it spoke in the highest terms of General Camou, who accompanied Macmahon's division with the voltigeurs of the Guard.

Macmahon's elevation to the rank of marshal was necessarily accompanied by that of Regnaud de Saint Jean d'Angely; but the addition, "Duke of Magenta," remained as a lasting distinction for the former. The second corps suffered terribly; and though French statements are so incorrect, the proportion between the several figures enables us to approximate to the truth. Macmahon had 1798 killed and hors de combat, the Guard 1009, and the third corps 1136.

Among the eccentricities of the Italian campaign, we must reckon the four days' halt which the victors allowed the conquered; for, after the battle of Magenta, while the French were resting at Milan, the Austrians were enabled to retreat quietly on the Mincio. The enemy was left for three days at San Giuliano, fifteen miles from Milan, and then two corps d'armée, Macmahon's and Baraguay d'Hilliers', were detached to drive him out of Melignano. But they arrived just two days too late, for at Melignano there were only two Austrian brigades, which held their own manfully against five French divisions attacking on the flank and front, and, after inflicting considerable injury on them, retreated in good order. Two corps d'armée thus drove out two brigades. Macmahon is naturally not responsible for these arrangements, or for the fact that Baraguay d'Hilliers would not await the arrival of the second corps, but attacked at once. Had the two marshals, however, marched in two columns along the road to Lodi on June 6, Macmahon could have repeated the battle of Magenta, and Solferino might have been saved.

We have now only to explain Macmahon's position in the action between the Chiese and the Mincio, when he proved once again that he never spoils anything, and is equal to the most varied circumstances. It is an ascertained fact that the two hostile armies knew nothing of each other's position when the morning of June 24 dawned. The French were marching on the Mincio, while the Austrians were advancing on the Chiese, with their positions excellently chosen, and with the intention of attacking. At five in the morning Baraguay d'Hilliers's corps came into collision with the enemy on the heights of the Valguera, and Macmahon, whose left rested on Baraguay d'Hilliers, his right on Niel, perceived from Monte-Medolano Austrian masses between Cavriana and Solferino. The first corps was under fire, and would evidently be driven



back by the Austrians, and we have no doubt the idea occurred to Macmahon to "marcher au canon" as at Magenta. But he knew, too, that circumstances can alter cases, and convert strokes of genius into folly.

Once again had the troops, thirsting for action, to wait two long hours. At seven o'clock, Niel arrived before Medole, and sent to say that he should move to the left so soon as he had news from Canrobert. At half-past eight the state of affairs appeared to Macmahon so serious that he resolved on advancing and occupying Casa Marino, on the road to Mantua. Schwarzenberg's corps rushed forward to the rescue from Guidizzolo, and a tremendous cannonade commenced, in which the brave General Auger was mortally wounded. Macmahon had plenty of work on both sides of him. Not only must he drive Schwarzenberg back, but at the same time keep up his communication with the first corps. It was here that his successful combination of the three arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, was highly applauded.

So soon as the terrible heights of Solferino were stormed, and French troops were visible along the crest of hills running to Cavriana, Macmahon set his corps in motion on Cavriana. Once he was driven back, but the second time his Turcos succeeded in holding the heights. It was now half-past four P.M., the Austrians were falling back on Villafranca, and the terrific tempest began—the elements commanded peace. With the breaking through of the Austrian centre any regular battle would have been decided, and this should have been called, after the Austrian headquarters, the battle of Cavriana; but the unexpected collision of the two armies entailed a number of actions: a battle of San Martino, on the left Sardinian wing; a double battle of Solferino and Cavriana; and the battle of Guidizzolo, the largest and most obstinate, on the right wing, whereby Niel gained his marshal's staff. We have thus seen Macmahon display his qualities under every circumstance, and we feel convinced that under the inspiration of a genial commander, such as Napoleon I. or Frederick the Great, he would become one of the greatest generals the age has known.

Grateful Sardinia gave the victor of Magenta the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus; he also wears, we do not know why, the Nischan of Tunis: his breast, consequently, is richly covered when he likes to display himself in all his state. But, if we may believe what we have been told, the Duke of Magenta had no very great opinion of the entire Italian campaign, and the remembrance of all that was done and left undone is at times expressed by a shrug of the shoulders. Every one present at the triumphal march of the army into Paris noticed how coldly and disdainfully the marshal rode along in the theatrical procession; his antitype was naturally Marshal Canrobert, who curveted along beaming with a victor's pride, and permitted no Parisian to take a greater pride in him than he did himself.

The marshal is now fifty-three years of age, light-haired, rather thin, but well proportioned, a little over middle height, somewhat reserved in manner, and sits a horse admirably. When mounted, his demeanour becomes military, his face grows animated, and his eyes flash fire. This is how his troops know him and understand him; hence they follow him through any obstacles, for, with Macmahon at their head, the latter no longer exist.

## THE PARTING FEE.

(A MEDICAL MEM. OF THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.)

"Oh, papa! you must make a story of it."

"Nonsense, children," I remonstrated; "it would give offence——"

"But, papa, is he not dead long ago?"

"Certainly, and has left no child succeeding, though he has, I believe, other relatives. Still, since dead kings are freely spoken of as soon as they become historic *subjects*, I don't see why they 'of a king's household' should be held more sacred; and further still, I dare say, on reflection, that the whole affair will now read but for what I intend it, a good story of how a first-class town physician made a green country lad pay for his post-horses into Hertfordshire."

So here goes to give an unvarnished reminiscence of fifty years ago:

Portly and heavy as I now sit, the old man in my "old arm-chair," about forty years ago I might not unfitly have stood, or sat, or lounged, as the original for Tennyson's "long and listless boy, and son and heir unto the squire," lying about in the fields to watch the setting sun, or occasionally mingling in athletic or gymnastic exercises with my fellows, without an aim or object beyond, living that sort of life, in short, in which so many pass some of the most precious years of youth, before *the incident* comes to set them a-going in their destined track in life.

I found myself suddenly one morning deprived of the free use of my right arm by an affection of the elbow-joint. Speculations, my own among the rest, were divided as to the cause of the accident. Some attributed it to a siesta on the dewy grass on a summer's evening, during which I abandoned myself, as young men will do, to an absorbed contemplation of the "crescent barque of the silver moon," and while leaning on the injured arm, fell asleep! Others eruditely referred it to a violent exertion in raising an extraordinary weight, in a contest of strength with some of my fellows a little time previous. "Doctors differ, and the patient dies." Doctors differed in my case, and the arm grew stiffer and more stiff, until at last I became incapable of the simple feat of tying my own cravat! When it came to this, I felt the matter growing serious—we were then in the post-Brummel era, when the mystery of the *Brummel tie* had become attainable by the common world, and when to fail in achieving that necessity of daily dress was to drag on a common, undistinguished, miserable existence. I dare say I should, in due time, have got well at home, but I grew nervous and melancholy about myself, and my father, consigning all country practice to an "unknown bourne," in his anxiety for his son and heir, decided that I must resort to "the best advice," and at once. Now, as "the best advice" included as an essential a visit to unknown London, I fell into his plans with the most amiable docility; so, with an ample credit and some letters of introduction, I achieved the journey with all the "deliberate despatch" which the crawling rate of travel in those antediluvian days admitted. I crossed from the south of Ireland to Bristol, and although the Bristol mail of that date went at

what the coachman justly described as "the tidy pace" of eleven miles an hour, yet the speed at which I have since performed the same journey so immeasurably distances the old rate of going, that they are not to be "spoken of in the same day."

Arrived in London, with my arm in a sling and a case not very pressing, I hesitated some time between the two great medical authorities, thus dividing between them the confidence and practice of the metropolis, who were distinguished as the *curt* and the *courtly*. "If you want a man that has no nonsense about him, go to Abernethy," said one. "Sir Astley Cooper is confessedly the first man of his day," said another, in a tone which admitted of no question. I believe the title carried it, and accordingly I presented myself at Sir A. Cooper's morning levee at Spring-gardens a few days after my arrival in town, with a note of introduction from a lady of rank and fashion, who, for my father's sake (an old friend), commended me to his particular attention. "Bosh" was not known in those days, or I should soon have found out that notes of introduction to a first-rate physician are what is now classically termed "bosh," and that the best and only introduction known in such cases lies in a man's own purse.

I found Sir Astley Cooper, both in science and courtesy, all for which the public voice proclaimed him. His commanding manner, his noble presence, his full-dress suit, which bespoke him ready at a moment's notice to attend on his royal master, all made their due *first* impression on a simple country youth, and his after treatment of my case confirmed my first impression. I do not know whether my case was or was not a difficult one; I am not going to inflict it on my readers in a diagnosis or rifacciamento. I know this, that the cure was complete and effectual. Sir Astley Cooper cut short my explanation of the suggested probable causes of an effusion into the injured elbow-joint by slightly observing that either cause would be sufficient, but that the matter was now to come at and remedy the mischief done; and in about a month after he had commenced a system of painful treatment, and when in my ignorance and impatience I was fancying my case becoming chronic and hopeless, he suddenly greeted me with, "Your arm is well, sir; the affection of the joint is removed. You have been undergoing some severe treatment, and as soon as it is healed I advise, if you have time, a little change of scene and recreation. Go over to Paris, and enjoy yourself; take some of their medicated baths, in which we fail, and they are famous; they will restore the tone of your system, and then you may return home as soon as you will."

This is a summary of the result of my intercourse with this great and justly celebrated physician of his day and generation. One or two incidents which marked its progress may be worth noting down, the last of which my children think too good to be lost, and thus have teased me into "making a story" of it.

Sir A. Cooper held an ever full morning levee of patients, which, whether all the cases were disposed of or not, closed at noon, when he left for a circuit of visits, never ended until dinner-time. At what rate of fees he dashed about town, as fast as his well-horsed chariot could carry him, I cannot say, but in his morning practice minutes might be said to reckon for guineas; in the month of my attendance on him, at the rate of

one guinea daily, I feel quite sure that I did not occupy one whole hour of his time, taking all together. It was the business of his "dresser," who hurried patients in and out as fast as possible, to take care that not a second was unnecessarily wasted. On one occasion when, as I recollect, I was almost fainting under the effects of severe handling, and fell into a chair, half senseless, Sir A. Cooper went out of the room; in another minute his dresser was close to me with my coat ready to put on, with, "Come, come, sir, *my master's time is money*. You will be better when you go outside." And he hurried me from the consulting-room with what I felt to be unfeeling precipitation; perhaps it was "all right, and all in the way of trade."

This "dresser" was quite a character in his way—a mere domestic, rude, forward, talkative. I shortly discovered that he was a "power" in this "temple of health." As soon as I became an *habitué* of Sir A. C.'s waiting-room, I found that a half-crown now and then thrown in, had a most aperient effect in introducing me into his master's room earlier than my turn; by degrees I came to stand in a kind of confidential relation with this janitor, and when wearied with the dreary monotony of sitting in a circle of patients in that dreadful front parlour, I sometimes preferred to "bide my time" in the hall without, and had my reward in curious revelations, all illustrative of his master's skill, his extent of practice, and enormous gains. He used to tell me of how, when the morning practice was done, Sir A. C. would empty his pockets of sovereigns wholesale, to be carried off to his credit at the bank; of how many pairs of horses he wore out annually; and, moreover, he assured me that there were many men in the city of London who, "without either ail or ache," came to Sir Astley regularly every spring and autumn merely to pass inspection before him, and *that he might tell them how they were*. I have often been amused since, in reflecting on this remnant of the old practice of "taking physic every spring and fall" thus lingering in the habits of the turtle-loving denizens of London, who, instead of taking physic, paid to be assured that they wanted none.

Another reminiscence of Sir Astley's dresser is worth recording, if only to show the reflected value of such a name as his master had acquired. I have said this fellow was ignorant and uneducated, and so he certainly was; nevertheless, he had acquired, I suppose, some empiric skill, and he contrived to turn to account the fact that, if not himself learned, he was at least rubbing skirts with learning daily. With London, all new to me, after my morning visit to Sir Astley, I generally spent much time in making acquaintance with the great city. One morning, with Washington Irving's pleasant chapters about "Little Britain" (then new) fresh in my memory, I set out on an exploring expedition. Passing through some dingy streets in that obscure corner of the City labyrinth, my eye was caught by an MS. announcement in the window of a small shabby tavern. I stopped to decipher, and the reader may conceive my amusement when I made out as follows: "SIR ASTLEY COOPER'S DRESSER! *may be consulted here upon all cases of illness, from the hour of one to five in the afternoon.*" Thus were the vulgar supplied and satisfied with the dregs and washings of medical and surgical skill in these unreformed days; of course they order things better now. I wonder whether the bills of mortality show a proportionate diminution?

In the course of his month's attendance on me, or rather mine on him, Sir Astley paid me one visit at my own lodgings, in circumstances which I set down partly to illustrate his kindness, partly to show that natural sagacity with which he laid hold on common incidents, and applied them to professional purposes. One day, after having, as he said, by repeated blisterings "established a raw" on my elbow to his entire satisfaction, he gave me a prescription, with directions to have the lotion prescribed laid on my arm in successive applications through the night. I looked into his medical hieroglyphics, and read therefrom "*Pyroligneous acid*" of an indicated strength. "I see you know what it is," said he; "bear it as well as you can, 'the longer the better,' and let me see you in the morning."

I did bear up under two or three renewals of the fiery torture through the best part of the night, but when, between pain, fever, and sleeplessness, I could stand it no longer, towards morning I removed the cloth, and fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion; and when I woke at about ten o'clock, I was obliged to despatch my servant with a note to say that I was too ill to rise; that the application proved more severe than I had expected or could endure, and that I could not see Sir Astley Cooper that day.

I did see him, however; for at about four o'clock, as I lay languid and worn out on the sofa, the great physician's chariot dashed up, and he gave me two or three minutes, observed, on examining my arm, that "the lotion had *bitten in* very nicely—just as he expected," told me a little anecdote, and then dashed off on his way to some of his other host of "curables." His little anecdote was this:

"Some time since I was attending a lady subject to sudden faintings, and in the course of one of them she let fall her aromatic vinegar bottle; it spilled into her ear, and there produced an ulcer, which I found it tedious and difficult to cure. 'Aha!' I said, 'I have found a new power in medicine. I know how to produce a deep sore when I want one;' and you, my dear sir," he said, "are the first person on whom I have had opportunity of making the experiment, and it has answered *charmingly!*"

As he said this with a courtly smile of professional satisfaction, and as I thought of my waking tortures and madness of the preceding night, I was tempted to say I wished he had tried his experiment on some other "*corpus vile*"\* besides mine; this temptation, however, I overcame. He had been specially kind in coming to see me, and, moreover, I was afraid, for, on this occasion as on all others, I felt as David Copperfield under the fascination of Mr. Litimer—a mere infant in his hands.

I have already said, that when I least expected it Sir Astley Cooper's scientific eye saw and pronounced my cure complete, and dismissed me, to go and recreate myself in a continental trip, as soon as I could get my arm healed, and fit for the excursion. Let the reader imagine that I obeyed this *penultimate* prescription to the letter, that I spent some weeks which I had to spare very pleasantly in Paris. And I now come to the last act of the drama, the true joke of the whole affair—the "*parting prescription.*"

My time in Paris was up. My route homewards lay through London, my health perfectly restored, and I lingered there a few days on my

\* "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*"

return, with no more idea of recurring to Sir Astley Cooper's advice than any one has of clearing out the remnants of his phisic phials when he has dismissed his nurse tender. I did not know then, nor do I know now, the rule in such cases; perhaps I ought, in etiquette, to have waited on him, and left a fee of civility and thanks, and that, not having done so, he took the following mode of correcting and teaching me to know better for the future:

I was passing, as I recollect, through Grosvenor or Berkeley Square, when I saw from a carriage, driven rapidly past, a hand beckon me from the window. In less than a minute the carriage stopped in one of the streets leading from the square. I hastened after it, and as I came up there alighted from it Sir Astley Cooper. "Come in," he said, "and wait for me a few minutes, I want to speak to you. I must pay a short visit to Sir John Leech." (This was the then Vice-Chancellor of England, and all the papers were at the time loud in proclaiming some bold and successful operation performed on him by Sir Astley Cooper.) The great surgeon passed up-stairs, and I was shown, at his desire, into the back parlour.

My detention was not long. In a very few minutes Sir Astley came down, and, as he entered, he said, "I hope I have not tired you out. I have just sat a few minutes with Sir John Leech. I left him looking out of the window. You have heard of his case, I suppose?"

I bowed, and intimated that I had, adding, that "it was one which would have added to any reputation less than Sir Astley Cooper's." (You see, I was determined to show him that I had not spent three weeks in Paris for nothing, and that I had, at least, learned how to pay a—compliment.)

But it was not a "French compliment" Sir Astley Cooper wanted me to pay. He received my little puff of incense very carelessly, and as one used to such offerings, and went on to say, in a frank, cordial manner, "Well, how are you?" I told him that, thanks to his skill, I was perfectly well, and about to leave London for home to-morrow.

"Aha!" said he, "lucky I met you. I want to give you some few directions how to manage yourself when you get home, for I suspect, what with your reading and long fasts, to which, as you tell me, you are addicted, you have not paid sufficient attention to your regimen, and to what we call *the state of the kitchen chimney*."\*

I thanked him again. He rang for pen and ink, and, when writing

\* The following little exposition of a general principle may be of some use and interest to general readers: "You are surprised," said Sir Astley to me one day, "to find me prescribing for you as a physician, as much as treating your arm as a surgeon; the fact is, a large proportion of surgical cases which come to us take their aggravated form from want of care and attention to the state of the digestive organs. You tell me you are a reading man. Young people, and old too, whose engagements lie in the upper story of the house, disdain to look after *the state of the kitchen chimney*; and yet they are foolish—all goes wrong if anything is amiss there. Your accident would not have been worth notice if your whole system had not been in a heated, disordered state, from long fasts and other neglects connected with your digestive functions, and I am dealing with these as well as the injured joint itself. All will be right soon; but while you live, attend to the state of the kitchen chimney." Such was the highly figurative lecture with which Sir Astley Cooper enlivened one of my visits to his levee in Spring-gardens.

materials were brought, sat down, wrote a few lines, which, folding up, he put into my hand, saying, "Attend to that when you get home, and you will find it of service to you."

As I took this *last prescription* with one hand, I put the other into my breeches-pocket, with the intention of offering him—but without expecting that he would take—the ordinary *honorarium* of a sovereign. With a glance of his quick eye, Sir Astley took in the movement, and, with a bland smile, he said,

"As it is a *last fee*, 'TWO WILL DO!' I am going to St. Albans; it will just pay my posting down."

I felt (as David Copperfield confesses it) "very young"—"immeasurably juvenile in his hands." A young fellow, just come from Paris, is never very flush of cash. I was not, but I had the "de quoi," and doing as I was bid, I handed him out two sovereigns of the few in my pocket. He received them with a sweet smile, shook me most cordially by the hand, and, as I descended the steps, he entered his chariot and drove away. I never saw him again.

It may be supposed that I was curious to read the valuable directions which Sir Astley Cooper thus kindly volunteered to bestow on me at the moderate cost of two sovereigns. I read them as I walked up the square. I kept them long. I have lost them; but I ought to have placed them in a glazed frame, "*in perpetuam rei memoriam*," for an abiding record of a joke too good to be lost. On the faith of a gentleman, they consisted simply in desiring me to "*eat BROWN bread and butter with SHRIMPS for luncheon* (brown strongly emphasised), *with a glass of port wine, and to pay attention to the state of the kitchen chimney!*"

Every story should have a moral, and the moral of mine is, that as Mr. Stiggins—faithful and devoted shepherd as he was—had a favourite weakness, which proved to be "gin-and-water," so Sir Astley Cooper—great and successful medico as he was—had his weakness, which was known to be a *lectle* too much fondness for the wealth in which he was rolling. It may seem presumptuous to speak thus freely of this great man, but I cannot otherwise account for the fact that he condescended thus to "do" a country greenhorn out of two sovereigns, in return for a suggestion to eat shrimps and drink port wine for luncheon, *when he could!* After all, I cannot, on recollection, think my two sovereigns ill laid out, when I recal the thorough enjoyment with which for years after my poor father used to rehearse the incident whenever he saw a dish of shrimps on the luncheon table, and called on me to find some return for my money in devouring them.

## OUR CORPS' FRIENDS AND FOES;

OR,

HOW RANDOLPH TRAPPED A SUNBEAM, AND I TURNED A MEDIUM.

BY OUIDA.

PART THE THIRD.

I.

HOW RANDOLPH AND I SINNED AND CONFESSED IT, AND HOW WE GOT PARDON AND PENANCE.

MARKET ROTTENBOROUGH, twin capital of Boshcumbury, sent the East Goosestep an invitation to drill with the West Toadyshire. Their strength was about fifty; ours amounted to eighty; fifty and eighty volunteers—one hundred and thirty in all! Was not that a force enough to sneer at any imperial army whatsoever, and bestow upon the county blessed with such a phalanx as sweet a sense of security as a maiden lady experiences when she “bolts the door,” before retiring to rest, with a miniature bar of iron that a burglarious file would cut through in a second? Market Rottenborough was to give us an ovation. We were to drill at Bottlesmere, a village two miles off, where Sir Cheque Ingotts, the banker of Rottenborough, had bought a seat, and set up as a country gentleman. We were to dine in the town-hall, and the Toadyshire Railway Company had offered to take us in second-class carriages for third-class fare to show their sense of our patriotism—a munificence which Randolph did not feel as he ought to have done, but, on the contrary, gave a most ungrateful sneer to it.

Market Rottenborough went quite as mad about us as ever the Yankees about the Prince of Wales. They dressed up the town with evergreens and flowers, they had out the election flags, which hung together in unity for the first time since their manufacture, and the charity school banners, whose inscriptions were not particularly appropriate, as they inculcated giving the other cheek if one was buffeted, and similar injunctions of an anti-gunpowder character, and the shops were shut, and the bells fired, and the old militia band performed that familiar fantasia peculiar to itself, with the bugle at a gallop, the clarionet at a trot, and the fife at a slow march, till we could not possibly have been more fêted if we had taken Paris, invested Petersburg, or stormed Peking.

As we marched under the triumphal arch into the park, and wheeled into line to give the general salute, we saw Miss Clementina with Sunshine, Pearl, and Rosebud. The lady of Audley Court made her eyes into stone, and gave Randolph a glance as fixed and chilling as that of the Medusa, as she bestowed on him her shortest and stiffest bow. We had no time for tête-à-tête, for, after we had been reviewed and complimented, we had to march back to Rottenborough, and go through the horrible ordeal of a public dinner, where Randolph and I, being not gifted with patience, and having visions of Sunshine and Pearl at a ball, whither we were going at Bottlesmere as soon as we were released, chafed unspeakably during the laudatory orations which passed between the Rottenboroughites and Boshcumburyonians.



Randolph and I were profoundly thankful when we could shake ourselves free of it, and go off to the ball at Sir Cheque's, where Miss Clementina had immolated herself to impose some check by her presence on her nieces, and who looked black as thunder as Randolph, recklessly regardless of the Rocksilver, took possession of Sunshine in a cool, right-of-way manner, authorised, of course, by her improper conduct under the elms the day before. The independent conduct of her nieces irritated Miss Clementina. Rosebud alone was acting properly and seriously, encouraging the Hon. Augustus Priedieu, third son of Lord Saltire; but Pearl, whom she had always considered the only manageable one of the three, cut her to the heart, in engaging herself to such a mauvais sujet as Cosmo Lyle; and Sunshine, "she should never be surprised at anything dreadful that happened to that girl," she assured Mrs. Tomtit, as, tired of chaperoning, they sat talking over the parish, the county, the company, and her nieces, in a deserted whist-room.

"She is wild, headstrong, wayward; and this handsome reprobate, Colonel Gordon—Hark! who is that talking in the ante-chamber?" said Miss Clementina, interrupting herself.

"Randolph, do you remember that miniature of yours; the one Mayall took?" said somebody invisible in the inner apartment.

"Mine!—a miniature? Really I have had so many taken, I can't remember. None of them were like me," said a man's voice, that Miss Clementina knew but too well.

"I don't agree with you, mon cher; mine is an admirable likeness of you; so good, indeed, that I think Miss Audley would like to have it, if you really *are* engaged to her. You've been engaged to so many, it's almost a cry of 'Wolf!' I will send it her, if you like?"

There was a suppressed "The devil!" and a more audible "Thank you; I don't doubt she would be much obliged to you, but I have a picture by me I have already promised her."

"Vraiment! which old love did it belong to last, Randolph—Lady Aurora, or Georgie, or Madame de Tintiniac, or La Roville, or whom?"

"To none of them. I shall not insult my future wife by offering her others' leavings."

This was very haughty and laconic; it was answered by another laugh:

"Then don't offer her your heart, mon ami! However, you are right, Benedict, to play propriety, and I have no wish to be behind you, so I will certainly send Miss Audley that miniature, and all your letters too. Your future wife is the most proper keeper of them; don't you think so?"

"For God's sake, Augusta——"

"Augusta! For shame, Colonel Gordon, you insult your 'future wife' and—me too."

"Great Heavens! that for a few months of folly——" began her interlocutor, passionately. Then he went on, keeping his anger down: "You can do as you please; Miss Audley loves me too well to revenge anything of my past upon me. The only result of your sending her my letters will be to show that Mrs. Rocksilver cares enough for Randolph Gordon to be jealous of his forgetting her in a truer, fonder, stronger love for another."

Miss Clementina rose, grasped Mrs. Tomtit's arm, and dragged her

from the room ; then she looked at her with a face pale with anger, and feelings outraged, till every link in her bracelets, and every tip of her marabouts, trembled and quivered, while her voice was sepulchral enough to have drawn crowded houses to Sadler's Wells or the Grecian.

"I am always lighting on something horrible—and to think my niece might have married that wretch ! Oh, Annette ! can we ever be too prudent and too circumspect with his dreadful sex ?"

Miss Clementina quite shook with her awful secret as she stepped into the carriage. She shivered as her dress touched Randolph, and she could have shrieked when she saw him hand Sunshine in, and saw his moustache touch her hair and cheek, under pretext of giving her her bouquet, as he bade her good night, and held her hand in his.

"Sunshine, do you dream of ever marrying that Colonel Gordon ?" asked Miss Clementina, as her fat bays puffed along the dark road, in a tone so frightfully funereal that Sunshine started, then coloured, smiled, and intimated that she had dreamt of it, and had, moreover, been recently assured that her dream should come true. "Then never think of such a thing again ; it would be the greatest calamity that could befall you ; he is the worst, the vilest of his sex !" resumed her aunt, with such solemn and startling emphasis, that Sunshine dropped her fan and her bouquet in amazement. To slander her beau ideal thus, she thought Miss Clementina must be fit habitant for Hanwell. No language was ever heard so thrilling and so severe as that in which Miss Clementina told the story of that fatal conversation overheard between Randolph and Mrs. Rocksilver ; she didn't pause till a violent jolt in a rut stopped her peroration, and compelled her, weak in bronchia though strong in vehemence, to halt for breath.

"You won't see him again, will you, Sunshine ?" said Rosebud, strong in the devotion and spotlessness of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus.

"After such an insult, you will call up all your pride to punish him as he merits—the same love he gives to you offered to Mrs. Rocksilver !—abominable !" chimed in Pearl, that devout upholder of woman's dignity.

"There is but one course left for you, and that is, for me to write and end all communication in your name," resumed Miss Clementina's frigid tones.

Sunshine was very pale. To have her fears of the Rocksilver confirmed was not welcome. "He loves me now," she said, hurriedly ; "it is nothing whom he has liked before."

"What ! you call such an outrage 'nothing !'" shrieked Miss Clementina.—"You think it 'nothing' for another woman to have his picture and his love-letters !" cried Rosebud.

Sunshine's eyes grew dark ; she spoke bitterly and passionately, as she felt, and Miss Clementina gazed at her aghast. She collapsed under the horrible suggestion that her life could, under any provocation whatsoever, have by any possibility borne any comparison with Randolph Gordon's ! She regarded Sunshine with stern despairing pity, reserving her grand coup for the last.

"Very well, you do as you please, of course ; but I forbid that man *my* house !"

I was breakfasting the next morning, when Randolph came in sans cérémonie and threw himself down on a sofa.

"Cosmo, I want you to do something for me."

"A votre service. What is it?"

"Why," said Randolph, lashing his boots impatiently, "I sent a groom over this morning to Audley Court with a letter to Miss Clementina, telling her I loved her niece, and wished to make her my wife. Nobody else in the county would take it as an offence, I should fancy—rather au contraire, wouldn't you say? I must confess, however, there's no knowing what one may come to! Well, what does my man bring me back in return but a cold and frigid little document, written in the most buckramish hand, expressing her conviction that Sunshine will go to the devil her own way, but repudiating the connexion, and forbidding me the house. Did you ever know anything more cursedly annoying? Deuce take the women—all but one. What on earth shall I do?"

"Have you heard from Sunshine?"

"No. I promised her last night to go and ride out with her at twelve, but I can't go now. I won't force myself into anybody's house, not even for her sake; and yet not to see her! Heaven knows what lies the Rocksilver mayn't have told her about me and those confounded letters of mine too. Stay, I'll write a line to Sunshine, and you'll take it for me. Give it to her maid, that nice little Frenchwoman, you know. Will you?"

And drawing the paper and inkstand to him, he dashed off at express speed his one line, alias his three or four sheets.

"Now go and find Marie, there's a good fellow," said he, when he had finished. "Gallop all the way there if you've any pity in your composition."

With which he fairly pushed me out of my own room, and sent me galloping down the road that led to Audley Court, and I thought myself in wonderful good luck when, as I rode through the lodge gates, I lighted on Marie, flirting with the head gardener.

"Non je ne prendrai pas la lettre," said she, with a shake of her glossy-tressed head. "Madame sa tante ne le veut pas."

"Mais Monsieur le Colonel le veut; vous ferez tout pour lui, Marie," said I, thrusting half a sovereign into her little plump fingers.

"Ah! le Colonel!" laughed Marie; "mais oui. Il est bien beau ce monsieur, mais il est bien méchant aussi, je pense: et—monsieur, je n'ose pas!"

"Si, si, Marie, vous le donnerez à mademoiselle, j'en suis bien sûr; vous ferez tout pour servir à l'amour, n'est-ce pas?" said I, as I put the letter in her hand, and reinforced my request with another little bit of gold, and such a caress as soubrettes, on and off the stage, have expected from time immemorial.

"Fi donc! monsieur!" cried Marie, taking the letter with a laugh, when—oh horror of horrors!—in a gardening costume, with gauntlets too large for the stoutest corporal in Randolph's Coldstreams, and dress looped up to show most strong-minded balmorals, a broad hat on her brow, some cuttings in her hand, and on her face the greatest wrath that ever mortal lineaments portrayed, that evil genius of East Toadyshire—I saw Miss Clementina!

How I repassed those lodge gates I can't tell you. I turned my mare's head, with some faint hope that Miss Clementina mightn't recognise me, and I tore back along the road, heaping curses, loud and deep, on Randolph's love, which ten to one had cost me mine.

"Well, did Marie take my letter?" asked Randolph, eagerly, as he stood smoking on my hearth-rug, when I reached home, after riding as if all the furies had been after me.

"Yes," said I, savagely; "and I wish you had been at the devil before you'd given it me."

"Bien obligé! What's the row?"

I told him, and he looked deeply sympathising when I had.

When Randolph and I had done luncheon, a groom from Audley Court brought two notes. Randolph tore his open; I held mine, touching it as fearfully as if it were a Brinvilliers's poisoned billet.

"Well, what does Miss Pearl say to you, old fellow?" asked Randolph, as he crushed his up and put it into his breast-pocket, looking as radiant as a man might whose horse had won "the blue riband of the turf."

"Say?" I repeated savagely, "why, that after what her aunt has told her she witnessed this morning, everything must be at an end between us."

"The devil she does!" interrupted Randolph. "She hasn't lived with Miss Clementina for nothing, then. Does she expect to find a man like Trollope's impossible Arabin, who touches a woman's lips for the first time, we are told to believe, at forty! On my life, Cosmo, how grieved I am!"

"She's heard some garbled tale of it," said I, hoping against hope, with valour worthy a volunteer. "I'll see her before night; I'll make her hear me at the least. Women often say more than they mean. Is Sunshine kinder to you, pray?"

"God bless her little heart, yes!" said Randolph, emphatically. "I told you my 'little devil' was true metal, Lyle."

That evening Randolph leaned over the white gate that parted one of the paddocks of Audley Court from a bridle-path, talking to Sunshine, confessing his sins, and receiving his absolution.

"You see, my pet," he was saying, half laughing, after graver converse, "we men are very often like that luckless bee Mr. Gosse tells us of, who, catching sight of a crascicornis, mistook it for a flower, and darting delightedly on to its tentacles, was hooked, impaled, and swallowed. We see what we fancy very beautiful flowers, we fly down to taste the honey of eye love, and our seemingly innocent rose thrusts out its thorns, and impales us there long after it has ceased to have any fragrance for us, and we have found out our foolish mistake. Such was my love for Mrs. Rocksilver, and others like her, but it was not love of which you need be jealous, nor love that I could ever feel after that I bear for you. You will not visit my sins upon me, Sunshine?"

Sunshine, that keen satirist, whose wicked tongue all his corps feared, lifted her face to his with a smile, half of *méchanceté*, half of tenderness, a little bit saddened that he should have loved so many before her, but wholly trustful that he would love her alone in the future.

"No; you told me yourself that two days would be the extent of your fidelity to any one, still I am not afraid to trust you, *méchant* though you are."

Randolph bent over the gate, and thanked her so fervently, that it was a very fortunate thing Miss Clementina was then pouring her woes into Mrs. Tomtit's ear before dinner, and was not there to have her nerves startled with a third severe galvanic shock. At that same hour I was vainly entreating Pearl to hear reason, which that young lady as absolutely declined to hear, being in a state of most dignified wrath, and that

frame of mind in which her sex talk nineteen to the dozen, and give Lynch law verdicts with the greatest ruthlessness and severity. I had managed to catch her walking on the terrace, and pleaded my cause with an eloquence which I should have thought calculated to touch the most flinty heart. But Pearl was more than flint, and wouldn't even listen to a plea. Disengaging her hand without looking at me, she swept off into the house like a young empress.

In the high road Randolph and I met. He was riding, smoking, with a most contented smile on his lips.

"I owe you a fiver," said I, with pardonable bitterness, considering that it was through being his postman that I had lost my fiancée. "You were right; your 'little devil' has pardoned all your past, and her sister won't forgive me a bit of harmless nonsense in a friend's cause. Like a fool, helping you to trap your sunbeam I've shut myself out of Audley Court, and every ray of Pearl's favour; and how the deuce I shall get back into either is far more than I can guess!"

## II.

### HOW SPIRITUALISTIC AGENCY WAS BROUGHT IN FOR MATERIAL PURPOSES.

SUNSHINE was so determined to have her own way, and so very satirical upon those who opposed her, that people were speedily tired of doing so, and Randolph got the entrée of Audley Court on a sort of sufferance and condition that he would not long pollute its walls with his presence, but rid it both of himself and of his "little devil." Freddy, who had his own way in everything, the only soul on earth that Miss Clementina worshipped and listened to, gave her a blowing up for rejecting his captain's offer. Sunshine avowed her unswerving loyalty to her *âme damnée*, and Miss Clementina had to give in, for the very first time in her maiden existence! She permitted Randolph to come to her house, but treated him with frigid hauteur, which was intended to show him she had not forgiven his *faux pas*. Not so fortunate was I; no re-entry could I make into Audley Court; its doors were fast closed against me. Randolph's intervention, Sunshine's artillery, Freddy's mediation, were all powerless in my cause. Pearl was inflexible, and Miss Clementina backed her, glorying in the fact that one, at least, of her poor brother's children had some sense of womanly dignity, and could resent an insult and revenge men's shameless levity.

Pearl was lost. Nohow could I regain her; not even gain her ear again; and bitterly did I anathematise that evil day when I had been mad enough to play the part of Randolph's postman.

The doors of Audley Court were closed against me, and there seemed no chance of my ever getting inside them again, not even to plead for mercy with my cruel and relentless fiancée, till one day, after drill, little Freddy came to me—the good-natured little fop was heart and soul my friend.

"Lyle, I've thought of something."

"You *thought*, Freddy! what a phenomenon! Well, what did you think about?"

"A way to get you inside the Court, to have a good lark, and to bring Miss Pearl to reason," answered Freddy. "You know the old lady's rampant about spiritualism and all that humbug; she's heard of the

séances in Town, and she's crazy to have one of the mediums down here. She got me to write to one of 'em, to know their terms. I didn't post the letter—I have it in my pocket now—and I thought if you'd take the rôle (you're a good ventriloquist and a capital actor, and you learnt some legerdemain of Houdin) we would soon get up the rest of the clap-trap, and you might say something, as if from the spirits, you know, that might bring Pearl to reason, eh? It would be such a lark, you know. Do; we won't tell Gordon or Sunshine, because, though they'd do anything in the world to help you, they'd be certain to laugh, they couldn't help it. We'll only tell Marie. Come along, Lyle; let's talk it over. You'll never see Pearl unless you take her by storm, and it would be such fun to do Aunt Tina."

Freddy's suggestion, seemingly wild and visionary at first glance, grew more practicable on consideration. After a good deal of talking over and reiterated persuasion from him, who was egotistically eager for it, as "such a lark," it assumed a guise of possibility, and I consented to turn medium.

It was about a fortnight after I had lost alike my fiancée and my bet, when Miss Clementina, on the tiptoe of expectation, and with her nerves strung to the highest pitch of reverential excitement, invited her beloved friend, Mrs. Tomtit, to be present at a séance. Mrs. Tomtit, on the strength of many wonders of lively-minded tables and gossiping ghosts that had been revealed to her on a recent visit to Town, was a firm believer in the new arch-humbug, rejected any rational explanation of her beloved miracles as disgustedly as a divine would of his, and was, therefore, considered eligible by Miss Clementina to be present at a séance for which she had engaged a celebrated London medium, who, like all other mediums, would only transact his celestial affairs if he was paid for it, and appeared to carry his spirits about with him, as the showman carries Punch and Judy, beadle and devil, in a box, till called for and paid for their performances. The spirits won't perform for nothing, any more than Punch will give his "Too te too te too-o-o-e!" to the unremunerative small boys on the pavé.

I dressed myself that night with minute care, and, I may say, that no more venerable-looking individual than I ever turned away from a cheval-glass. I had a snowy beard, I had spectacles which shaded my eyes from all inquisitive gaze. I was seventy at the least; a most respectable person for the spirits to confide in. I was as thoroughly disguised as if detective A I had been after me; and satisfied myself as to its completeness when, ringing at our own door, and asking for myself, old Waters replied, without an idea of my identity, "Mr. Lyle is not at home, sir."

Freddy and Marie were my accomplices. We had selected a night when Randolph and Sunshine were going to dine with a cousin of his, for I wouldn't have had their keen eyes on me for any money. Miss Clementina was disposed to be more amiable to a medium than to any other thing on earth. Everything smiled propitious as I entered, and Freddy, meeting me in the hall, whispered, "All right—coast's clear—Marie's ready, and the iron's fixed to the drawing-room table—the oval one, remember."

They ushered me into the drawing-room; there Miss Clementina sat in state, the most imposing person that can be imagined, calculated to

inspire with solemnity and respect the spirit of Tom Wharton, or Mohn, or the "roaring boys" of the Restoration, or the wildest scamp going; there was little Mrs. Tomtit, tremendously excited, a little bit frightened, and ready to go into hysterics at any moment; there, too, was my granite-hearted fiancée, looking so handsome as she leant back in her chair, that I was on the point of forgetting my rôle and throwing myself at her daintily chaussés feet instanter; and there was *not* Randolph and Sunshine, for which absenteeism I thanked Heaven devoutly, for no slight ordeal was it, I can tell you, with Miss Clementina's pitiless, and Pearl's haughty, and Rosebud's laughing, and the little Tomtit's inquisitive eyes upon me, when I knew that I had stolen into Audley Court in borrowed plumes, that I was making game of its mistress, and that one false step might be detection, and detection more irrevocable exile than before. But I summoned up my courage as became a Goosestep Volunteer, and opened the *séance* in due form. I was solemn, I was grandly dignified, I was deeply mysterious, as became a correspondent with an unseen world; I was a man after Miss Clementina's own heart; I believe I realised that Jack-o'-lantern ideal which she had been ever pursuing and never had caught. I was certainly more imposing, with my snowy beard and my six feet of height, than some of those very fat and not remarkably impressive elderly females, who sometimes summon the dear departed from the darkness of the tomb into the gas-lights of a London drawing-room.

First of all I requested to have the room darkened; spirits, you know, don't admire light, it jars on their feelings, or exposes the ravages of time too much. One candle was left on a console at the far end of the room, which shed such a dim religious light, that, like very many religious lights, it was as good as none at all. I heard Mrs. Tomtit shudder. "Isn't it awful?" whispered the little woman; to which Miss Clementina returned a short, stern, snappish "Pshaw!" under which Mrs. Tomtit collapsed, silenced by the superior energy of a mind greater than her own. There was a dull, grey, mysterious twilight, that made everything dark look black as night, and everything large, gigantic; a twilight of itself, quite a nightmare to any nervous susceptibilities, under which Rosebud murmured, "How horrid!" and the poor little Tomtit shivered till the bugles of her cap and the links of her bracelets rang a little chattering duet of terror, which so incensed Miss Clementina that she asked her sharply "if she thought the spirits would bite her?" which was a lowering, not to say ridiculous, view of the spirits' pursuits, quite in consonance with the nineteenth century view of them. It was a dim, mysterious twilight, and in it—having selected Freddy to read off the alphabet—I rapped on the drawing-room table, and asked the rosewood in courteous terms if the spirits were there—in its pillar and claw, in fact, which must be a very inconvenient domicile for some of them—for stout old Luther, *par exemple*—unless, indeed, the Silent Land have shrunk them to the size of homunculi. Then I struck the floor with my left foot, too slightly for anybody to see it; and my boot having a loose brass heel, which clicked easily, did the spirits' business à ravir, and announced—through my taps and Freddy's alphabet—that their excellencies were coming, with an amiable celerity they didn't always display, perhaps, in answering their duns' calls, or their wives' appeals, in a former state of existence; and at which supernatural evidence Mrs. Tomtit gave a little

suppressed scream, and Miss Clementina was too much imposed to correct her. I asked the spirits if they had any objection to the present company, and my boot gave me three taps, to answer me they had not, which was a great relief to me, as spirits, you know, are as averse to showing before an unbeliever as a clergyman is shy of opening argument with a clever secularist.

"The spirits are present with us," said I, in the most sepulchral tones to which I could force my voice.

"Oh! it's dreadful, Clementina!" sobbed Mrs. Tomtit. "I can see them, I can hear them, I can feel them. Oh! take me away, somebody! I can't bear it, it's so awful!"

"Be silent," said Miss Clementina's deepest tones, sunk to an awe-stricken whisper; "I can realise a presence not of earth, but it is ill becoming us to show timorous dread of any of the mysteries of life and death. Oh! good gracious! what's this?" screamed that dignified lady, with a shrill scream like a small rocket, changing from solemnity to terror.

"You are honoured, madam; the spirits communicate personally with you," said I, in a reproving tone, as I drew back into my pocket, with that rapidity I had paid Robert-Houdin many a guinea to learn, a pair of long-handled pincers, with which I had nipped up a small portion of Miss Clementina's person.

"How mysterious! how awfully mysterious!" soliloquised the mistress of Audley Court. "What singular means they take of testifying their presence. My arm is painful now; it is really awful!"

"Awful—it is horrible!" sobbed the little vicarress. "Ah! oh! Clementina, they are pinching my ankles!"

"Silence!" said I. "Do you not recognise the presence of the Unreal and Impalpable?"

"Yes!" said Miss Clementina, Mrs. Tomtit, and Rosebud, in awe-stricken concert.

"Do you not feel their cold touch upon your brow, their ghostly breath upon your lips, their holy phantoms riding on the wings of night?"

"Yes!" they sobbed in trio. Their voices were hardly to be heard. their nerves were strung up to the highest pitch. They felt, saw, heard anything and everything that could be suggested to their heated imaginations, and their fancy, warmed to fusion, would have taken any flights that mine had proposed to them. My miracles, signs, and wonders, like many others, owed their reality solely to the gullibility of my believers. I was in high spirits; I was succeeding à ravir; every one of my auditors was far too profoundly impressed with the terrors of the supernatural to have any material reason left with which to penetrate my elusinia and see through my disguise. I was just proceeding a step further in the séance, and my spectators, with quivering nerves, clinging together in vague dread of palpable pinches and impalpable spirits, were quite ready to swallow any wonders I might summon from the nether world, when the drawing-room door opened, letting in a flood of outer light into our darkened spiritual temple, and I prayed wildly to the Auxerre carpet to open its velvet bosom and drop me down under the sheltering shade of one of its bright-hued bouquets, when—there entered Randolph and Sunshine.



"We are come back, Aunt Tina," laughed Sunshine. "The poor dear horses slipped down Catsmore Hill, and Sultan hurt his knees so much we hadn't the heart to take him on a whole five miles of heavy roads; the rains have made it so——But what *are* you doing here? The lights are out, and——"

"Hush!" said Miss Clementina, impressively; "your interruption is most untimely; we are in the middle of a *séance*. This gentleman—Mr. Muffles—is come down from London at my solicitation. You will oblige me by withdrawing."

"Allow me to stay, Miss Audley," said that confounded Randolph, with extreme solicitude, though *I* detected the laughter which made his voice shake, though he tried to control it. "I have always had the greatest desire to be present at a *séance*, and so, I know, has Sunshine. We will be very good—indeed we will."

"I have no objection, of course, if Mr. Muffles has none," said Miss Clementina, stiffly, turning to me.

"The spirits must be consulted, madam," said I, wishing myself along with the spirits under the table, and cursing Freddy fiercely for his tomfoolery in leading me into such a madman's lark, and hoping to Heaven Randolph would not recognise my voice. "The spirits answer in the negative: this lady and gentleman must not be present, they are disturbing influences," said I, giving my taps, and spelling off my alphabet *selon les règles*.

"Your spirits are not over-courteous, Mr. Muffles," said that abominable fellow, looking at me very keenly—so keenly that I thought if he did not see through spectacles, white wig, trickery, and all, it would be uncommonly odd, and most miraculously propitious. "It looks rather suspicious in them to be so careful of observation from any but orthodox believers; they should embrace the occasion of shaming the sceptical. Try them again, or I shall think they have some private pique against me."

And he looked at me so sharply, putting up his confounded eye-glass, that I saw if I did not let him stay he would make such miserable fun of the whole thing as would show me and my spirits up to everybody. I could see he thought I was an impostor, and was very ready to have Lynch law upon me, and, stuck inextricably between the horns of a dilemma, in half-crazed despair I put the question to the spirits, and rapped out an unwilling permission.

"Since you are permitted to stay, Colonel Gordon, I must request you not to interrupt the *séance* with unbecoming levity," said my staunch apostle, Miss Clementina.

Randolph bowed, sat himself down by Sunshine on a couch, fixed his glass in his eyes, and fastened so stern a gaze upon me, that I felt my false heels, my pincers, my spirits, my legerdemain, my ventriloquism, were all being seen through, and penetrated, and rent into smithereens, and I trembled, shook, and shivered as no volunteer should ever have done, considering the amount of brag we make of what our Spartan courage would be—if it were tried. But I looked at Pearl in the *demi-lumière*. I thought of the old proverb of Faint hearts. I remembered that brass may win where truth may fail. I made a dash at it, and, plunging in *medias res* up to my ears in spiritualistic temerity, told them the spirits would answer a question put by any or each of them.

"A daring fellow, that! but I am certain he's a humbug. However people in this wide-awake century can credit this tomfoolery, is the deepest problem to me," was the whisper I caught, to console me, of Randolph to Sunshine.

I put a bold face upon it, and turned round to him.

"You are a mocker, I perceive, sir. Have you any question you would wish answered?"

"Certainly," said Randolph. "Ask them, will you, if my father is right in his religious opinions, and how he feels in the other world?"

"The devil!" thought I; "was your father an orthodox gentleman, or a good-for-nothing vaurien, like yourself, I wonder? I knew he did something about the church-rates, but whether it was to hold them up or pull them down I couldn't for the life of me remember; so I compromised the matter, and tapped, and spelt a mild reply, which trimmed between extremes, like a parson of the "Broad Church," whose leanings are Low but patrons High, and answered him, "Pretty well."

"Thank you," said Randolph; "there is a purgatory, then, I suppose, contrary to the Church of England, who doesn't allow any medium between angelic harps and perpetual happiness, and roaring fires and everlasting frying thereon."

I turned a deaf ear to his heretic mockery, and an attentive one to Mrs. Tomtit's quivering treble, who, with much fear and trembling, asked if the spirits could lend her any aid to the discovery of a very sweet brooch, with her little boy's hair in it, set with emeralds, recently lost; and when we spelt her out the spiritual assistance conveyed in the laconic sentence, "Look in your maid's boxes," her sense of the marvellous power employed, and the sublimity of spiritualism, was so overpowering, that she could not resist the expression of it.

"Good gracious! Clementina, isn't it most extraordinary? I always knew that girl was a thief. I was perfectly certain of her. I will give her warning to-morrow. Who could be incredulous after such proofs as these?"

Altogether, I was going off in flying colours. Randolph didn't know where to pick a hole in me; Miss Clementina was deeply gratified with a reply concerning the immoral tendencies of the age, which entirely coincided with her own private sentiments. Pearl looked pale and excited, Rosebud puzzled; Mrs. Tomtit divided between awe of the spirits and rejoicing over her beloved brooch; I was getting easy in saddle, and going on au grand galop, when Randolph's little devil, with true demoniacal mischief, asked, through my agency, where her younger brother was drowned? Now, I had never heard of her having any other brother than Freddy; I didn't know his name; I hadn't an idea when he'd died; whether he was locked up along with Franklin, or lying under the tropic suns of the Pacific, I couldn't, for the life of me, divine. With a cold perspiration all over me, in dread of making a mistake in designating the unlucky youth's watery grave, I answered her with despairing recklessness of geography, "Off Caxamarquilla."

"I am much obliged," answered Sunshine, calmly; "but, imprimis, Caxamarquilla is an inland town in Peru; secondly, I never had a brother drowned; thirdly, I never had a younger brother at all. Your spirits must have gone wrong somehow or other, Mr. Muffles."

Oh, that Auxerre carpet and that one especial bouquet of roses and

lilies just under my feet, how I would have prayed to it if it only had had ears to hear, to open and swallow me up, and hide me for evermore from human eyes; but, *saue qui peut*, I had to acknowledge a blunder, but referred it, à la professional medium, to the "disturbing influence," indicating Randolph. I put a good face on the blunder, and drew attention from it with a cool dexterity quite worthy a real medium, I assure you, by stretching out my hand to the oval table, which came after me as docilely as a well-trained dog, ambling amiably over the bright flowers in the carpet like a good-hearted but somewhat clumsy donkey, lifting its leg when I raised my hand, and tilting forward on its nose when I depressed it in a lively and amusing manner, which quite covered over the slip of Caxamarquilla. The table was quite a *lion*; it danced so prettily it really might have learned of Madame Michaud-Davis; everybody admired it, even Sunshine held her breath and looked puzzled; but that wretch of a Randolph, how fearfully I hated him, once my Pylades, kept his abominable glass down upon me and it, and, stroking his moustache, called out, just as my table was turning round to come back to its place,

"Miss Audley, that man is an impostor; all that's done with a magnet; if, you'll allow me to search, I'll wager any money I find a loadstone in his hand and a piece of iron fixed under your table."

But my staunch ally and apostle, Miss Clementina, cut in and saved me with that determined obstinacy which, in many other disciples of other churches, passes current as "faith."

"Profanity!" she muttered, disgusted, turning her back on her *bête noire*, as I led my table back in triumph, taking very good care that that confounded fellow shouldn't catch a glimpse of the material means he had guessed at so shrewdly. But I determined to baffle him if I could, and with a severe solemnity worthy of Miss Clementina, I told him that the spirits would condescend to rebuke his mockery, and convince him against his profane prejudices; and with a bolder stroke than I think any medium ever ventured on before, I told him the secret thoughts of each should be revealed, and I tapped away in grand style, and charging at Randolph first, told him that he was wishing time to fly for the twenty-eighth of next month to come. Sunshine started and coloured, and Randolph stared, though he whispered sceptically to her,

"That is nothing, he could learn the day easy enough from the servants; though certainly I must say the fellow's hit on the truth."

"You, madam," said I, to Mrs. Tomtit, "are hoping your husband will get the deanery, and that your entremets, when the bishop dines with you on Tuesday, will beat Mrs. Babbicombe's hollow."

Mrs. Tomtit opened her lips and eyes, and sank back in her chair aghast; the deanery and the entremets *were* the objects of her extremest solicitude; she couldn't gainsay it.

"And you, young lady," said I, turning to Pearl, after a little more tapping and spelling, "are wishing that sharp words, spoken in a moment of irritation at fancied insult, could be recalled, and the person whom you love be induced to forget them."

"He is right there, Pearl, I am sure," whispered Sunshine.

I caught Pearl's low-answering "Yes." And so did Randolph, for even he, the unbeliever, stroked his moustaches, puzzled and astonished, and tempted to think there *must* be something in it after all. As for me, I was in such a state of delirious ecstasy, that I tapped away at a mad

canter, and, determined to pay Miss Clementina off for all she'd made me suffer, turned sharp on to her with her spiritual communication.

"And you, madam, are thinking that if your friend happened kindly to die, what a much better clergyman's wife you'd make in her stead for your old love, the Reverend Thomas Tomtit."

Mrs. Tomtit sprang from her chair with a shrill shriek, then fell back into it in hysterics, beating the carpet frantically with her little satin slippers.

"Perfidious wretch! My friend!—my bosom friend! Oh, Clementina, how I have trusted you! how I have loved you! and for what?"

Miss Clementina sat bolt upright, her eyeballs distended, her lips blanched, in an attitude of frozen horror. She, the immaculate spinster, the spotless, the spiritual, the virtuous, to whom love seemed a folly, thoughts of marriage profanity, to be told that she coveted her neighbour's husband, and committed murder in her thoughts!

I was at the culmination of my glory. I stretched my hand towards the end of the room: "See, the spirits themselves attest to my veracity!" And there, in the gloaming, stretched a white, shadowy, ghostly arm, tracing in phosphorus on the wall the words, "Scoffers, beware, and tremble!"

The Tomtit's shrieks redoubled; Pearl and Rosebud screamed; Miss Clementina sat staring at it, speechless as a marble statue; even Sunshine clung close to Randolph, but he—oh, devil take him!—sprang up. "By Jove! there's the spirit made manifest in the flesh, and no mistake! Let me go, my darling!" And, striding over the room, my evil genius caught the ghostly arm with exceedingly material strength, and giving it no very gentle tug, Marie, standing perdue behind the curtains, fell forward, through the satin damask, into his arms.

"Oh, M. le Colonel, de grace! vous me faites du mal! Vous êtes si forts, vous autres Anglais!"

"Here's an abominable imposture!" said Randolph, angrily. "Miss Audley, you must allow me to go to the bottom of this. Your own servants are in the plot; we will soon sift it. As for this fellow, a month at the treadmill will do him a vast deal of good; he can practise his shams at leisure there." With which he seized hold of me, caught my snowy beard, which came off in his clutch, and let go his hold, falling back with my hirsute appendages dangling from his hand, fairly startled and bewildered for once in his life of scepticism and saug-froid: "Hallo!—Good Heavens!—By George!"

"What is it?" cried Sunshine, clinging to her lover.

"What's the matter?" screamed Rosebud, ringing the bell frantically.

"Thieves! fire! murder! help, help, somebody!" shrieked the incoherent and excitable Tomtit, beating that wild tattoo upon the carpet which passes under the suave cognomen of hysteria.

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! comme j'ai été bête!" sobbed Marie.

"The devil! shan't we catch it, all of us!" moaned Freddy.

"By Jove! old boy, I'm doomed to bring you to grief," sighed Randolph.

"Cosmo, is it you?" murmured Pearl, white as a veritable spirit herself.

Pearl looked up, a crimson flush on her face, excited, terrified, amazed. Wild was the dismay; loud the chattering of tongues; fiercely rang Rosebud's peals at both the bells; awfully shrill rose the sharp shrieks of

the prostrate Tomtit; great was the rush of many feet, as every domestic in the servants' hall poured in, confident that the "sperits" had been guilty of a double, triple, perhaps quadruple murder; and amidst the hubbub, the uproar, the fright, the screams, Miss Clementina sat bolt upright, as a marble goddess might sit unmoved amidst an Irish riot, with iron rigidity and stony eyeballs and paralysed nerves, and when she struggled for speech we caught the hoarse and solemn murmur,

"I, to be—be told I love another woman's husband!—to live to be insulted thus!"

Need I say that Marie was turned away the very next morning; Freddy nearly killed with the terrors of the Damocles' sword of disinheritance that was hung, in terrorem, above his head; that Miss Clementina and Mrs. Tomtit never spoke again for ten whole days; that I was forbidden the house in real and unrelaxing exile; and never, while she lives, will its mistress pardon me the insults of that séance. Dire as the wrath is, however, I have strength to bear it, for when I was turned from the house in majestic fury that night, somebody else followed me out under the stars, and I asked her, not in vain this time, "Pearl, will you forgive me now?" As for Randolph and Sunshine, the misery Miss Clementina prophesied for them is very bearable at present, I believe, though two days after that longed for "twenty-eighth," Randolph, sitting in a window looking on to Windermere, put down his *Times*, and took the mouth of his hookah out of his lips, when he saw Sunshine standing by him, buttoing her gloves, with her hat on, and otherwise got up in general walking costume.

"Where are you going, my pet?" he asked; "it's only just eleven. I haven't done smoking, nor even looked at the *Times*. It's so very early to turn out, don't you think?"

"Yes; but I am going by myself," answered his nouvelle mariée.

"By yourself! I dare say I'll let you," laughed Randolph, amazed. There were no shops on the lake, and for this period of sublimated existence he had chosen, exprès, a county in which he hadn't a single acquaintance to bother him and spoil his elysium.

Sunshine held out her hand to him, with an expression of deep-seated melancholy on that radiant face which had gained her sobriquet, and a sigh loud enough to be heard over Windermere.

"I am come to bid you good-by!"

"To bid—me—good-by!" re-echoed Randolph, startled into genuine anxiety and the greatest amazement. "My darliug Sunshine, what is the matter? What do you meau—what has happened?"

Sunshine shook her head with another profound sigh, and held out her hand a second time.

"Don't you remember telling me that if ever you married, two days would be the extreme of your fidelity to any woman? I don't wish to try your patience, nor yet to wait to be turned out, so I am come to take leave of you; but we can part in peace, you know, and I won't speak *very* badly of you. Good-by, monsieur."

Randolph shouted with laughter, then caught her up in his arms and kissed her fifty times. What further answer he gave is not upon record, but I suppose it was a vow to be faithful to her for a few days more at the least, for he and his "little devil" are not likely to part as yet.

## THE LIFE OF THE SEA, AND LIFE IN THE SEA.\*

THE first impression received from contemplating the sea is fear. Its enormous mass, boundless in extent and dark in its depths, cannot but be formidable to human imagination. No terrestrial creature can breathe in it; it irremediably separates the two worlds. Its very name in most ancient languages is synonymous with desert, night, and darkness; and so it is to the present day figuratively designated among the Orientals. It is impossible to see even daily the sun going down over the sea without a feeling of melancholy. In its depths all is eternal obscurity, save for some rare phenomena of startling phosphorescence. Hence it is, that from its vast mass it seems like a world of darkness. Even animals have a natural dread of the sea: the horse recoils before it, and the dog expresses its fears by barking. In many parts a stunted withered vegetation, especially marked in shrubs and trees, announces the vicinity of the sea. The dull heavy sound is heard from afar. It vibrates like the pulse of life. Man, who is so feeble in the presence of an immutable nature, is grieved to see the land worn away by the sea incessantly, and for ever. He knows that he, too, will pass away and shall be as dust, but that the sea is unchangeable and eternal. However firm his convictions of a future life, still the indomitable ocean seems to scorn him. It seems to say, "To-morrow you go—I never. Thy bones shall be in the ground, dissolved by the lapse of time, but I shall continue majestic and indifferent."

M. Michelet, to whom the study of the sea, except as a thoughtful philosopher communing with its wonders from the sands of Saint Michel and Ostend, seems to be a new thing, treats of the great features in the life of the ocean, as he calls it, as quite recent discoveries. They are by no means so. They have long been familiar to all accomplished seamen, and they were reduced to scientific principles by Major Rennell. Humboldt and Bory St. Vincent have the credit of having given them their more captivating application to the natural history of the sea; the latter in a treatise not generally known in this country, published in the French Dictionary of Natural Sciences.

As the blood circulates in certain creatures of low organisation—molluscs and annelids—in currents before it enters into determinate channels—veins and arteries—so Michelet would have it, after Maury, the currents brought about by the infinitely numerous interruptions to the regularity of tidal movements and gulf streams, in coasts, islands, capes, straits, and rivers, represents a similar state of things. Chazallon having propounded that the undulations of the tide in a harbour follow the law of vibrating cords, Michelet concludes that the sea resembles a great animal arrested at the first degree of organisation. Deprived of these movements, the sea would in places become saturated with salt, or encumbered with detritus. Maury has also shown, with the foresight of true genius, the harmony that exists between the air and water. As

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\* *La Mer*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: L. Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>.

is the maritime ocean, so is the aerial ocean. The movements of both are analogous. There are aerial and maritime pulsations besides those of the tide. The latter is brought about by the influence of other bodies, but the pulse of the different currents is intrinsic to the terrestrial globe; it constitutes the phenomenon of its own particular vitality.

Michelet holds one of Maury's most remarkable determinations to be when he says that the most apparent agent in the circulation of the sea, heat, would not alone suffice. There is another, not less important, and even more so, and that is salt. Salt is so abundant in the sea, that, if it was accumulated over America, it would cover it with a mountain four thousand five hundred feet in thickness. The saltness of the sea, whilst not varying much, still increases and diminishes with localities, with currents, and with the neighbourhood to the poles and the equator. The sea is more or less light or heavy, and more or less mobile, according to the proportion of saline substances held in solution. It is this continual admixture which makes the fluid move with greater or less rapidity, and which gives origin to currents, both to horizontal currents in the bosom of the sea, and to vertical currents corresponding in the sea to what are met with in the atmosphere.

Brimful of life at its surface, the sea would be encumbered if that prodigious power of production was not kept somewhat in check by the antagonist power of destruction. Only imagine that every herring has from fifty to seventy thousand eggs! If every egg was to produce a herring, and every herring fifty thousand more, were there not an enormous destruction going on the ocean would very soon be solidified and putrified. The great cetacea drive them towards the shores, ever and anon diving into their ranks and swallowing up whole shoals. The whiting eat their fry; cod again devour the whiting. Yet, even here, the peril of the sea, an excess of fecundity, shows itself in a still more terrible shape. The cod has up to nine millions of eggs, and this creature, of such formidable powers of maternity, has nine months of love out of twelve. No wonder that the fishery of this productive fish has created towns and colonies. But, even then, what would the power of man be opposed to such fecundity? He is assisted by others, among which the sturgeon takes chief rank. Then, again, the sturgeon itself is a very fecund fish. This devourer of cod has itself fifteen hundred thousand eggs. Another great devourer is not proportionately reproductive, and that is the shark; so Michelet calls it "*Le beau mangeur de la nature, mangeur patenté, le requin.*" Vivaporous, he nourishes the young shark in his bosom, his feudal inheritor, who is born terrible and ready armed. Hence are sharks called in many countries sea-dogs, and so we lately saw the French *chien de mer* literally translated.

But the sea, we are told, can afford to smile at the very destroyers to which she gives birth; she is safe to bring forth only the more. Her chief riches defy the fury of these devouring creatures, and are inaccessible to their assaults. "I speak," says M. Michelet, "of the infinite world of living atoms of microscopic animals, veritable abyss of life, that ferments in its bosom." It has been said that the absence of solar light excluded life, yet is the sea strewn with sea-stars at its greatest depths. The deepest waters are peopled with infusoriæ and with microscopic worms. Innumerable molluscs drag along their shells there.

Bronze-coloured crabs, radiating actinæ, snowy porcellæ, golden cyclostomia, undulated volutes, live and die there. The luminous creatures, which are at times drawn to the surface, appear there like trains of fire-lights; fiery serpents and sparkling garlands so fill up space in those remote depths, that they must at times and in portions be perfectly illuminated. This is also aided by the phosphorescence peculiar to itself, as well as to many other things, and there is reason to believe that the depths of the ocean have their own lighthouses, their own heaven, moon, and stars!

“The fruitful waters are positively dense with all kinds of fat atoms, admirably adapted to the soft nature of fish, that idly open their mouths and inhale food, as if it itself was an embryo in the bosom of a common mother. Does he know that he is swallowing? Scarcely so. Microscopic food is like a milk that comes to him. The great fatality of the earth, hunger, is only for the earth; here, it is anticipated, unknown. There is no effort of movement, no search for food. Life must float on like a dream. What shall such a being do with its force? All expenditure of such is impossible. It is reserved for love.”

This is, according to Michelet, the real work, the all in all of the great world of the sea: to love and to multiply. Love fills up its fruitful night. It dives into its greatest depths, and seems still more rich among the infinitely small. And what, he asks, is an atom? When you think you have got hold of the last, the indivisible, you find that it still loves and divides its existence to give birth to another being. In the very lowest grades of life, where all other organism is wanting, the reproductive functions are all complete. Such is the sea. She is, it would appear, the great female of the globe, whose indefatigable desires, whose permanent conceptions, and whose productiveness never cease.

Sea-water, even the purest, taken at a distance from land and devoid of all impurities, is slightly white and viscous. Chemical analysis does not explain this feature. Marine animals and plants are, more or less, covered with this viscosity. M. Michelet, who calls this “sea milk,” looks upon it as animal water, organised: mucus or gelatinised water—the universal element of life. From out of this mucus issues forth the vegetable thread, the silky down, which, no matter whether one naturalist calls it vegetable and another animal, it oscillates and moves. From it, also, first issues the primitive monad, which, moving and oscillating, ultimately becomes a vibron. It is upon the ruins of the first, be they conservæ or microscopic algæ, atoms still undecided between vegetable and animal life, that rises up the immense, the marvellous, maritime flora. Michelet admires this flora exceedingly. It is harmless. No subtle poison lurks in any seaweed; all, on the contrary, are more or less nutritious. Some, like the laminaria, are sweet; others, as the ceramixæ, have a wholesome bitter; still more are full of excellent mucilage. But the most striking feature, he declares, is their love, which carries them beyond their sphere, and, for the time being, endows them with the properties of animals.

To carry the same train of ideas into the realms of geology. In olden times, volcanoes, especially submarine ones, exercised much greater power than in the present day. The sea milk accumulated in their ravines and hollows was warmed and electrified and fermented into animalisation.



The first results perished, and were succeeded by more perfect creations. Some, as polypi, corals, and shell-fish, absorbed lime; others, as the microscopic animals of tripoli, absorbed siliceous matter; and the residue of successive creations went to clothe the gloomy nakedness of the first crystalline rocks, daughters of fire, which had torn them from the planetary nucleus and launched them into the living sea, sterile and burning.

A fisherman once gave Michelet, from the bottom of his net, a sea-egg and two fragile sea-stars. He gave them some sea-water and forgot them, but, when he returned, they were dead, and a thick gelatinous scum was on the surface of the water full of living things, active, daring, and voracious, darting in every direction, and devouring numbers of microscopic eels (vibrions), and other small creations. Here was a fertile theme for speculation! Harvey had said everything comes from an egg, or from the dissolved elements of a previous existence; and M. Ponchet has shown that, from the residue of infusoria and other atoms, come the fertile jelly—the proliferous membrane, whence spring not new beings, but the ova which give birth to them.

The microscopic world presents a kingdom of nature that is infinitely and admirably varied. Almost all the forms of life are there honourably represented. They have collective beings, as we have our polypi and corals. They have little molluscs that inhabit tiny shells. They have fierce-looking crustaceæ armed to the teeth, and rapacious monsters, like our sharks. And their productiveness casts all experience of the visible world into the shade. The rhizopods clothe the Cordilleras and the Apennines with their little mantlets; the foraminifera number two thousand species. They are contemporaneous with all the geological epochs of the earth's crust. In our times they are almost limited to the Indian and American gulf streams, and their myriads, killed by contact with colder waters, go to form the bottom of our seas. Ehrenberg declared that they had many stomachs—in some instances, one hundred and twenty. Dujardin declared this to be a mistake, and argued that they improvised stomachs just as they wanted them. Ponchet, however, inclines to the opinion of Ehrenberg.

The vigour of their movements is especially to be admired. There is scarcely a known means of impulsion or progression that is not to be found in the microscopic world. And yet how simple the means! Some move with graceful undulations like serpents; others dart as if by a spring or elastic force; others move by means of vibrating cilia, while the charming vorticellæ have a rotatory motion. The rotifera, again, have two little wheels on each side, which propel precisely as do the paddle-wheels of steamers.

Already in the north of Africa the vegetables which reign solely in the temperate sea, begin to be rivalled by animated vegetables, that grow also and flower also. Twice a year the common sponge gives off little spheroids, which, starting from the mother sponge, and provided with a slight fin-like apparatus, enjoy a few moments' liberty and movement till they fix themselves, and a new sponge arises. This may be either an ovule, a sponge, or a vegetable seed. The same is seen in both the kingdoms of nature. According to Michelet, a sponge, a l'amour à sa manière, and is even more richly endowed than many other beings. As we advance towards the equator, the number, size, and splendour of the animated

vegetables go on increasing. Strange trees, of elegant forms and brilliant colours, the gorgonias and isis, spread their rich fan-like shapes. The stone plants, madrepores, and the corals, appear at the same time, claimed at once by the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms. "They are," says Michelet, "the real point at which life rises obscurely from its stony sleep, without entirely detaching itself from that rude point of departure, as if to teach us—proud and exalted as we are—of the ternary fraternity, of the right which even the humble mineral possesses of ascending in the scale, and of animating itself, and of the deep aspirations that lie in the bosom of nature." "Natura non fit saltus," said the old Swedish naturalist Linnæus; and if all the steps have not yet been definitely marked out by which the transition is effected, from gaseous elements to stony compounds, from minerals to plants, and from plants to animals, we may feel quite assured it is our limited means of observation that are to blame, not the order of creation.

"Our meadows and the forests of the earth we dwell upon appear," says Darwin, "desert and void as compared to those of the sea." And not the least curious incident of the prodigious productiveness is that plants seem to delight in assuming animal forms, whilst animals take upon themselves that of a lithophytic or stony vegetation. Others, again, perish away like flowers. The sea anemone opens its rose-coloured corolla with azure eyes, but the moment that a daughter is born it fades away and dies. The alcyonium, the Proteus of the sea, on the other hand, assumes all kinds of shapes and forms, and is one moment a plant, at another a fruit.

What a stirring sight does this submarine world present on a calm day! Look down upon the reefs of the Pacific, and you see a green carpet of tubiporas and astreas, diversified by more bright-coloured meandrinæ and cariophyllæ, swiftly vibrating their rich golden stamina. Over this world beneath, as if to shade it from the sun, majestic gorgonias and the less lofty isis undulate like the willows and aspens and climbing-plants of our own forests. The plumaria sends forth its spirals from one submarine tree to another, just like the grape-vine of the south. Another world lives within this stony world. Molluscs drag their shells of pearly lustre along these labyrinths; crabs run and hunt there; strange fish of golden hues rove tranquilly about. Purple and violet-coloured annelids creep snake-like among those delicate stars—the ophiuri—that alternately roll up and then stretch forth their delicate and fragile arms to the descending sunbeams. The madreporite alone has no beauty of colour. Its perfection lies in its shape; in it, too, especially is the individual modest and humble, whilst the republic is imposing. It is the reverse of what we sometimes contemplate in this world when the individual would be imposing and the republic appears to be the contrary. In Michelet's playful fancy the complicated twistings and turnings of the madreporite have a meaning. They would seem to say something, to anticipate hieroglyphics and arrow-heads and alphabets, by a strange natural cryptography or lithography; but no Sharpe or Rawlinson has yet stood forward to decipher their secret meaning. "On sent bien qu'aujourd'hui encore il y a une pensée là-dedans. On ne s'en détache pas aisément." Pity it is a mere fancy. Such a writing would be a communication from the unknown world to the known!

Neither sculpture nor painting can reproduce these delicate creations. The latter paints living things as it would paint flowers. The colours given to them, however, are, in reality, quite different. They no more represent the reality than do the attempts to represent minerals coloured. Palissy attempted to produce the same effects by enamel. It answered pretty well for reptiles and scales of fish, but failed utterly in reproducing these soft, warm, and delicately coloured transparencies. Why do ladies delight in coral ornaments? Because their dull fleshy redness enhances the natural bloom, which only pales away by contrast with more brilliant gems.

The corals the same fantastic writer calls "faiseurs de mondes"—"constructors of globes." The day that the microscope discovered the infusoria, they were found to have constituted mountains, and to pave the ocean. The hard silex of Tripoli is a mass of animalcules; sponge is an animated silex. Paris is built with the remains of infusoria; a part of Germany reposes upon a bed of coral. Infusoria, corals, testaceous animals, and others, contribute to form chalk and limestones. The fish that devours the tender coral restores it as chalk. The coral sea, in its great work of construction, of movements, upraisings, and subsidences, building up, tumbling down, and rebuilding, is an immense factory of limestone. Forster, Cook's companion, was the first to point out that the circular coral islands are craters of volcanoes brought to the surface by the labours of polypi. They are always more or less circular rings, precipitous and beaten by the waves on the outside, sloping down more gradually into the depths of a central basin. Tempests in these great seas have their multiple uses. They sweep over the old lands, tear up trees and plants, and their roots and seeds, and convey them to new territories. The cocoa-nut is an especial messenger of life; it bears long transits best. Cast upon a coral rock, it finds a little sand, the residue of corals ground down, and it is satisfied where other plants would perish. It germinates, and becomes a tree. Trees bring fresh water and soil, and other plants soon find a home. With the progress of time the coral reef is an inhabitable island. According to Sir James Emerson Tennent, also, by a kind provision of nature, salt water, percolating through coral reefs, becomes fresh.

Nor is the rapidity of this work less remarkable than the results. Boats have been known to disappear at Rio Janeiro in forty days beneath a mass of tubularia that had got possession of them. There were formerly twenty-six islands in a strait near Australia; there are now fifty; and it is anticipated that, before twenty years have elapsed, the strait, a hundred miles in width, will be no longer practicable. It will be the same with Annesley Bay with its port of Adule, so coveted by France; it will probably be barely accessible with the lapse of years. Even Sicily is becoming imbedded in an outer reef. Then look at the extent of these creations. The chain of the Maldives is 500 miles long. The reefs of French Caledonia, as it must be now called, are 145 leagues in extent. The eastern reef of Australia has an expanse of 360 leagues. There are groups of coral islands in the Pacific 400 leagues in length by 150 in width. The mariner dreads these reefs. It is vexatious to see a tranquil basin at a distance of a few hundred yards, and to be tempest-tost where no anchor will hold, and where corals, sharp as razors, will cut the stoutest

ship into shavings. But the philosopher, utopian Michelet says, should look upon these structures with another spirit. He must look upon these polypi as constructing a world in case of the breaking up of the present one. If, as is said, every ten thousand years the sea rushes from one pole to the other, many will one day be happy to find a refuge in the coral islands of the Pacific.

Michelet calls those beautiful things in shape like an umbrella, so delicate, and of such light and shady colours—opal white passing into a crown of light lilac, and which naturalists call Medusa—"daughters of the sea." Nothing, he says, is more fugitive than these beautiful things: there are some so fluid, as, for example, the light azure bend called the belt of Venus, which, taken out of its warm and congenial element, dissipates and disappears. Poor daughters of the ocean! they are the food for fishes and the delight of birds, and, scarcely provided with independent means of locomotion, they are balloted about here and there at the mercy of the winds and waves, broken to pieces on hard rocks, or strewn on the sandy shores, where they soon dry into a shapeless gelatinous mass. Perchance they are as easily created as other ephemeral existences—born for a calm, clear, sunny day, and destined to perish when night or storms overcloud the sea. The only defence of some—and not a very lady-like one—is, that they can give out a kind of electric shock or sting like a nettle, but shock or sting are alike most trifling. A medusa, the lamented naturalist Forbes said, is an emancipated polypus. That is to say, free, it yet obeys the laws of vegetable life. A tree is a collective thing, but it gives off fruit which are detached to give birth to others. "As the branch of a plant or of a tree which was about to send forth leaves stops in its development, contracts, becomes an organ of love—I mean a flower—so the polypifera, contracting some of its polypi, transforming their contracted stomachs, makes the placenta, the eggs, whence issues its mobile flower, the young and gracious medusa. Thus viewed, the medusa is the first and touching escape of a new creation, sent defenceless, from the safety of a life in common, endeavouring to be itself, of acting and suffering on its own account—first attempt of nature set free—embryo of liberty."

The medusa, trembling on the limits of emancipation, which others of its class more advanced in organisation enjoy with a certain amount of almost dashing independence, plays a great part in the phosphorescent illumination of the sea. When the atmosphere is charged with electricity, and a storm approaches, long lines of pale light are seen on the sea. This is the electricity of the sea; almost all living creatures absorb a portion of it, and give it up with interest at their death. Here immense surfaces of infusoria make of the sea a milky way, giving off a mild white light, which, when disturbed, becomes yellow, like burning sulphur. There cones of light go turning upon themselves, or rolling along like red-hot balls. The pyrosoma appear like a disc of fire, one moment of an opaline yellow, with a tinge of green; at another, red, orange, and finally azure blue. The biphora and salpas congregate in bands, like serpents of flame, miles and miles in length. Separated, their free members give birth to little free atoms, which, in their turn, engender new serpentine and dancing republics, to diffuse their fiery bacchanals over the sea. The velleue light up their little embarkations by night; the

heroes go triumphant, like flames. But none are more magical in their effects than the medusas. Their luminous hair, like gloomy night-lamps, send forth mysterious rays of emerald green and other colours, which fade away, revealing a sentiment. It is, as with the glow-worm, the signal of that love which alone comforts us here below. Only the medusas give up their life with their lambent flames. The fecundating sap, the power of generation, abides with that light-giving power, and with each beam that flickers away life is also being exhausted. Expose them to warmth, and they radiate still more brilliantly, and become so beautiful, that all is soon over. Flames, love, and life, all are fled, all extinguished at once.

Acalepha, echinoderms, and molluscs are, for the most part, harmless things, preyed upon by others, but among the latter we find carnivorous creatures, endowed with great powers of destruction; such, more especially, are the suckers among the Cephalopoda, whose armed or unarmed acetabula can seize and let go their hold alike instantaneously, by pushing forward or drawing back a piston, according as the animal wishes to make or to destroy a vacuum. Professor Owen, to whom we are indebted for this curious fact, has also pointed out that, in the calamary, the base of the piston is enclosed by a horny hoop, the outer and anterior margin of which is developed into a series of sharp-pointed curved teeth. These can be firmly pressed into the flesh of a struggling prey by the contraction of the surrounding transverse fibres, and can be withdrawn by the action of the retractile fibres of the piston.

If, says Michelet, we should pay a visit to the rich collection of armour of the middle ages in Paris, and should go thence to the Museum of Natural History and examine the armour of the crustacea, we should feel nothing but pity for the arts of man. The first are a carnival of ridiculous disguises, of no use but to encumber and stifle a warrior and render him inoffensive. The other, especially the arms of the terrible and voracious decapods, are so frightful, that if they were upon the same scale as man, it would be impossible to contemplate them without terror. Everything is superior in the crustacean. The eyes see before and behind. They embrace the whole horizon. The antennæ have the organ of touch at the extremity, of smelling and hearing at the base. (May not the acalaphæ, so much despised, have these senses diffused over the whole surface?) Immense advantages, says Michelet, that we do not possess. No doubt, too, for very wise purposes. It may be habit, but we would rather smell with our noses than with our fingers. Of the decapod's ten feet, six are hands and organs of respiration. There is security in this, at all events. Next to the crustaceans come fish—not only the varied, bright-coloured, quick-moving denizens of the sea, but the most useful of all its products. We cannot follow our author in his speculations upon fishy matters. "Happy as a fish," he declares to be a true proverb. The great and perpetual struggle between death and love, ever going on on the earth, is as nothing compared to what is going on at the bottom of the sea. Nor can any one contemplate that great element—massive when tranquil, threatening when disturbed—in the same light as our author, as itself a living thing, containing inconceivable myriads of other living things in its bosom, and busy preparing another world for humanity when the present one shall be swept away by its all-powerful agency, without looking with a little more philosophical respect at its boundless expanse.

## THE HOUSE, BLASWICK.

## PART THE FIFTH.

## I

## AN ALARM.

IT was early the next morning, about six o'clock, when the housemaid at the rectory of Allendale rushed up-stairs, knocked violently at her mistress's bedroom door, and begged breathlessly to be allowed to speak to her.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Acton.

"Oh, ma'am, there must have been robbers in the house last night! Oh, what shall I do?"

A little explanation was then gone into, and the truth came to light by degrees. The housemaid had found the front door open, and as she was the first person stirring in the house, there could be no doubt but that it had been opened during the night. A most suspicious circumstance, and one well calculated to make her conclude that robbers had been ransacking the lower apartments.

"Do you miss anything? Is the house in disorder?" were questions which naturally followed; but the frightened woman had not looked.

Mrs. Acton accordingly threw on her dressing-gown and went to make an inspection herself. She found the front door partly open, as the housemaid had said, but there was nothing displaced in the passage, and the doors leading to the dining and drawing rooms were locked as usual. It was a habit the rector had; he always turned the keys of the various unoccupied rooms at night, in order to give imaginary burglars as much trouble as possible.

"This door could not have been opened from the outside," said Mrs. Acton. "Let us go into the kitchen."

The cook had not remarked anything unusual that morning; she had not missed a single pewter-spoon (the plate was all kept up-stairs in a cupboard in Mr. Acton's dressing-room). It was most singular! If burglars had been in the house, they had simply entered it and gone out without taking the trouble to steal.

Mrs. Martin's bedroom door was shut; Alfred and Louisa were in their several apartments; no one knew anything about the front door; no noise had been heard. It was certainly the most mysterious thing that had ever happened in the rectory. Mr. Acton declared positively that he remembered seeing the bolts drawn the night before; he could swear to it if necessary, which it certainly was not, as no one could doubt the rector's word for a moment.

When all these investigations had been gone through, and no light was thrown upon the matter, Mrs. Acton returned to her bedroom to dress. She had not been there very long, however, when again came a knock at the door. She thought that it was simply to indicate that there was hot water for her, and replied to it by a "Very well;" but a voice outside ejaculated: "Oh, ma'am, it's not well."

"Not well? What can be the matter now?"

"Something has been stolen," suggested Mr. Acton. But he was wrong. It was Mrs. Martin who was missing from the room. The servant had gone to call her, but found that the bed had not been slept in, that the window-blind was drawn up, the candle burnt down to its socket, and no vestige of that lady's property remaining.

Here was the mystery of the front door solved! It was most unsatisfactory, but Mrs. Martin, their chief witness, was gone, and no one knew where.

Had she been hoaxing them? Were they to become the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood? These were not pleasant ideas, and they tormented the inhabitants of the rectory. At one time Mrs. Acton fancied that she would return; at another, she pictured to herself some impossible romance of carrying off a lady from their house by force, Mr. Branburn being the hero.

Mr. Acton went off to his friend Mr. Salamon, and received great consolation during an interview with him.

So time went on, but a great event is about to happen, and we must not linger.

## II.

### THE SEARCH.

"WHO do you suppose is going to let you enter here? My master is not at home, and my lady sees no one," said the voice of the gruff porter, as he shoved the little sliding-door back into its place, and left three policemen outside, looking rather foolish.

What was to be done next? Their expressions denoted that they knew no better than we.

After gazing for a few moments at the impenetrable gateway which barred their entrance, they turned on their heel, and held a conference at a little distance, which resulted in one of their number walking down the lane at great speed.

An hour passed slowly on. Some tradespeople came to the gate, handed what they brought through a hole in the paling, and went away. The two remaining policemen watched these proceedings at a distance, but made no attempt to gain admittance. Some of the village children, attracted by so unusual a circumstance, had gathered together in little groups, one boy peeping over another's shoulders, and all ready to run away at a moment's notice.

An hour had elapsed, we said, and another half-hour had to be got through before any change took place in the scene. Mr. Acton then made his appearance, and, soon after, the other policeman, who joined his companions, and followed the rector at some little distance.

Mr. Acton rang boldly at the bell; he had only once done so before since the present owners came to live at "The House." He was made to wait some minutes, and just as he was about to ring again, the sliding-door was opened, and Franklin appeared.

"I have some important business to communicate to your mistress," said Mr. Acton, graciously. "Will she see me?"

"I will ask her," was the hopeful reply; and the sliding-door was closed.

Mr. Aeton made a sign to the policemen, and they approached, so as to be able to slide in after him should the door eventually be opened.

A quarter of an hour must have elapsed ere Franklin again appeared.

"Mrs. Branburn will be happy to see you," he said, with a smile—yes, reader, with a smile on his cadaverous face. The door was then thrown open, and Mr. Aeton entered, closely followed by the policemen.

"Are these gentlemen of your party?" inquired the porter, eyeing them with a not very favourable look.

"They have business here, but it is different from mine."

"So I should conclude," remarked Franklin. "Will you walk this way?"

It must have been painful to Mr. Aeton to find himself in that old place. The objects, though changed, were mostly the same as when he had come to court Miss Elizabeth Aeton in his young days. Sad things had happened since those careless times, and he was now bent on a very different errand, a very painful one, which he had imposed on himself at a moment's notice, and without consulting any person. He had encountered the policeman near Mr. Salamon's house; he had been informed of what had happened, and, making up his mind in a great hurry, he had started off for Kleppington, and we now find him inside the barricaded walls of Mr. Branburn's domain, with three county policemen to protect him. Their business was different to his, that was very true: they had a search warrant, and were not slow in beginning their work of investigation.

Franklin conducted Mr. Aeton through the porch into a low hall; here he was left for a few minutes, and had time to realise the awkwardness of his position. There was no withdrawing from what he had undertaken now; he must see Mrs. Branburn, but what kind of reception she would give him remained to be proved.

He was next ushered down the long stone passage by a maid-servant, and he found himself standing in presence of the lady of the house before he knew where he was.

Mrs. Branburn's cheeks were flushed as she rose to receive her visitor, and bowing, she motioned him to be seated.

"It is painful for me to address you, madam, on the subject of my visit," stammered Mr. Aeton, "but I felt it only due to you to be made acquainted with the circumstances which induced—which rendered it necessary for us to take proceedings against—no, not exactly to take proceedings against your husband, but to ascertain whether some serious accusations brought against him have any foundation." He paused to take breath. "I am sure that if you are convinced of your husband's innocence you will not be alarmed by, neither will you object to, the search which it has been thought necessary to institute in this house."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Branburn, with a look of indignation. "Do you come here to insult me in my husband's absence?"

"Indeed no," said Mr. Aeton. "I should be the last person to insult you under such circumstances. I came to prepare you for a fact, which I feared might be communicated in a more rude manner. I have a respect for your feelings, and for the unhappy position in which you are placed."

"You speak in enigmas, sir; let me beg you to be plainer."

"I would willingly be so, but I am in a difficult position. Certain facts



have come to light which would involve your husband very seriously should they be proved to be true. It is believed that some one is detained within these walls, and, to ascertain the truth of this accusation, the authorities are obliged to order a search to be made."

Mr. Acton again paused, but his companion said nothing.

"If you are convinced of your husband's innocence you need be under no apprehension," he added, kindly.

"I am under none," said Mrs. Branburn, proudly. "I will open every door to you myself; you may go where you like, we fear no scrutiny."

She rose as she spoke, and her manner was so open that she quite succeeded in making Mr. Acton believe that she was perfectly innocent, and knew that her husband was so likewise.

He stammered a great many apologies for thus intruding, hoped that she would understand his reasons, and, bowing, took his leave.

The good rector would have done better had he left the whole affair to the proper persons. One thing he might pride himself upon, and that was the fact of his being the means of getting the policemen quietly inside the barred gates. He was not congratulating himself on this exploit, however, as he quitted the premises; he was regretting that he had taken any steps in the matter, so convinced was he of Mrs. Branburn's innocence.

The policemen searched everywhere throughout the house. They examined the porter's rooms, his bed-chamber, the papers in his drawers; they mounted the narrow staircase, explored Mrs. Franklin's room, and penetrated into the gloomy loft beyond. It was deserted; some linen ready for the iron lay upon the bed; a washing-tub stood near, and some irons were heating on the stove. Mrs. Franklin followed the men; she answered their questions without hesitation; said that the room had been used for various purposes; at one time Mr. Branburn's sister had slept there, but since she left "The House" she had been allowed to wash in it, sort out the linen, and, in short, do what she liked there. The policemen examined the marks on the clothes, but they learnt nothing by it, for some were not marked at all, and others had a single "F" in the corner.

The ruined rooms were carefully explored, but nothing suspicious was discovered in them. There were no trap-doors or concealed passages that they could detect, no one lurking in dark corners or shut up in the mouldering packing-cases.

"This would make a good burying-place," said one man to the other. "We might find bones here, but nothing alive except rats."

Thus the search was wholly without success, but where the mad-woman that we have heard and seen in "The House" had gone was a mystery which we have yet to solve.

## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER VI.

## EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

THE night bringeth counsel—and during the night that followed the Stranger's visit, Mr. Squirrel made up his mind as to the lowest figure at which he would part with the ring he so dearly prized.

It was not at all necessary that he should do so, but the Pawnbroker took the trouble to give Mr. Cramp a reason for changing his previously fixed resolve. "It was a dream," he said, "that done it." Like Milton's "late espoused Saint," Mrs. Squirrel had manifested herself in a vision, and uttered these words: "'Don't stand in your own light, Mr. Hess! True to me in your lifetime you hever was, and true you are to this moment. I dissolve you from your hoath.' 'These,'" continued Mr. Squirrel, "was the sperrit's own blissful observations—'Sell the ring, and if you regards my memory, make as much by it as you can.' On sayin' of which she wanished away like anythink flying up the spout, and my religious feelins tells me as how I must obey."

If the Scrutiniser's thought could have been set down in black and white, the word "Gammon" would certainly have stained the paper. Avoiding this inconvenient demonstration, he merely coughed a hollow assent to Mr. Squirrel's statement.

Punctually at the hour named, the foreign gentleman reappeared. He first glanced at Lorn, but the latter made no sign. He, too, had been occupied in the night, and his reflections had led him to the conclusion that it was *not* for "his good" the stranger wanted to see him.

"If it were," argued Lorn, "why didn't he ask me in a straightforward, open manner? Besides, I don't like his looks. I shan't take any notice."

The stranger did not seem, however, to be in the slightest degree disconcerted at Lorn's unwillingness to communicate with him, but opened upon Mr. Squirrel with great fluency.

"Now," he said, smiling, "I perfectly know where I am! Yes, you are the same kind gentleman who relieved my little necessity so many years ago. There is a goodness in your face which no one that has once seen it can ever mistake. Permit me, sir, to acknowledge my gratitude."

Suiting the action to the word—he was full of action—the speaker seized and wrung the pawnbroker's reluctant hand, and rapidly went on: "Ah! there is the object of my inquiry! You have done me the honour to wear it ever since."

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Squirrel, "though it has been wore pretty

nigh all the time. For fifteen year it ornymented my poor dear wife's wedding finger——"

"A still greater honour," interrupted the stranger, bowing.

"And since her departer," continued Mr. Squirrel, "I've cherished it up for her sake."

"That is affecting; it excites my commiseration."

But a very small amount of sentiment sufficed for Mr. Squirrel. It was time, he thought, to proceed to business, and he went to work accordingly.

"My foreman tells me," he said, extending his hand, "that you wish to repurchase this 'ere ring."

"Very much," was the answer. "What price do you put upon it?"

"Fifty guineas."

"But that is a great deal!"

"It is, and it ain't, according as it 'appens."

"Nine pounds only were advanced upon it when pledged."

"Werry true; but when you pledges goods you don't ought to expect to get full valley for 'em. We takes a harticle, not at the selling price, but as col-lateral security. Nine times out of ten we'd a precious deal rather have our money back than keep the goods, which often is only drugs. It's the hinterest as we looks at to 'elp us to make a livin'.——There's them doors goin', Cramp! Attend to the parties.——Now, supposiu' I'd sold this ring seventeen year ago, as I might lawfully 'ave done—why, compound hinterest would have give me a deal more than I'm now askin'."

"Fifty guineas is more than I was prepared to pay. I have not so much about me. That, however, is not the real obstacle, for——allow me to see the ring a little closer."

Mr. Squirrel took the ring off and handed it to the stranger, who said, after a close examination, "There is no doubt of its identity. But besides the moral value I attach to its possession, the diamond is really one of price. I agree, sir, to your terms. Be so kind as to polish the hoop, it seems a little dull. Ah," he exclaimed, when Mr. Squirrel had rubbed away with a bit of wash-leather, "now it looks as bright as when the Count, my father, first had it made."

He put the ring admiringly on one of his own fingers, took it off again, held it at arm's length, praised the water, tried it on a second time, and finally returned it to Mr. Squirrel.

Then he said: "As I observed before, I am at present unprovided with the necessary amount, but in three days my remittances arrive from Paris, and if you will keep the ring for that time I shall be greatly obliged. I must not, however, leave your shop empty-handed. I am in want of a cloak; I see some hanging up; you gentlemen sell everything."

"I dare say we can suit you, sir!" said Mr. Squirrel, cheerfully. "Hand down them cloaks, Lory!"

A bargain for one was soon struck, and on paying for it the stranger observed: "As the weather is too close to wear this cloak to-day, perhaps you will let that fine young man, your son, carry it home for me!"

"No son of mine," returned the pawnbroker, "but I'll send 'im."

"Not your son! That surprises me, the likeness is so great!"

"Fold that cloak up, Lory, put on your cap, and go with this gent. My son! I might 'ave 'ad one about 'is hage, but I were bereaved. No! This ere chap is a fondling as I've brought up for charity; left in a bundle he was one night, quite permiscous, by a female, on that there counter, while my back was turned. I've 'ad the bringin' of 'im up, and never got so much as a thankee from nobody."

"This happened, I suppose, when he was quite young?"

"Young! I b'lieve you! Not two months old."

"What age is he now?"

"He was left just this time seventeen years, so you may guess."

"Ah, that was it! Seventeen years! Have you no idea to whom he belongs?"

"How should I, coming in the way he did?"

"True. But there might have been marks on his clothes, if he had any."

"Yes, there was clothes, if you like to call 'em so. I should say, rags—things I wouldn't have lent a shilling on. But no marks, that's to say, no names nor 'nitals."

"Did you advertise this singular occurrence?"

"Advertise! Where'd have been the good of that? Folks as do what that female did ain't likely to harnser an advertisement. No! I did my dooty as a Christian, and I looks to Evven for my reward."

"Your conduct has been admirable. Rely upon it, you will be recompensed hereafter. But I must not detain you longer. The young man, I see, is ready. Good morning, sir. In three days I shall bring the money, so be sure and keep the ring."

On this the stranger took leave, and left the shop, followed by Lorn. They walked on in silence until they arrived at the Hôtel de Provence, in Leicester-square, when Mr. Charles, as the gentleman called himself, led the way up-stairs, telling his companion to bring the parcel to his room.

From predilection, we will suppose, Mr. Charles inhabited the airiest apartment in the hotel. He did not cease from climbing till he had reached the highest landing-place. He then took a key from his pocket, unlocked a door, and went in. Lorn wished to have got rid of his burden without going further, but this did not suit Mr. Charles.

"Come in!" he said. "I have a message for your master."

Reluctantly Lorn obeyed, set his parcel down on a table—the only one in the room—and waited uneasily, wishing to be gone.

His departure, however, depended on the pleasure of Mr. Charles, who, with the dexterity which characterised all his movements, had locked the door inside, unperceived by Lorn, the moment he entered.

Mr. Charles approached the table at which Lorn remained standing, and eyed him for some moments with attention. Then he said:

"Did you read what was written on the paper I put into your hand yesterday afternoon?"

Lorn did not know what to answer. He was unwilling to say why he had not done as Mr. Charles requested, and could not deny having read the paper. Slightly equivocating, he replied that he did not understand it.

"Well," observed Mr. Charles, "that is of no consequence now. Do you know," he added, drawing closer to the table, "I like your ap-

pearance very much. Your countenance pleases me. It is open and honest."

Lorn felt confused. "Please, sir," he said, "to let me know the message I'm to take to master."

"Presently. But first of all I wish to speak about yourself. I feel disposed to render you a great service. I have it in my power to do so. I am a nobleman of high rank, and very rich."

Lorn could not help wondering why a rich nobleman should choose to live in a room so poorly furnished. Mr. Squirrel slept in one much better. Besides the table there were only two cane-bottomed chairs, a painted chest of drawers, a washhand-stand, and a curtainless bed, on which stood a small portmanteau.

Mr. Charles saw what was passing in Lorn's mind, and went on: "You are surprised, no doubt, to see me in a place like this. But I am only a traveller at present. Important business has brought me to this country, and during the time I stay it is necessary for my negotiations that my rank should not be recognised. On this account I lay aside my title, and am known simply by the name of Charles. Are you much attached to your master?"

It was impossible for Lorn to acknowledge any great fondness for Mr. Squirrel, yet he had a misgiving that he ought not to confess his real sentiments. Nature, however, prevailed over prudence.

"I should like him better," he replied, "if he treated me more kindly."

"But surely," rejoined Mr. Charles, "Mr. Squirrel is a good man. It is he who brought you up from a child,—so he told me."

"No!" said Lorn, with a quickly-rising colour. "It was——" he hesitated, his eyes filled with tears—"it was my mother."

"Your mother!" echoed Mr. Charles, with surprise. "I thought you had been an orphan!"

"So I am! But She—Mrs. Squirrel, I mean—was the only mother I ever knew!"

Here Lorn's feelings quite gave way, and the tears rolled fast down his cheeks.

When his emotion had subsided, Mr. Charles said:

"Since Mr. Squirrel does not treat you well, are you willing to quit his service? I can help you to a much better place."

Hearing these words spoken in a tone to which of late he had been little accustomed, Lorn felt ashamed of having doubted Mr. Charles.

"I should be glad," he said, in a hesitating manner, "to learn another trade."

"There are plenty of trades that may be easily learnt," replied Mr. Charles, smiling. "Can you write a good hand? There are pen, ink, and paper: let me see!"

"What shall I write, sir?"

"Anything. Stay! your name, perhaps, is best. Sit down and write that."

Lorn's hand trembled a little, but he produced a very good signature, and Mr. Charles approved of it, only observing that it was rather too large for general purposes, on which account he wished to see a smaller specimen. This also was executed, and Mr. Charles declared himself satisfied.

"So far so good," said he; "do you know any foreign language? I suppose not."

Lorn confessed his ignorance.

To the questions whether he were apprenticed to Mr. Squirrel or received wages from him, Lorn also answered in the negative.

"It is clear, then," said Mr. Charles, "that you are very little bound to your employer. He merely gives you food, clothes, and lodging, which you requite by your services. You dislike the business of pawnbroking—and no wonder, for you have a spirit above a profession so mean and sordid;—your master does not behave well to you; present advantage you have none, and your prospects are not enviable. There is, therefore, no reason why you should throw yourself away upon such a person as Mr. Squirrel. It is plain that you have talent. I am not often mistaken in my judgment. I have seen too much of the world for that. On the other hand, I can place you at once in a situation of considerable trust and profit. I have a large connexion, both in England and on the Continent, but in the first instance, till you have seen something of life, I offer you the post, which has just become vacant, of my private secretary."

Lorn was quite overwhelmed by the suddenness and strangeness of this proposition. To be released from the drudgery of a pawnbroker's shop, and raised to a situation which, though he did not comprehend its exact nature, seemed something far superior, was a piece of good fortune beyond his utmost expectations; yet, somehow, Lorn did not think it would be quite right to accept it—at all events, without Mr. Squirrel's permission.

As soon, therefore, as he was able to speak, he replied: "I will ask leave to come, sir."

Mr. Charles laughed.

"If you do that," he said, "I can save you the trouble of speculating on the nature of Mr. Squirrel's answer: he will refuse to let you go. No, my young friend, you are too useful to him. He can order you about just as he pleases, make you work from morning to night, keep your nose to the grindstone, slave you, fag you, give you hard words—how do I know? even beat you—and as the reward of all your services, give you broken victuals and old clothes, and make you sleep in a garret."

Intuitively, or from close observation, the picture drawn by Mr. Charles was as true as if he had been the daily witness of Mr. Squirrel's proceedings. He noticed the effect of his words, and continued:

"You agree to the principle that a change is desirable; indeed, nobody can blame—everybody, on the contrary, must applaud you for wishing to rise in the world. What will you have to do when you are with me? Write a letter occasionally to some nobleman or other person of my acquaintance; that is all in the way of work. And for the rest—live as I do myself, wear good clothes, eat good dinners, go to bed when you please, get up when you please, enjoy yourself with all sorts of amusements, and have plenty of money in your pocket. Truly, the contrast between the two situations is not a matter for hesitation."

Mr. Charles spoke fast; he had a perfect command of language, and a manner that greatly assisted him. It is, consequently, not much to be wondered at that he succeeded in persuading Lorn. The poor boy of seventeen, with only an indistinct notion of the rights of the question, was

no match for a man of five-and-forty, even had his experience been much less than that of Mr. Charles.

"When do you want me, sir?" asked Lorn.

"To-day—immediately—my correspondence is in arrear; I am losing time, of more value to me than money, until you come."

"But suppose, sir, you had not seen me!"

"Then I must have procured another. But the fact is, I was looking for just such a person as yourself, when my business took me to your master's shop. I saw at once, from your appearance, that you would suit me exactly. All I wanted to be sure of was your handwriting: on that point I have now no doubt. This it is, my young friend, together with your cleverness, which has gained you a new, and, I promise you, a kind master."

"I will go back then, sir, and tell Mr. Squirrel that I mean to leave."

"And the result will be what I have already told you. No, no! You must make up your mind at once, and act decisively. It is only by doing so that people ever get on. Stay altogether. You won't, I suppose, leave many valuables behind?"

"Only a few books, sir."

"They are easily replaced. You shall have a library of your own, when we are settled."

"Couldn't I say 'good-by' to old Cramp?"

"Old Cramp! Who is he?"

"The man you spoke to first, sir—with the large nose—Mr. Squirrel's foreman."

"But that would be venturing once more in the lion's den, and being captured by the keeper. Your friend is an excellent person, no doubt, but he might not keep your counsel; you would then be given in charge, the police would take you before a magistrate, and the magistrate would commit you to prison, where you would be made to pick oakum for several years, if not for life."

"Should I be punished in that way, sir, if they caught me at any time?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then I'll go back at once!"

Lorn turned, but the door was locked against him, and the key gone.

"Oh, please, sir, to let me go," cried Lorn. "You said you had a message for Mr. Squirrel."

"I had, but our conversation has made it unnecessary. I shall call upon your master myself, and tell him your decision. When he sees that I take an interest in you he will not oppose my wishes. Perhaps, under the seal of secrecy, I may reveal my rank to him, and then, of course, all opposition, if he made any, would cease; but, I dare say, there will be no necessity for that. While I am gone you can copy out this letter. It is an appeal in favour of a poor person whom I desire to serve. In half an hour I shall return, and then we will have a snack and remove to another part of the town, where a friend of mine has offered me a most agreeable residence while I stay; so sit down again, and make the best use of your time."

So off-handedly did Mr. Charles settle the question, that Lorn did not venture to dispute his will.

"Promise me, sir," he said, "to say 'good-by' for me to Mr. Cramp; and ask master not to be angry."

"With all my heart. Whatever you please. Have you any other desire?"

"If I could have my 'Robinson Crusoe' I shouldn't a bit mind leaving. SHE gave it me!"

"Be content. I will ask for it."

"It's in my box, with my things."

"Which you wish me to obtain? Very well. Now then, set to work."

Mr. Charles, after a rapid survey of the apartment, let himself out, re-locked the door, and sat down on the landing-place, with his head on one side, listening attentively. He remained in this attitude for half an hour. At the end of that time he rose, and making a good deal of noise and clatter, as if returned in all haste from his expedition, let himself into the room.

"Very good," he said, taking up the copy which Lorn had very carefully made. "This is just what I wished—and expected. But I must tell you. Mr. Squirrel is perfectly satisfied with my explanation, and will send your box up directly. He added his blessing, and Mr. Camp—no, Cramp—desired his love. Now let us go down and get something to eat. But first I will put by the letter and these writing materials, and then you can help me to carry my portmanteau below."

The help was by no means an equal division of labour, for Lorn received no assistance from his new master till they reached the bottom of the stairs. Mr. Charles then lent a hand to convey his baggage into the coffee-room, where some refreshment was speedily served, of which they both partook. This over, Mr. Charles paid his bill, sent for a cab, bundled in Lorn and the portmanteau, and was in the act of following, when Lorn exclaimed that his box had not arrived.

"Time presses, my dear young friend," said Mr. Charles. "It is of the utmost consequence that I should see my lawyer before two o'clock, and we have no time to lose. I will desire the hotel-keeper to send your box after us by the Parcels Delivery Company."

Mr. Charles ran back to the coffee-room, quickly reappeared, and jumped into the cab.

"Bloomsbury-square" was the direction given, and the cabman drove off.

Mr. Charles did not speak till they got to Holborn. Then, suddenly, he said, "How stupid of me! I forgot that my lawyer will not be at home till to-morrow. To the Bank of England, cabbie."

But even that destination, so natural to a nobleman of Mr. Charles's pretensions, was not to be accomplished. At the foot of Skinner-street, Mr. Charles complained of the slowness of the pace. "We shall get on quicker," he said, "if we walk." He called to the driver to stop, and seeing a common-looking man lounging near, beckoned him to approach, and take his portmanteau. He tossed a shilling to the cabman, who caught it, grumbling, seized Lorn by the arm, and telling the porter to follow close, hurried up Snow-hill, took the turning that leads to Smithfield, crossed that desolate region in an oblique direction, and forgetting, apparently, that such a place as the Bank of England existed, dived into the Clerkenwell district, and, after threading two or three obscure streets, stopped at a small private house having a brass plate on the door, which bore the name of "Drakeford," and producing a latch-key, quietly let the whole party in.



## CHAPTER VII.

## ONE POUND REWARD.

"THAT boy's gone a long while," said Mr. Squirrel, looking at the clock, about half an hour after Lorn's departure.

"It's the way with 'em all," rejoined the Scrutiniser, who had little regard for youth in general, and none for Lorn in particular; "send 'em of herrands, and what's the hupshot? Stands at corners of streets, tosses for pies, and reads the playbills. That's what they does!"

"I know what I'll do," said Mr. Squirrel, whose anger was easily roused against Lorn, "I'll give him a good welting when he comes back."

"And sarve him right," humanely added the Scrutiniser.

"Did the forrin Party say where he lived?" asked Mr. Squirrel.

"Not in my 'earing. I was busy at the spout when he left. None of them forriners, however, lives far from 'ere. They mostly puts up in the Square, or thereabouts."

"Time enough," grumbled the pawnbroker, "to have gone to the Square and back ten times over."

Another half-hour—and yet another—but still no Lorn appeared, and Mr. Squirrel ceased not to wonder and vituperate.

Mr. Cramp, by way of allaying his impatience, suggested that Lorn had "runn'd away."

"No such luck," thought the pawnbroker; but as the suggestion implied harsh treatment, he thought proper to get into a passion. "Runn'd away!" he echoed; "what should he do that for? Warn't he well fed, and clothed, and everythink? Haven't I brought him up from a babby? You'll be for runnin' away next!"

"'Twouldn't take much to make me to," replied Mr. Cramp; "service is no inheritance."

Thereupon a quarrel ensued, each giving the other what he called "a bit of his mind," and they only left off with a glare and a growl at intervals, like a storm not wholly passed, when customers claimed their attention.

In this manner the day went by in doubtful expectation of Lorn's return, till at last it became absurd to expect him any longer. Evening came, and as he was still an absentee, the pawnbroker and his foreman had the shutters to put up and all the heavy work to do themselves, which did not greatly improve the temper of either, and they separated on terms that were anything but pleasant. Mr. Cramp, who had a private lodging in the neighbourhood, withdrew to his nightly symposium at the Blue Anchor, where he maundered over "forgiveness of sins" and "'eaping coals of fire on your hennemies' 'eds" to his own entire satisfaction, and the unspeakable edification of those who had the benefit of his conversation. Mr. Squirrel, to whom maudlin piety offered no consolation, passed a sleepless night at home, devising tortures for Lorn whenever he caught him, and speculating on the form of a handbill for his capture—for though personally glad to get rid of Lorn, an uneasy, indeed, a superstitious, feeling beset him, lest he should after all be a loser by his disappearance.

"He come as a pledge," soliloquised the pawnbroker, "which p'r'aps

is kep in view to be redeemed one day. Now, by this 'ere bolt—if bolted 'e is, and which it seems oncommon likely—I loses my 'old on 'im haltogether; and when they comes and says, 'Ere's more money for you, Mr. Squirrel, give us an account of that there boy,' a pretty fool I shall look like if I ups and tells 'em I knows nothink at all about 'im! That forriner can't 'ave sperrited 'im away! Why should he? I can quite fancy the boy's cuttin' off with the cloak instead of follering of 'im 'ome—but then wouldn't the other 'ave been down upon me to know all about it? Howsever, he's to call again about the ring, and then we shall see. He wants the harticle sadly, or he wouldn't 'ave agreed to give such a price for it! I wonder what for! As to its being a family relict of hisn, that's all my eye! There's somethin' else in the wind. But it's no affair of mine, so long as I makes money by the transaction. How about this boy, tho'? What's to be done? I suppose I must go to the expense of postin' of 'im!"

Such was Mr. Squirrel's final conclusion, and in the morning a handbill, of which the following is a copy, was posted on all the dead walls and hoardings adjacent:

### ABSCONDED

FROM HIS EMPLOYEE,

A youth of seventeen, tall for his age, of fair complexion, with grey eyes, good teeth, high colour, and brown waving hair. Walks fast and speaks quick. Had on a holland slop, dark cloth waistcoat and trousers, striped blue calico shirt, green fustian cap with a peak, worsted socks and lace-up boots. One Pound reward on apprehension. Apply to Mr. I. Squirrel, No. 666, Strand.

It cost the pawnbroker a pang to offer even this very low reward, which, as Mr. Cramp sagaciously observed, "wouldn't bring back a dog;" but he might have made it ten times as much, and still have been no nearer his object. It is true, he had frequent visits from the police, and Mr. Detective Lynx, in particular, looked in every evening; but they brought no information, and the only result that accrued to Mr. Squirrel was a reduction of the spirit-level in his *cellarette*, rum, whether neat or mixed, having a tendency in official eyes to sharpen the detective faculties. Perhaps, however, the stimulus was not administered with sufficient liberality, for day after day went by and the whereabouts of Lorn remained undiscovered.

What was curious, also, the foreign gentleman never came back to claim the ring, which still sparkled proudly on Mr. Squirrel's little finger.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PATRONAGE.

COULD Mr. Squirrel's visual organs have reached as far as Clerkenwell, with power to pierce through brick and mortar, their owner would have seen how little chance he had of measuring himself successfully with his late customer.

Having told the porter, who appeared to be quite at home, where to

deposit his portmanteau, Mr. Charles conducted Lorn to an apartment on the first floor, overlooking the street. It was very gaudily if not tastefully furnished, and, in compliment to its occupant, ought, perhaps, to be called a drawing-room, for a lady sat there surrounded by knick-knacks, which, like herself, seemed more for show than use, though doubtless the lady could be useful when occasion called for her services. As far as dress went, she corresponded with the apartment, the brightest colours and the most glittering ornaments were so freely distributed over her person; but in one respect the lady did not match the room, being a great many sizes too large for it. In addition to her bulk, she was very tall, and had the present fashion then prevailed, some acres of silk and velvet would have been necessary to deck her ample figure; indeed, as it was, she bore enough about her to array three females of ordinary dimensions. At a distance, men said how handsome she was, her lustrous black hair, her rich colour, and her large brown eyes, conveying an idea associated with what is called regal beauty; but a nearer inspection satisfied them that Art had now a great deal more to do with her appearance than Nature, and then the remark was, how handsome she must have been! Of course, though she knew—none better—the difference between truth and illusion, she conducted herself as if her charms were still at their zenith, and defied any light to damage her except daylight, against which, in-doors, she always turned her back.

She had taken up a position of this kind when Mr. Charles and Lorn entered. An open book lay on a table on one side of her, and a large gilt cage, containing a grey parrot, stood on the other: the book was not her companion, the parrot was.

"Ah, my dear Count!" she exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you again! But who have you got with you?"

The Count—for we will be as generous as the lady in addressing Mr. Charles—said that the young man was his new secretary, and stroked his beard, a signal which the fair speaker appeared to understand by elevating her strongly-marked eyebrows, and smiling in a way that did full justice to her dentist.

"When did you return from Paris?" she asked.

"Only yesterday," replied the Count, as he glided through a narrow pass between a piano and a work-table, and placed himself on a sofa beside the lady's chair.

"I hope you left your noble father, the Marquis, and your noble aunt, the Duchess, quite well?"

"Quite. The Duchess charged me with her tenderest love—the Marquis sent his most affectionate regards."

"Amiable beings! Ever kind, ever good! I never lay down in my bed without revoking blessings on their sainted heads. Such a gent as the Marquis, your father—such a noble gent, I should say—never had his equal! And as for the sweet Duchess, I declare it always makes me——"

The sentence was left unfinished, but the sentiment might be inferred from the manner in which the lady pressed an embroidered and highly perfumed handkerchief to her eyes, for two or three moments.

This interchange of illustrious designations and the choice words that accompanied them produced their intended effect upon Lorn, who had never heard of such exalted personages out of the newspapers, nor stood

in the presence of greater folks than the Beadle of his parish or the Police Inspector of the district—great people, certainly, though not the cream of society, like the Count and the fine lady to whom he was now listening. His embarrassment at the grandeur which surrounded him was, moreover, increased by the fact that he remained unnoticed, beyond the first words the lady had uttered, and felt uncertain whether he ought to sit down or leave the room.

"You are too sensitive," pursued the Count, gently withdrawing the lady's hand from her face; "you must not suffer your emotions to overwhelm you."

"How can I help it," replied the lady, whose countenance, nevertheless, was perfectly serene, "when I——But we will speak of other things. You saw the Emperor, of course?"

"I had a private interview at the palace the day he was proclaimed."

"What a superb creature he is, Count! How intimate we was when he were in this country! You recollect it were him that give me my darling Coco—ain't he a love, Count? I shall never forget how the Prince went down on his bended knees as he handed me the bird in his golden cage, nor the pretty speech he made on the occasion. Ah! he was only a Prince then! I dare say now I am quite forgot!"

Another display of the cambric handkerchief.

"You are mistaken," said the Count, gravely. "These were his Majesty's last words: 'Tell Madame Drakeford that the moment the palace is furnished I shall expect her to pay me the visit she promised so long ago.'"

"Impossible, Count! Drakeford would never stand—I myself could not think of such a thing. Remember, he is still unmarried. The conveniences of the *beau monde* must be respected."

"True. But the Princess Mathilde, you know, receives all the Emperor's guests; and the Grand-Duchess Stéphanie has already been there."

"Oh, I was not aware. That, indeed, makes all the difference."

Mrs. Drakeford and the Count having reached the top of the tree, now descended to earth again. Enough had been said to impress their hearer with a sense of their excessive magnificence.

The Count resumed the conversation.

"Having been away so long, my correspondence is dreadfully in arrear. On which account I have found it necessary to procure a successor to my poor Alfred. I call him poor, though in truth he is a lucky fellow, for it is not every one who obtains the post of Master of the Ceremonies to the Court of Timbuctoo, which my interest procured for him."

"It was so like you! And then you went to the expense of his outfit!"

"A bagatelle. Only a thousand pounds! He is the third secretary for whom I have provided. You know that when they leave me I always give them a thousand pounds."

"I know you do. Your generosity is unbounded!"

"Not so. I simply do my duty. That is to say, when others have done theirs. He who serves me faithfully is certain to become rich."

"What a prospect for a young man! If I were one, I should be ready to leap out of my skin to oblige you. I only wish I had a son, or even a

nephew, to recommend for the place. But, gracious! What am I saying! I forgot that you had a new secretary,—that he is in the room, in fact."

"Amazing!" exclaimed the Count, looking round with an air of astonishment. "Like yourself, I thought we were quite alone." Then, addressing Lorn, he said: "Your name, you told me, was——?"

"Lorn, sir,—Lorn——"

"Never mind the rest. I shall always call you by that one: we will dispense with the other. You heard what I was accidentally observing to this lady—Mrs. Drakeford?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you have surprised my secret. Without intending to do so, I have revealed my intentions towards you. That, however, is not of much consequence; you would soon have discovered them."

"Indeed he would, Count," chimed in Mrs. Drakeford, "for you are frankness itself. You never can keep nothing back, particularly when you wish to do an act of kindness."

"I confess," said the Count, modestly, "that is my weakness. At all events, we understand each other; we are now on a footing of perfect confidence. Be a good boy, do as I tell you, and your fortune is made."

"I will do my best to please you, sir," said Lorn, completely bewildered by what he had heard and seen, and scarcely knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels.

"That's right," observed the Count. "You cannot possibly do better."

"I will be a friend to you, too," added Mrs. Drakeford, fixing her large eyes full upon those of Lorn, who blushed, and, stammering, said that he was much obliged.

"Now then," returned the Count, "all that remains is to see where we can put him. Until my own house is ready, I must take up my quarters here, as you and Drakeford have been so kind as to say I may; but for my secretary I don't know what to say."

"Never mind that, Count. We shall be able to manage," said Mrs. Drakeford, cheerfully. "May I ask you, Mr. Lorn, to ring the bell?"

A servant maid, not the neatest or cleanest of her class, answered the summons.

"This young gentleman, Sarah, will occupy an apartment here. Let one of the upper chambers be prepared for his reception."

"Top hattie, back, you means, mum—there hain't no other hempty."

"Idiot! Retire, and do as you are ordered. But first show the young gentleman into the study below."

"Study!" muttered the maid, as she left the room; "what fine names we gives to everythink. Iddot, indeed! I'm sure she needn't to treat me so contemptible. She can speak out when she likes."

That she could do so Mrs. Drakeford proved the instant the door was closed.

"Well, you Black!" she cried, bursting into a violent fit of laughter, "what's the dodge you're up to now?"

"Can't you guess?" asked her companion.

"No! I'm blest if I can!" was the lady's expressive and elegant reply.

"Attend then, my sweet one, or—in plain English—listen. You saw that boy. Yes,—you looked well at him, I observed you. He is just turned of seventeen, writes an excellent hand, and knows nothing whatever of the world."

"Good reasons for making him your what d'ye call him—secretary!"

"The very best. For as one of your poets says—"

"Oh, bother the poets, what do I care for them!"

"For as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," said the Count, resolved on his quotation.

"Where did you pick him up?"

"No matter."

"You may as well say."

"Well. In a pawnbroker's shop. He may have some knowledge that may be useful. Indeed, I have made him so already."

"Trust you for that. What took you to the shop?"

"I will tell you another time."

"And where have you hid yourself for the last two days. Do you know, if it hadn't been for Coco, I should have yawned my head off. Pretty creature! Shall its mistress give it another bit of sugar? Oh, yes! it was a prince that made a present of him—a prince out of the London Docks! Now you haven't answered my question!"

"What was it?"

"What was it, you Black! You remember fast enough. Where have you been ever since the day before yesterday? I've hardly seen anything of you since you came over."

"Drake knows."

"And why shouldn't I know too? I'm his lawful—that's the word, I believe—his lawful wife." Here the lady gave way to another explosion of boisterous mirth.

"You are that," said the Count, "and a great deal more. You are a perfect treasure. What we call *impayable*. Since you must know, then, I was hunting up a little property of mine which I feared was lost."

"And did you find it?"

The Count smiled, and stroked his chin complacently: "I succeeded better than I expected."

"What a handsome ring you have on! Do you mean it for me?"

"We shall see. That, or one like it." And he smiled again.

"I can't make you out to-day," said Mrs. Drakeford. "You seem up to all manner of games."

"So much the better, if they are winning ones. Is Drake at home?"

"How should I know," replied the lady, pettishly. "I thought you came to see me."

"So I did. But you must not be cross, Nelly. I must see Drake, and then I'll tell you all about it."

"That's his knock, then," said the lady. "There! Go along, you Black!"

The Count and Mrs. Drakeford parted on very good terms, and the former descended with a calm countenance to meet his friend, while the lady fell back into a reverie, having something to occupy her attention, which, this time, was not the parrot.





The Meeting between Sir Thomas Seymour and the Princess Elizabeth,  
interrupted by the Queen Dowager.



# The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GILBERT.

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Book the First.

XII.

OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR AND THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH; AND HOW IT WAS INTERRUPTED.

NEXT morning, Sir Thomas Seymour did not quit his chamber in the Wardrobe Tower, until close upon the hour appointed for his interview with the Princess Elizabeth. Full of ardour, and confident of success, he then prepared to set forth. Ugo Harrington, who had assisted him to decorate his person, and just before his departure had handed him a pair of perfumed gloves, attended him to the door, and wished him "buona riuscita." But it may be doubted whether the esquire's look was in entire accordance with the sentiment he expressed. There was more of malice in his smile than good will.

As Seymour traversed the long and winding corridors of the palace in the direction of the apartments assigned to his sister, Lady Herbert, his stately figure and superb attire attracted the admiration of the various subordinate officers of the household thronging the galleries, and, with one accord, they agreed that he was the noblest personage about the court.

"Sir Thomas looks as brave as a king," observed a Master Cook, who was dressed in damask satin, with a chain of gold about his neck.

"His Highness the Lord Protector cannot compare with him," remarked an equally gaily-attired clerk of the kitchen.

"All the court ladies and gentlewomen, they say, are dying of love for him—and no wonder!" said a spruce clerk of the spicery.

"You should see him in the tilt-yard, good sirs," quoth a fat sewer of the hall.

"Or in the manage, or the fencing school," observed a tall

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henchman. "No man can put a horse through his paces, or handle the rapier like Sir Thomas Seymour."

"The king's highness ought to bestow the Lady Elizabeth's grace in marriage upon him," observed a simpering page. "There is none other so worthy of her."

"That may be, or it may not," said Xit, who was standing among the group. "When the curtain is raised, then what is behind it shall be disclosed," he added, mysteriously.

"What mean'st thou by that, little Solon!" cried the page. "Wouldst intimate that thou knowest more than we who are in constant attendance on his majesty?"

"What I know, I know—and it shall never be confided to thee, on that thou mayst depend," rejoined Xit.

"This dandiprat's conceit is insufferable," cried the page. "Since he hath been appointed the king's dwarf, he gives himself the airs of a Spanish grandee. I vote we drive him from our company."

"Attempt it at thy peril, proud minion," retorted Xit, fiercely, laying his hand upon the hilt of the miniature weapon with which he had been provided. "I stir not, and, by our lady! he who touches me shall rue his rashness."

"Ha! what is this?" cried Fowler, who chanced to be passing at the moment—"a brawl near the presence-chamber! By the rood! you must mend your manners, my masters, or some of ye will smart for it. Ah! art thou there, my merry dapperling?" he added, noticing Xit. "Come with me. The king hath asked for thee."

"Dost mark that, sirrah page?" cried Xit, scornfully, to his opponent. "If I be not fit company for thee, I am for thy sovereign lord and master. An thou wait'st till his majesty sends for thee, thou wilt tarry long enough. I follow on the instant, worshipful Master Fowler," he added, strutting after the gentleman of the privy-chamber, amid the laughter and jeers of the pages and henchmen.

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Seymour had reached his destination, and with a throbbing heart entered the waiting-chamber of Lady Herbert's apartments. Here he found an old porter, who, bowing respectfully, informed him that her ladyship, his sister, was without at the moment, but would return anon.

"I will await her coming, Thopas," said Sir Thomas, proceeding towards the inner apartment.

"Nay, there are two ladies in that room, Sir Thomas," cried the porter.

"Are they young or old, Thopas?" inquired Seymour.

"As to the matter of that, Sir Thomas, I should judge one of them to be neither old nor young, but betwixt and between, as we may say, though she is still a comely dame. But the other I take to be young, though I cannot speak positively, seeing that her face

was muffled up, but her gait and figure were those of a buxom damsel."

"I will in and resolve the point," said Seymour, smiling at the old man's description of the princess and her governess. And lifting aside the arras, he entered the adjoining chamber.

It was a large room, hung with costly tapestry and silken stuffs, the latter embellished with golden birds deftly wrought in needlework, while the arras was covered with roses, fleurs-de-lys, and lions. Over the high-carved chimney-piece was placed a life-like portrait of Henry VIII., painted by Holbein, by whom the chimney-piece had likewise been designed. The roof was of oak, ornamented with grotesque figures. The chamber was lighted by a deep oriel window filled with stained glass, and in this recess, at a table covered with a Turkey carpet, sat two ladies, one of whom, it is almost needless to state, was the Princess Elizabeth, and the other her governess, Mistress Ashley. Of the latter it may be observed, that she was amiable and accomplished, but foolishly indulgent to the caprices of her somewhat headstrong pupil, of whom she was dotingly fond, and who did just what she pleased with her.

Mistress Ashley was seated at the bottom of the recess, and was so much occupied with her book that it is to be presumed she did not remark Sir Thomas Seymour's entrance. At all events, she neither looked up then, nor raised her eyes during the subsequent interview between the princess and her suitor. What use she made of her ears we pretend not to determine. The lovers gave themselves little concern about her.

On beholding Sir Thomas, Elizabeth arose and came forward to meet him. Seymour immediately threw himself at her feet.

"Rise, Sir Thomas," she cried. "I cannot listen to you in this posture."

"Pardon me if I disobey you, sweet saint!" cried Seymour, passionately. "A suppliant at your shrine, I cannot rise till my prayers are heard. Forbid me not thus humbly to pay my vows to you—to tell you how deeply and devotedly I love you!"

"Nay, in good sooth, I must be obeyed," rejoined Elizabeth, in a tone not to be disputed.

"Have I become indifferent to you?" cried Seymour, rising, and assuming a despairing tone. "Have I deluded myself with the notion that my love was required?"

"If I loved you not, Sir Thomas, I should not be here," she rejoined.

It was with difficulty that Seymour refrained from casting himself again at her feet.

"Never were syllables more grateful to mortal ear than those you have uttered, sweet princess," he cried. "Repeat them! oh repeat them! I can scarce believe I have heard aright."

"You make me feel I have said too much already, Sir Thomas. And yet I desire to deal frankly with you. 'Tis my nature to be candid."

"I know it! I know it! Gladden me once more with those words, I beseech you! My heart thirsts for them."

"Then, for the second time, I will own I love you, Sir Thomas. Will that suffice?"

"Oh! how shall I thank you for the happiness you confer upon me! What terms can I employ to express my admiration of your matchless beauty! What vows can I utter to attest my devotion! A life will not suffice to prove it—but my whole life shall be dedicated to you!"

"You would have me then believe that I am the sole object of your affections, Sir Thomas?" she said, looking searchingly at him.

"Can you for a moment doubt it, fair princess?" he rejoined. "No! my whole heart is given to you."

"Perchance my suspicions may be unfounded, so I will try to dismiss them. Report speaks of you as a general admirer of our sex, Sir Thomas."

"Report speaks falsely, as it ordinarily does, fair princess, if it would imply that I admire a beautiful woman more than I should a glorious picture or a nobly-sculptured statue. A lovely woman delights my eye, but only as a fair object to gaze upon."

"Do you class the queen, my stepmother, among the fair women whom you merely gaze upon as you would at a picture or a statue, Sir Thomas?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Undoubtedly," he replied. "Her majesty's beauty excites no stronger feeling in me. But I cannot look upon you unmoved, fair princess."

Something like a sigh at this moment reached the ears of the pair, but they did not heed it, supposing the suspiration to proceed from Mistress Ashley.

"Mistrust me not, I implore you, fair princess!" continued Seymour, anxious to dispel any doubts yet lingering in Elizabeth's breast. "Queen Catherine's gracious manner towards me has, perchance, called forth a fervent expression of gratitude on my part, which may have been mistaken for a warmer feeling. I say not that it is so, but such may be the case."

"The queen persuades herself you love her—of that I am certain," said Elizabeth. "Is she self-deceived, or deceived by you?"

"Certes, she is not deceived by me. But I cannot answer for any self-delusion practised by her highness."

"Hist! what was that?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Methought I heard a sigh."

"Your governess must be much moved by the book she is reading," observed Seymour. "'Tis the second sigh she has heaved. But now that you have received every possible assurance of my truth and constancy, keep me no longer, I beseech you, in suspense. Am I to leave this chamber blest with the consciousness that I may call you mine, or must I hide my head in despair?"

"I would not have you wholly despair, Sir Thomas. But you must be content to wait. I am too young to think of nuptials yet. Some years must elapse ere I can take a husband. But I love you now, and do not think I shall change my mind. That is all I can say."

"Princess!" he exclaimed.

"I am a daughter of Henry the Eighth," continued Elizabeth, proudly, "and as such will do nothing unworthy of my great father, or of myself. Of all men I have ever beheld, you are the noblest-looking, Sir Thomas. To you, as I have already frankly confessed, my virgin heart hath been yielded. But to win my hand you must rise, for I will never wed with one inferior to myself in degree. Were you in your brother's place—were you Lord Protector of the realm—I would not say 'nay' to your suit. But unless you can attain a position equally eminent, I must conquer the love I bear you."

"If my ambition needed any spur, your words would furnish it, princess," cried Sir Thomas. "That I have dared to raise my eyes to your highness is a proof that I aspire to greatness, and that no obstacle, however seemingly insurmountable, shall prevent me from obtaining it. I need scarcely tell you," he added, lowering his voice, "that I am the king your brother's favourite uncle, and that if I choose to exert the influence I have over my royal nephew, the dignity you have pointed out as needful to the claimant of your hand must be mine. As my consort, your highness shall be second to none in the kingdom."

"But Edward may oppose our union," said Elizabeth.

"His majesty will refuse me nothing—not even your hand," he rejoined.

"But the Lord Protector—and the council?"

"All obstacles must yield to determination."

"If Edward remains under the Lord Protector's control, you will soon lose your influence over him," observed Elizabeth.

"Be that my care to prevent," he rejoined, significantly. "I am resolved to play for the highest stake, and to win it, or lose all. But to gain power without the prize that alone would render power valuable, would be to accomplish nothing. I am content to wait till such time as my position shall enable me to ask your hand in marriage. Meanwhile, as an incitement to present effort, and as a security for the future, I pray you let us plight our troth together."

"I like not to bind myself so," hesitated Elizabeth.

"Nay, I beseech you, refuse me not?" urged Seymour.

After a brief internal struggle, during which her lover pleaded yet more ardently, Elizabeth yielded, saying, "Be it as you will. What I have said I will abide by. Mistress Ashley shall witness our betrothal."

With this, she gave her hand to Seymour, who pressed it to his lips, and they were proceeding together towards the recess in which the governess was still seated, when a piece of arras on the right of the chamber was suddenly drawn aside, and Queen Catherine stood before them.

### XIII.

HOW THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD WAS BALKED OF HER REVENGE; AND IN WHAT MANNER XIT SOUGHT TO DIVERT THE KING.

THE injured queen was pale as death. But her eyes flashed lightnings upon the startled pair, and she looked as if she would willingly annihilate them. Catherine, indeed, was very terrible at this moment, and it required no little courage to meet her glances. This courage Elizabeth possessed in an eminent degree, and though somewhat alarmed on the infuriated queen's first appearance, she almost instantly recovered herself, and eyed Catherine with a glance almost as ireful and vindictive as her own.

Sir Thomas Seymour's position was very different, and infinitely more embarrassing. By this unexpected occurrence he had every reason to fear he should lose both Elizabeth and the queen. By the latter his perfidy had evidently been detected—immediate exposure to the princess in all probability awaited him. But he was not easily daunted, and though the situation was in the highest degree perplexing, almost desperate, he did not for a moment lose his presence of mind.

"Hold!" cried Catherine, extending her hand menacingly towards them, as they recoiled on beholding her. "No troth-pledge can take place between you. I forbid it in the name of the council. Such a contract would be in direct violation of your august father's will, Elizabeth; and by the reverence you owe his memory, I charge you to forbear."

"You have much reverence for the king my father's memory, I must needs own, madam," rejoined the princess, scornfully.

"I deserve the taunt, but it comes with an ill grace from your lips," said Catherine.

"Why with an ill grace from mine?" cried Elizabeth. "Me-thinks no one hath greater right than myself to reproach King

Henry's widow, who, forgetful alike of decency and duty, seeks to dishonour his memory—so far as dishonour can attach to a memory so glorious—by a marriage with another ere yet her royal husband's body is laid in the tomb."

"Princess!" interposed Seymour, "you mistake."

"What makes her majesty here, if she be not brought by jealousy?" cried Elizabeth. "No, I do not mistake. When her grace and I met yesterday, I felt I had a rival. Let her deny it if she can."

"I shall not attempt to deny it," replied Catherine, with dignity. "I have been deeply, basely deceived, and bitterly do I grieve that I listened to the voice of the tempter. But my present sufferings may serve to expiate my error, great though it be. May you, Elizabeth, never feel the humiliation, the self-reproach, the anguish I now experience! I will not attempt to palliate my conduct, but I may say that throughout this kingdom more miserable wife did not, and could not, exist than the unfortunate Catherine Parr, the envied consort of your father, King Henry. Evil was the hour that, dazzled by the splendour of a crown, and confident in my own firmness of principle, I consented to become his spouse! Since that fatal moment I have known little peace. Anxiously as I studied my fickle husband's lightest humours, I found it scarcely possible to please him, and to anger him would have ensured my destruction. Surrounded by enemies, I was constantly exposed to secret machinations, and with difficulty escaped them, because the king ever lent ready credence to charges brought against me. Mine was a wretched existence—so wretched that, though clothed with the semblance of power, I would gladly have exchanged lots with the meanest of my subjects. No love could outlast such usage. Terror trampled out the embers of expiring affection. I never approached my terrible husband but with constraint and dread, uncertain whether I might not quit him for the scaffold. What wonder, after well-nigh four years of such misery, when the days of my suffering drew towards a close, I should not be wholly insensible to the attentions of one who seemed to pity me, and feigned to adore me? What wonder, when death at last released me from tyranny almost insupportable, I should have forgotten that I was the widow of a great king, but a cruel husband, and ere he, who had more than once menaced me with death, and had even ordered the warrant for my execution, was laid in the grave, should have half promised my hand to him who had sworn to efface my previous sufferings by a life of devotion? What wonder I should be beguiled by Sir Thomas Seymour, who hath the glozing tongue of the serpent, and who is as fair-spoken and specious as he is perfidious? No epithet is strong enough to express the scorn I hold him in. My conduct may not be wholly free from censure, and some, as you have done, Elizabeth,

may call it indecorous. But what respect do I owe to the memory of one who could treat me as your royal father treated me? Levity was never laid to my charge, and I was ever faithful and obedient and conformable to the king in all things. But all ties between us are now sundered. I owe him nothing—not even regret. I seek not to compare myself with the unhappy queens who have gone before me, but it ill becomes the daughter of Anne Boleyn to reproach Catherine Parr.”

“I pray your majesty to pardon me for adding to your affliction,” said Elizabeth, “but I have been as basely deceived as yourself,” she added, with a disdainful glance at Seymour.

“Before your highness condemns me, at least hear what I have to urge in my defence,” implored Sir Thomas, humbly.

But Elizabeth did not even bestow a look upon him. Turning towards Catherine, she said, “Your majesty is right in your judgment of this man. He is subtle and perfidious as the serpent, but he is baser than that reptile. He has deceived us both. Let us make common cause against him, and crush him!”

“You are vindictive, fair princess,” cried Seymour, “but I would counsel both you and her majesty to think twice ere you make any such attempt.”

“Ah! now we see him in his true character,” exclaimed Elizabeth. “The serpent hath found its sting.”

“Enough! we have unmasked him,” rejoined Catherine. “It shall be my business to forget him,” she added, with a sigh.

“Her majesty relents,” muttered Seymour, watching her narrowly. “All is not yet lost in that quarter. Were she alone, I should not despair of retrieving my position at once.”

For a moment it seemed as if this chance would be given him. Calling to her governess, who had listened to the scene in affright, not knowing how it might terminate, Elizabeth prepared to depart, and looked at the queen-dowager, as if expecting she would accompany her. Catherine, however, remained irresolute, and Seymour made sure of recovering the ground he had lost.

At this juncture a page entered the room, and announced “The king!”

On this, the princess and her governess stood still.

“What brings the king here?” said Catherine. “Ah! I understand. Is his grace unattended?” she added to the page.

“The Countess of Hertford is with him, an please your majesty,” replied the page.

“’Tis as I suspected,” thought Catherine; and, advancing towards the princess, she whispered, “Be cautious. Mischief enough has been done already by the countess. She must not triumph over us.”

“Fear me not,” rejoined Elizabeth, in the same tone. “No word of mine shall betray your majesty.”



While this was passing, a second page entered, and called out as the first had done, "The king!" Then followed a gentleman usher, bearing a wand, who made a similar announcement. After which, the tapestry covering the doorway was drawn aside, and Edward, accompanied by the Countess of Hertford, stepped into the room. Behind the young monarch came Fowler and Xit.

On entering the chamber, Lady Hertford's first glance was directed towards Catherine, and she was surprised and mortified to see her exhibit so much calmness of manner and look. By a great effort the queen had succeeded in recovering her composure. Neither did Elizabeth betray any symptoms of agitation. As to Sir Thomas Seymour, he appeared so perfectly easy and unconcerned, that no one could imagine he had been the principal actor in such a scene as had just occurred. The only person who could not entirely shake off her perturbation was Mistress Ashley. But of her Lady Hertford took little heed.

Having received the obeisances of all the party whom he found in the room, Edward turned to Lady Hertford, and said, "When you begged me to come hither, good aunt, you promised me an agreeable surprise, and some diversion. In what does the surprise consist?"

"My good sister would appear to be surprised herself, to judge from her looks," observed Sir Thomas Seymour, "though, it may be, not so agreeably as she expected. In any case, I am indebted to her for bringing your majesty here, though I fear it will be trouble taken for little gain."

"Perhaps my presence was the agreeable surprise intended for your majesty," observed the queen-dowager. "If so, I shall feel highly flattered."

"Or mine," added Elizabeth, "though Lady Hertford could scarce know I was here."

"There your highness is mistaken," rejoined the countess. "I was fully aware you were here. Perhaps Sir Thomas will account for being here likewise?"

"Nothing more easy, good sister," replied Seymour. "I came hither to see my sister Herbert, and learning she had gone to another part of the palace, I should have departed instantly, had I not found the Lady Elizabeth's grace and Mistress Ashley in possession of the room, and I remained in converse with them for a few minutes when her majesty the queen-dowager arrived, and detained me until now."

"A likely story!" exclaimed Lady Hertford. "I can give another version of it."

"Indeed! then pray do so, good aunt?" cried Edward.

But the countess's reply was checked by a very menacing glance fixed upon her by Seymour.

"I have bethought me, and must decline to say more on the subject," replied Lady Hertford.

"Nay, good aunt, that will not satisfy us," cried Edward. "You impugn Sir Thomas's veracity, and yet are unable, or unwilling, to prove him wrong."

"Press not my sister further, sire," said Seymour. "See you not she meditated some jest at my expense, which the plain statement I have given has robbed of its point?" And he again looked sternly at Lady Hertford.

"Ah! is it so, dear aunt?" said Edward, laughing. "Confess you have failed."

"That cannot be denied, sire," replied the countess.

"Ill-success should ever attend the mischief-maker," said Catherine.

"Nay, your majesty is too severe," rejoined Edward. "Our good aunt had no mischievous design in what she proposed."

"So your grace thinks, and it is well you should continue to think so," returned the queen.

Any rejoinder by the countess to the queen-dowager's imprudent sarcasm was prevented by Sir Thomas Seymour, who kept his eye steadily fixed on his sister-in-law.

At this juncture Xit stepped forward, and, with an obeisance, said, "Your majesty came here to be surprised and diverted. 'Twere a pity you should be disappointed. Your amiable nature also delights in reconciling differences where any unfortunately exist. Will it please you to lay your commands upon the Countess of Hertford to give her hand to her grace the queen-dowager?"

"Sire!" exclaimed the countess, "you will not suffer this?"

"Nay, let it be so, good aunt," interrupted the king. "The knave has some merry design which we would not spoil by a refusal."

Thus enjoined, Lady Hertford very reluctantly advanced towards the queen. But Catherine drew herself up proudly and coldly, and repelled her by a look.

"So!—so!" cried Xit, with a comical look at the king. "Peradventure, we shall succeed better in the next attempt. Will your majesty enjoin Sir Thomas Seymour to take the hand of the Lady Elizabeth's grace?"

"To what purpose?" demanded Edward.

"You will see, sire," replied the dwarf.

"Dar'st thou jest with me, thou saucy knave?" exclaimed the princess, giving him a sound box on the ears.

"Pity so soft a hand should strike so shrewdly," observed Xit, rubbing his cheek. "But I have not yet done, sire. For the last essay, I pray that Sir Thomas may be directed to give his hand to her majesty the queen-dowager."

"The command will be unavailing," cried Catherine. "I will not suffer him to approach me."

"The secret is out," exclaimed Xit, triumphantly. "There has been a quarrel. This, then, was the pleasant surprise designed for your majesty."

"On my faith, I believe the cunning varlet is right," said Edward.

"Thou givest thyself strange licence, sirrah," said Seymour to the dwarf; "but if thou takest any more such liberties with me, thine ears shall pay for thine impertinence."

"One of them has paid for it already," rejoined Xit, taking refuge behind the youthful monarch. "Mine ears are the king's, and if your lordship deprives me of them you will do his majesty a wrong. Saving your presence, sire, you have been brought here on a fool's errand, and it is for your faithful dwarf to bring you off with credit—as he hath done."

"Wisdom sometimes proceeds from the lips of fools," observed Edward; "and we have learnt more from thy folly than we might have done from our discernment. That some misunderstanding exists is evident—whence originating we care not to inquire—but it must be set to rights. Come, good aunt," to Lady Hertford, "you shall go back with us. As to you, gentle uncle," he added, with a gracious smile, to Sir Thomas, "since neither the queen our mother, nor the princess our sister, seem to desire your company, we will relieve them of it, and will pray you to attend us in an inspection of our armoury."

Saluting the queen-dowager and Elizabeth, he quitted the chamber with Lady Hertford and Sir Thomas; the pages and henchmen, with Xit and Fowler, following him.

Sir Thomas Seymour remained for some time in attendance upon his royal nephew, and though by no means in a lively mood, he contrived to disguise his feelings so effectually, and conversed with such apparent gaiety and animation, that it was quite impossible to suspect he had any secret cause of uneasiness.

Accompanied by his uncle, the young king visited the Tower armoury, and examined the formidable store of military engines at that time collected within it—bombards, culverins, sakers, and falconets, with portable fire-arms, as arquebuses, demi-haques, and dags. Edward next turned his attention to the armour, noting the breastplates of the globose form then in use, with the cuisses, casques, and gauntlets. Swords of all shapes and sizes, from the huge two-handed blade to the beautiful damascened rapier, next underwent a careful inspection, with other offensive weapons then in use, as lances, battle-axes, partisans, and martels. While pointing out such of these implements as were most worthy of the young king's notice, Seymour endeavoured to profit by the

occasion to inflame his breast with a love of military renown, and to a certain extent succeeded. Edward's cheek glowed and his eye flashed as he listened to his uncle's soldier-like details of certain incidents in the late war with France.

"In time I doubt not your majesty will lead your armies in person," observed Seymour, in conclusion, "and then our foes may find that England possesses another Edward, valiant as the third of that name, or as the Black Prince, his warrior son."

"Hereafter it may be so," returned the king, with a gracious smile. "But, meanwhile, we must entrust the command of our armies to those better able to lead them than ourself."

"Ah! here is a weapon that merits your majesty's attention," exclaimed Seymour, taking down a large two-handed sword. "With this very blade your august sire often fought at the barriers with the Duke of Suffolk, who alone was his match. Your highness will scarce wield it."

"Let me try," cried Edward, taking the mighty weapon, and vainly endeavouring to make a sweep with it. "Nay, in good sooth it is above my strength," he added, resigning the weapon to his uncle.

"I will teach your majesty so to handle it that it shall defend you against ten ordinary blades," cried Sir Thomas. "As thus;" and stepping backwards to a sufficient distance, he whirled round the immense blade with extraordinary quickness—delivering a thrust with it, and instantly afterwards a downright blow. "An enemy would have fallen for each of those blows," he continued laughing. "But the sword may be held with the left hand, and a thrust delivered in this manner," accompanying the words with a suitable action. "But there is danger that your adversary may seize the blade, and pluck it from you."

"So I should judge," replied Edward. "Dost think thou couldst lift that sword?" he added to Xit, who was regarding Sir Thomas Seymour's performance with admiration.

"I nothing doubt my ability to wield it, sire; ay, and to deliver a thrust with it for the matter of that," replied the dwarf, confidently. "I have borne Og's partisan, which is a larger weapon."

"Give it him, gentle uncle," said the king.

"'Tis not a toy for his hands," cried Sir Thomas, flinging down the mighty sword with a clatter that made Xit skip backwards in affright. But he presently returned, and grasping the pommel with both hands, strove, but ineffectually, to describe a circle with the weapon. After repeated efforts, which put his own head in some danger, and caused the king much merriment, Xit was obliged to desist, and confess that the sword was too heavy for him.

Sir Thomas next explained to the king the various wards, thrusts,

and blows that could be practised with bill, partisan, and halberd, illustrating his remarks with the weapons in question, which he handled with the greatest dexterity. The lesson over, Edward returned to the palace, and sending for Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox, applied himself diligently to his studies, while Seymour, glad to be released, proceeded to the Wardrobe Tower.

## XIV.

SHOWING HOW UGO HARRINGTON WAS ADMITTED INTO SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR'S CONFIDENCE.

ON entering his own chamber, Sir Thomas at once threw off the mask, and his esquire, perceiving from the expression of his countenance that something had gone wrong, forbore to address him, but watched him with a strange sort of smile as he flung himself angrily on a couch. After awhile, Seymour broke the silence.

"Thou canst partly guess what has happened, Ugo," he said. "But it is worse than even thy imagination can conceive. I have lost them both."

"Diavolo! both! In what way, monsignore?"

"The last person on earth I should have desired or looked for was a secret witness of my interview with the princess; and at the very moment I made sure of the prize, it was snatched from my grasp. When I tell thee that Queen Catherine stepped from behind the arras, where she had lain *perdue*, listening to all my love-speeches to the princess, and registering all my vows, thou wilt conceive the scene that followed. Her majesty looked as if she could have poniarded me, as thy amiable Florentines sometimes do their faithless lovers. But this was nothing to the reproaches I had to endure on both sides. They are ringing in my ears even now."

"The situation must have been the reverse of pleasant. And you failed in reconciling yourself with either of the fair ones, eh, monsignore?"

"Failed utterly, Ugo. The princess is certainly lost; and I fear the queen also."

"Per dio! that is unlucky. You will remember I had misgivings when your lordship embarked on this adventure."

"Would I had followed thy counsel, Ugo, and remained constant to Catherine. But I was enslaved by the charms of the bewitching Elizabeth, whom even now that she scorns me I adore."

"You say she is lost?"

"Alas! yes, Ugo—irrecoverably lost."

"In that case, think of her no more, but turn your thoughts wholly on the queen—that is, if you have any hope of retrieving your position with her majesty."

"I do not entirely despair of a reconciliation, Ugo. But it will be difficult to effect."

"Via, via, monsignore. Every great object is difficult of attainment. You have often told me your ruling passion is ambition. But you appear to have misjudged yourself."

"I told thee the truth," cried Seymour, springing from the couch. Ambition is my ruling passion, and all others must bow to it. Henceforth, I shall think only of my advancement. Hark thee, Ugo, thou knowest something of my projects, but thou shalt know more, for I can trust thee." The esquire bowed and smiled. "I owe the Lord Protector little brotherly love, for he has ever shown himself my enemy. For years he has striven to keep me down, but unsuccessfully, for I have risen in spite of him. Had my sister, Queen Jane, lived, I should have mounted rapidly, for she preferred me to her elder brother; but when I lost her, I lost much of Henry's favour. And why?—because my brother Edward feared I should supplant him. Thus, when Henry would have ennobled me and enriched me, as he had ennobled and enriched Edward, I was passed by as of no account. Can I forget such treatment? Never!"

"I marvel not at your resentment, monsignore."

"Neither wilt thou marvel at the reprisals I mean to take for the wrong I have endured. Hertford's jealousy pursued me to the last with the king. He could not prevent certain marks of favour being bestowed upon me, nor altogether check the liking Henry had for me, and which manifested itself in various ways, but he so misrepresented me, that I never obtained the king's confidence—neither would his majesty confer any important trust upon me. Many posts for which I was specially fitted became vacant while Hertford was at the head of affairs, but his malignant influence was ever at work with the king, and I was overlooked. By my brother's arts, and his alone, I was excluded from the list of Henry's executors, and degraded to the lower council, though my rightful place was with the upper. But this last injustice would have been redressed had Henry lived a short space longer. Sir John Gage and myself were kept from the dying king's presence till he could no longer cause his behests to be obeyed. Something strange there was in the signing of the will, Ugo, that inclines me to suspect all was not right; and Sir John is of my opinion, though he keeps a close tongue about the matter. In my belief the king was dead, or dying, when the will was stamped—for stamped it was, not signed."

"If such were the case, monsignore, the perpetrators of the fraud shall scarce escape the punishment due to their offence."

"Neither in this world nor the next shall they escape it," rejoined Seymour, sternly. "What Henry's intentions were I know from Sir John Gage—how they were frustrated is best known to my brother. But not only has Hertford made me no reparation for the great wrong done me by him, but his jealousy has latterly in-

creased to positive hate. My influence, he feels, is greater with our royal nephew than his own. Therefore he fears me, and would remove me altogether if he could. Luckily, that is not in his power. I am too strong for him now," he added, with a bitter smile, "and he will find it difficult to crush me, or even keep me down much longer. He thinks to appease me by making me Baron Seymour of Sudley, and High Admiral of England. That is something, and I shall refuse neither the title nor the post. But they will not content me. Hertford would have all power and greatness concentrate in himself, and leave little save the skirts to me. He hath made himself Lord Protector and governor of the king's person—the latter office should be mine—would be mine now, if the king had his way—shall be mine hereafter!"

"May your expectations be fulfilled, monsignore!" exclaimed Ugo.

"Thou wilt see," rejoined Seymour, with a significant smile. "But to make an end of my grievances. Not only has Hertford taken the two most important offices in the state to himself, but he means to add to them the dignities of Lord High Treasurer and Earl Marshal, forfeited by the Duke of Norfolk's attainder, with the style and title of Duke of Somerset."

"His highness takes good care of himself, it must be owned," observed Ugo.

"Let him look well to his seat if he would keep it," rejoined Seymour, "for by my father's head I will not rest till I supplant him and install myself in his place. What he fears will come to pass. By surrendering to me half the spoil, he might have kept me quiet, but now I will be satisfied only with the whole. I will be Duke, Protector, Governor, Lord High Treasurer, Earl Marshal—all. And he shall be—less than I am now!"

"His highness will richly have deserved his fate should it so befall him."

"The condition of parties is favourable to my project," pursued Seymour. "Beneath the crust of the volcano lurks a fire ready to burst forth on the slightest disturbance of the surface. The ancient nobility hate my brother, and unwillingly submit to him; while, on the contrary, they are friendly to me. With the Romanists I stand far better than he does, because, though I profess the New Faith, I am tolerant of the Old, and care not to pursue the Reformation further. My plan will be that of the late king, who showed his sagacity in the course he pursued, namely, to make one sect balance the other, and give neither the preponderance. By allying himself so closely with the Reformers, the Hertford will incur the bitter hostility of the Papists, and on this I count. My faction will soon be stronger than his. And he must walk warily if I cannot catch him tripping. Then let him look to himself."

"Your lordship's influence with the king is the best guarantee

for the success of your project," remarked Ugo. "If the council could likewise be won, the rest were easy."

"I have already sounded several of them, but I must proceed cautiously, lest I awaken my brother's suspicions. The Lord Chancellor is discontented; and the Earl of Arundel, Lord St. John, the Bishop of Durham, and Sir Anthony Brown, are sure to become alienated when further attempts are made by Cranmer to deepen the quarrel with the See of Rome. Disunion must ensue, and at that critical juncture I shall step in at the head of a powerful party, and grasp the reins of government. In anticipation of such an event, it shall be my business to secure the king's person. I do not desire to stir up rebellion, but rather than miss my mark I will do so; and if a revolt occurs, it shall not want a leader."

"Your lordship is a conspirator on a grand scale—a second Catiline!" observed Ugo, smiling in his singular way.

"This is a time when plots must needs be rife, for all is disjointed and unsettled," observed Seymour. "A king on the throne who is king only by name—ministers who would usurp supreme authority—conflicting parties both in Church and State—an old nobility detesting those recently created—a new nobility rapacious and insatiable—a discontented, oppressed, and overtaxed people,—out of these troubled elements plots and conspiracies must arise—and some besides my own I can already see are hatching."

"Da vero, monsignore?" exclaimed Ugo, with an inquiring look.

"Ay, indeed," rejoined Seymour. "My brother is not firm enough to hold his place against the difficulties and dangers certain to beset him, even if he had nothing to fear from me," observed Seymour. "Lord Lisle feigns to be his friend, but I suspect he nourishes secret designs against him."

"Methought Lord Lisle was a partisan of your lordship," remarked Ugo, with a certain disquietude.

"I will not trust him further till I feel more sure of him. What is thy opinion of Lisle, Ugo? Speak out. Thou know'st him."

"Not enough to judge him correctly, monsignore," replied the esquire. "But I am sure he could help you greatly if he would."

"Not a doubt of it," replied Seymour. "Lisle is precisely the man for my purpose; he is daring, ambitious, and troubled with few scruples. See what thou canst do with him, Ugo, but do not commit me."

"Rest easy, monsignore."

"Be liberal in thy offers; hold out any temptation thou pleasest."

"All shall be done as you desire. But hark! there is some one in the waiting-chamber."

"'Tis Dorset! I know his voice," cried Seymour. "What brings him here? Pray Heaven he has not heard of my quarrel with the queen!"



"That is not likely," replied the esquire. "Her majesty will keep her own counsel. But here comes his lordship. Shall I retire, monsignore?"

"Ay, but remain within call."

As Ugo withdrew, the marquis was ushered in by a page, and very heartily welcomed by Sir Thomas.

"I have come to inquire after your health, good Sir Thomas," observed Dorset. "Methinks you look wondrous well."

"Never better, my dear marquis—never better. How fares my lady marchioness, and your daughter, the fair Lady Jane? Have you reflected on my proposition?"

"Ahem?—yes," hesitated the other. "I almost fear I shall be obliged to decline it."

"He *has* heard of the quarrel," thought Seymour. "Your lordship is the best judge of your own affairs," he said, in an indifferent tone. "Without me the union we spoke of will not take place. You are aware, I suppose, that the Lord Protector intends to affiance the king to the young Queen of Scots, who is about his majesty's own age, and promises to be of extraordinary beauty."

"Ay, but the Scots refuse the treaty of marriage proposed by the late king for their young Queen Mary," replied Dorset. "If Henry the Eighth failed, the Lord Protector is not likely to prove successful."

"The acceptance of the treaty may be enforced by the sword—a mode of settlement which the Lord Protector will assuredly try, if he be not prevented."

"But other powers will not permit the alliance. King Francis is opposed to it."

"His Most Christian Majesty will not long outlast his royal brother, Henry, if what I hear of him from his ambassador be true. The opposition of France will be useless. Rather than suffer the horrors of war, the Scots will consent to the treaty. My royal nephew's affiancement with the youthful Queen Mary, I repeat, *will* take place—if it be not prevented."

"But who shall prevent it?" cried the marquis.

Seymour smiled, as who should say, "I can prevent it, if I choose." But he did not give utterance to the words.

"I fear you somewhat overrate your power, Sir Thomas."

"Not a whit, my dear marquis. I promise nothing that I will not perform." Approaching close to Dorset, he said in his ear, "I undertake to marry your daughter, the Lady Jane, to my royal nephew. But she must be committed to my charge."

"But you must be wedded before you can take charge of her—well wedded, Sir Thomas. An exalted personage like her majesty the queen-dowager, for instance, would be precisely the guardian I should desire for my daughter."

"I was certain he had heard of the quarrel," thought Seymour. "Well, marquis," he said, "suppose the Lady Jane Grey should be entrusted to her majesty?"

"Ah! then, indeed—but no! that cannot be."

"Why not? I see what has happened. My mischief-making sister-in-law, Lady Hertford, has informed the marchioness that there has been a trifling misunderstanding between the queen and myself."

"Not a trifling misunderstanding, as I hear—for I will confess that a hint of the matter has been given me—but a violent quarrel, caused by her highness's jealousy of the princess. Ah! Sir Thomas—what it is to be the handsomest man at court! But you have thrown away a great chance of aggrandisement."

"Nonsense! I have thrown away no chance, as you will find, my dear marquis. My amiable sister-in-law has made the most of the quarrel, which was of her own contrivance, and designed not to annoy me, but the queen, whose affronts to her at the banquet Lady Hertford seeks to avenge. The disagreement between myself and her majesty is of no moment—a mere lovers' quarrel—and will be speedily set right."

"Right glad am I to hear you say so, Sir Thomas—right glad, for your own sake."

"And for yours as well, my dear marquis. If I marry not the queen, your daughter marries not the king."

"That is coming to the point, Sir Thomas."

"I never go roundabout when a straight course will serve my turn. And now, marquis, am I to have the disposal of the Lady Jane's hand?"

"Ah, marry, Sir Thomas, and I shall be greatly beholden to you."

"Is there aught more I can do to content your lordship?"

"I do not like to trouble you too much, Sir Thomas, but I happen at this moment to have occasion for a few hundred pounds—say five hundred—and if you can, without inconvenience, lend me the amount, I shall be infinitely indebted to you. Any security you may require—"

"No security is needed, marquis. Your word will suffice. I am enchanted to be able to oblige you—not now, but at all times. What ho, Ugo!" he cried; adding, as the esquire, who was within ear-shot, promptly answered the summons, "Here is the key of my coffer. Count out five hundred pounds in gold, and let that sum be conveyed to the Marquis of Dorset's apartments."

Ugo took the small gold key from his patron, bowed, and retired.

"If I had asked him for double the amount he would have given it," muttered Dorset. "But I will have the rest at some other time. You are very confident in your esquire's honesty, Sir Thomas?" he added, aloud.

"With good reason, my lord. I have proved it."

At this moment a page entered, and announced: "The king!" Immediately afterwards Edward was ceremoniously ushered into the chamber by Fowler. The rest of the young monarch's attendants, amongst whom was Xit, remained in the ante-chamber.

"Having finished my studies, gentle uncle," he cried, "I am come to have an hour's recreation with you. Shall we walk forth upon the ramparts?" Sir Thomas bowed assent. "I would have had my sister Elizabeth's company, but she is out of sorts, and prayed to be excused. Ah! gentle uncle, you are to blame there. You have done something to offend her. But I must have you friends again. I cannot let two persons I love so much remain at variance."

"Nay, your majesty, there is no difference between us."

"I am sure there is, and between the queen, our mother, also—but we will set it right. You also shall bear us company in our walk, if you will, my lord of Dorset. How doth our fair cousin, the Lady Jane?"

"My daughter is well—quite well, my gracious liege," replied Dorset. "Like your majesty, she pursues her studies even in the Tower. I left her but now reading the *Phædo* of Plato."

"Then we will not disturb her, for she cannot be better employed. Otherwise, we should have been glad to converse with her during our walk."

"Nay, I am sure the Lady Jane would prefer your majesty's society to that of the greatest heathen philosopher—even than that of the divine Plato," observed Seymour.

"I know not that," replied Edward, smiling. "Our cousin Jane loves books better than society. Ere long, you will have good reason to be proud of your daughter's erudition, my lord marquis."

"I will say for the Lady Jane Grey what her father could not say for her," interposed Seymour, "that she is pious as wise, and gentle as pious. Her virtues fit her for a throne."

"You speak enthusiastically, gentle uncle," said Edward. "Yet you go not beyond the truth. Such is my own opinion of my cousin. But she must not study overmuch. A little exercise will do her good. How say you my lord of Dorset?"

"I will bring her to your majesty forthwith," replied the marquis. "'Twill delight her to obey you."

"You will find us on the northern ramparts," said Edward, as Dorset, with a profound obeisance, withdrew. "You are right, gentle uncle," he observed, as soon as they were alone. "My cousin Jane would adorn a throne. I would I might wed such another."

"Why not wed the Lady Jane herself, my liege?" demanded Seymour.

"My uncle, the Lord Protector, designs to affiance me to the young Queen of Scots."

"But if your majesty prefers the Lady Jane?"

"I shall have no choice," sighed Edward.

"Consult me before you assent to any marriage-treaty, sire, and it shall come to nought."

"I will," replied Edward, with a smile, as he went forth with his uncl.

## XV.

OF XIT'S PERILOUS FLIGHT ACROSS THE TOWER MOAT ON FACOLET'S HORSE.

ACCOMPANIED by Seymour, and followed by Fowler and Xit, with a train of pages and henchmen, Edward ascended to the outer ballium wall by a flight of stone steps opposite the Broad Arrow Tower, and proceeded slowly towards the large circular bastion, known as the Brass Mount, situated on the north-eastern extremity of the ramparts. Here he halted, and tried to keep up a conversation with his uncl, but it was evident, from his heedless manner, that his thoughts were absent. At length Jane appeared upon the ramparts with her father, and uttering an exclamation of delight, the young king hurried off to meet her. When within a few paces of his fair cousin, however, he stopped, as if struck by the indecorum of the proceeding, his cheeks all a-flame, yet not burning a whit more brightly than those of the Lady Jane, who stopped as he stopped, and made him a lowly obeisance. The bashfulness with which Edward had been suddenly afflicted continued until the arrival of Sir Thomas Seymour, whose light laughter and playful remarks soon dissipated it, and he became voluble enough. By his desire the Lady Jane walked on with him, and he at once engaged her in discourse, not upon light and trivial themes, but on grave subjects such as he had discussed with her in the privy-garden. It was good to see them thus occupied, but it would have been better to have listened to their talk. Two such children have rarely come together. Two beings more perfectly adapted to each other could not be found, and yet—But we will not peer into futurity. The Marquis of Dorset and Sir Thomas Seymour followed at a respectful distance, both enchanted at what was taking place. The latter felt confident of the realisation of his ambitious designs; the former regarded his daughter as already queen.

Nearly an hour passed in this way—the progress of time being unnoted by the young king and his fair companion—when Edward, who had been hitherto almost unobservant of aught save his cousin, remarked that something unusual was taking place on the opposite side of the Tower moat. A large circle had been formed, in the midst of which a mountebank was performing some feats, which

seemed from the shouts and applause they elicited to astonish and delight the beholders. What the feats were the king could not make out. Soon afterwards the crowd began to disperse, and the mountebank was seen carrying off a wooden horse, with which no doubt he had been diverting the spectators.

"What tricks hath the fellow been playing with that wooden horse?" inquired the king of Seymour.

"Nay, my liege, it passeth my power to satisfy you," answered Sir Thomas.

"An please your majesty, I can give you the information you seek," said Xit, stepping forward. "'Tis Pacolet, the French saltinbanco, and his Enchanted Steed. To ordinary observation the horse seems made of wood; but Pacolet declares it is endowed with magic power, and will fly with its rider through the air. I have never seen the feat done, so I dare not vouch for the truth of the statement."

"Why, thou simple knave, 'tis an old tale thou art reciting," observed the Lady Jane. "Pacolet's enchanted horse is described in the French romance of Valentine and Orson."

"I know not how that may be, most gracious lady, for I am not well read in French romance," replied Xit, "but yonder fellow is Pacolet, and that is his horse, and a wonderful little horse it is. Your majesty may smile, but I suspect there is magic in it."

"If so, the magician ought to be burned," observed Edward; "but I do not think he is a real dealer in the black art."

"What will you say, sire, when I tell you that this sorcerer—this Pacolet—affirms that his horse can carry me across the Tower moat?"

"When I see it done, I will own that Pacolet is really the magician thou proclaimest him," replied the king. "I am half inclined to test the truth of the fellow's assertion. How say you, fair cousin?" he added to Lady Jane. "Shall we have this Pacolet here, and make him exhibit the wondrous powers of his steed?"

"'Twould be a curious sight, no doubt, if the man himself were not put in jeopardy," she replied.

"Nay, if the horse be brought, I crave your majesty's permission to ride him?" said Xit. "I have an extraordinary desire to perform the feat."

"But thou mayst break thy neck, and I have no desire to lose thee."

"Your majesty is most gracious, but the risk is nothing compared with the honour to be acquired."

"Let the knave have his way, good my liege," observed Sir Thomas Seymour. "No harm shall befall him. To-morrow afternoon, at this hour, I will have Pacolet and his steed brought hither, and if it shall please your majesty to attend, I will promise you good sport."

"We will not fail you, gentle uncle; and we hope our fair cousin will condescend to be present likewise?"

As may be supposed, the Lady Jane did not refuse her assent, and after another short turn upon the ramparts, the king and those with him returned to the palace.

On the following afternoon Edward, who had been looking forward with some eagerness to the diversion promised him by his uncle, again appeared on the ramparts, but with a much more numerous retinue than on the previous occasion. In addition to Sir Thomas Seymour and the Marquis of Dorset, the royal party now comprised the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain, Sir John Gage, and Sir John Markham. Amongst the ladies, besides the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, were the Princess Elizabeth and the queen-dowager. The two latter were bidden to the exhibition by the amiable young monarch with the express design of composing the differences which he saw still existed between them and his uncle. But he failed in effecting a reconciliation. Both his sister and the queen remained immovable. Elizabeth treated Sir Thomas with the utmost disdain, and would not vouchsafe him either a word or a look. Though not so scornful in manner as the princess, Catherine was equally cold and reserved, and haughtily repelled her faithless suitor's advances. Unable to comprehend the cause of the quarrel, Edward was, nevertheless, much distressed by it, and expressed his regrets to his uncle, who shrugged his shoulders carelessly, as if it were a matter that gave him very little concern. Secretly, however, Sir Thomas had used every endeavour to re-establish himself in the queen's good graces. He had besought a private interview, but the request was refused. He had written to her more than one moving epistle, full of regrets, despair, prayers, protestations, and promises. These missives were conveyed by the trusty hand of his esquire, but no response came back. Still Sir Thomas, though rebuffed, was not discouraged. The storm would soon blow over, he thought. After the sharpest frost must come a thaw. The storm, however, was of some duration, and the frost lasted longer than he anticipated.

Whatever might be passing within, Sir Thomas took care not to let his appearance or manner be affected by it. Gay and full of spirit as ever, he seemed only anxious about his royal nephew's amusement. Seymour's chief aim, in fact, seemed to bring Edward and the Lady Jane together, and if he failed in all else, in this he entirely succeeded. During the whole time he remained on the ramparts, Edward kept his fair cousin near him, and seemed completely engrossed by her, much to the delight of the Marchioness of Dorset, who could not sufficiently express her gratitude to the contriver of the meeting.

But it is time to ascertain what preparations had been made for

Xit's aerial expedition. The Brass Mount had been selected as the starting-point of the magic steed. The summit of this bastion, the largest, the loftiest, and the strongest of the Tower fortifications, was capable of accommodating a great number of persons, but only the royal party and those engaged in the exhibition were admitted upon it. The Brass Mount was defended by high embattled walls, on the inner side of which was a platform, whereon some of the heaviest guns in the fortress were placed, with their muzzles protruding through the crenellated walls. One of these guns had been dismantled, and its carriage appropriated to the Enchanted Horse, which was now set upon it, with its head towards the opening in the parapet, as if ready for flight.

A strange-looking steed it was! ugly as a hobgoblin—large enough undoubtedly for a rider of Xit's proportions, yet not equal in size to a full-grown Shetland pony. It had a singularly weird and wicked-looking head, befitting an animal possessed of supernatural powers, horns as well as ears, and immense eyes, which it could open and shut, and turn in any direction. Only the head, neck, and tail were visible, the body of the horse being covered with red and yellow striped trappings that reached to the ground. On its head was a shaffron of blood-red plumes. It was furnished with a bridle having very broad reins, and a saddle with a very high peak and crupper; but in lieu of stirrups, a funnel-topped boot dangled on either side. Such was Paolet's Horse.

The enchanter himself was a swarthy-complexioned man, with quick black eyes, and gipsy features, and probably belonged to the wandering tribe. Habited in a tight-fitting dress of tawny silk, and wearing a brass girdle inscribed with mystic characters, and a tall pointed cap covered with similar figures, he carried a white rod, with a small gilt apple on the top.

On either side of the magic steed, with their huge partisans in hand, stood Gog and Magog. The laughter playing about their broad features showed they were in high good humour, and expectant of entertainment. The dwarfish hero of the day had not yet made his appearance, he being in the king's train.

While the royal party were taking up a position on the platform contiguous to the magic steed, the fantastic appearance of which caused much merriment, Sir Thomas Seymour went up to Paolet, and after a few words with him, clapped his hands to intimate that all was ready. At this signal the diminutive figure of Xit instantly detached itself from the group of laughing pages and henchmen. Marching with a very consequential step, and bowing ceremoniously to the king as he passed, the dwarf was met half way by Paolet, who, taking him by the hand, lifted him on to the platform.

"My steed is ready, if you are, good master Xit," said the courteous enchanter. "Will it please you to mount him at once?"

"Not so fast, worthy Pacolet," rejoined Xit, conscious that all eyes were upon him, and anxious to display himself. "Give me a moment to examine thy horse. By my troth! he hath a vicious-looking head."

"You will find him tractable enough when you are on his back," observed Pacolet, displaying two ranges of very white teeth.

"May be so; yet I like not the expression of his eye. It hath malice and devilry in it, as if he would rejoice to throw me. Saints protect us! the beast seemed to wink at me."

"Not unlikely," replied Pacolet, who had placed one hand on the horse's head; "he has a habit of winking when he is pleased."

"Is that a sign of his satisfaction?" observed Xit. "I should have judged the contrary. How is the creature designated?"

"He is called Dædalus—at your service, good master Xit."

"Dædalus!" exclaimed Xit, startled. "Pray Heaven he prove me not an Icarus. I like not the name. 'Tis of ill omen."

"'Tis a name like any other," observed Pacolet, shrugging his shoulders. "So ho! Dædalus—so ho, sir! You see he is eager for flight."

"If thou art afraid to mount, say so at once, and retire," cried Gog, gruffly. "His majesty will be wearied with this trifling."

"I afraid?" exclaimed Xit, indignantly. "When didst ever know me shrink from danger, base giant? One more question, worthy Pacolet, and I have done. What mean those boots?"

"They are designed to encase thy legs, and keep thee in thy seat," rejoined the enchanter.

"But I can maintain my seat without them," returned Xit, with a displeased look.

"A truce to this! Off with thee without more ado!" cried Magog. And seizing the dwarf, he clapped him in the saddle, while Pacolet, without a moment's loss of time, thrust his legs into the boots. Xit was disposed to be rebellious during the latter proceeding, but his strength availed him little, and he was obliged to yield with the best grace he could. At last, Pacolet left him, and went to the rear of the horse.

On this Xit took his cap, and waving an adieu to the royal party, all of whom looked much diverted with the scene, kicked his boots against the horse's sides, and shouted, "Away with thee, Dædalus!—away!"

But though he continued the application with increased vigour, the horse would not stir, but emitted an angry snorting sound.

"Pest take him!" cried the dwarf. "He won't move."

"Methought thou hadst been aware of the secret," rejoined Pacolet. "Turn the pin on his right shoulder, and he will move quickly enough."

Xit followed the enchanter's instructions, and Dædalus immediately began to glide through the opening in the parapet, not so



quickly though but that his adventurous little rider was again enabled to wave his cap to the king. In another moment the dwarf had disappeared, and a hurried movement was made to the edge of the battlements to see what had become of him.

It was then perceptible to those nearest to the point of departure how the flight was to be accomplished. Two long pieces of wire, sufficiently strong to sustain the weight required, but nearly invisible at a short distance, were drawn across the moat from the bastion to the opposite bank, and along these wires the enchanted horse slipped, being guided in its descent by a cord fixed to its crupper—which cord was held by Pacolet. A large crowd was collected on the banks of the moat; but the spot where the wires were fastened down, and where it was expected the dwarf would descend, was kept clear by Og and half a dozen tall yeomen of the guard.

No sooner did Xit, mounted on the wooden horse, issue from the battlements, than a loud shout was raised by the beholders, to which the delighted dwarf responded by waving his hat to them, and he then commenced his downward course in the most triumphant manner. His exultation increased as he advanced; but it cost him dear. While replying to the cheers with which he was greeted, he leaned too much towards the left, and the horse immediately turned over, leaving his rider hanging head downwards over the moat.

The shouts of laughter were instantly changed to cries of affright, but no assistance could be rendered the unfortunate dwarf, for Pacolet vainly tried to pull him up again. The spectators, however, were not kept long in suspense. Xit's struggles soon disengaged his legs from the boots, and he dropped headlong into the moat, and disappeared beneath the tide.

But rescue was at hand. With the utmost promptitude Og dashed into the fosse, and waded out to the spot where Xit had sunk, which was about the middle of the moat. Though the water quickly reached up to his shoulders, the giant went on until the head of the mannikin suddenly popped up beside him. With a shout of satisfaction Og then seized him, held him aloft like a dripping water-rat, and bore him safely ashore amid the laughter and acclamations of the beholders.

## XVI.

IN WHAT MANNER THE OBSEQUIES OF KING HENRY VIII. WERE CELEBRATED.  
—SHOWING HOW THE FUNERAL PROCESSION SET FORTH FROM THE PALACE  
AT WESTMINSTER.

THE time appointed for placing the late king within the tomb now drew nigh, and as the obsequies were the most magnificent ever celebrated in this country, or perhaps in any other, we may be excused for dwelling upon them at some length; the rather, that besides presenting a very striking illustration of the customs of an age that delighted in shows and solemnities of all kinds, the extraordinary honours paid to Henry on his interment, prove the estimation in which his memory was held by his subjects; and that notwithstanding the tyranny of his rule, he was regarded as a mighty monarch. By its unprecedented splendour, his burial worthily closed a reign which was one long pageant—a pageant for the most part gorgeous; sometimes gloomy, tragical, and even awful; but ever grand and imposing. Luckily, ample materials for accurate description are provided for us, and we shall avail ourselves freely of them, in order to present a full account of the most remarkable Royal Funeral on record.

Embalmed by apothecaries and chirurgions of greatest skill in the art, wrapped in cerecloth of many folds, and in an outer cover of cloth of vairy and velvet, bound with cords of silk, the corpse of the puissant monarch was at first laid out on the couch whereon he had expired, with a scroll sewn on the breast containing his titles and the date of his demise, written in large and small characters. The body was next cased in lead, and deposited in a second coffin of oak, elaborately sculptured, and of enormous size.

Enveloped in a pall of blue velvet, whereon was laid a silver cross, the ponderous coffin was removed to the privy-chamber, and set upon a large frame covered with cloth of gold, where it remained for five days; during which time lights were constantly burning within the chamber, a watch kept night and day by thirty gentlemen of the privy-chamber, and masses and orisons offered for the repose of the soul of the departed monarch by the chaplains.

Meanwhile, all the approaches to the chapel within the palace were hung with black, and garnished with escutcheons of the king's arms, descents, and marriages; while in the chapel itself the floor and walls were covered with black cloth, the sides and ceiling set with banners and standards of Saint George, and the high altar covered with black velvet, and adorned with magnificent plate and jewels. In the midst of the sacred apartment, surrounded by barriers, clothed with black, with a smaller altar at its foot, adorned like the high altar with plate and jewels, was set a superb catafalque, garnished

with pencils and escutcheons, and having at each corner the banner of a saint beaten in fine gold upon damask. A majesty of rich cloth of gold, with a valance of black silk fringed with black silk and gold, canopied this catafalque, which was lighted by fourscore square tapers, each two feet in length, and containing altogether two thousand pounds' weight of wax.

In regard to some of the accessories here particularised, or which will be subsequently mentioned, it may be remarked, that the "Banner," which could be borne by none of inferior degree to a banneret, was square in form, and displayed the arms of the sovereign all over it. The "Standard" differed in shape from the banner, being much longer, and slit at the extremity. This ensign did not display armorial bearings. The "Pennon" was less than the standard, rounded at the extremity, and charged with arms. "Bannerols" were banners of great width, representing alliances and descents. "Pensils" were small flags shaped like the vanes on pinnacles. Banners of saints and images were still used at the time of Henry's interment, when, as will be seen, many of the rites of the Church of Rome were observed.

On Wednesday, 2nd of February, 1547, being Candlemas-day, during the night, the coffin, having been covered with a rich pall of cloth of tissue, crossed with white tissue, and garnished with escutcheons of the king's arms, was removed with great ceremony and reverence to the chapel, where it was placed on the catafalque, all the tapers about which had been previously lighted. A rich cloth of gold, adorned with precious stones, was then thrown over the coffin.

On the day after the removal of the royal corpse, the Marquis of Dorset, as chief mourner, with twelve other noblemen, foremost among whom were the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, Shrewsbury, Derby, and Sussex, assembled in the pallet-chamber, arrayed in sable weeds, with hoods over their heads, and thence proceeded in order, two and two, to the chapel—the chief mourner marching first, with his train borne after him. Officers of arms and gentlemen ushers headed the solemn procession, which was closed by the vice-chamberlain and other officials, all in suits of woe. On arriving at the catafalque, the Marquis of Dorset knelt down at its head, and his companions on either side of it.

Then Norroy, king of arms, appearing at the door of the choir, cried with a loud voice, "Of your charity pray for the soul of the high and most mighty prince, our late sovereign lord and king, Henry VIII."

Next, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, and Bonner, Bishop of London, came forth from the revestry in their full robes, and proceeding to the high altar, a solemn requiem was sung, the whole choir joining in the hymn.

Here the body remained for three days, constant watch being

kept about it, and the tapers continuing ever burning. The solemnities connected with the burial were to occupy as many more days. The royal corpse was to be conveyed with all possible ceremony to Windsor Castle. The first day's halt was to be at the convent of Sion. On the second day, Windsor was to be reached. On the third day, the interment was to take place in Saint George's Chapel.

At an early hour on the morning of Monday, 14th February, the solemn ceremonial began. The shades of night had not yet wholly fled, but abundance of flaming torches cast a strange and lurid light on the gates, towers, and windows of the palace, and on the numerous dusky groups collected in its courts.

Before the great hall door was drawn up a right noble funeral chariot, wherunto were harnessed seven Flanders horses of the largest size, wholly trapped in black velvet down to the pasterns, each horse bearing four escutcheons of the late king's arms, beaten in fine gold upon double sarcenet, upon his trappings, and having a shaffron of the king's arms on his head. The car was marvellous to behold. It was of immense size, and its wheels, being thickly gilt, looked as if made of burnished gold. The lower part of the vehicle was hung with blue velvet, reaching to the ground between the wheels; and the upper part consisted of a stupendous canopy, supported by four pillars overlaid with cloth of gold, the canopy being covered with the same stuff, and having in the midst of it a richly gilt dome. Within the car was laid a thick mattress of cloth of gold and tissue fringed with blue silk and gold.

After the funeral car had thus taken up its station, there issued from the chapel a solemn train, consisting of mitred prelates in their copes, and temporal lords in mourning habits, the bishops walking two and two, and reciting prayers as they moved along. Then came the coffin, borne by sixteen stout yeomen of the guard, under a rich canopy of blue velvet fringed with silk and gold, sustained by blue staves with tops of gold, each staff being borne by a baron—namely, the Lords Abergavenny, Conyers, Latimer, Fitzwalter, Bray, and Cromwell. After the coffin followed the Marquis of Dorset and the twelve mourners, the latter walking two and two. Many torch-bearers attended the procession, the greater number marching on either side of the body. When the coffin had been reverently placed within the chariot, a pall of cloth of gold was cast over it.

Then was brought forward an object, considered the grand triumph of the show, which excited wonder and admiration in all who looked upon it. This was an effigy of the departed monarch, beautifully sculptured in wood by the most skilful carver of the day, and painted by a hand no less cunning than that of Holbein himself. Bedecked in Henry's own habiliments of cloth of gold and velvet,

enriched with precious stones of all kinds, this image had a marvellous and life-like effect. In the right hand was placed a golden sceptre, while the left sustained the orb of the world with a cross. Upon the head was set a crown imperial of inestimable value. Over the shoulders was the collar of the Garter, and below the knee was the lesser badge of the order as worn by the king himself in his lifetime. The attitude of the figure was noble and commanding, and exactly like that of the imperious monarch.

Borne by the three gigantic warders of the Tower, who seemed not a little proud of their office, this image was placed in the chariot under the superintendence of Fowler and other gentlemen of the privy-chamber, its feet resting upon a cushion of cloth of gold, and its upright position being secured by silken bands fastened to the four pillars of the car.

The effigy of the king being fixed in its place, six bannerols of marriages and descents were hung on either side of the chariot, and one bannerol at each end. All being now arranged, Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, chief gentlemen of the privy-chamber, entered the car, stationing themselves, the one at the head of the coffin, and the other at its foot.

During these preparations, which occupied a considerable time, a vast crowd had collected within the precincts of the palace, and this assemblage began now to manifest impatience in various ways. Even the solemnity of the occasion did not prevent many quarrels and scuffles, which the halberdiers and mounted pursuivants of arms strove in vain to check. As the time advanced, and the crowd grew denser, these disturbances became more frequent, and the guard had enough to do to keep the tumultuous and noisy throng outside the barriers, which extended from the palace gates beyond Charing-cross, the whole of this space being filled by countless spectators, while every window was occupied, and every roof had its cluster of human beings.

Just as the bell of Westminster Abbey tolled forth the hour of eight, the great bell of Saint Paul's, never rung save on the death or funeral of a monarch, began its awful boom, and amidst the slow and solemn sounding of bells from every adjacent steeple, coupled with the rolling of muffled drums, the funeral procession set forth from the courts of the palace.

First rode two porters of the king's house, bearing long black staves; after them came the sergeant of the vestry, with the verger; next, the cross, with the children, clerks, and priests of the chapel, in their surplices, singing orisons. On either side of this train, from the cross to the dean of the chapel, walked two hundred and fifty poor men, in long mourning gowns and hoods, having badges on the left shoulder—the red and white cross, in a sun shining, with the crown imperial above it. Each of these men carried a long blazing torch, and the number of these flambeaux made an extra-

ordinary show. Two carts laden with additional torches for use during the progress of the procession, attended them. This division was closed by the bearer of the Dragon standard, with a sergeant-at-arms holding a mace on either side of him. Backwards and forwards along the line rode mounted pursuivants to keep order.

Next came a long train of harbingers, servants of ambassadors, trumpeters, chaplains, esquires, and officers of the household, according to degree.

After this miscellaneous troop came the standard of the Greyhound, borne by Sir Nicholas Stanley, with a sergeant-of-arms on either side. Next followed the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and after them the knights bannerets, chaplains of dignity, and all those of the king's household who were knights, with other notable strangers. This division was under the conduct of two heralds and other officers, who rode from standard to standard to keep order.

Next came the standard of the Lion, borne by Lord Windsor, hooded and trapped, and attended by two sergeants with maces. He was followed by the lower council, walking two and two; by the lords of the council; and by a long line of noble strangers and ambassadors. With the ambassador of the Emperor Charles V. came the Archbishop of Canterbury. Order was maintained by four mounted heralds.

Next came the embroidered Banner of the King's Arms, borne by Lord Talbot, with his hood drawn over his head, and his horse trapped in black. Then followed Carlisle, herald of arms, bearing the king's helm and crest, his horse being trapped and garnished. Then Norroy, king at arms, bearing the target. Then Clarencieux, with the king's rich coat of arms curiously embroidered. All these had escutcheons on the trappings of their horses, and were under the guidance of sergeants of arms, furnished with maces.

The funeral car now came in sight. Before it were carried twelve banners of descents, the bearers walking two and two. Led by grooms in mourning apparel, the seven great horses appointed to drag along the ponderous machine were ridden by children of honour, arrayed in black, with hoods on their heads, each of them carrying a bannerol of the king's dominions and of the ancient arms of England. On either side of the horses walked thirty persons in sable attire, holding tall flaming staff-torches. Besides these there were numerous grooms and pages.

At each corner of the car walked a knight, with a banner of descents; and on either side of it rode three others, cloaked and hooded, their steeds being trapped in black to the ground. Those on the right were Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir Thomas Heneage, and Sir Thomas Paston; those on the left were Sir John Gage, Sir Thomas Darcy, and Sir Maurice Berkeley.

In the rear of the funeral car rode the chief mourner, the Mar-

quis of Dorset, alone, with his horse trapped in black velvet, and after him came the twelve mourners, with their steeds trapped to the ground. After the mourners rode the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain of the household, with his hood on his shoulder, to intimate that he was not a mourner. After the lord chamberlain came Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse, bareheaded, and leading the king's favourite milk-white steed, trapped all in cloth of gold down to the ground.

Nine mounted henchmen followed next, clad in suits of woe and hooded, their horses trapped to the ground, and having shaffrons on their heads, and themselves bearing bannerols of the arms of England before the Conquest.

Then followed Sir Francis Bryan, master of the henchmen. Then Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain and captain of the guard, followed by a large company of the guard, in black, marching three and three, each with a halberd on his shoulder, with the point downwards. A long line of noblemen's servants and others closed the cortége.

It was now broad day, though dull and foggy, but the countless torches lighted up the procession, and gave it a strange, ghostly look. Thus seen, the black, hooded figures appeared mysterious and awful. But it was upon the stupendous funeral car that all regards were concentrated. So wonderfully life-like was the effigy of the king, that not a few among the credulous and half-informed spectators thought Henry himself had returned to earth to superintend his own funeral ceremony; while on all hands the image was regarded as a miracle of art. Exclamations of wonder and delight arose on all sides as it went by, and many persons knelt down as if a saint were being borne along. The head of the cortége had passed Spring Gardens some time before the rear issued from the courts of the palace, and, seen from Charing-cross, the long line of dusky figures, with the standards, banners, torches, and chariot, presented such a spectacle as has never since been seen from that spot, though many a noble procession has in after times pursued the same route.

At the foot of the noble Gothic cross a crowd of persons had been collected from an early hour. Amongst them was a tall Franciscan friar, who maintained a moody silence, and who regarded the pageant with so much sternness and scorn that many marvelled he should have come thither to look upon it. When the ponderous funeral car, after toiling its way up the ascent, came to the Cross, a brief halt was called, and during this pause the tall monk pressed forward, and throwing back his hood, so as fully to display his austere and death-pale features, lighted up by orbs blazing with insane light, stretched out his hand towards the receptacle of the royal corpse, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, "In the plenitude of his power I rebuked for his sinfulness the

wicked king whom ye now bear to the tomb with all this senseless pomp. Inspired from above, I lifted up my voice, and told him, that as his life had been desperately wicked, so his doom should be that of the worst of kings, and dogs would lick his blood. And ere yet he shall be laid in the tomb my words will come to pass."

At this juncture two pursuivants rode up and threatened to brain the rash speaker with their maces, but some of the crowd screened him from their rage.

"Strike him not!" cried an elderly man of decent appearance. "He is crazed. 'Tis the mad Franciscan, Father Peto. Make way for him there! Let him pass!" he added to those behind, who charitably complying, the monk escaped uninjured.

## XVII.

WHAT WAS SEEN AND HEARD AT MIDNIGHT BY THE WATCHERS IN THE  
CONVENTUAL CHURCH AT SION.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on the banks of the Thames, between Brentford and Isleworth, and about midway between the metropolis and Windsor, stood the suppressed Convent of Sion, selected as the first halting-place of the funeral cortége. In this once noble, but now gloomy and desecrated monastery, which had been stripped of all its wealth and endowments by the rapacious monarch, was confined the lovely but ill-fated Catherine Howard, who had poured forth her unavailing intercessions for mercy from on high at the altar near which, later on, the body of her tyrant husband was to rest, and who had been taken thence, half frantic with terror, to die by his ruthless decree on the scaffold. Guilt she might have, but what was her guilt compared with that of her inexorable husband and judge!

Shortly after the events about to be narrated, Sion was bestowed by Edward VI. on his uncle, the Lord Protector; but from the time of its suppression up to this period, it had been, comparatively speaking, deserted. Reverting to the crown, the estate was next granted to the Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder it was once more forfeited. The monastery was restored and re-endowed by Mary—but it is needless to pursue its history further.

Mighty preparations had now been made within the neglected convent for the lodging and accommodation of the immense funeral retinue. Luckily, the building was of great extent, and its halls and chambers, though decaying and dilapidated, capable of holding an incredible number of persons. Their capacity in this respect was now about to be thoroughly tested. Hospitality, at the period of our history, was practised at seasons of woe on as grand and profuse a scale as at festivities and rejoicings, and the extra-



ordinary supplies provided for the consumption of the guests expected at Sion were by no means confined to funeral baked meats. Cold viands there were in abundance—joints of prodigious size—chines and sirloins of beef, chines of pork, baked red-deer, baked swan, baked turkey, baked sucking-pig, gammon of bacon pie, wild boar pie, roe pie, hare pie, soused sturgeon, soused salmon, and such-like—but there was no lack of hot provisions, roast, boiled, and stewed, nor of an adequate supply of sack, hippocrass, Rhenish, Canary, and stout October ale.

Every care was taken that the lords spiritual and temporal, with the foreign ambassadors and other persons of distinction, should be suitably lodged, but the majority of the actors in the gloomy pageant were left to shift for themselves, and the dormitories of the convent, even in its most flourishing days, had never known half so many occupants. The halls and principal chambers of the ancient religious structure were hung with black and garnished with escutcheons, and the fine old conventual church, refitted for the occasion, was likewise clothed with mourning, the high altar being entirely covered with black velvet, and adorned with all the jewels and gold and silver plate of which the shrines of the monastery had been previously plundered. In the midst of the choir, protected by double barriers, was placed a catafalque even more stately than that provided in the chapel of the palace at Westminster, with a lofty canopy, the valance whereof was fringed with black silk and gold, and the sides garnished with pensils, escutcheons, and bannerols. Around this catafalque burnt a surprising number of large wax tapers.

The progress of the funeral cortège was necessarily slow, and it was past one o'clock ere it reached Brentford, at which place a number of nobles, knights, and esquires, together with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, rode on towards Sion, and arranged themselves in long lines on either side of the convent gates. About two o'clock, the funeral car drew up at the west door of the church, and the effigy of the king was first taken out by the three gigantic warders, and carried by them with befitting care and reverence to the revestry. After which the coffin was ceremoniously brought out, and conveyed through two lines of nobles and ambassadors to the receptacle provided for it within the choir—the bishops in their mitres and copes preceding it. Thus deposited, the coffin was covered with a blue velvet pall, having a white cross embroidered upon it. At the head of the pall were laid the king's helm and crest, on the right and left his sword and targe, and his embroidered coat at the foot. All round the exquisitely carved choir were ranged the various banners and standards used in the procession.

Illumined by a thousand tapers, crowded with mourners of the highest rank, and with ecclesiastical dignitaries occupied in their

sacred functions, with chaplains, choristers, and others, the appearance of the choir, decorated as already described with banners and escutcheons, was singularly striking, and when a solemn dirge was performed by the Bishop of London and the choristers, the combined effect of spectacle and hymn was almost sublime. Not only was the choir crowded, but the entire body of the large conventual church was filled to inconvenience by those engaged in the ceremony.

No sooner, however, was the service ended than the church was speedily cleared of all save the watchers, and the demolition of the good cheer prepared for them in the halls and refectory commenced in right earnest. Eating and drinking there was from one end of the monastery to the other, and the purveyors, grooms, and yeomen of the kitchen, larder, cellar, and buttery, had enough to do to answer the incessant demands made upon them. Much merriment, we regret to say, prevailed among the mourners, and some ditties, that did not sound exactly like doleful strains, were occasionally heard. Provisions were liberally given to all comers at the convent gates, and alms distributed to the poor.

Constant watch was kept about the body, and the guard was relieved every hour. But, notwithstanding the vigilance exercised, a singular incident took place, which we shall proceed to relate.

A little before midnight it came to the turn of the three gigantic warders to take their station beside the body, and as the elder brother stood on the left of the hearse, leaning on his enormous halberd, he remarked that a dark stream had issued from beneath the pall covering the coffin, and was slowly trickling down the scutcheoned side of the catafalque. Horror-stricken at the sight, he remained gazing at this ensanguined current until some drops had fallen upon the ground. He then uttered an exclamation, which quickly brought his brothers to him.

"What alarms thee, Og?" cried the two giants.

"Look there!" said the other. "'Tis the king's blood. The coffin has burst."

"No doubt of it!" exclaimed Gog. "'Tis a terrible mischance—but we cannot be blamed for it."

"A truce with such folly!" cried Magog. "'Tis the rough roads between this and Brentford, which shook the car so sorely, that are in fault, and not we! But what is to be done? Methinks the alarm ought to be given to the grand master."

"Ay," replied Og; "but the flow of blood increases. We ought to stay it."

"How can that be done?" cried Gog. "Can we mend the bursten coffin?"

"Others may if we cannot," cried Og. "No time must be lost in obtaining aid. These fearful stains must be effaced ere the bearers come to-morrow."

Without more ado he hurried towards the great western door of the church, and was followed by his brothers, who seemed quite bewildered by the occurrence. But they had scarcely reached the door, when they were suddenly arrested by a fierce barking, as of hounds, apparently proceeding from the choir.

Appalled by the sound, they instantly stopped, and, turning round, beheld a spectacle that transfixed them with horror. Within the barriers, and close beside the coffin on the side of the catafalque down which the loathly current had flowed, stood a tall, dark figure, which, under the circumstances, they might well be excused for deeming uncouthly. With this swart figure were two large coal-black hounds of Saint Hubert's breed, with eyes that, in the imagination of the giants, glowed like carbuncles. Encouraged by their master, these hounds were rending the blood-stained cover of the catafalque with their teeth.

"'Tis Satan in person!" exclaimed Magog. "But I will face him, and check those hell-hounds in their infernal work."

"I will go with thee," said Og. "I fear neither man nor demon."

"Nay, I will not be left behind," said Gog, accompanying them.

But, notwithstanding their vaunted courage, they advanced with caution, and ere they gained the entrance of the choir the dark figure had come forth with his hounds, which stood savagely growling beside him. They then perceived that the fancied infernal being was a monk with his hood drawn closely over his grim and ghastly features.

Stretching out his hands towards them, the monk exclaimed, in tones that thrilled his hearers with new terror, "My words have come to pass. Henry sold himself to work wickedness, and I warned him of his doom as Elijah the Tishbite warned Ahab. The judgment of Ahab hath come upon him. On the self-same spot where Catherine Howard knelt before her removal to the Tower, dogs have licked the wife-slayer's blood—even his blood!"

Before the giants recovered sufficiently from their stupefaction to make an attempt to stay him, Father Peto, with his hounds, effected a retreat by a lateral door, through which it is to be presumed he had entered the church.

Filled with consternation, the giants were debating what ought to be done, when the wicket of the great western door was opened, and the Lord St. John, grand master, with three tall yeomen of the guard, entered the church. The torn hangings of the catafalque rendered concealment impossible, even if the giants had felt inclined to attempt it, but they at once acquainted Lord St. John with the mysterious occurrence.

• While listening to the strange recital, the grand master looked exceedingly angry, and the giants fully expected a severe reprimand at the least, if not punishment for their negligence. To their

surprise, however, the displeasure of their auditor changed to gravity, and without making any remark upon their relation, he proceeded to examine the condition of the catafalque. Having satisfied himself of the truth of the extraordinary statement he had received, the grand master gave orders for the immediate repair of the coffin, the restoration of the torn hanging, and the cleansing of the floor, charging the giants, on pain of death, not to breathe another word as to the mysterious appearance of Father Peto and the hounds.

Strict watch was kept throughout the rest of the night, and care taken to prevent further intrusion.

## XVIII.

### HOW THE ROYAL CORPSE WAS BROUGHT TO SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

NEXT morning, the numerous occupants of the convent arose betimes, and prepared for the journey to Windsor. The majority of the persons composing the procession had been obliged to sleep on stools or benches, or on the rushes with which the floors were thickly strewn. However, all were astir long before break of day. In those hearty times, breakfast differed but slightly from dinner or supper, and a very substantial repast, wound up with spiced wines and cates, was set before the guests preparatory to their setting forth.

Precisely at seven o'clock, the funeral procession started from the convent gates in the same order as before, accompanied by a like number of flaming torches. The bells were tolled in Isleworth church as the lugubrious train approached the village, and priests and clerks came forth to cense the royal corpse. Similar ceremonies were observed in every hamlet subsequently passed through.

At length the cortége reached Eton, then as now surrounded by stately groves. Near the gates of the noble college, founded about a century previously by the unfortunate Henry VI., stood Doctor Robert Aldrich, Bishop of Carlisle and Provost of Eton, in full pontificals, attended by the masters and fellows of the church in their vestments and copes, and by the scholars of the college in white surplices. The latter, who were extremely numerous, some of them being of very tender years, were bare-headed, and carried lighted tapers. As the corpse went by, they knelt down and censed it, chanting the *De Profundis*, their young voices giving a touching effect to the solemn psalm.

From the northern terrace of Windsor Castle, the sombre procession slowly making its way from Eton to the bridge across the Thames, presented a remarkable and deeply interesting sight; but few were there to witness it. Most of the inmates of the Castle

were engaged in preparing for the arrival of their expected guests, and such as were not so occupied had repaired to the bridge across the Thames, at the foot of which were stationed the Mayor of Windsor, the aldermen, benchers, and burgesses, and the priests and clerks of the church of Saint John the Baptist within the town. From this point to the Horseshoe Cloisters within the Castle, the road was railed on either side, the rails being hung with black cloth to the ground, and covered with escutcheons of arms and marriages. As at the Convent of Sion, though on a far more sumptuous and extensive scale, preparations were made at the Castle for the numerous and important visitors and their attendants. All the apartments assigned to the principal nobles and ambassadors were hung with black, as were Saint George's Hall, and the interior of the Garter Tower.

The royal standard on the keep was furled, and an immense hatchment of black velvet, emblazoned with the king's arms, worked in gold, was placed on the outer side of the gate of the lower ward, the battlements of which were thickly hung with banners. Numberless spectators thronged the barriers throughout their entire extent, and the windows of all the habitations in Thames-street were densely occupied. Slowly did the long train make its way to the Castle gate, and it was with great difficulty that the seven powerful horses could drag the ponderous funeral car up the steep ascent. At last, however, the feat was accomplished; the car entered the broad court of the lower ward, and was brought in safety to the western door of the chapel of Saint George.

Meanwhile, all the attendants upon the ceremonial, porters, servants of the royal household, harbingers and pursuivants, with a multitude of others, including the two hundred and fifty poor men in mourning habits, had entered the church, and stationed themselves in the nave—a wide passage being left from the western door to the choir, to be traversed by the bearers of the coffin. The more important personages, however, remained in the area of the Horseshoe Cloisters, awaiting a summons to enter the church.

Fairer ecclesiastical fabric does not exist than the collegiate chapel of Saint George at Windsor; and at the period in question the goodly structure was seen at its best. No desecrating hands had then marred its beauty. Externally, it was very striking—the numerous crocketed pinnacles being adorned with glittering vanes supported by gilt lions, antelopes, greyhounds, and dragons. The interior corresponded with the outward show, and luckily the best part has undergone little mutilation. Nothing more exquisite can be imagined than the richly decorated stone ceiling, supported by ribs and groins of incomparable beauty—than the light and graceful pillars of the nave—than the numerous chapels and chantries—or than the matchless choir. Within the nave are

emblazoned the arms of Henry VIII. and those of his renowned contemporaries and survivors, Charles V. and Francis I., both of whom were companions of the Order of the Garter. At the period of which we treat all the windows were filled with deep-stained glass, glowing with the mingled and gorgeous dyes of the ruby, the topaz, and the emerald, and casting a "dim religious light" on the architectural marvels of the fane. Commenced in the previous century by Edward IV., continued and further embellished by Henry VII., who contributed the unequalled roof of the choir, the finishing stroke to the noble pile was given by Henry VIII., traces of whom may be found in the heraldic insignia decorating the splendid ceiling of the body of the church, and in other parts of the structure.

In preparation for the ceremony about to take place within its walls, portions of the body of the church were hung with black, the central pavement of the nave being spread with black cloth, and the pillars of the aisles decorated with banners and escutcheons. The floor of the choir was likewise carpeted with black, and the pedestals of the elaborately carved stalls of the knights companions of the Garter clothed with sable velvet. The emblazoned banners of the knights still occupied their accustomed position on the canopies of the stalls, but the late sovereign's splendid banner was removed, his stall put into mourning, and a hatchment set in the midst of it. The high altar was hung with cloth of gold, and gorgeously ornamented with candlesticks, crosses, chalices, censers, ships, and images of gold and silver. Contiguous to it on the right was another and lesser altar, covered with black velvet, but destitute of ornament.

In the midst of the choir, surrounded by double barriers, stood a catafalque, larger and far more sumptuous than either of those used at the palace of Westminster or in the conventual church of Sion. Double-storied, thirty-five feet high, having eight panes and thirteen principals, curiously wrought, painted and gilded, this stately catafalque was garnished with a rich majesty and a double-balanced dome, around which were inscribed the king's name and title in beaten gold upon silk. Fringed with black silk and gold, the whole frame was covered with tapers (a consumption of four thousand pounds' weight of wax having been calculated upon), and was garnished with pensils, scutcheons of arms and marriages, hatchments of silk and gold; while bannerols of descents depended from it in godly wise. At the foot of the catafalque was a third altar covered with black velvet, and decorated with rich plate and jewels.

Beneath this stately catafalque lay the sepulchre, into which the royal corpse was ere long to be lowered by means of an apparatus somewhat resembling that now common to our cemeteries. In this vault was already deposited the once lovely Jane Seymour, by whose side Henry had directed his remains to be laid. Here

also, at a later period, was placed the body of the martyred Charles I.

By his will Henry had given particular directions that he should be interred in the choir of Saint George's Chapel, "midway between the state and the high altar," enjoining his executors to prepare an honourable tomb for his bones to rest in, "with a fair grate about it, in which tomb we will that the bones and body of our true and loving wife, Queen Jane, be put also." Thus much of his instructions was fulfilled, but he desired more than any executor could achieve. "We will and ordain," he appointed, "that a convenient altar be there honourably prepared, and appavelled with all manner of things requisite and necessary for daily masses, there to be said perpetually, while the world shall endure."

While the world shall endure! Alas for the vanity of human designs! Who heeds that fiat now? Who now says daily masses for Henry's soul?

Moreover, full instructions were left by the king for the erection of a most magnificent monument to himself and his third, and best-loved, consort, Jane Seymour, within the mausoleum so lavishly embellished by Cardinal Wolsey. On the white marble base of this monument, which was intended to be nearly thirty feet high, and adorned with one hundred and thirty-four statues and forty-four bas-reliefs, were to be placed two black touchstone tombs, supporting recumbent figures of the king and queen, not as dead but sleeping, while their epitaphs were to be inscribed in gold letters beneath.

Vain injunction! the splendidly-conceived monument was not even commenced.

To resume. All being arranged within the choir, and the thousand great tapers around the catafalque lighted, the effigy of the king was first brought in at the western door of the church by the three gigantic warders, and conveyed by them to the choir; after which, the coffin was carried by tall yeomen of the guard down the alley reserved for its passage, the canopy being borne by six lords. The Bishop of Winchester, with other mitred prelates in their copes, marched before it to its receptacle, wherein it was reverently deposited. This done, it was covered with two palls, the first being of black velvet, with a white satin cross upon it, and the other of rich cloth of tissue. The effigy was then set upon the outer pall.

No sooner had the funeral car quitted its station at the western door of the church than the procession, which had been previously marshalled in the Horseshoe Cloisters, began to stream into the sacred edifice. After a throng of knights, bannerets, barons, viscounts, earls, and ambassadors, came the Archbishop of Canterbury in his full robes, and attended by his crosses. After him marched the mourners, two and two, with their hoods over their heads, followed by the chief mourner, who in his turn was followed by Garter in the king's gown, the train of the latter being

borne by Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain. On reaching the catafalque, the mourners took up their customary places beside it.

Meanwhile, the Bishop of Winchester, on whom, as chief prelate, devolved the performance of the sacred offices, had stationed himself at the high altar, on either side whereof stood the rest of the bishops. The council, with the Lord Protector at its head, and immediately behind him the Lord Chancellor, now entered the choir, and seated themselves on either side it, the Archbishop of Canterbury occupying a place nearest the high altar.

The four saints having been set, one at each corner of the catafalque, the Lord Talbot, with the embroidered banner, took a place at its foot. Before him was the standard of the Lion; on the right the Dragon, and on the left the Greyhound. A multitude of other bearers of banners were grouped around the receptacle of the coffin.

At this juncture, a movement was heard in the gallery above, and the queen-dowager, preceded by two gentlemen ushers, entered the royal closet. Attired in black velvet, and bearing other external symbols of woe, Catherine looked somewhat pale, but bore no traces of deep affliction in her countenance. She was attended by the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, the Countess of Hertford, Lady Herbert, and other ladies and gentlewomen, all in deep mourning. Behind appeared a throng of ambassadors and other strangers of distinction. But neither the Princess Mary nor the Princess Elizabeth were present. Moreover, as will have been remarked, the youthful king took no part in the funeral ceremony.

As the queen-dowager sat down alone in front of the closet, all the other ladies remaining standing, Norroy advanced, and in his accustomed formula besought their charitable prayers for the repose of the departed king's soul. A requiem was next chanted, and mass performed by the Bishop of Winchester and the other prelates.

On the conclusion of the service, the whole assemblage quitted the church, leaving the choir vacant of all save the watchers by the body, the number of whom was greatly increased.

Profuse as had been the display of hospitality at Sion, it was far exceeded at Windsor. A grand banquet was given to the nobles and other distinguished personages in Saint George's Hall, the Lord Protector, with the council, the mourners, and the ambassadors, occupying seats on the dais. Tables were likewise spread in the various refectories, at which the numerous esquires, captains of the guard, heralds, pursuivants, and others, sat down. The four enormous fireplaces in the great kitchen scarcely sufficed to supply the wants of so many guests. Our three giants found their way to the larder, and were well cared for by the yeomen and grooms. Prodigious was the quantity they consumed.



Night had far advanced ere the feasting had ended. Even then there were lingerers at some tables. Much bustle, moreover, still prevailed, not only within but without the Castle. In the courts of both upper and lower wards, yeomen ushers, grooms and serving-men of all descriptions, were continually passing and repassing.

The terraces, however, were deserted, though the extreme beauty of the night might well have tempted some of the many guests to enjoy a moonlight walk upon them. Towards midnight a postern door in one of the towers on the south side of the Castle opened, and Sir Thomas Seymour and his esquire issued from it. Both were wrapped in black velvet mantles furred with sable. They proceeded quickly towards the eastern terrace, without pausing to gaze at the glorious prospect of wood and glade that lay stretched out beneath them, and, having made the half circuit of the walls, reached the northern terrace, which was thrown into deep shade, the moon being on the opposite side of the heavens. Far out into the meads below was projected the irregular shadow of the mighty pile, but the silver Thames glittered in the moonlight, and the collegiate church of Eton slumbered peacefully amidst its groves. A holy calm seemed to rest upon the scene, but Seymour refused to yield to its influence. He had other matter in hand, which agitated his soul. Roused by the bell striking midnight, he passed, with his esquire, through an archway communicating with the lower ward, and proceeded to Saint George's Chapel. Making for the lateral door on the left of the Bray Chapel, he found several yeomen of the guard stationed at it, together with two gentlemen ushers belonging to the queen-dowager's suite. On beholding the latter, his heart leaped with joy. He knew that Catherine was within the church, and he at once entered it with his esquire. The aisles and nave were plunged in gloom, and looked all the more sombre from the contrast they offered to the choir, which was brilliantly illumined. The watchers were stationed around the catafalque; chaplains were standing at the high altar; and a dirge was being sung by the choristers. Halting near a pillar in the south aisle, Seymour despatched Ugo to the choir. After a short absence the esquire returned, and said, "The queen is there—kneeling at the altar beside the coffin."

"I will await her coming forth. Retire, until I summon thee."

Full quarter of an hour elapsed ere Seymour's vigilance was rewarded. At the end of that time Catherine issued from the choir. As Sir Thomas expected, she was wholly unattended, and was proceeding slowly towards the door near the Bray Chapel, when Seymour stepped from behind the pillar, and placed himself in her path.

"Pardon me, Catherine! pardon me, queen of my heart!" he cried, half prostrating himself before her.

Much startled, she would have retired, but he seized her hand and detained her.

"You must—you shall hear me, Catherine," he cried.

"Be brief, then," she rejoined, "and release my hand."

"I know I do not deserve forgiveness," he cried, "but I know, also, that your nature is charitable, and therefore I venture to hope. Oh! Catherine, I have recovered from the frenzy into which I had fallen, and bitterly repent my folly. You have resumed entire empire over my heart, and never again can be dethroned."

"I do not desire to reign over a heart so treacherous," rejoined Catherine, severely. "You plead in vain, Seymour. Perfidy like yours cannot be pardoned."

"Say not so, fair queen," he cried, passionately. "Doom me not to utter despair. Show me how to repair my fault, and I will do it. But condemn me not to worse than death."

"Having proved you false and forsworn, how am I to believe what you now utter? Can I doubt the evidence of my own senses? Can I forget what I overheard?"

"But I am cured of my madness, I declare to you, Catherine. My fault shall be atoned by years of devotion. I will submit to any punishment you choose to inflict upon me—so that a hope of ultimate forgiveness be held out."

"Would I could believe you!" sighed the queen. "But no!—no!—it must not be. I will not again be deceived."

"On my soul I do not deceive you!" he cried, pressing her hand to his lips. "Grant me but another trial, and if I swerve from my present professions of unalterable attachment, cast me off for ever."

There was a slight pause; after which Catherine said, in a relenting tone, "I must have time for reflection."

"Till when?" he cried, imploringly.

"I cannot say. Not till the tomb has closed over Henry will I speak more on this subject. I give you good night, Sir Thomas."

"Good night, fair queen. Heaven grant your decision prove favourable!" exclaimed Seymour, as she departed.

And as his esquire cautiously approached him, he said exultingly, "Vittoria! Ugo, è fatto!"

## XIX.

PULVIS PULVERI, CINIS CINERI.

AT six o'clock next morn, all the knights companions of the Garter attendant upon the funeral repaired to the revery of Saint George's Chapel. The assemblage comprised the Lord Protector, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, the Earls of Essex, Arundel, Shrewsbury, and Sussex, the Lords Saint John, Lisle, Abergavenny, and Russell, with Sir John Gage, Sir Anthony Brown, Sir Anthony Wingfield, Sir Anthony St. Leger, and Sir Thomas Cheney. Having arrayed themselves in the rich sky-blue mantles of the order, and put on their hoods, they proceeded to the choir to hear matins, and make their oblations.

The service was performed by the Dean of Windsor, Doctor Franklin, and the canons. At its conclusion, after divesting themselves of the habits of their order, the knights adjourned to the deanery, where a goodly breakfast had been provided them by the portly dean. During this repast some conversation took place between Doctor Franklin and the Lord Protector touching a bequest by the late king of certain manors and lands to the dean and canons to the value of six hundred pounds a year—a considerable sum in those days—and the dean respectfully inquired whether he had been rightly informed as to the amount.

"Ay, forsooth, good master dean," replied the Protector. "His late majesty—whose soul may Jesu pardon!—hath by his will left you and your successors lands, spiritual endowments, and promotions of the yearly value you mention, but on certain conditions."

"What may be the conditions, I pray your highness?" asked the dean. "I have not heard them."

"They are these," rejoined the Protector. "That you find two priests to say masses at an altar to be erected before his majesty's tomb; that you hold four solemn obits annually for the repose of his soul within the chapel; that at every obit ye bestow ten pounds in alms to the poor; that ye give twelve pence a day to thirteen indigent but deserving persons, who shall be styled Poor Knights, together with garments specified by the will, and an additional payment to the governor of such poor knights. Other obligations there are in the way of sermons and prayers, but these I pretermitt."

"His majesty's intentions shall be religiously fulfilled," observed the dean, "and I thank your highness for the information you have so graciously afforded me."

As Henry's tomb, however, was never erected, as we have already mentioned, it may be doubted whether the rest of his testamentary instructions were scrupulously executed.

While the Knights of the Garter were breakfasting at the deanery, feasting had recommenced in the various halls and refectories of the Castle. Our giants again found their way to the larder, and broke their fast with collops, rashers, carbonados, a shield of brawn and mustard, and a noble sirloin of beef, making sad havoc with the latter, and washing down the viands with copious draughts of humming ale.

However, the bell began to toll, and at the summons each person concerned in the ceremony hied to Saint George's Chapel. Ere long all were in their places. Around the illumined catafalque within the choir were congregated the mourners in their gowns. The council, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, were seated in the stalls. The Bishop of Winchester, in his full pontificals, with the other prelates, were at the high altar. The queen-dowager was in her closet, with her ladies ranged behind her. No one was absent.

Thereupon mass was commenced, at which the bishops officiated. At the close of the requiem, the Marquis of Dorset advanced to the altar, and, with much humility and reverence, offered a piece of gold as the mass-penny; after which, he returned to his place at the head of the corpse. The king's embroidered coat of arms was next delivered by Garter to the Earls of Arundel and Oxford, by whom it was reverently offered to the Bishop of Winchester; which ceremony being performed, the coat was placed by Garter on the lesser altar. The royal target was next consigned to the Earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, offered by them to the bishop, and placed beside the coat by the herald. Norroy then presented the king's sword to the Earls of Sussex and Rutland, which was offered and laid upon the altar. Carlisle gave the helm and crest to the same nobleman who had carried the target, and these equipments were offered and placed beside the others.

Then occurred the most striking part of the ceremonial. Some commotion was heard in the nave, and those within the choir, who could command this part of the church, which was thronged with various officials, beheld a knightly figure, in complete steel, except the head-piece, and mounted on a black, richly-barded war-horse, enter the open western door, and ride slowly along the alley preserved by the assemblage. Flaming torches were borne by the foremost ranks of the bystanders on either side, and their light, gleaming on the harness of the knightly figure and the caparisons of his steed, added materially to the effect of the spectacle. The rider was Chidiock Pawlet, King Henry's man-at-arms, a very stalwart personage, with handsome burly features clothed with a brown bushy beard. In his hand he carried a pole-axe, with the head downwards. As Pawlet reached the door of the choir, and drew up beneath the arch, all eyes were fixed upon him. It was strange, almost appalling, to behold an equestrian figure in such a

place, and on such an occasion. For a brief space, Pawlet remained motionless as a statue, but his horse snorted and pawed the ground. Then Lord Morley and Lord Dacre advanced, and aided him to alight. Consigning his steed to a henchman, by whom it was removed, Pawlet next proceeded with the two lords to the altar, and offered the pole-axe to the bishop, with the head downwards. Gardiner took the weapon, turned the point upwards, and delivered the pole-axe to an officer of arms, who laid it on the altar.

Then Richard Pawlet, brother to Chidioc, with four gentlemen ushers, brought in each a pall of cloth of gold, of bawd-kin, which they delivered to Garter and Clarencieux, by whom these palls were placed at the foot of the king's effigy.

Hereupon, the emperor's ambassador, with the ambassadors of France, Scotland, and Venice, were conducted by the gentlemen ushers to the altar, to make their offering. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Protector, the Lord Chancellor, and the rest of the council offered. Lastly, Sir Thomas Cheney, treasurer, and Sir John Gage offered.

After all the offerings had been made, a pulpit was set directly before the high altar, and the Bishop of Winchester, mounting it, commenced a sermon, taking this text from the Revelations: "*In diebus illis, audivi vocem de cælo, dicentem mihi, Scribe, Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur. A modo jam dicit spiritus, ut requiescant à laboribus suis. Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos.*"

A fervid and fluent preacher, Gardiner deeply moved his auditors by his discourse, which was as remarkable for learning as for eloquence. At the close of the sermon the mass proceeded, and as the words "*Verbum caro factum est*" were pronounced, Lord Windsor offered the standard of the Lion; Lord Talbot the standard of the embroidered banner; and the rest of the standards and banners were offered in their turn.

After this, the Dean of Windsor and the canons took the palls which had been placed at the feet of the king's effigy, and conveyed them to the revestry. The image itself was next removed by the three gigantic warders, and carried to the same place.

The solemn moment had now arrived. Gardiner and the other officiating prelates descended from the high altar to the catafalque, and the Archbishop of Canterbury took up a station a little behind them with his crosses. The whole choir burst forth with the "*Circumdederunt me,*" the bishops meanwhile continuing to cense the corpse.

Ere the solemn strains had ceased, the mouth of the vault opened, and the coffin slowly descended into the sepulchre.

Thus vanished from the sight of men all that was left of a great monarch.

Amid the profound silence that ensued, Gardiner advanced to

the mouth of the vault. He was followed by all the chief officers of the household—namely, the lord great master; the lord chamberlain of the household, the treasurer, comptroller, gentleman porter, and the four gentlemen ushers. These personages carried their staves and rods, and ranged themselves around the aperture.

Earth being brought to the bishop, he cast it into the sepulchre, and when he had pronounced the words "*Pulvis pulveri, cinis cineri*," Lord Saint John broke his staff over his head, exclaiming dolefully, as he threw the picces into the vault, "Farewell to the greatest of kings!"

The Earl of Arundel next broke his staff, crying out with a lamentable voice, "Farewell to the wisest and justest prince in Christendom, who had ever England's honour at heart!"

Sir John Gage next shivered his staff, exclaiming in accents of unaffected grief, "Farewell to the best of masters, albeit the sternest!"

Like sorrowful exclamations were uttered by William Knevet, the gentleman porter, and the gentlemen ushers, as they broke their rods.

There was something inexpressibly affecting in the destruction of these symbols of office, and the casting the fragments into the pit. Profound silence prevailed during the ceremony, but at its close a universal sigh broke from the assemblage.

At this moment, Sir Thomas Seymour, who was standing in a part of the choir commanding the queen's closet, looked up. Catherine had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was evidently weeping.

*De profundis* was then solemnly chanted, amidst which the chasm was closed.

At the conclusion of the hymn, Garter, attended by Clarencieux, Carlisle, and Norroy, advanced to the centre of the choir, and with a loud voice proclaimed, "Almighty God of his infinite goodness give good life and long to the most high and mighty Prince, our sovereign Lord, Edward VI., by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and in earth, under God, of the Church of England and Ireland, the supreme Head and Sovereign, of the most noble Order of the Garter."

This proclamation made, he shouted lustily, "Vive le noble roi Edouard!" All the assemblage joined in the shout, which was thrice repeated.

Then the trumpeters stationed in the rood-loft blew a loud and courageous blast, which resounded through the pile.

So ended the obsequies of the right high and puissant king Henry VIII.

Thus far the first Book.

## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

## No I.—POPULATION.

THE population of France is counted every five years. The last census was made in July, 1856; there will, therefore, be another this year. There is also an annual return, published by the ministry of the interior, of the number of births and deaths, but this return is always three or four years in arrear, and 1857 is at present the latest date to which it extends.

There are, therefore, no elements on which to base an examination of the movements of the population of France during the last three years; and this is the more to be regretted in the face of the results revealed by the last census, which showed, to the astonishment of Europe, that during the two years, 1854 and 1855, the whole population of France had actually diminished; that during the five years between 1851 and 1856 the total increase of number had amounted to only 257,736, which was at the rate of 0.14 per cent. per annum; and that during these same five years the population of 54 departments out of 86 had diminished together by 446,855, this number, plus the general increase of 257,736, constituting an augmentation of 704,591 in the other 32 departments, Paris alone gaining 300,000 thereof.

It is, however, evident that most of these remarkable results were principally due to accidental circumstances. The cholera, the Crimean war, and a famine, arrived successively during the five years in question, and it is fair to urge against the admission of the results of these five years, as an indication of the present normal movement of the population of France, that in 1856 the increase amounted to 117,099, and in 1857 to 21,924.

But still, whatever be the figures which the census of the present year will disclose, there remains the fact that since the commencement of the present century the annual rate of increase of the population of France has diminished two-thirds. The variation is not exactly perceptible in the returns of each successive year, which naturally present fluctuations in each direction, but the general result is, that whereas the average yearly augmentation was at the rate of 0.646 per cent. from 1801 to 1826, it was only 0.445 per cent. from 1836 to 1850, and 0.14 per cent. from 1851 to 1856, rising again, however, to 0.23 per cent. in 1857. The cause of this persistent diminution is as evident as the diminution itself, the falling off in the number of births is its sole source. For the ten years between 1776 and 1785, with a population of 24 millions, the annual average of births in France was 960,000, or 1 to 25 of the whole population; while in 1856, with a population of 36 millions, the births were only 950,000, and in 1857, 940,000, which is at the rate of 1 child to 37 inhabitants. Not only, therefore, is the average productiveness one-half less now than it was eighty years ago, but, which is more re-

markable still, one-half more people actually generate now a smaller total number of children.

Whichever way the question is examined the same facts come out, the disproportion of course diminishing as the date of comparison becomes more recent. Calculating on the proportion between the numbers of annual marriages and legitimate births, it is found that in the ten years comprised between 1820 and 1830 the mean annual births were 3.64 to each marriage contracted; but in 1857, which may be admitted as a fair average year, the relation between the legitimate births and the marriages had fallen to the following ratio:

In the department of the Seine . . .	2.26	births for each marriage.
In the towns generally . . . . .	2.97	” ”
In the rural districts . . . . .	3.03	” ”
The general average for all France was	2.94	” ”

The productiveness of the marriages has, therefore, decreased from 3.64 to 2.94 per cent. during the last thirty years—more than one-fifth. Calculating, again, on the proportion of children to each family, it appears that in 1821 a child was born to every 5.8 families; but in 1857 there was only 1 child to 7.6 families, which means that only 2 families out of 15 now have a child annually, while the proportion was 2 out of 11½ forty years ago; here the diminution is more than a quarter.

These differences of number are so considerable that they impress even those who have had an opportunity of appreciating the disposition of the French to shrink from excessive or improvident paternity. The reduction of production surpasses the estimate which a rough calculation of the probable consequences of this species of prudence would reasonably arrive at: the fact that three families now produce fewer children than two did before the revolution would not be theoretically admitted even by those who know to what an extent the cautious French apply the saying, “Make the soup before you make the child.”

And this diminution is the more striking because it has occurred simultaneously with a small but steady increase in the number of marriages. Bearing, therefore, in mind the admitted fact that nine-tenths of the births of every year result from marriages contracted during the two previous years, it follows that the more recent marriages are precisely those which present the greatest development of sterility.

It should, however, be remembered that diminishing production is not peculiar to France alone. The same tendency shows itself, but in a far less degree, in England and most of the other countries of Europe. Reproduction is everywhere less rapid, though varying in its rates of decrease in different localities. A comparison of the figures bearing on the subject suggests the idea that the greater the degree of civilisation attained, and the greater the density of the population, the fewer are the children produced. Whether this result arises from less favourable sanitary conditions (though the almost universal augmentation of the duration of life would seem to contradict this hypothesis), or whether, as is indisputably the case in France, it springs from voluntary sterility, the fact is general. England, notwithstanding its high civilisation and thick population, still produces annually 1 child to every 29 inhabitants, which is proportionately one-fourth more than France, and among the scantier inhabitants



of Russia and Prussia, and in the warm plains of Lombardy, the yearly rate of production remains 1 to 26. But though these rates are still so much superior to the figures just given for France, they are lower than they were a century ago; in every country in Europe reproduction is less rapid than it was.

This subject, however, involves so many considerations, it is so intermixed with all the problems of national health and morality, and a satisfactory explanation of it is so improbable, that it would not be useful to examine it further, especially as, in so far as France is concerned, the diminution in question may safely be assigned to its real cause, unwillingness to have children. Fortunately for France, the ratio between the augmentation of the duration of life and the diminution of production still remains rather more than compensating, and suffices to maintain, though in a scarcely perceptible degree, the general progress of number. The average duration of existence has risen since the revolution from 27 to 38 years, and it appears to be still advancing. It is not, therefore, to be feared that the diminution of the whole population which accidentally took place in 1854 and 1855, is likely to assume a permanent character for the moment, whatever may be the result hereafter.

The mean annual augmentation of 0.445 per cent., which took place during the fifteen years ending in 1850, was very unequally distributed over the surface of France. It was only 0.3 per cent. in the country, and it amounted to 1.6 per cent. in the towns; in both these figures the effect of the movement from the rural districts into the towns comes out strikingly. The towns, again, varied materially between themselves in their rate of increase; those on the coast gained as much as  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum, while the six great garrison towns advanced 1.6 per cent., and the manufacturing towns 1.4 per cent.

These figures, which indicate the effects of migration, do not at all correspond with the increase of births over deaths in the same localities. In 1857 the proportions of this increase were:

In Paris . . . . .	0.50	per cent.	of the population.
In all the other towns . . . .	0.16	"	"
In the rural districts † . . . .	0.23	"	"

which proves that the births are relatively one-half more numerous in the country than in the towns, though the real population of the towns, fed by importations from the country, advance proportionately five times faster than that of the rural districts. The relation necessarily varies in different years, but these rates are probably approximate averages. It is worthy of remark, that the superiority of births over deaths is three times greater in Paris than in the other towns of France, but this is partially explainable by the circumstance that a considerable number of women come to Paris from the provinces to be confined.

It has been already remarked that the feebleness of the general increase from 1851 to 1856, as well as the special diminution of the population in 1854 and 1855, are attributable to the consequences of the cholera, the Crimean war, and a famine, and that they can only be regarded as an accident independent of the present normal conditions of the subject. In 1856 the increase of births and marriages and the reduction of deaths, which, as Montesquieu first observed, seem to regularly follow every

period of special mortality, regained the ground lost during the two preceding years. This sudden recovery from the consequences of bad years seems to be a natural law, for since the establishment of regular returns in France, it has been observed after every sanitary crisis. For instance, the great cholera of 1832 added about 130,000 deaths to the total mortality of the preceding year, but in 1833 the births rose 31,797, and in 1834 48,304, while the marriages of these two years showed an increase of four and nine per cent. respectively on the average of the five preceding years.

The proportion of male to female births is generally as 105 to 100. In Paris and the towns there are  $103\frac{1}{2}$  boys to 100 girls, and in the country 106 to 100. But if still-born children are included, the average is  $106\frac{3}{4}$  boys to 100 girls. This relative augmentation proves that the greater mortality observable among male children attacks them even before their birth: 58 per cent. of the still-born children are males, and only 42 per cent. females. According to a Belgian table, 58 per cent. are born dead, 20 per cent. die during delivery, and the remaining 22 per cent. immediately after birth. As might be expected, the average of children still-born is higher in Paris, and in the towns generally, than in the country. The proportions are (relatively to the whole number of births), 6.52 per cent. in Paris, 5.55 in the other towns, and only 3.65 per cent. in the rural districts. There are, therefore, not only half as many more children produced in the country than in the towns, proportionately to the whole population of each, but the number born dead is about one-half less in the former than in the latter.

The general proportion of illegitimate children in France is 7.3 per cent. of the whole number. It is said to be the same in England. In Austria, the proportion is 20 per cent.; and in Saxony, Bohemia, and Finland,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. It falls to the minimum of 3 per cent. in Lombardy. But as all these latter figures are calculated on single years, they should be received with caution, as they may not represent exact averages. The proportions of natural children in France, applied also to the whole number of births, are 27 per cent. in Paris, 12 per cent. in the towns generally, and only 4.2 per cent. in the country. It must, however, be borne in mind that a certain number of country girls come into the towns to be confined in the public hospitals, and also, that as public opinion exercises a direct and powerful influence among the scanty inhabitants of the rural districts, a large proportion of children illegally begotten are legitimately born, because their parents marry in the interval between the two events under the pressure exercised by their families and friends. Of the illegitimate children born in the towns, about 30 per cent. are recognised and adopted by their parents, while in the country the proportion thus adopted is double—it rises to 60 per cent.:  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole number are regularly legitimised, and acquire all the rights of children lawfully begotten, by the application of an admirable provision of the French code, which permits the complete legitimisation of children whose father and mother marry after their birth. It is worthy of note that 6 per cent. more boys than girls are recognised by their parents.

The heavy proportion of natural children in Paris is still inferior to that which exists in many other large towns: at Stockholm, Mayence,

Prague, Oporto, and Lisbon, for instance, one half the births are illegitimate. The number of persons illegitimately born in all Europe is estimated at twenty millions.

M. Moreau de Jonnés has published a curious table of the proportion of illegitimate births in France at various periods of the present century. He shows that from 1800 to 1815, during the wars of the Empire, the average number was 1 to 564 inhabitants, while from 1816 to 1830, during the comparatively rigid epoch of the Restoration, it rose to 1 to 417; from 1836 to 1850, under the Government of July, the proportion regularly improved: it shows only 1 to 523 for the last five years of that period. The comparative feebleness of the illegitimate births during the first empire cannot be attributed to any better state of public morality at that time, but simply to the absence at the army of a large part of the men of the country.

The proportion of illegitimate children who are still-born is, as might be expected, nearly double that which is found among children born of married parents. The poverty and misery in which many of the mothers of these children await their confinement is an ample explanation of this.

The number of children abandoned at the hospitals of Enfants Trouvés fell from 1 to 22 of the total births in 1816, to 1 to 38 in 1845.

It results from these various figures that the superiority of the country over the towns is most marked in all that constitutes the outward and tangible tests of public morality. The proportion of illegitimate children is 4.2 per cent. in the one case against 12 per cent. in the other (subject always to the consideration that the town hospitals offer facilities for delivery, by which the country profits). The country adopts 60 per cent. of its illegitimate offspring, while the towns adopt only 30 per cent.; there are 5.55 per cent. of still-born children in the towns (not including Paris) against 3.65 in the rural districts, and, finally, though the relative number of marriages is less in the country than in the towns, the country produces proportionately slightly more legitimate births than the towns.

The influence of the seasons on the production of children is very sensible. On an average 4 per cent. more children are regularly begotten between April and August than between August and April. This is especially observable in the country districts. The month of March, which corresponds to Lent, always shows a marked diminution of procreation.

The hours at which children are born are relatively as follows, as far as can be decided, from the insufficiency of the information published on the subject:

From 6 to 12 A.M. . . . .	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	per cent.
„ 12 to 6 P.M. . . . .	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	„
„ 6 to 12 P.M. . . . .	25	„
„ 12 to 6 A.M. . . . .	30	„
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	100	

The largest number of births appear, therefore, to take place from midnight to morning, and the smallest number from morning to noon.

The annual number of marriages has risen from 1 marriage to 128 inhabitants on the average of the ten years included between 1820 and

1830, to 1 to 126 from 1840 to 1850, and to 1 to 122 in 1857. In the latter year the marriages were composed as follows:

In the department of the Seine . . . . .	18,155 marriages	1 to 95 inhabitants.
In the towns generally . . . . .	70,153	1 to 116
In the country . . . . .	207,202	1 to 126
Total . . . . .	295,510	1 to 122

These figures show that marriages are more numerous in proportion to the density of the population. The general rate of marriages being slowly on the rise, and the mean duration of life increasing also, it follows that the number of married people is, from both these reasons, always on the increase in France: 46 per cent. of the whole population are married (including 7 per cent. of widows and widowers); the present mean duration of married life is about  $24\frac{1}{2}$  years.

The marriages are composed as follows:

Bachelors and spinsters . . . . .	83 per cent.
Bachelors and widows . . . . .	4
Widowers and spinsters . . . . .	$9\frac{1}{2}$
Widowers and widows . . . . .	$3\frac{1}{2}$

100

It results from this evidence that while 13 widowers marry a second time, only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  widows try matrimony again. And this is the more remarkable from the fact that the mean duration of life being longer for women than for men, there are always twice as many widows as widowers disposable; if, therefore, the tendency to marry a second time were not very much stronger in men than women, the result would naturally be the exact contrary of that proved by the above table.

Frenchmen, as a rule, do not marry very early in life; but people marry younger in the country than in the towns, especially Paris. This may be considered to explain the somewhat greater fecundity of the country marriages; but as the country produces proportionately more male children than the towns ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.), can it be supposed that young married couples have a greater tendency than older people to generate boys, and that the task of supplying girls falls more especially on the latter?

The lists of the respective ages at which marriage is contracted reveal some curious facts. Excluding Paris, the average of first marriages are between men of 28 years of age and women of 24; this is natural enough; but it appears that when men marry before they arrive at the age of 20, they invariably choose wives older than themselves. When the husband is above 20 then the average gives him a wife younger than himself, in a proportion which increases regularly with the age of the former. Bachelors up to 30 marry widows older than themselves; at 30 the reverse begins. Widowers up to 35 marry widows of a greater age than their own.

The general rule, just stated, that Frenchmen do not ordinarily marry very young, is certainly a good one in a sanitary point of view, for nothing appears to be more killing than to marry before 20. A return, based on the mortality of 1854 (which was extremely high), gives the

following proportions of deaths for married and unmarried people of the various ages named :

Age.	Married.	Unmarried.
15 to 20 . . . . .	29.3 . . . . .	6.7 . . . . .
20 . . . . .	6.5 . . . . .	11.3 . . . . .
30 . . . . .	7.1 . . . . .	12.4 . . . . .
40 . . . . .	10.3 . . . . .	17.7 . . . . .
50 . . . . .	48.3 . . . . .	29.5 . . . . .
60 . . . . .	35.4 . . . . .	49.9 . . . . .
	100	100

So that the mortality is four and a half times greater among the married than the unmarried between the ages of 15 and 20.

The seasons at which the greatest number of marriages take place are before Lent and during the summer.

One-third of the men married, and rather more than half the women, cannot write.

Since 1801 the rate of mortality in France has fallen from 1 to 33 to 1 to 43 of the population ; in 1846 and 1850 it was only 1 to 47. In 1857 there were 858,785 deaths, proportioned as follows :

In the department of the Seine . . . . .	1 to 37.6 inhabitants.
„ towns . . . . .	1 to 35.7 „
„ country . . . . .	1 to 44.9 „
General average . . . . .	1 to 43 „

The influence of the country is here again evident in the greater duration of life, while the special composition of the rich and varying population of Paris shows it by a superiority, though of less degree, over the other towns of France.

A very singular and remarkable circumstance is, that the movement of mortality appears to be turning against the grown-up men. A table drawn up by M. Demonferrand, of the deaths per sex per age, between the years 1817 and 1831, compared with a similar table prepared by M. Heuschling, for the period between 1840 and 1849, shows that the deaths among children under 1 year fell, in the interval between the two calculations, from 22.51 per cent. of the total number, to 21.60 per cent. The diminution was about equal for each sex, the proportion being 12.45 per cent. of boys to 10.06 per cent. of girls. From 1 to 10 years of age the mortality fell from 18.61 per cent. to 14.50 per cent., still, without any variation of the proportion between the sexes. From 10 to 20 there is no change. But from 20 to 30 the deaths rise from 6.53 per cent., in the first period, to 7.30 per cent. in the second ; and the whole of this augmentation is supported by the male sex, the rate of decease among men having risen from 3.11 per cent. to 4.19. The same result occurs again between the ages of 30 and 50, the male deaths rising from 5.41 to 6.32 per cent., while the female deaths remain stationary.

There is no sufficient explanation of this growing mortality among adult males, and it is to be hoped that later tables will show a different result, for the economy of life among children attained between the two periods in question can scarcely be accepted as compensating increased mortality among the men of the country at their most productive period of life.

In England the average of deaths is only 1 to 55 inhabitants; and in Scotland and Iceland it rises to 1 in 59, while in the Roman and Venetian states it falls to 1 to 28. Throughout the cold latitudes the mean duration of life is longer than in warm climates.

The annual mortality among women ranges pretty regularly at about 2 or 3 per cent. above that of the male sex, although their average duration of existence is longer than that of men. This circumstance, added to the fact that the male births are 5 per cent. in excess of the female births, would bring about in a few years a great majority of male population, if the tendency were not constantly counteracted by the many causes which absorb the men of the country, for military service, navigation, emigration, and foreign trade. These causes place the women in a majority, the whole population being composed of 49.73 per cent. of males, and 50.27 per cent. of females. If these statements appear contradictory, it is because the results of the census and of the tables of births and deaths can never be made to tally, in consequence of the continual displacement of part of the male population.

The males are subdivided into—

Bachelors . . . . .	56.04 per cent.
Married . . . . .	39.26 „
Widowers . . . . .	4.70 „
	<hr/>
	100

and the females into

Spinsters . . . . .	51.99 per cent.
Married . . . . .	38.63 „
Widows . . . . .	9.38 „
	<hr/>
	100 „

Only 1.06 per cent. of the entire population is composed of foreigners, of whom the number of English is under 25,000.

Of the 36 millions of inhabitants of France, about two-thirds live by the culture of the soil, and about a sixth by manufactures and trades; the remaining sixth includes the liberal professions, rentiers, domestic servants, and the unclassed.

M. Moreau de Jonnès gives the present approximative numbers of each division as follows, but he expressly states that they cannot be considered as absolutely exact; indeed, as he calculates the details of the liberal and general professions proportionately on the census of 1831, it is probable that in certain classes there are considerable inaccuracies:

Agricultural population, men, women, and children . . . . .	24,000,000
Manufacturing population do . . . . .	2,500,000
Arts and trades do . . . . .	3,500,000
	<hr/>
Total of the working population . . . . .	30,300,000
Magistrates and government servants . . . . .	112,848
Employed by the parishes . . . . .	58,363
Employed by private individuals . . . . .	84,184
Pensioners . . . . .	63,233
Soldiers and sailors (actually in France) . . . . .	356,732
	<hr/>
Carried forward . . . . .	675,365
	<hr/>
	30,300,000

Brought forward . . . . .	675,365	30,300,000
Doctors, druggists, &c. . . . .	26,758	
Lawyers, &c. . . . .	29,262	
Professors and teachers . . . . .	58,084	
Architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, and actors . . . . .	19,482	
Literary men. . . . .	4,465	
Ecclesiastics . . . . .	52,882	
Students . . . . .	95,187	
Other liberal professions . . . . .	38,644	
Persons living on their property . . . . .	523,970	
<hr/>		
Total of males . . . . .	1,524,102	} say 4,109,000
Wives and children of the above . . . . .	2,585,460	
Domestic servants (two-thirds women). . . . .		906,500
Unclassed: Prisoners . . . . .	39,471	} say 683,500
Sick in the hospitals . . . . .	71,113	
Beggars . . . . .	217,046	
No means of existence . . . . .	336,902	
Public prostitutes (police list). . . . .	16,239	
<hr/>		
Total . . . . .		36,000,000

It should be repeated that this list can only be considered as a general indication of the proportionate division of occupations in France, and not as an exact table.

The annual amount of wages paid is estimated at 179,000,000*l.*, of which the

Agricultural population gains . . . . .	£120,000,000	. 67 per cent.
Manufacturing workmen . . . . .	30,600,000	. 17 "
And the arts and trades . . . . .	28,400,000	. 16 "
<hr/>		
	£179,000,000	. 100 ;

These sums divided per class on the total numbers of each, women and children included, give a rate per head per annum of

Agricultural population, working 200 days in the year . . . . .	£5	0	0
Manufacturing population " 300 " . . . . .	12	5	0
Arts and trades " 300 " . . . . .	8	7	0
The general average is . . . . .	5	18	0

If these figures are correct, and as they are published as part of the official statistics of France they ought to be received as such, the agricultural population, with 5*l.* per head per annum to live on, has for each family of four and a half persons 22*l.* 10*s.*; while the workmen engaged in manufactures, gaining 12*l.* 5*s.* per head per annum, have for each family of four persons (there being fewer children in the towns than in the rural districts) a revenue of 49*l.* The classes employed in arts and trades occupy a middle position between the two others, their yearly income amounting to 33*l.* 8*s.* for each family of four persons. The annual average for the whole labouring population of France is 26*l.* 11*s.* for each family of four and a half persons.

In 1788, according to M. de Tolosan, director of commerce under Louis XVI., there were 17 millions of labouring population in France, including women and children, and they gained together 81,000,000*l.* of wages. Following the same proportion of four and a half persons to

each family, though at times the average was probably at least five, as the relative number of children born was one-third greater than at present, the average annual income of each family was 21*l.* 6*s.* The mean rate has therefore risen 5*l.* 5*s.* per family, or about 25 per cent., in eighty years; but this augmentation certainly does not compensate the rise which has taken place in the same period in the price of food and rent; it may, therefore, be concluded that, allowing for the general advantages bestowed by growing civilisation, the material position of the working classes is no easier now than it was during the last century.

In comparing the respective incomes of the agricultural and manufacturing classes, it appears at first sight as if the latter, who gain 49*l.* per family, must necessarily live in greater comfort than the former, whose income is only 22*l.* 10*s.* But this is probably incorrect, for the evidence is rather the other way. The general health is better in the country than in the towns; the mean duration of life is 40 years in the rural districts against 33 in the towns, and the exonerations from military service for medical reasons are far less frequent among the country conscripts than in those drawn from the manufacturing centres. Furthermore, there are in France about 2½ millions of little properties bringing in on an average 4*l.* a year to their owners, and it is certain that the very great majority of these belong to agricultural labourers. It may therefore be admitted that about three-sevenths of the 5,350,000 families employed in the cultivation of the soil have a real income of 26*l.* 10*s.* per annum, which places them, for the life they lead, and for the wants they have to satisfy, in quite as good a position as the town workmen, with his comparatively higher expenditure and frequent temptations. No peasantry in the world pursue the acquisition of a bit of land with such restless perseverance as the French; the satisfaction of this desire is the great object of their existence. This thirst after property is universal in France; it shows itself in every class, but in none to so marked a degree as among the agricultural population, who scrape up the means of satisfying it by years of willingly-borne privations.

It may generally be said that the French labouring classes, of all kinds, live in greater relative comfort than the English of similar position, but this difference is not caused solely by greater sobriety or economy, or by peculiarities of character or of the manner of living; it arises also in some degree from the comparative scantiness of the French population. In all France there is only 1 inhabitant on an average to 3.63 acres, while in England the proportion is 1 to 1.8 acre. The same surface in England supports, therefore, just twice as many individuals as in France; and although the average difference springs entirely from the accumulation of population in the English manufacturing towns, and the density of the rural population taken separately in the two countries would not probably show any balance against England, still the labouring classes in France, taken as a whole, have so large a superiority of elbow room, that, added to their economical and quiet habits, it places them in a general position superior to that of the English working classes.

The population is naturally denser in certain districts than in others. In the fifteen departments which form the Channel and Atlantic coast, there is 1 inhabitant to 3.14 acres; in the twelve land frontier departments there is 1 to 3.19 acres; in the fifty-four interior departments there



is 1 to 3.88 acres; while in the five Mediterranean departments the density falls to 1 inhabitant to 4.18 acres. The population of the districts on the northern and western coast is therefore about a fifth more numerous than the average of the whole country, and as this proportion is increasing, it presents an important feature in the general movement.

Divided according to their religious belief, the inhabitants of France showed the following numbers for each creed in the census of 1851 :

Catholics . . . . .	34,931,032
Calvinists . . . . .	480,507
Lutherans . . . . .	287,325
Jews . . . . .	73,973
Other creeds . . . . .	29,831
	35,783,170

The number of churches of all kinds in France in 1836 amounted to 41,132, for 33 millions of inhabitants, while before the revolution of 1789 there were about 70,000 churches, including those of the convents, for 24 millions of population. The quantity of church room is therefore now nearly two and a half times less than it was eighty years ago. But this fact cannot reasonably be taken to prove any real growth of religious indifference in the interval, for the supply of churches during the last century was certainly too great for the spiritual wants of the people.

It results from these details of the movement of the population of France since the commencement of the present century that it has a marked tendency to migrate to the towns and coast districts; that while the mortality of children is falling, that of grown men appears to be increasing; and that if the marriages continue to be unproductive, the progress of number can only be maintained by a constant rise in the average longevity. And at the best, it is probable that the persistent decrease in the proportionate number of births will finally paralyse the effects of the growing duration of life. There is no immediate sign that the population of France has yet reached its maximum of development; there is room enough to fill, and the quantity and value of agricultural and industrial production are rising so fast that the means of existence for a larger population cannot be put in doubt; but if the people refuse to have children, and the births continue to fall at the average rate of the last seventy years, it cannot be expected that the progress of number will last beyond the end of the present century, and it is to be feared that the next generation may see the population of their country going backwards.

### Mingle-Mangle by Monkshead.

. . . but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 BR. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

#### TOWN AND COUNTRY.

##### § 1.

TOWN and Country—everybody uses the words in the sense of utter contrast, be his own predilections rustic or urban, countrified or cittish. Whichever of the antagonistic forces attracts or repels him—the attraction of the one implying repulsion by the other—at any rate he recognises the antagonism, and, if at all hearty in his partisanship, will be even disposed to exaggerate it.

The Town! what is there in the Town, to lure  
 Our household dreams away from the fresh flowers?  
 Is not the Town a monster, ravenous?  
 Fierce? hydra-headed? fed by peasants' strength?  
 Decked out with plunder of the fields? along  
 Whose limbs of stone and marble arteries,  
 Innumerable emmets crawl, till they sink down  
 Dead with excess of feasting?\*

So rhapsodises, or (town critics will say) rants, or raves, some dramatic personage in Mr. Proctor's fragments. That author, however,—whose life has been a town-life, after all—speaks in his own person, and may be taken to express his own feelings, in the lines that bewail his lot in being "from the fresh air and green fields driven, and all the beauteous face of Heaven, Into the wilderness of stone; destined there to dwell alone, Toiling upwards, day by day."† Hartley Coleridge depicts the contrast, in his sonnet beginning: "I left the land where men with Nature dwelling, Know not how much they love her lovely forms"—and which continues,

I sought the town,‡ where toiling, buying, selling—  
 Getting and spending, poisoning hope and fear,  
 Make but one season of the live-long year.  
 Now for the brook from moss-girt fountain welling,  
 I see the foul stream hot with sleepless trade;  
 For the slow creeping vapours of the morn,  
 Black hurrying smoke, in opaque mass up-borne,  
 O'er dinning engines hangs, a stifling shade.§

Juvenal's third Satire has constantly, from the time he wrote it, been translated, and imitated, and purposely paraphrased, and unconsciously imitated, by succeeding generations, and of every clime. *Artibus, inquit, honestis, nullus in urbe locus. Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio. Vivendum est illic, ubi nulla incendia, nulli nocte metus. Magnis*

\* Barry Cornwall, *Dramatic Fragments*, 100.

† A Farewell to Home.

‡ Leeds, 1832.

§ Sonnets by Hartley Coleridge, XXV. "From Country to Town."

*opibus dormitur in urbe.* And all the other common-places—how fresh they are in their eternally renewed application, and never exhausted significance. John Oldham adapted them to seventeenth-century England, when he declared, that, were he free to choose his residence,

The Peak, the Fens, the Hundreds, or Land's-end,  
 Ho would prefer to Fleet-street, or the Strand.  
 What place so desert, and so wild is there,  
 Whose inconveniences one would not bear,  
 Rather than the alarms of midnight fire,  
 The fall of houses, knavery of city,  
 The plots of factions, and the noise of wits,  
 And thousand other plagues, which up and down  
 Each day and hour infest the cursèd town?\*

A handsome dwelling, he promises his town-loving friend, might be had in Kent, Surrey, or Essex, at a cheaper rent "than what you're forced to give for one half year to lie, like lumber, in a garret here."

A garden there, and well, that needs no rope,  
 Engine, or pains to crane its waters up;

(some of Oldham's rhymes are, in the nineteenth century, ticklesome to ticklish ears:)

Water is there through Nature's pipes conveyed,  
 For which no custom or excise is paid.  
 Had I the smallest spot of ground, which scarce  
 Would summer half a dozen grasshoppers,  
 Not larger than my grave, though hence remote  
 Far as St. Michael's Mount, I would go to 't,  
 Dwell there content, and thank the Fates to boot.†

Boileau had already adapted these Juvenalia to a Parisian public, in better rhymes and smoother rhythm—as Johnson again did for the Londoners in the ensuing century. Rare Ben, his namesake (all but the unsounded h), had embodied the spirit of them, in 1616, in his lines to Sir Robert Wroth, who, "whether by choice, or fate, or both," lived in and loved the country, "free from proud porches and the gilded roofs, 'mongst lowing herds and solid hoofs," which town-bred wit might be witty about, as rather too solid, and their owners as hardly the sort of cattle, a wise man would select to pass his life withal. Samuel Johnson might write, London: a Satire; but he would have got on quite as well, and more to his own mind, with London: a Panegyric. No wise man, he told Boswell, will go to live in the country, unless he has something to do which can be better done in the country. For instance: if he is to shut himself up for a year to study a science, it is better to look out to the fields than to an opposite wall; and if he walks out in the country, "there is nobody to keep him from walking in again; but if a man walks out in London, he is not sure when he shall walk in again. A great city is, to be sure, the school for studying life, and 'The proper study of mankind is man,' as Pope observes."‡ On another occasion—the remarkable one of Johnson's meeting old Mr. Edwards, who had been with him at Pem-

\* Oldham's Poems, a Satire in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal, 1682.

† Ibid.

‡ Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub an.* 1778.

broke College, nine-and-forty years before,—both of them having lived forty years in London without chancing to meet—"Johnson appearing to me," says Boswell, "in a reverie, Mr. Edwards addressed himself to me, and expatiated on the pleasure of living in the country. BOSWELL: 'I have no notion of this, sir. What you have to entertain you [Bozzy was doing a bit of Johnson on his own account, and no doubt his mode of delivery corresponded], is, I think, exhausted in half an hour.' EDWARDS: 'What! don't you love to have hope realised? I see my grass, and my corn, and my trees growing. [The old gentleman had purchased a little farm, of some threescore acres, in Hertfordshire.] Now, for instance, I am curious to see if this frost has not nipped my fruit-trees.' JOHNSON (who we did not imagine was attending): 'You find, sir, you have fears as well as hopes.' " That very morning, previous to the rencontre with Edwards, Boswell had "again remarked" to Johnson, as they walked together to St. Clement's church, that Fleet-street was the most cheerful scene in the world. "Fleet-street (said I) is in my mind more delightful than Tempe." "Ay, sir," the Fleet-street philosopher replied, assenting and amending; "but let it be compared with Mull." The year before he died, we find him staunch in his old preference. "Our conversation turned," the Great-Bear-leader reports, "upon living in the country, which Johnson, whose melancholy mind required the dissipation of quick successive variety, had habituated himself to consider as a kind of mental imprisonment. 'Yet, sir (said I), there are many people who are content to live in the country.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, it is in the intellectual world as in the physical world: we are told by natural philosophers that a body is at rest in the place that is fit for it; they who are content to live in the country, are *fit* for the country.\* Not that old Samuel did not enjoy a change, when he took one; but it was only as a change that he liked the fresh air and green fields. If he praised them, it was with the doctrine of reserve practised by Ellesmere, in "Friends in Council," who, on his arrival at Worth-Ashton, exclaims: "Upon my word, you people who live in the country have a pleasant time of it. As Milverton was driving me from the station through Durley Wood, there was such a rich smell of pines, such a twittering of birds, so much joy, sunshine and beauty, that I began to think, if there were no such place as London, it really would be very desirable to live in the country."† A speech highly characteristic of the speaker who is so apt, his friends tell him, when most he appears to be carried away by any enthusiasm, to let it break off suddenly, like the gallop of a post-horse.

Juvenal's point of view is memorably taken up by the crusty-kindly old tourist in Smollett's best novel. What temptation can a man of Matthew Bramble's turn and temperament have, to live in a place where every corner teems with fresh objects of detestation and disgust? What kind of taste and organs, he asks, must those people have, who really prefer the adulterate enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleasures of a country retreat? At Brambleton Hall he has elbow-room within doors, and breathes a clear, elastic, salutary air; and enjoys refreshing sleep, uninterrupted save in the morning, by the sweet twitter of the martlet at his window; and drinks the virgin lymph, pure and crystal-

\* Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub an.* 1784.

† Friends in Council, book i. ch. iii.

line as it issues from the rock, &c. &c. In London—"now mark the contrast"—he is pent up in frouzy lodgings, where there is not room enough to swing a cat, and breathes the steams of endless putrefactions, and starts every hour from his sleep at street-noises and street-cries. If he would drink water, he must—even midway in the eighteenth century—"quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement; or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster"—a concrete, as he describes it, composed (not to mention the unmentionable ingredient which, he declares to be its least offensive part) of all the drugs, minerals, and poisons, used in mechanics and manufactures, enriched with the putrefying carcasses of beasts and men, and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers, within the bills of mortality. So with the staff of life. "The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution." And so on with all the items that come to table. It is all of a piece, life in London, to Matthew Bramble. His letter, he avows, would swell into a treatise, were he to particularise every cause of offence that fills up the measure of my aversion to this and every other crowded city. "Thank heaven! I am not so far sucked into the vortex, but that I can disengage myself without any great effort of philosophy. From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I shall fly with double relish to the serenity of retirement, the cordial effusions of unreserved friendship, the hospitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the *jucunda oblivia vite*, which Horace himself had not taste enough to enjoy."

That once model man of the town, Will Honeycomb himself, came round, with years, losses—and marriage (to a farmer's daughter)—to a similar way of thinking. He questions not but his London friends—as he tells them by letter—are all amaze that he, who had lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. "Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams."† The simplicity of manners, he adds, which he had often heard his short-faced friend speak of, and which here appears in perfection, charms him wonderfully. He has done with cities—proud, and gay, and gain-devoted cities, as Cowper calls them.

—Thither flow

As to a common and moist noisome sewer,  
The dregs and feculence of every land.  
In cities, foul example on most minds  
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds  
In gross and pampered cities sloth and lust,  
And wantonness and gluttonous excess.  
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,  
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught

\* Humphrey Clinker.

† The Spectator, No. 530.

By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there  
Beyond the achievement of successful flight.\*

There has been a disposition shown, of late years, to make more of an open question of this alleged pre-eminence of village over city, in purity of morals and real simplicity of manners. Exception has been taken to Cowper's view of the matter, and to the traditional assumption that bumpkins are, as such, all innocence, and citizens, as such, all corruption and vice. That

God made the country, and man made the town,

is no longer taken for granted, is by some denied as a pernicious fallacy, the inferences from which are mischievous and intolerable. A reaction has set in against the presumed perfection, comparatively speaking, of rural neighbourhoods, in all that pertains to morals. Is this blood, then, so pure? men have begun to ask, as regards the blood in the veins of British boors and their pastoral, agrestic, bucolical congeners. Has vice no hold upon those dales and ghylls? Is nothing done amiss in those green corners of the earth?

Quis tamen affirmat, nihil actum in montibus, aut in  
Speluncis?†

The Ministerial oracle of the Clockmaker of Slickville assures Mr. Slick, who repeats the dictum with acquiescent confidence, that "there never was anything so true as that are old sayin', 'Man made the town, but God made the country,' and both bespeak their different architects in terms too plain to be misunderstood. The one is filled with virtue, and the other with vice. One is the abode of plenty, and the other of vice. One is a ware-duck [viaduct?] of nice pure water—and t'other one a cesspool."‡ "Thank God, Mr. North," exclaims the Shepherd, in what some people call (singularly) a *Noctes*, "the fresh airs o' heaven blow through your Shepherd's hut, and purify it frae a' pollution." And then he contrasts with this position, pure and undefiled, "towns' bodies, leevin' in shops and cellars, and garrets and common stairs, and lanes and streets," with "great, lang-legged, tawdry, and tawpy limmers, standin' at closes, wi' mouths red wi' paint, and stinkin' o' gin like the bungs o' speerit-casks, when the speerit has been years in the wudd; while far and wide ower the city [meaning Edinburgh, the Auld Toun, 1826] you hear a hellish howl o' thieves and prostitutes carousin' on red-herrings and distillery-whusky, deep down in dungeons aneath the verra stones o' the street; and faint far-off echoes o' fechts wi' watchmen, and cries o' 'murder, murder—fire, fire,' drowned in the fiercer hubbub o' curses endin' in shouts o' devilish lauchter—I say—What was I gaun to say, sir? something about the peace and pleasantness o' Mount Bengier, was't no? and o' the harmless life and conversation o' us shepherds among the braes, and within the murmurs o' the sheep-washing Yarrow."§ "In all countries and in all ages," writes Sir Archibald Alison, "the rural population is the virtuous and orderly—the urban, the corrupted and turbulent portions of the people."|| *Les villes*, says Rousseau, *sont le gouffre de l'espèce humaine.*¶ It is his

\* The Task, book i.

† The Clockmaker, ch. xxvi.

‡ History of Europe, vol. i. ch. ii. § 4.

§ Juvenalis Satira VI.

¶ Noctes Ambrosianæ, June, 1826.

¶ Emile, livre i.

cherished maxim, that in all nations, the closer their intercourse with nature, the more dominant is goodness in their character; "ce n'est qu'en se renfermant dans les villes, ce n'est qu'en s'alérant à force de culture, qu'elles se dépravent, et qu'elles changent en vices agréables et pernicieux quelques défauts plus grossiers que malfaisants."\*

Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed  
The fairest capital of all the world,  
By riot and incontinence the worst.†

Mr. George Borrow tells us he is not one of those who look for perfection amongst the rural population of any country, but avows that he has "always found in the disposition of the children of the fields a more determined tendency to religion and piety than amongst the inhabitants of towns and cities, and the reason," he adds, "is obvious—they are less acquainted with the works of man's hands than with those of God; their occupations, too, which are simple, and requiring less of ingenuity and skill than those which engage the attention of the other portion of their fellow-creatures, are less favourable to the engendering of self-conceit and sufficiency, so utterly at variance with that lowliness of spirit which constitutes the best foundation of piety."‡ "Je comprends," writes Rousseau, "comment les habitants des villes, qui ne voient que des murs, des rues, et des crimes, ont peu de foi; mais je ne puis comprendre comment des campagnards, et surtout des solitaires, peuvent n'en point avoir."§

Hills draw like heaven,  
And stronger sometimes, holding out their hands  
To pull you from the vile flats up to them;

insomuch that even of poor degraded strollers Aurora Leigh affirms that

They certainly felt better unawares,  
Emerging from the social smut of towns  
To wipe their feet clean on the mountain-turf.||

The romantic unworldly Anthelia Melincourt, in Mr. Peacock's ouranoutan novel, declares how great has been her regret, from the time she first read "how with the villagers Erminia dwelt, and Calidore, for a fair shepherdess, forgot his guest to learn the shepherd's lore,"—never to have discovered in the actual inhabitants of the country any realisation of the pictures of Spenser and Tasso. A male guide, philosopher, and friend of hers, attributes to the inroads of city on country, and the contact between them, the deterioration of the rural character; but adds, that "whatever be the increasing ravages of the Triad of Mammon, avarice, luxury, and disease," the inhabitants of the country "will always be the last involved in the vortex of progressive degeneracy, realising the beautiful fiction of ancient poetry, that, when primeval Justice departed from the earth, her last steps were among the cultivators of the fields."¶

—extrema per illos  
Justitia, excedens terris, vestigia fecit.\*\*

\* Emile, livre v.

† The Bible in Spain, ch. ii.

‡ Aurora Leigh, book iii.

VOL. XLIX.

† Cowper: The Sofa.

§ Les Confessions, livre xii.

¶ Melincourt, ch. xxv.

\*\* Virgil.

Thus far we have been quoting pretty uniformly in the agricultural interest. Now for something on the other side. What chiefly, we suspect, made Dr. Johnson relish and applaud (nay even be at the pains to amend and annotate, old as he then was) Crabbe's new poem of "The Village," was, that "its sentiments as to the false notions of rustic happiness and rustic virtue, were quite congenial with his own."\* Cowper himself, notwithstanding his doctrine in "The Task," is forward to observe, in another poem, that

—God alike pervades  
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,  
And may be feared amidst the busiest scenes,  
Or scorned where business never intervenes.†

To Dr. Cotton's advocacy of the serene and healthful pleasures of the country, contrasted with the wasteful vices of the town,‡ has been ascribed, in a considerable degree, Cowper's tendency to develop and enforce this view. But he was quite alive to the fallacies of sentimental pastoralism, and could have enlightened and instructed Miss Melincourt quite as shrewdly as any prose philosopher-friend. It is Cowper that ironically exclaims,

Would I had fallen upon those happier days  
That poets celebrate; those golden times  
And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,  
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.  
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts  
That felt their virtues: Innocence, it seems,  
From courts dismissed, found shelter in the groves.  
The footsteps of Simplicity, impressed  
Upon the yielding herbage (so they sing)  
Then were not all effaced: then speech profane,  
And manners profligate, were rarely found,  
Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaimed.  
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams  
Sat for the picture, and the poet's hand,  
Imparting substance to an empty shade,  
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.§

But the question is—all fables of a past Golden Age apart—whether Cowper did not over-estimate, and whether his backers do not over-estimate, the comparative morality of contemporary rustic life. "Surely," says Tremaine to Jack Careless, "you are not going to fall into the common-place notion, that people are more honest, or more kind, because they live in the country. We are not in 'Arcady the blest,' because we are in a garden in Yorkshire."|| Men are liable, Archbishop Whately warns us, to form an over-estimate of the purity of morals in the Country as compared with a Town; or in a barren and thinly-peopled, as compared with a fertile and populous district. "On a given area, it must always be expected, that the absolute amount of vice will be greater in a Town than in the Country; so also will be that of virtue: but the *proportion* of the two must be computed on quite different principles." A

\* Boswell, *sub anno* 1783.

† See Mr. Bell's Introduction.  
‡ Tremaine, ch. xxxv.

† Retirement

‡ The Task, book iv.



physician—to add the Archbishop's cognate illustration—of great skill and in high repute, probably loses many more patients than an ordinary practitioner; but this proves nothing, till we have ascertained the comparative numbers of their patients. Mistakes such as this (which are very frequent) remind his Grace of the well-known riddle, "What is the reason that white sheep eat more than black ones?"\*

Mr. Thackeray, who often crams a microcosm of irony into a parenthesis, begins the chapter in "Vanity Fair" entitled "Arcadian Simplicity" with this parenthetical hit at the odious Crawley circle: "Besides these honest folks at the Hall (whose simplicity and sweet rural purity surely show the advantage of a country life over a town one)," &c.† In another fiction, speculating what might have been the history of Arthur Pendennis, had he remained at Fair Oaks all his days, the author asks: "But would he have escaped then? Temptation is an obsequious servant that has no objection to the country, and we know that it takes up its lodging in hermitages as well as in cities; and that in the most remote and inaccessible desert it keeps company with the fugitive solitary."‡ Turn again to this author's Irish Sketch-book. He is at Lismore, and talks with a company of ragged boys, who are all lolling over the bridge. "They answered the questions of one of our party with the utmost innocence and openness, and one would have supposed the lads were so many Arcadians, but for the arrival of an old woman, who suddenly coming up among them, poured out, upon one and all, a volley of curses, both deep and loud. . . She had a son,—'Look at him there, the villain.' . . . So, cursing and raging, the woman went away. . . . I went up to the son and asked him, 'Was that his mother?' He said, 'Yes.' 'Was she good and kind to him when he was at home?' He said, 'O yes.' 'Why not come back to her?' I asked him; but he said, 'he couldn't.' Whereupon I took his arm, and tried to lead him away by main force: but he said, 'Thank you, sir, but I can't go back,' and released his arm. We stood on the bridge some minutes longer, looking at the view; but the boy, though he kept away from his comrades, would not come. I wonder what they have done together, that the poor boy is past going home? The place seemed to be so quiet and beautiful, and far away from London, that I thought crime couldn't have reached it; and yet, here it lurks somewhere among six boys of sixteen, each with a stain in his heart, and some black history to tell."§ Again, when Mr. Titmarsh attends the Petty Sessions at the little town of Roundstone, in Connemara: "If the Cockney reader supposes that in this remote country spot, so wild, so beautiful, so distant from the hum and vice of cities, quarrelling is not, and Litigation never shows her snaky head, he is very much mistaken."|| "And so, after a few more such cases, the court rose; and I had leisure to make moral reflections, if so-minded—and sighing to think that cruelty and falsehood, selfishness and rapacity, dwell not in crowds alone, but flourish all the world over: sweet flowers of human nature, they bloom in all climates and seasons, and are just as much at home in a hothouse in Thavies' Inn, as on a lone mountain, or a rocky sea-coast in Ireland, where never a tree will grow."¶ And once more, in Coleraine: "Heaven bless us, the

\* Whatley's Logic.

† Vanity Fair, ch. xi.

‡ Pendennis, ch. xxvii.

§ The Irish Sketch-book, ch. iv.

|| Ibid. ch. xviii.

¶ Ibid.

ways of London are beginning to be known even here. Gentility has already taken up her seat in the Giant's Causeway, where she apologises for the plainness of her look; and lo! here is bribery as bold as in the most civilised places—hundreds and hundreds of miles away from St. Stephen's and Pall-mall.\*

When the disappointment his Man of Refinement receives amidst the simplicities of a humbler station, has the effect of throwing him back upon high and polished life, with an increased favour towards it, produced by the recoil in question, is it not strange, Mr. Plumer Ward asks,† that, with all his powers, attainments, and habits of philosophising, Tremaine had not till now perceived that simplicity is the growth of no soil, and attached to no particular rank; that it depends upon character alone; and that, although the chances are against it in a court, the obscurity of the remotest village will not exempt its inhabitants either from disingenuousness, weakness, or falsehood?

Country people look simple; but that, Mr. Charles Reade assures us, is a part of their profound art. They are the square-nosed sharks of *terra firma*, he says: their craft is smooth, plausible, and unfathomable. "You don't believe me, perhaps. Well, then, my sharp cockney, go live and do business in the country, and tell me at the year's end whether you have not found humble unknown Practitioners of Humbug, Over-reaching, and Manœuvre, to whom Thieves' Inn London might go to school.

"We hear much, from such as write with the butt-end of their grandfather's flageolet, about simple swains and downy meads; but when you get there, the natives are at least as downy as any part of the concern."‡

What says our Poet Laureate that now is (and long may he be!)—

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!  
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite;  
And Jack on his ale-house bench has as many lies as a Czar.§

Romney Leigh, in Mrs. Browning's poem, after some disastrous experiences in a rural district, intimates pretty clearly his comparative estimate of town and country morals, as being much of a muchness, six of one and half a dozen of the other:

I had my windows broken once or twice  
By liberal peasants, naturally incensed  
At such a vexer of Arcadian peace,  
Who would not let men call their wives their own  
To kick, like Britons—and made obstacles  
When things went smoothly as a baby drugged,  
Towards freedom and starvation; bringing down  
The wicked London tavern-thieves and drabs,  
To affront the blessed hill-side drabs and thieves  
With mended morals, quotha—fine new lives!—  
My windows paid for't. I was shot at once, &c.¶

My Lord Chesterfield had taken fatherly care, a good century previously, to clear his son's mind of the then current cant about Country versus

\* The Irish Sketch-book, ch. xxix.

† Tremaine, ch. viii.

‡ Clouds and Sunshine, ch. i.

§ Tennyson's Maud, IV. 2.

¶ Aurora Leigh, book viii.

Town, and Cottages versus Courts. Falsehood and dissimulation, his lordship admits, are unquestionably to be found at courts; but where are they not to be found? "Cottages have them, as well as courts; only with worse manners." A couple of neighbouring farmers in a village, says the earl, will contrive and practise as many tricks, to overreach each other at the next market, or to supplant each other in the favour of the squire, as any two courtiers can do to supplant each other in the favour of their prince. "Whatever poets may write, or fools believe, of rural innocence and truth, and of the perfidy of courts, this is most undoubtedly true—that shepherds and ministers are both men; their nature and passions the same, the modes of them only different."\* This doctrine the noble ex-vice-roy and ex-secretary of state judged a wholesome prophylactic for the use of Mr. Philip Stanhope, in his teens, then making his first acquaintance with the great world.

Mr. Shirley Brooks makes a direct onset against Cowper's line ("God made the country," &c.), as a line of no great meaning, and with such meaning as it possesses pointing to a false inference. A bad man, he contends, becomes worse in the country, where his pleasures are limited and coarse, and where he is compelled to spend hours in miserable self-communing, than in a city, where vice runs in a constant current, and where he can escape from solitude and thought. It is untrue, the author of "The Gordian Knot" maintains, to allege that country life is favourable even to morality—to the "gentler morals" it has long ceased to lay claim). The most dangerous treatment, he says, to which you can expose an evil nature, is that species of solitary confinement called retirement from a large town; simply, and logically, for the same reason that such a life is favourable to a virtuous nature. Nothing new is put in, but what is there develops, either for good or for evil. Town life, he continues, "stunts the vice it seems to nourish. Drawing our illustrations from the mere catalogue of crime, the offences with which we credit the populous city are comparatively slight to the strange, wild, cold-blooded crimes which pollute the half-peopled hamlet, or the scarcely-peopled valley. The rustic broods in stupid malignity and isolation over his wrongs and hates, and suddenly commits a deed whose ferocity is only equalled by the perpetrator's idiotism in expecting to escape undetected. He has forgotten, in a stagnant life, that keen eyes and quick brains will be on his track, and he indulges in a revel of passion or revenge of which the town criminal seldom dreams.

"But I did not mean to go so low. Look at the class of bad and hateful men who do not come into the criminal list, but who are, notwithstanding, pointed at by the finger of society. Take the gambler, the libertine, the domestic tyrant—worst, because capable of inflicting most misery, of the four. Contrast the city and the country profligate in action; both are outraging the real laws of God and the sham laws of men—and so far are equal in their turpitude. But if one adds to this a violation of the instinct we call decency, it will be the dweller among the green trees, and the quiet fields, and by the bright river—the heaven-made locality of the poet."†

\* Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, No. 150. (May, 1748.)

† Aspen Court, ch. xlvi.

Even Wordsworth makes his Peter Bell the worse rather than the better for his associations with mountain and moor :

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts  
Which solitary Nature feeds  
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,  
Had Peter joined whatever vice  
The cruel city breeds.\*

If Balzac, in "Les Parents pauvres," exhibits in one character the lowest depth of cynical corruption or of atrocious hatred, and in others the last extremities of degraded ignominy—as seen in city life—that city, too, of which Montesquieu had said, a century before, "A Paris on est étourdi par le monde, on ne connaît que les manières, et on n'a pas le temps de connaître les vices et les vertus"†—not the less does Balzac, in "Les Paysans," transfer into country quarters the very same population of rascals, hypocrites, and robbers, he had been showing us in town.‡ A revelation of wholesale wickedness—perpetrated by one who plunged "headlong into a sea of monstrous and abominable crime, before which the memories of Borgia and Cenci might stand rebuked"—by a village shoemaker, who entered on this course at the mature age of forty-five—gave notoriety and bad eminence, two or three years ago, to a quiet and obscure Buckinghamshire village, "remote from cities and their contaminations—the abode, as it would seem, of the poet's domestic peace. Sweet Auburn might well be reproduced in Chesham, that obscure home of pastoral life, half way between the gentle townships of Berkhamstead and Amersham." But a trial at Aylesbury assizes revealed the rank presence, in this tranquil spot, of fornication and adultery, incest and murder, poisoning and abortion—all "tangled together in one hideous web of sin and horror." These, said a contemporary reviewer, are, then, the "simple annals of the poor"—this is "Our Village" at work. It might be that such a case was exceptional and monstrous; but the case was taken to show what cottage life may be. "Great as are the sins of great cities, we fully believe," affirms the Saturday Reviewer, "that village life, if we knew all its hidden abominations, produces as many. The very worst crimes are often found—and oftener, it may be feared, exist without being brought to light—in places as retired and obscure as Chesham."§ Elsewhere, again, the same authority|| impresses it upon us, that any one who makes himself acquainted with the history of a rural neighbourhood will undoubtedly find, that green fields, and singing birds, and getting up at four or five in the morning, do not carry with them or imply exalted virtue of any sort, and that it is only in melodramas and pastoral tales that innocence dwells under the hedgerows.

In melodramas the thing goes down well, of course. In high poetical comedy, too, and before a Parisian audience—witness the plaudits recently lavished on the *lyrisme champêtre* of M. Emile Augier's "La Jeunesse," for instance. Hubert, in that piece, dwells with rapture on the guileless simplicities and placid repose of rustic life, and Mathilde is a convert,

\* Peter Bell, Prologue.

† Pensées diverses de Montesquieu.

‡ Eugène Poitou, Du Roman, &c.

§ Saturday Review, No. 72, Art. "Sweet Auburn."

|| Ibid., No. 84, Art. "Below the Surface."

though her mother is not. Mathilde thinks it is all unanswerable; her mother, that it is not worth answering:

MATHILDE, *à sa mère.*  
Que réponds-tu?

MADAME HUGUET.  
Mon Dieu, vous me troublez la tête.  
A ces discussions, moi, je ne suis pas prête.

MATHILDE.  
Tu cherchais une issue à l'enfer de Paris,  
On t'en montre une, et c'est la seule.

MADAME HUGUET.           A ton avis.

HUBERT.  
N'en doutez pas, madame, et qu'un jour cette issue  
De tous les bons esprits ne doive être aperçue.  
Montrons-en le chemin à se siècle emporté:  
C'est là qu'est le salut de la société.  
Remettez en honneur le soc de la charrue,  
Repeuplez la campagne aux dépens de la rue;  
Grevez d'impôts la ville et dégrevez les champs,  
Ayez moins de bourgeois et plus de paysans.\*

These *belles tirades*, as M. Vapereau styles them, were nightly hailed at the Odéon with a triple salvo of *applaudissements* and *bravos*, wherein the critics were able to descry symptoms of a social regeneration. A proper place is a Paris pastoral to look for such symptoms. Regenerations that begin at the Odéon bid fair to live a long, and strong, and serious life.

Dramas of which the scenes are laid in the country, Mr. Tickler dogmatically asserts, in the *Noctes*, cannot be good, "for the people have no character." The Ettrick Shepherd retorts, that "nae character's better than a bad ane," and takes up the cudgels for the country, with pastoral pluck. "But you see, sir, you're just perfectly ignorant o' what you're talkin about—for it's only kintrafolk that has ony character ava,—and town's-bodies seem to be a' in a slump." Christopher North here puts in a word. "The passions in the country, methinks, James, are stronger and bolder, and more distinguishable from each other than in towns?" James replies, Hoggishly, Shepherd-wise, that "deevil a passion's in the town, but envy, and backbiting, and conceitedness."† He would have stickled stoutly for every syllable of Cowper's doctrine,

God made the country, and man made the town:  
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts  
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught  
That life holds out to all, should most abound  
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?‡

Cowper's affirmative as regards *health* is not queried or negated as the *virtue* clause has been. Ague-districts and similar anomalies excepted, the superiority of country life, from a sanitary point of view, is

\* La Jeunesse, par Emile Augier (1858).   † Noctes Ambrosianæ, April, 1827.

‡ The Task, book i.

generally enough allowed. Men are not made, according to Jean-Jacques, to be massed together *en fourmillières*, but dispersed abroad over the earth that is given them to cultivate. "The closer they get together, the more they corrupt each other. Bodily infirmities, as well as vices of the soul, are the infallible result of a too numerous concourse. Of all the animals, man it is that is least able to live in herds. Men heaped together like sheep would very quickly die out. The breath of man is mortal to his fellows: this is no less true literally than figuratively."\* Such is Rousseau's way of putting the case. That didactic poet-doctor who wrote four big Books in blank verse (still read and, by snatches, worth reading) on the Art of Preserving Health, exhorts every one that, amid this feverish world, would wear

A body free of pain, of cares a mind,

to "fly the rank city, shun its turbid air." Breathe not, he professionally advises,

——the chaos of eternal smoke  
And volatile corruption, from the dead,  
The dying, sickening, and the living world  
Exhaled, to sully heaven's transparent dome  
With dim mortality. It is not air  
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine  
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,  
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw  
Of Nature; when from shape and texture she  
Relapses into fighting elements:  
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass  
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things,

such as it would have done Dr. Smollett's heart good to analyse, and then call each component abomination by its right name. So Dr. Armstrong would forthwith see all London out of town:

While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds  
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;  
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze  
That fans the ever-undulating sky:  
A kindly sky! whose fostering power regales  
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.†

\* Emile, livre i.

† Armstrong, Art of Preserving Health, book i.

## TRENTE-ET-UN ; OR, TWO RIVALS.

BY OUIDA.

## I.

## THE ACQUAINTANCE I MADE IN THE TRAIN TO BADEN.

WE had just stopped at Epernay to take the customary glass of champagne.

"Wretched stuff, isn't it?" said my sole *compagnon de voyage*.

"Abominable! as bad as the worst gooseberry ever palmed off with an unblushing Sillery seal and an exorbitant price by that upright and incorruptible class the British merchants," I answered, laughing, and looking at him for the first time.

He was a fine-looking fellow, probably about thirty, with golden-coloured hair and regular features, that would have charmed Lavater save for a something, one could hardly say what, that told a physiognomy of irresolution. With a vacillating man I never had any patience yet. If Esau choose to be foolish and sell his birthright (and when you are hungry I can quite fancy a savoury mess being more attractive than an indefinite heritage), I like him to do it with a dash and a spirit and a will of his own, not to stand shilly-shallying between the two, hankering after the one, yet wondering whether the other is not better, till all steam and flavour is gone out of his mess, and, like the dog of *Æsopian* fame, he loses both meats in that fathomless river which washes wavering purposes far away into that bottomless sea, where idle regrets lie buried never to be recalled.

He laughed.

"What class is upright and incorruptible? Not the much-vaunted middle class, I am sure. If we want swindles, frauds, and unlawful extortions, we must go, then, for most of them to the manufacturers, who lecture on 'Probity' at the Mechanics' Institute, and grind their Hands down to destitution and a strike; the parsons, who trade in livings against their ordination oaths, and weep in their pulpits as our actors on their boards, to draw crowded houses—I mean churches; the great surgeons, who sentimentalise at committees over the good they are permitted to do, the suffering Heaven allows them to alleviate, and operate, knowing it will be useless and fatal, just to pocket the hundred-pound fee. If the middle class is so beautifully moral, 'tis a pity it isn't a trifle more honest. Do you smoke? Try one of these."

"Thank you. You're going to Baden, I suppose, as I am?"

"Yes, it's the Queen of Bads, isn't it? One can't tire of Baden; those two poplars at its entrance are two sentinels that won't let in the worry and boredom of the work-a-day world into its Armida's gardens."

"No, but it's a pity some of its golden apples are rather Dead Sea fruit," said I, laughing. "One can't help obeying that witching mandate 'Faites votre jeu,' but one pays a devil of a price for those confounded little cards sometimes."

A certain impatient shade went over his face, as if he, too, had paid a

devil of a price to that Circe that lurks under the tempting green tables, but he laughed.

"Well, is there any pleasure for which one doesn't pay some time or other? Montaigne says, on the footsteps of every enjoyment there follows a satiety that looks *almost* like penitence; but satiety's better than monotony without excitement. Don't you think so? It would be better of the two to die in one's cups than of hypochondria. I would rather have been Dick Steele than Cowper."

"Certainly I do. I like my curry hot, and wouldn't give a rush for it without plenty of sauce piquante; en même temps, there's a medium between no pepper at all and such a lot of cayenne that it excoriates one's throat."

"Perhaps. But when one has the sauce piquante, as you call it, in one's hands, one's very apt to take too much of it. I defy anybody to stand quietly by in the Kursaal, and help backing the colours; and, if one pays as you say, one pays for excitement, and that is worth more than most of the things we buy, and our gaming's not worse in its effects than that gambling legitimised in England and patronised in the Stock Exchange. *We* only ruin ourselves; those great gamesters may involve thousands. Ah, here are the black and white bars. We've crossed the Kehl, then. We shan't be long before we reach Ooes."

"Are you in a hurry to get to Baden?" I asked, innocently.

He smiled, a little consciously, I thought.

"Oh, no; but I am expected there for dinner at seven, that is all, at the Badischer Hof."

"By some fair lady, sans doute, or you wouldn't be in such a deuce of a hurry to get over the ground so fast," thought I, as he lapsed into silence, smoking his Manilla and turning over the leaves of a *Galignani*. I liked him: I have a knack of liking people at first sight, which has led me into a good many pitfalls before now, but of which I shall never break myself, I believe, to my grave. He interested me, I did not know why, and when he offered me a seat in the carriage that waited for him at the station, as I was going, too, to the Badischer Hof, I accepted it willingly, though we Englishmen *are* as shy of chance acquaintances as a rat of a lurcher, and freeze ourselves into statues at a moment's notice if we are insulted by a civility from somebody we "don't know."

"Pray don't thank me. I am most happy to have brought you here. Good-by. We shall meet at the Kursaal or the Conversation, or somewhere, to-morrow," he said, as he turned to a waiter. "Quels sont les appartemens de Lord Trevanion? montrez-les moi;" and went quickly up the stairs. I followed him, the rooms I had bespoken lying in the same direction, and as the man threw open the door for him of one of the salons, I saw a woman rise and meet him with an exclamation of delight. I was right as to the cause of his impatience to reach Baden, and I laughed, as I dressed, to think how secure we are to guess aright if at the bottom of every weakness, mischief, madness, or folly, one suspects—a woman!

It was one of Baden's fullest seasons. Royal princes were as plentiful as trout in April, and cabinet ministers in *dégagé* morning toilettes took it easy for once in the year; statesmen, ministers, and literati betted at the Jockey Club, punted at the roulette-table, chatted with Vivier, and jested at Émile de Girardin's. There were the handsomest women of the



Belgravian haute volée, and the most charming of the "société Française." M. Benazet's ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to furnish every divertissement that could be devised; and in the land of sunshine, music, gaiety, and fashion, a bonâ fide invalid, carrying a burden of dyspepsia or phthisis, would have looked as out of place as a theological article in a lively magazine, or those new glass trucks of Bibles, with their vendors shouting texts as the tinman calls "Muff-eens!" or the gardeners "Buy flors all a blawin'!" as we see them just now in our London streets, thanks to Exeter Hall, who, though it hisses theatres, and calls their managers servants of Satan, is not above copying their mode of placard and advertisement.

Baden was full, and I met plenty of people I knew in the Conversation the morning after I arrived. Almost one of the first I saw was my fellow-traveller, whom I encountered on the staircase, with the lady of whose welcome of him I had caught a glimpse, and in whom I recognised Eva Boville, an intimate friend of my sister's, a daughter of old Trevanion's, who, it seemed, was just recently engaged to the man whom I had met in the train. He was one of the Chesterfields of Dorset, a family as proud as Lucifer but as poor as beggars, who had lost their coronet fighting for the "White Rose and the long heads of hair" with Derwentwater and Dundee. He was an attaché to one of our legations; a fellow that won on you strangely: I couldn't tell you why a mixture of sweetness and recklessness, of gay spirits and extreme depression, that never made you certain of what mood you would find him in, and yet made you like him in all, against your better sense, and be as tender over, and tolerant of him as you would be of a woman. His was a love-engagement, that was plain to see. He loved Eva Boville, I believe, as dearly as a man could; he was proud of her, of having won her, with her beauty, her grace, her birth; he was never weary of her society; he cared for no other woman, and the greatest beauties in Baden passed by him unnoticed. But there was one thing I fancied he loved as dearly, perhaps more dearly than he did her, and that was the fatal syren, the charmed Circe, the resistless fairy, who beckons us to the green tables, and hands us a cup that, if we taste it, we cannot set down, as delicious as brandy, as seductive as opium, as dangerous as absinthe—the Circe that lies in the whirl of the Roulette and the chances of Trente-et-Un. She had no rival in her own sex, but I fancied she had one in the all-seductive syren of Chance, that sits behind the croupier's elbow in the gas-lit salons of the Kursaal. I was but too right!

"Don't go to the gaming-rooms, Cyril," I heard her whisper to him, that night, in the ball-room at the Kursaal.

He laughed: "Why, my dearest?"

"I don't know; I can give you no good reason perhaps; but I have a horror of them. One of my uncles, years ago, when there were hells in St. James's-street, gamed away all his fortune at Rouge-et-Noir, and shot himself in despair."

"I won't make so tragic an ending," laughed Chesterfield, though he gave a half-shudder as she spoke. "He hadn't what I have to bind him to life. I could never despair while I have you."

"But do promise me—do. I never tease you about anything—but if you would promise me this!"

He looked fondly down into her eyes, but shook his head, laughingly.

"No, I am not fond of promising. I would never break promises ; and one can never be sure how far one may be able to keep them. There is the music again—are you ready?"

He whirled her round in a waltz, and I dare say soon made her forget his refusal. Women, at one kind word, forgive us fifty unkind ones, and, like spaniels, lick our hands for a single caress, and pass over all the blows before it. He put her into her carriage very tenderly that night, and bent his head for a farewell touch of her lips as he gave her her fan, and stood looking after her as they drove away ; but, ten minutes after, he joined us, and was punting at the roulette with reckless eagerness. Oh, the women who trust us ! it's well for them they don't see us when their backs are turned ! Fair amie lectrice, when you lay your glossy head on your pillow, picturing your dearly beloved Charlie smoking a solitary cigar, looking at your photograph by the starlight, and dedicating all his midnight thoughts to you, if you could but see how he passes the small hours, and how very agreeably he can console himself for your absence, I wonder if you'd give him such a sweet smile when you hear his step on the staircase next day ? But, *soyez tranquille*, Charlie may love you very well for all that ; it is only that the leopard cannot change his spots, and you, being a little lamb, cannot understand his liking for lairs that have no attraction for you.

Chesterfield played recklessly, but his good and bad fortune ran pretty evenly, and he did not lose much.

"Didn't I hear Eva ask you not to play?" I said, as we left the Kursaal together. A rapid cloud passed over his face :

"You did. She is right, no doubt : it were wiser, possibly, to cut the place altogether; the infernal intoxication will get the better of me some day, and I shall beggar myself to my last sovereign. But I cannot resist it all the same; the longing for its excitement comes to me as the craving for drink, I suppose, to drunkards. I don't care a hang for the money I win when I have won it, but for the *hazard* I could stake my life at times. I would not give my promise to her for worlds; I dare not; I should break it if I did."

"Yet," said I, "I often think what a set of fools we are to fling our fortunes on the turn of a wheel, the colour of a card. I love play, like you; but, on my life, it might make one shun it to see those poor devils who have hung about the tables all their days, who have lost their wealth, and their lands, and their peace, waiting on its caprices, yet still stand hovering there, playing the game in imagination, hugging in fancy, as Paul d'Ivoi says somewhere, the gold which they haven't a shilling left to try and win, and hungering for the hazard to which they have lost all."

"True enough. And to think one may some day be like them!"

I stared at him and laughed. "*You vraitment!* I wonder how Eva Boville would relish a ruined gamester for her husband!"

He turned very pale in the gaslight, and stopped me impatiently. "Hush, for Heaven's sake! Jests are very near truth sometimes." Then he laughed that very silvery laugh, that oughtn't to have had any dash of bitterness ever in it. "I'm not ruined yet quite; and some men make very lucky coups, you know, at the green-table. Good night, my dear fellow! How bright the stars are; brighter than our gaslights! My cigar's gone out; give me a fusee, will you?"

## II.

## HOW THE TWO RIVALS FOUGHT FOR EMPIRE.

"Oh! the gay dalliance of our life in Egypt!" as Cleopatra has it in Mr. Tennyson's dream of fair women; how pleasantly the days went by in amusing, bewitching, ever dear, never dull Baden, where we kept the ball ever in the air; and that lover of good things, Catullus himself, couldn't have complained of being bored if he'd been amongst us. The crème de la crème of Europe, from emperors to authors, from diplomatsists to belles, had congregated there, and the Austrian band in the Kiosque played merrily through the summer days, and the gaslights of the crowded Kursaal burned bright through the summer nights, and we laughed, and flirted, and betted, and played, and left ennui and misanthropy behind us, for once, in the light, pleasant atmosphere of the Queen of Bads, where M. Benazet burned electric light for the delectation of his guests, though all the rest of the world might be consigned to darkness and tallow candles; and with the private theatre, the Jockey Club, and the Conversation, Rouge-et-Noir, Roulette, and a charming Comtesse Clos de Vougeot, who being a little Legitimist, vowed she hated me for having that Suisse parvenu, that Empereur Tibère's croix d'honneur, but made her hatred more pleasant than most people's love, I enjoyed that August exceedingly. Staying myself at the Badischer Hof, where Chesterfield had not been able to get rooms, I saw a good deal of the Trevanion family, and of him. Trevanion himself was an agreeable fellow, who lived more than up to his income, which was limited for a peer's; his wife was equally pleasant, to my taste at least, though some did say she was horridly proud; but, to be sure, *they* were women who were not in her monde, and envied her style (private pique, mon ami, lies at the bottom of most things), and Eva I had known ever since she was a child—she was not much more than one in years now—and there was about her something so soft and spirituel that you would no more have thought of using her roughly than of taking a hatchet to cut down a harebell. Chesterfield wouldn't, at least; gentle to everybody, he was inexpressibly so to her. There was but one thing that rivalled her, and held sovereignty with her over him—his other idol, Trente-et-Un. The more I saw of *him* the better I liked him, not that I always sympathised with him, tout au contraire, he used to make me think angrily of "Unstable as waters, thou shalt not prevail;" there was something bizarre and changeable that I do not like in anybody, yet, deuce take him, he fascinated you, as a woman might who bewitched you against your reason, and someway made you like him, with all his weakness and mutations of mood, more than many better, or at least more reliable men. It was very queer, but he had a sort of painful interest for me: he seemed to me one on whom Nature had lavished all her best gifts, but who would throw them all away and come to grief somehow. He was a great favourite of his chef, he was the darling of a very exclusive society; nobody in Baden would have shared my presentiment, I dare say, who saw him talking and laughing in the Conversation, exchanging mots with wits, or looking into his fiancée's eyes as he whirled her round in a waltz, though they might if they had noticed him when he was backing the colour, his eyes dark, his lips white with feverish excitement, spurred to

greater recklessness if he lost, tempted to further risk if he won, never tired of the delicious excitement, forgetting one love in another for the beckoning Circe that lured him in that syren refrain "Faites votre jeu, messieurs!" Luck began to run against him; he lost more at the Baden tables than even a rich man could well have afforded, and a rich man he was not.

"He had a fine fortune ten years ago," said a man I knew, Powell of the Carbineers, one day in the Kursaal.

"Who had?" said I. "Chesterfield?"

"Yes; but he's made ducks and drakes of it. His uncle left him a good lot of tin, but I don't fancy there's much of it now. You know he's such a shocking fellow for play; games away no end. It is deucedly tempting, but there's a medium in all things."

There was a medium for him—a cool, unimpressible, philosophic sort of fellow; but there was none for Chesterfield. People can't judge one another, how should they? What sympathy, I wonder, could Zeno's icc-cold veins have for the fire that flowed in Alcibiades? How, possibly, could Epicurus, with rose wreaths on his hair, and a blue-eyed slave handing him his opimian, understand how Diogenes, in his most bearish moments, could take pleasure in a tub and cabbage-leaves, in dirt, and a dark lantern? How could Hannah More, I should like to know, guess the most remotely at the organisation of Heloïse? and how could Pitt, the ascetic, measure the warm passions of Sheridan or Fox? We see but in a glass darkly, and there only our own reflexion, which we look at so long, and so lovingly, that any other that differs from it we count as deformity or abortion. Powell couldn't understand Chesterfield, seeing that they were as dissimilar as iced hock and burnt curaçoa; but I did, and I saw that the passion for play, which had made ducks and drakes of his fortune, was gnawing in him still, and drawing him resistlessly into its charmed circle; that he longed with all his heart to break the fascination, but that it held him tight, and exercised over him a stronger spell than any that even Eva Boville could cast upon him. She had a dangerous rival, with her he would still hanker wistfully for the excitement of the green tables; absorbed in Trente-et-Un, he gave no thought to his other love. And yet—though you won't allow it, my dear madam, I dare say—he *did* love her, as fondly, too, as any man could.

"What a fool I was ever to come into this accursed place!" I heard him mutter to himself one morning, after the run of luck had been dead against him. "If I hadn't come where gaming was I might have kept to my resolve."

"Why did you, then?"

He turned quickly; he didn't know I was near him.

"The Bovilles were coming—Eva bade me meet her here; could I tell her I was such a coward that I dare not venture within reach of temptation?"

"Unpleasant, sans doute; but mightn't there be equal cowardice (*passez-moi le mot*) in *not* telling her?"

His face flushed.

"Maybe; it would be right that she should know all my weaknesses and follies; perhaps I deceive her in concealing them, but I cannot destroy her ideal of me—I cannot be the one to tell her how weak a fool is the man she loves."

"And it's as difficult to forswear the green tables?"

"Yes!" he said, with a bitter intonation, that spoke more than fifty asseverations; and then he laughed, his gay, musical laugh. "Plato says the gods created us to be their playthings; if so, ninepins and kites may surely be allowed to be unstable."

"But you've lost no end, haven't you?"

"Twenty thousand francs this morning, but the run of luck *must* change. Cassagnac won his stakes and his bets one after another last night, why may not I to-morrow?"

Madame Clos de Vougeot and I were flirting away that night: we suited one another to a T. She was a charming little woman. "Artificial!" cried Ill-nature. My dear madam, we know *you* are all reality from your pearls to your smiles, your luxuriant braids to your polite pretty speeches, but if we'll only taste Johannisberg pur, I'm afraid we shall have to send away most of the bottles. Rather let us drink and be thankful, and not spoil bouquet and flavour by impertinent questions!

"Comme Cyril a l'air égaré!" cried she, as Chesterfield passed us. "Il a perdu encore une fois peut-être; il joue toujours gros jeu. C'est dommage; mais—mon Dieu, comme c'est séduisant la Roulette!"

"Oh, Cyril, they tell me M. Toralhier lost his last florin at Trente-et-Un yesterday," said Eva Boville to him in her innocence, when they were alone. "He was a rich man when he came to Baden. What a strange infatuation it is to risk beggary on the colour of a card, the turn of an ivory ball, to spend a lifetime waiting on the caprices of Chance, to lose wealth, time, peace, sometimes life itself, following the fickle changes of accident! It is an insanity, surely! I watched you to-day at the table, and I wished you would not go there. It is foolish of me, I dare say, but you are so altered when you play; your lips are white, your eyes feverish, your face so worn and haggard, I wonder you find pleasure in it."

He held her closer to him, kissing her fondly and passionately with lips that trembled upon hers.

"You would wonder at much that is in *my* heart; better for your own peace that you should never know it. I love you dearly, you know, though I am little worthy you. But if any can save me it is you alone. I promise you, on my word of honour, I will not stake another farthing at those accursed tables."

For many days the ball clicked against the points, and the croupiers raked in the florins and francs, the old punters pricked their printed tickets, and the pretty decoy ducks with fictitious titles played with the bank's own gold, the sealed rolls of Naps fell softly on the green cloth, and "Rien ne va plus!"—"Trente-Deux—Rouge—Pair et passe!" echoed through the hall, but the croupiers and spies looked vainly for Chesterfield.

### III.

#### HOW CIRCE CONQUERED.

ONE night we were gathered in the Kursaal as usual, the gas in the chandeliers burning brightly down on the tables, the dashing women glittering with jewels and inimitable toilettes, the men with cordons in their button-holes, the pensioners of the bank playing and chatting

pleasantly with tempting pigeons, the visitors the pick of Europe, princes and nobles, statesmen and aristocrats, punting away, but looking smiling, impassive, indifferent—in seeming, at least. All was calm and hushed; no despair, or oaths, or anything so ill-bred as innocent *vieilles filles* fancy when they throw up their eyes in horror at the whisper of a gaming-table; and in the silence there was only the click of the ball and the monotonous refrain of the croupiers and the whisper of the pretty women.

I had just put three Naps à cheval on three chances of the Roulette, when I saw Chesterfield standing by me. Others might look impassive, he didn't; he was pale, and his lips worked, and his eyes had a wild, longing look in them, like a dog's thirsting for water. He pushed his way to the roulette-table, and staked upon the red. Absorbed in my own game, I did not heed his till, having given the bank its gain in zeros to the amount of twenty Naps' loss on my side, I retired from the game with a prudence I hope you will vote highly commendable, and then I noticed Chesterfield. He was a strange contrast to the laughing, impassive, and controlled people round him; the veins were swelled out on his forehead, his lips parched and drawn tight across his teeth, his eyes glittered unnaturally, as if with delirium or madness, and his hand trembled as he put down his stakes. His system was to double always when he lost: that system he had pursued now. Black had appeared eleven times, the colour surely *must* change! He waited, his breath coming short and thick in the agonised impatience of his suspense. A twelfth time, black!—a thirteenth, black! He lost! The croupier raked away the seven thousand florins to which his stakes had swelled. Without a word, without looking to the right or left, his face more the hue of a dead than of a living man's, he pushed his way out of the hall.

“Voilà votre pauvre diable qui va quitter l'enfer pour chercher un asile moins chaud dans le purgatoire!” said Clos de Vougeot, with a laugh.

It was only a heartless jest, but somehow it chilled my blood as if it had been a prophecy, and I followed him out of the Kursaal. I lost him in the dim shadows of the night, greyer and more confusing still after the gas-glare of the gilded halls I had just left, for there was but little light from a new moon, and the stormy clouds drifting over the sky hid the stars from sight; but I guessed he would have gone on to his hotel after leaving the roulette-table so abruptly, and impelled by a sudden impulse I went there too—why, I could hardly tell you. Monsieur had just entered, the porter told me, and I ran up the staircase to Chesterfield's rooms. The door was shut, but not locked. I opened it without knocking. Again, I could not tell you why, a horrible, feverish, unreasoning anxiety possessed me to be *in time*—for what I hardly paused to realise or define. He stood with his back to me, and I saw the glitter of a pistol-barrel as he raised his hand upwards to his head. Clos de Vougeot's devilish jest was a prophetic one. With a spring as though he were my murderer, and it were my life that hung in the balance, I crossed the room, and struck his arm upwards with a jerk that discharged the pistol in the air, and sent the bullet hissing through the heavy curtains that shrouded the window.

“Chesterfield, good Heaven! what are you about?”

He turned on to me fiercely, his eyes glittering like a madman, wrenching his arm from my grasp, he who was generally gentle as a woman.

"Who told you to come here? Get out, and let me be."

"I will *not* let you be till you are sane."

"Sane? I am sane enough," he cried, with a laugh that rang horribly clear in the silent night. "Would I *were* mad. Let me alone. You have balked me once, but there is another chance left."

He wrenched his arm again from me, and leaned over the table to reach the other pistol, but before he could lay his hand on it, I flung it away through the second window, which by accident was open, out into the garden below.

"You *are* mad, for the time being, and I shall treat you as though you were, till you listen to reason. Calm yourself, for Heaven's sake, for the sake of your manhood, your courage, your honour, for the sake of the woman you say you love. Your life is not your own to throw away like this."

The best spell I could have used was her name. The feverish glare faded from his eyes, his lips quivered painfully, and his head sank upon his arms.

"My God! do not speak to me of her."

"And why? Is she not your promised wife? Has she no influence on your fate, no claim to your remembrance?"

He signed me to silence.

"Every title, every claim. I have loved her dearly, but I have loved play better. Barely a week ago I promised her as solemnly as a man could never to go to the Roulette again. She did not know the extent of my losses, nor did I tell her them, but I gave her my word of honour, and I have broken it! I resisted the temptation, Heaven knows with what effect; no drunkard struggling against his curse ever struggled more firmly than I against mine. But last night Cassagnac told me of his run of luck at Homburg. Debts of honour pressed on me. Why, I thought, might not I make a similar coup and retrieve all I had lost? Fool that I was, I entered the Kursaal, resolved to stake *but once*. I heard the click of the ball, the voices of the croupiers, the soft fall of the gold. I forgot honour, wisdom, prudence, everything; the old delirium came upon me too strong for me to have any strength against it. I had no power to pause till I was ruined, till I had lost all! Great Heaven, what a madman I have been! Disgraced in my own eyes, what shall I be in hers?"

"You will not tell her, then?"

"Tell her! do you think I could tell her? It would be good news for her, truly, that she is loved so little that a game of Trente-et-Un is dearer, has so little influence that her lover could forget her, and fling away all, even honour, for her rival—Play? I, who could not give her a moment's pain, how should I deal the death-blow to her trust and faith? I could no more tell her that I broke my word than I could shoot a spaniel as it licked my hand. You asked me once yourself in jest how she would like a ruined gambler for a husband."

His voice was choked with sobs he vainly tried to conceal. Trente-et-Un has had many victims, but I doubt if ever one who lost more to it

than he. I tried to reason with him and to calm him as best I could. I put before him how willingly women who love us forgive—Heaven help them!—any sins and weaknesses with which we wrong them. I urged him strongly to tell her and her father frankly all, so that they might no longer urge him to stay on in this hotbed of his pet temptation. I pressed him to leave Baden at once; from such a Circe there is no safety save in flight; but I could not persuade him into an avowal of his losses.

“No, no,” he said, persistently, “I could not tell her—I could not. You do not know what it is to be loved by a woman, noble, pure, guileless herself, and to have deceived and wronged her trust in you. That I am beggared for the time they must learn, if I cannot in any way retrieve what I have flung away. How I can I do not see as yet, but some way I will find, so that I need never wring her heart by telling her I betrayed my word.”

“You are wrong, to my mind,” said I. “A sin confessed is half atoned, and more than half, and were I you I should not be afraid of trusting Eva Boville’s mercy. I should fear infinitely more living with her day after day with a wrong untold and a secret, like Luther’s devil, everlastingly between us. Besides, if you tell her, you can leave Baden at once; she will not urge you to stay. And if you stay, another twenty-four hours may find you again——”

“No, no!” he said, passionately, “I swear I will never go near those accursed tables again. Indeed, had I the will, I have not the power; I have lost all available money there already. Great Heaven! what a fool, a madman, I have been, I who had so bright a future before me—wealth, peace, honour, self-respect, *all* squandered! Most suicides throw away a darkened life, I have murdered the fairest and brightest future man ever had to smile on him!”

I did not leave him till he was so much calmed that I feared no repetition of that night’s attempted drama. I should not have left him then, but a message had called me on important business to Ooes, to meet a brother of mine, who was passing through there from Berlin, and I left the Bad by an early train. I would gladly have stayed if I could. Chesterfield interested me powerfully; he saddened me, too; there seemed something so contradictory and bizarre in a fate that appeared to compel a man highly-gifted, fortune-favoured, sweet-tempered, talented, and liked by all, to work out his own ruin so devoutly, and murder his brightest prospects with such reckless persistence. I have often regretted, bitterly regretted, that I left him. Ah, mon ami, we should have few regrets if we could see to-day what to-morrow will bring forth, prepare for the hurriane, and seek shelter before the storm!

It was forty-eight hours after that when I drove back to Baden; the days were sultry, and I chose a night-drive rather than the train. The silvery beams of the dawn were streaking the pearly grey of the sky far away among the hills, the mosses at the roots of the birches and pines were glistening with the morning dews, the birds were waking up with a gleeful carol to greet the sunrise; it was a strange contrast from the open country to the town, stranger still, too, opposite the Kursaal, where the gas chandeliers were burning, and the women laughing with the diamonds on their dresses and the rouge on their cheeks, where the carriages with their liveried footmen and emblazoned panels waited out-



side the doors, while the roulette turned and the gold fell smoothly on the green cloth, and the men and women flirted and intrigued, and gamed away their stakes, within. As I drove past the Kursaal I saw a crowd gathered a few yards from it—a crowd that swelled and grew as one by one the people left the gaming-tables and came out into the grey air of the coming dawn, some going to their carriages, some lounging carelessly away, others joining the little group.

Why did the sight of that crowd chill me as though they were gathered to take me up for theft or murder? Heaven knows! Without stopping to reason, I threw the reins to the groom, sprang down, and pushed my way through the knot of people.

In the midst of them lay the dead body of a man, his face white and calm, save where the brow was knit as if with pain, his lips blue and slightly parted, his right hand clenched upon a pistol-butt, and on his left temple, from which they had pushed the silky golden hair, a dark round orifice, through which the ball had entered to the brain. And through the crowd ran a whisper, "Lost at roulette—shot himself!"

"Chesterfield! good Heaven! why I lent him a hundred Naps only an hour ago," said Cassagnac, lounging up.

"Ah! il est allé au purgatoire, comme je vous l'avais prédit," laughed Clos de Vougeot, passing to his carriage.

For the devilish jest I could have knocked him down, but a mist came before my eyes, I turned sick and faint, I knelt down by the dead body, and I could have wept like a woman, though I had seen dead and dying men enough before then! I guessed well enough how it was: his old delirium had come upon him; he had borrowed, hoping to retrieve his shattered fortunes, hoping to cover his ruin before the woman he loved could learn it; he had lost again, and honour, peace, all gone, he in despair had fled in a madman's haste and agony from the life which now was tainted with dishonour. I guessed the story easily, but the white cold lips could never move again to tell it: there he lay, in the soft silvery dawn—DEAD, while the green woodlands stirred with awakening life, and the birds sang under the forest leaves, and the river glanced in the morning light, and the world roused, laughing, for another summer day, and the woman who loved him slept, dreaming golden, innocent dreams of a future that never would come.

Last August I stood in the Kursaal at Baden, pondering again on that strange passion for Play which none of us can resist while the spell is upon us—that is witching as woman, dangerous as drink, insatiable as death—that has claimed more victims than the noblest cause for which men ever fought and fell, and won more sacrifices than the fairest idol. The roulette was turning in its metal disk, the gold was lying on the green tables, the jewelled women were laughing and playing in the halls where he had worked out his doom. I thought of him bitterly, sadly, regretfully; but in the whirl of ever-changing life, a woman old while yet young, widowed before she was a wife, with eyes that never smile and lips that never laugh, and cheeks on which dangerous hectic burns and fades, and I who now write his story—a story sad but common enough—are the only ones who remember the beauty, the talent, the happiness, the peace, the honour that he, poor fellow! so madly poured out on the altars of TRENTE-ET-UN.

## MARSHAL NIEL.

IF the siege of a place be as tedious as the description of it, Tantalus must have been the prototype of the modern engineer. The general public will ever read the clearest possible account of a regular investment, the opening of parallels, the attempted storm, the sallies, the breach, and the successful assault, with the feelings of a man who would like to go to bed, and yet feels curious about the end of the novel lying before him. The future historian of a classical siege has, however, an advantage over the engineer. The latter Cinderella of fame torments himself for weeks and months, makes plans by night and trenches by day, lays mines, and no one troubles himself about him. But, when the real moment arrives, when the storming columns rush forward from the third, fourth, or seventh parallel, as at Sebastopol, the builder of the whole scaffolding disappears, in the same way as the fable always has cathedral architects carried off by old bogies at last. A general of division or brigade, a regiment of light infantry, did the trick, have covered themselves with glory, and figure in the orders of the day. It rains medals and promotions, and any man can become field-marshal, save and excepting the head of the Engineers. In wars the masses only care for results; it is a perfect matter of indifference to them with what care and talent the way may have been paved for them. It was lucky for Marshal Niel that he commanded a corps d'armée, else Louis Napoleon would have been unable to give his Mentor and amanuensis the highest military dignity.

If we compare the faces of the three latest French marshals, Macmahon, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, and Niel, the above doctrine of predestination may be read on their features. Macmahon is serious, almost gloomy, but has his eye constantly fixed on a special object; he is the educated soldier who deals his blows by the book. Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely has large eyes, surmounting puffed cheeks; he is the type of the cavalry man, the coarse soldier, whose only rule of faith is worship of imperialism. Niel, on the other hand, has a very knowing countenance: his eyes are opened, but full of care; his eyebrows are drawn up, but approach at the top of the nose, as is the case with all men who think seriously. Macmahon's hair is always carefully brushed; a few scanty locks hang down over D'Angely's forehead; but Niel has a mass of tangled hair, through which you can swear he passes his hand pretty constantly when troubled in mind. Another divergence is, that the Engineer was born in the Haute-Garonne, while the commander-in-chief of the Guard is a Parisian, Macmahon an Irish Burgundian. Our readers must also please remember that his name is pronounced as if forming two syllables—Ni-el.

Adolphe Niel was born at Muret, on the slope of the Pyrenees, October 4, 1802. At the age of nineteen he entered the Polytechnic School of Paris, whence he proceeded, two years later, to the practical Engineers' School at Metz. In 1825 he was appointed second lieutenant in the Engineers, and, in 1836, he was a captain of the first class and attached to the dépôt of fortifications. At the beginning of 1837 he

was detached to the head-quarters staff of the expeditionary corps against Constantine, and his moment had arrived. The French had allowed themselves to be repulsed once, and now they must succeed under the eyes of a prince of the blood. Constantine is no ordinary fortress, for nature had here come greatly to the assistance of the Arabs; it lies like an eagle's nest, on the summit of precipitous rocks, and is only accessible when the enemy had naturally collected all his natural resources. His guns rested, it is true, on badly-made carriages, but had a considerable calibre, and caused the besiegers considerable annoyance. The gunners were practised, and there was no lack of ammunition. Although Niel was only a captain, he most carefully studied the attack and defence, and more than once ventured to the most dangerous points. Owing to his cool-blooded bravery, he was selected to lead one of the divisions who marched in front of the storming columns. When the breach was made, Niel led the column that broke into the town, managed to keep his communications open through the adjoining houses, and did much to carry out the main object. In return for this, the minister of war sent him a special letter of congratulation.

On October 25, 1837, or twelve days after the fall of Constantine, Niel was appointed commandant of the Engineers of the province of that name, and began by tracing some magnificent roads. On December 24 he was made chef de bataillon, and the next year (1839) he was recalled to Paris and engaged in the fortifications of Paris. From this period till 1846, when Niel was promoted to a full colonelcy, he was employed exclusively in theoretic labours for the Ministry of War. In 1849, General Vaillant demanded the services of Colonel Niel as chief of the Engineer staff on the Roman expedition. The equivocal policy of the Prince President was beginning to work: he was about to free the Pope from the revolution, attach the reactionary elements to himself, and get a footing in Central Italy, so that at a later date, when he had become master of France, he could unfold the revolutionary flag, and, under the pretext of liberating nationalities, incorporate positive provinces. People are not fond of talking now-a-days in Paris about the first Bonapartist campaign: the recent pamphlet has erased the heroic deeds of 1849, and the political coalition which carried out the programme has been scattered to the winds. Odilon Barrot, the dupe, found his best resource in silence; Montalembert, the leader, was brought before the imperial courts. Louis Napoleon may remind the Holy Father of the fact in private letters when the Vatican grows too obstinate. General Oudinot de Reggio, the commander-in-chief at that time, on the Deux Décembre, 1851, protested against the *coup d'état*, and accepted from the Rump of the National Assembly the empty command of the absent forces of the parliament, while even Louis Veuillot, the Tyrtæus of the affair, is pouting in dismal retirement, and his *Univers* no longer agitates the universe with its blatant thunder.

M. Hippolyte Castelle, the man of the fivepenny tracts, who possesses the monopoly since Eugène de Mirecourt's speculative flight to London, becomes highly interesting when he begins speaking. The gentleman suddenly leaves out of sight the French battalions, "under whose footfall the earth trembles," and for whom "the nations thirsting for liberty listen." Vaillant's mission is now a delicate one in more respects than

one. "Not only," we read, "was the entire investment of the place impossible, but it was also right to spare the monuments of the Eternal City, and honour in them the symbol of a civilisation that had died out, and the edifices of that religion honoured by the majority of the French nation!" Even more: as General Oudinot did not think proper to remain in the Bonapartist camp, a sneer must be indulged in at his expense. "The general-in-chief of the expeditionary corps, formerly a cavalry officer, perhaps did not combine all the requirements of experience and practice to command a corps consisting almost entirely of infantry, and destined to operate against a fortified place." Hence the notorious distrust of the so-called party of order and its representative, Oudinot. "The powers of General Vaillant were far more extended than those which corresponded with the title of commandant of Engineers: he had a letter of the Prince President in his hands, which gave the command-in-chief to him so soon as he thought proper to demand it." Always letters: one French general is ever the spy and gendarme of the other, just as among the fathers of the Jesuit order: Vaillant holds a letter against Oudinot; Edgar Ney one against Antonelli; Canrobert one for St. Arnaud, for Bosquet, and at last for Pelissier. General Vaillant managed to take Rome without removing the former cavalry officer, and General Oudinot therefore carried out a campaign under police inspection.

Poor Niel, however, received the glorious commission to carry the keys of his conquered city to the Pope at Gaeta. Pio Nono completed the epigram, and hung on the French Polycrates the huge decoration of St. Gregory. He now suspends the Sardinian heretic order by the side of St. Gregory, and thus represents reconciled Italy on his manly chest. After his return from the crusade, Niel was appointed chief of the Engineer department in the Ministry of War. The emperor, however, who was revolving war, had long kept an eye on the professor of strategic science: he repeatedly conferred with Niel, who is said to have been the Egeria on the new sprung-up Turenne.

When the Russian war appeared on the horizon, it was time to bring Niel to the front. In April, 1853, he was made general of division, but remained on the committee of fortifications. While the allied fleets and armies were proceeding to the Black Sea, a heavy blow was to be dealt simultaneously in the Baltic. On the Aland islands, situated in the Gulf of Bothnia, between Sweden and Finland, stood the fortress of Bomarsund: if that could be taken, Sweden was offered a guarantee, and the Gulf of Finland threatened. Baraguay d'Hilliers, who had been to Constantinople as the anti-Menschikoff, could not camp at Varna as simple general of division, and there was nothing in the East for Niel to do so long as the armies were led by the diplomatists.

A great blow, then, in the Baltic! where stands "Bomarsund, menacing with its triple row of batteries and its granite tower." A French infantry division, a few marines, and a small English corps, were put aboard ship under the command of Baraguay d'Hilliers, and on July 3, 1854, General Niel accepted the command of the Engineers of this duodecimo army. He was good enough to keep a diary of the siege of Bomarsund, from which the first reconnaissance, we find, took place on August 1. On the 13th, the parallels were completed and the guns placed in position. At three in the morning the first breaching battery

opened its fire, and on the 18th the banner of peace floated from the granite tower. Niel behaved during this siege as he had done at Constantine : he sketched the enemy's works with his own hand, and escorted by only a weak company of Chasseurs, he crept through the bushes, just as if he were still a simple captain-general. Baraguay was made a Marshal of France for the first victory over the Russians, while Niel was compelled to be satisfied with the grand cross of the Legion of Honour. Two marshals for a granite tower would have been a little too much, and, as we said before, Engineers always go to the wall. On January 8, 1855, Niel was appointed adjutant to the emperor, and was obliged to start for the Crimea on a special mission. On January 17, he landed at Kamiesch, and inspected all that Canrobert had done, but it was not at all right. All the siege works had been directed on the town and the central and mast bastions, while only the English were advancing against the great Redan. Niel did not require any lengthened time to declare that the capture of the town could be of no service, and that the Malakhoff and the Karabelnaya suburb contained the key of the south side of Sebastopol. The first great point for the besiegers was to carry the Mamelon Vert, and the redoubt behind it. To carry out the new siege plans a dislocation of the besieging troops was requisite, for which the emperor's adjutant had the authority in his pocket. The first French corps d'armée would operate on the left of the town, under the command of Pelissier, expected from Africa, while the second would take post on the right of the English under Bosquet. On the 2nd February this modified plan was accepted, and on the 9th Pelissier arrived.

In May, a fresh plan arrived in the Crimea from the Tuileries, Niel having in all probability supplied the materials for it. For four weeks he had accepted the responsibility of this Penelope's web, and recognised that he was throwing his ammunition away. The emperor proposed evolutions; Pelissier would hold the trenches and harbours with sixty thousand men; Lord Raglan would proceed with fifty-five thousand men to Baidar, and thrust his advanced posts between Sebastopol and Simpheropol, while Canrobert marched from Alushta to Simpheropol. The council adopted the plan, and the trench-digging was about to cease, but in the execution the domestic quarrels between Raglan and Canrobert broke out again more flourishingly than ever. The latter handed in his resignation; Pelissier took the supreme command on May 19, and not a syllable more was heard about Niel's plan of campaign.

When General Niel had completed all his siege works, and he had formed seven parallels in front of the Malakhoff, the storming columns set themselves in motion, and the Engineers dropped out of the story. Never had this arm been so demoted as here; never had the intelligence of the army been so butchered. Pelissier became Marshal of France and Duke of Malakhoff; Niel Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the Bath, and Grand Cross of St. Maurice and Lazarus of Sardinia. Once again the Engineer was put off. On December 17, 1855, General Niel returned to France, to become once again adjutant to the emperor and member of the committee of fortifications. His engineering knowledge had been vastly improved by the lessons Todleben had given him in the art. In 1857 he was appointed a senator.

As Niel the Engineer had displayed such velleities in the Crimea to

show his qualities as a leader of men, an entire corps d'armée was presently entrusted to him, and the Italian campaign offered an excellent opportunity for the realisation of this idea. A portion of the French army proceeded by ship to Genoa, another by land across the Alps : these were the two corps Niel and Canrobert. On April 30 the columns appeared in Turin, where they were received with unending rejoicing. Then followed that memorable halt of the French army, which no one has yet been able to understand. The celebrated flank march, also called the *marche hardie*, brought General Niel, on May 31, as far as Orfenga, and the next day he occupied Novara almost without a blow.

On the 4th of June (Magenta), Niel was instructed to cover the right flank of the advancing French with the 1st corps (Baraguay d'Hilliers), and, at the same time, serve as reserve. If the others were not at their places, General Niel, at any rate, could not be reproached with any neglect. When the adjutants of the startled emperor implored him to hurry up, he set out with Vinoy's division, reached Ponte Nuovo at half-past four, and was received by the grenadiers of the Guard with the loudest cheers. Niel's troops, especially Martimprey's brigade, drove back the Austrians on Magenta, and under Macmahon's deadly fire : Macmahon, Niel, and the Guard, therefore, divided the glory of the day.

We hear nothing more of Niel till Solferino. According to the emperor's plans, Niel's engineering qualities would first be displayed beyond the Mincio, and his corps would, in all probability, have been directed on Verona. Fate and the Austrians had decided otherwise : the two warring armies met on the morning of June 24 between the Chiese and the Mincio, and accident willed it that Niel should hold the most difficult post of all in this rencontre. The allies were marching in a long line : the Guards on Castiglione, the first corps on Solferino, Macmahon on Cavriana, Niel on Guidizzolo, Canrobert on Medole, while the entire cavalry were between the latter place and Solferino. The Austrians were also echeloned in a very lengthened line from the Oglio up to the Lago di Garda, where they came across the Piedmontese army. Neither of the armies expected the other, and the battle, which had become indispensable, was divided into two very unequal portions, an action along the whole line, and a concentrated fight at the chief points. So much was certain at the first glance : that army which was most rapidly combined, and made a virtue of necessity, would remain master of the field.

The first French corps d'armée met with a very obstinate resistance. Macmahon was anxious to hurry to its assistance, especially when he perceived heavy masses of the enemy between Cavriana and Solferino. But he thought of the necessary connexion with Niel's corps, and sent off his orderly officers, who told him at seven o'clock that Niel had arrived in front of Medole, and would make a movement to the left so soon as he possessed sure news about Canrobert. But Niel's actual position did not come till eleven o'clock. Whence arose the delay ?

Niel had attacked the Austrians at Medole by six o'clock, and General de Luzy drove them back on Guidizzolo by seven. Before Robicov were fresh Austrian troops, against whom Niel sent Vinoy's division. Two miles in front of Guidizzolo Niel tried to converge to his left, and form a position with Macmahon, but one of his divisions was behindhand. Nor could he hear or see anything of Canrobert, with whom he was to form

the right wing of the entire army. Canrobert must certainly be advancing on his right; but even in this battle he appears to have kept up his Cunctator nature, and had every ditch and bush inspected ere he advanced. Niel sent messenger after messenger to Canrobert, but the latter found it impossible to do anything more for him than send him, at about half-past ten, five battalions of Renault's division. All this while the position of the fourth French corps was becoming more and more critical.

In the centre the first corps was attacking the strongest Austrian position, composed of the tower of Solferino, the Cypress hill, the churchyard, and the castle, where Clam Gallas's entire corps was entrenched, with a powerful artillery force. The French attack was repulsed: two divisions went into action; the 1st Zouaves and two line regiments were driven back from the churchyard, which was flanked by the Cypress hill. The Austrians even assumed the offensive, and Forey's division was repulsed. The Guard advanced and attacked the tower, and the action lasted till three o'clock, by which time all the positions were carried, though with frightful sacrifices. The victors then marched over the heights on Cavriana, where Macmahon's Turcos arrived at half-past four, simultaneously with the voltigeurs of the Guard. All this, however, did not disengage General Niel; for, while the French made herculean exertions to break through the Austrian centre, the plan of the latter was to force the French right wing, and drive back the whole army on the Lago di Garda. The first army of the Austrians, composed of four corps d'armée, under Field-Marshal Wimpffen, marched on Guidizzolo; the second, of four and a half corps d'armée, under General Schleck, operated on the right flank. Niel, at the most favourable moment, had only four and a half divisions against five or six of the enemy; and with his force he bravely and cleverly foiled the constantly attempted efforts of the Austrians to force their way through to Castiglione.

The Austrians really displayed a plan and initiative at Solferino, though it is only possible to discover the fact by wading through many contradictory and one-sided reports. The Paris telegraph and the flatterers of the grande armée command Europe more than sweet-blooded Englishmen suspect. The Austrians wished to hold Cavriana and Solferino at all risks; this was the great defensive operation. But eighty thousand men were operating on their left wing from Guidizzolo to Rudoli, with the design of forcing the enemy's right flank. If they succeeded in both operations, the allies would be broken and their communication intercepted. Even after the storm of Solferino and Cavriana, Niel had the greatest difficulty in holding the right flank: he was obliged for six long hours to have constant recourse to the bayonet. The battle round Guidizzolo entailed the most fearful sacrifices on the fourth corps, for Niel afterwards declared his loss to be forty-seven officers killed and two hundred and seven wounded, with four thousand eight hundred and four men hors de combat!

Canrobert had received two orders from head-quarters, which reached him simultaneously. In one letter, the emperor announced to him that a carter stated that thirty thousand Austrians had left Mantua on the previous evening, and Canrobert must, therefore, incessantly watch his right. Furthermore, an orderly officer of the emperor, Captain Clermont Tonnerre, brought Canrobert orders to support General Niel with his

troops as they came up. Both messengers sought the marshal for a long time, and found him, as we said, simultaneously. Through his extreme caution the marshal was startled by a cloud of dust signalled from the south, and only sent five battalions to Niel's assistance: all further demands of Niel on General Renault remained fruitless. At four o'clock Canrobert detached another half-brigade, and that was all.

The thirty thousand Austrians marching up from Mantua consisted of a division under Prince Lichtenstein, who, however, remained behind at Maccaria, because he took D'Autemarre's division, advancing from Modena, for the entire corps d'armée under the command of Prince Napoleon. At this point, then, Austrians and French properly terrified each other. Niel, therefore, held his own, only with the aid of cavalry or a perfectly open plain, and without any defensive position, against an enemy thrice his strength. He foiled the last offensive plan of the Austrians, and thus set the seal on the storming of Cavriana and Solferino. So in that way was the action completed, the victory undoubted, and the retreat of the foe rendered a necessity. At about half-past four the Austrian centre gave way, and after the tempest, at half-past six, they were seen to be in full retreat on Volta. Wimpffen's army, however, fought much longer, and Austrians were to be seen in Guidizzolo till about ten at night. General Niel, for his cautious pertinacity, was made Marshal of France, but the title "Duke of Guidizzolo" was scarcely earned by him. Niel, the commander of a corps, remained true to his old duties, and proved himself at Solferino an engineer. He built a movable fortress of living stones, and opposed it to the enemy. This perambulating Sebastopol Field-Marshal Wimpffen was unable to carry by storm, and he also committed the great mistake of allowing himself at the decisive moment to be alarmed by a cannonade on his right, and this gave Niel the opportunity to draw closer to Macmahon.

The calculating engineer Niel was, however, not even satisfied with the day of Solferino, for, in his report, he said that, after the capture of Cavriana by Macmahon, he would, had he been properly supported, have moved on Guidizzolo, occupied the cross roads, and thus have prevented the enemy's retreat on Volta. He attempted this at four o'clock in the afternoon, when Canrobert placed another demi-brigade at his disposal, but his weak force had been repulsed. We may say here, *in magnis voluisse*. According to ordinary calculations, Niel and Canrobert's corps would not have been more than enough to check and defeat the whole first Austrian army. Whether the two combined could have successfully opposed Wimpffen, and the army driven back from Cavriana, is another question, for neither Canrobert nor Niel has the stuff in him of which a Macmahon is made. At any rate, the laurels of Magenta spurred on the engineer Niel: he would also have liked to make a grand *coup* and capture a couple of brigades.

Canrobert defended himself in a well-known letter against the harsh reproaches of Marshal Niel, and appealed to his carman and cloud of dust. The dispute menaced to degenerate into an injury to brotherly feeling and discipline. A duel between the two marshals was talked about, and Paris even learned that Canrobert was wounded. The emperor prohibited the publication of any further correspondence, and sent Niel to the most southern of the seven military divisions, while Canrobert remained in



Lorraine. We will not justify Marshal Niel, for he had nothing to apologise for. His excellent defence of the right wing was suitably and brilliantly recognised, and he did not need to make himself a pedestal of the mistakes of others. Still, it is characteristic that his opponent should be Canrobert, in whom marshals staff notches were constantly being made, and who seems condemned never to fairly earn this splendid mark of distinction.

Let us say one word of those who were at Solferino, who fought at Guidizzolo, but did not become marshals of France. The troops of the fourth corps d'armée, according to the report of General Vinoy, were on their legs from three in the morning till nine at night, that is to say, eighteen hours under fire and on the march! Before starting from Carpenodolo, they drank their coffee, and did not smell any other food during the day. It was frightfully hot, the battle-field afforded no shade, and the gunners were exposed to the burning beams of the sun; with the hostile bullets were combined the tortures of hunger and thirst. The atmosphere was throughout the day brooding that frightful tempest which even put a stop to the raging of the battle. And yet not a single man fell out; the 30th Regiment of the line had not an officer left, and yet it rushed on Guidizzolo at the storm-step and in the finest order.

The Austrians, constantly pursued by their unlucky destiny, had been prevented breakfasting by the French advance, and began the longest battle known in a fasting condition. Hence, it is not surprising that they thought about retreating at half-past six, for no one can expect impossibilities. If a full stomach is not fond of study, an empty one is not in the position to display greater "furia" than the French. There is no materialism in the assertion that, other qualities being equal, a regularly fed army must gain the victory over one that suffers from hunger and thirst. Had so much moral order prevailed in the Austrian army, that the soldier might have fought for emperor and empire on a full stomach, the proud German regiments would, in all probability, have driven back the French on the Chiese, or into the cul-de-sac of the Garda Lake. Never was a man so fortunate in his enemies as Louis Napoleon.

The French army pursued the beaten foe neither to Volta nor Goito: as we have seen, the Austrians were in Guidizzolo so late as ten o'clock. This evidences either a deficiency of means, or the absence of any intention on the part of the commanders: the latter, indeed, appear to have been astounded at their own victory. From these facts we conclude that all the actions fought under the Second Empire have been, like Inkermann, "soldiers' battles." We only allow two exceptions: Bosquet's manœuvres on the Alma, and Macmahon's march on Magenta. Solferino itself was an Inkermann on an enlarged scale; the French were attacked, and defended themselves like demons; they drove back the enemy, and the telegraph began talking about a great battle and a great victory! The only democratic thing in the Second Empire is the army, and Marshal Niel has made no change in that.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MARY GRANVILLE  
(MRS. DELANY).

OF the gifted and attractive lady, whose Life and Letters\* are the subject of the present article, her friend and associate, Mrs. Donnellan, wrote (in 1742) for their mutual friend the Duchess of Portland the following character. Although the work of a partial hand, its truthfulness and sincerity are unquestionable; and the delicacy, feeling, and exactitude with which it touches on the remarkable points in her disposition and history are not only creditable to the abilities and discrimination of the writer—remembering how little the fine ladies of the Georgian era excelled in writing—but present such a pleasing picture of the lady described, that we cannot do better than by allowing Mrs. Donnellan to introduce her :

She is of a most agreeable figure; and you may believe that (as it is above twenty years since she was married) the bloom she still enjoys, the modest sprightliness of her eyes, the shining delicacy of her hair, the sweetness of her smile, the pleasing air of her whole countenance, must have made her the desire of all who saw her, and her situation (as a widow) must have given hopes to all. She was married extremely young to a man who neither by his years, behaviour, or any quality he was possessed of, was fitted to gain her affection; she had naturally a great deal of vivacity and liveliness of temper, with the greatest sensibility and tenderness of heart. Some of her nearest relations were ever ready to have encouraged in her every tendency towards gaiety. What could have guarded her in these dangerous circumstances? An innate modesty, an early prudence, and a discerning judgment to know what was right, with virtue to follow only what her judgment approved,—these were the qualities that have carried her through the gayest companions, the most dangerous scenes, with an unsullied fame, and have made even those who would have undermined her virtue pay homage to it. Her modesty is not that unbecoming bashfulness which is so often mistaken for it; hers is the modesty of the mind, which is so far from giving awkwardness to the person or behaviour, that it adds a grace to everything she says and does. And as her modesty does not proceed from bashfulness, so her prudence does not consist in formality or reserve, as if she feared both herself and others, but she has a propriety of behaviour in every company that lets them see she thinks she has no reason to fear either herself or them, and by showing this confidence in herself she takes from others the desire of attacking her. . . . Her benevolence is so strong it should seem as if she looked upon the whole world as her friends, and her tenderness to every particular friend so great as to fill up the measure of a whole heart.

Where can she find this fund of affection? She abstracts it from self-love, that principle that fills the heart of others, and the only person to whom she does not give more than their due is the worthiest that she knows—I mean herself. Her generosity naturally flows from her benevolence; she gives as not knowing she gives, and the joy she has in pleasing others persuades one she is more obliged to us for accepting her favours than we can be to her for bestowing them; while the great desire she has to make others happy never lets her think she has a right either to keep or endeavour at any advantage for herself, if there is any friend she imagines wants or desires it more than herself. . . . I need not describe the agreeableness of her manners, the politeness of her behaviour, or the winning grace that is in all her words and actions: a small acquaintance with

\* *Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville (Mrs. Delany)*. Edited by the Lady Llanover. Three Vols. Bentley. 1861.

her makes us desire a greater, and a greater makes us almost wish she was not so agreeable to others, that we might have her more to ourselves. To this imperfect sketch of her mind I must add something on her many accomplishments and her great ingenuity; and here we should wonder how she has found time to make herself mistress of so many ingenious arts, if we did not consider that dress and the adorning of the person, that takes up so great a part of that of most of our sex, only employs so much of hers as the exactest neatness requires, and that she has an activity of mind that never lets her be idle, as all her hours are employed either in something useful or amusing. She reads to improve her mind, not to make an appearance of being learned; she writes with all the delicacy and ease of a woman, and the strength and correctness of a man; she paints and takes views of what is either beautiful or whimsical in nature with a surprising genius and art. She is a mistress of the harpsichord, and has a brilliancy in her playing peculiar to herself; she does a number of works, and of many of them is the inventor, and all her acquaintance are her copyers. Happy for them if they would equally endeavour to imitate her virtues.

As these accomplishments are her amusements, she treats them as such, and sets no value on herself for excelling in them, but is always ready to teach others, and desirous they should excel her, but those wishes are fruitless. Her house is a little abstract of all sorts of ingenuity, and, like her heart, is ever open to the virtuous, to the ingenious, or to the distressed. Those are the titles to her friendship or protection.

The autobiography and portion of correspondence already published present to us Mary Granville in her blooming girlhood; then as the young unwilling bride, and wife for seven years, of the aged, drunken, and jealous Cornish squire, Alexander Pendarves, whose widow she became at twenty-four; next as the lively, chatty, and brilliant widow who, as Mrs. Pendarves, adorned the world of fashion for twenty years, and then became the wife of the staid old Irish divine, Dr. Delany; and in the forthcoming volume we shall accompany her in her second widowhood to the close of her useful and happy life, which was prolonged to 1788. Born in the first year of the eighteenth century, she was caressed by ladies of the court of Queen Anne, and married a man who was born in the time of Charles II.; yet she lived so long, that some octogenarians now living may have seen her at the court of George III.

She was the daughter of Colonel Bernard Granville and Mary, daughter of Sir Martiu Westcomb, Bart., the colonel being the youngest son of Bernard Granville, the messenger who bore to Charles II. the joyful tidings that he might return to his kingdom. George Granville, an elder brother of her father, was created Lord Lansdowne by Queen Anne; and her aunt was the wife of Sir John Stanley, under whose roof at Whitehall she passed some years of her childhood. At that time the Gothic gate-tower between Whitehall and King-street was inhabited by Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of the great chancellor, and there Mary Granville grew into intimacy with her youthful cousins, one of whom was Catherine Hyde, afterwards Duchess of Queensberry (Prior's Kitty), and Handel would come and "perform wonders" on her little spinnet, the only musical instrument in the house.

The correspondence published in these handsome volumes contains her recollections of sixty years, ending with the death of Mrs. D'Ewes, "the sister of her heart," which event took place a few months after the death of George II. The friend to whom her autobiography was addressed, in the form of letters beginning in 1740, was Margaret Cavendish, only

child of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford (the celebrated collector of the Harleian MSS.), by Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only child and heir of the last Duke of Newcastle of that family. This lady, who was about fourteen years younger than Mary Granville, had married in 1734 William, second Duke of Portland; and so warmly were these loving correspondents attached, that Mrs. Delany, after her second widowhood, had a home with the duchess at Bulstrode, until the latter died. With the autobiography, letters to and from various relations are interspersed where illustrative of the narrative; but the chief part of her letters are addressed to her sister. They are written with great vivacity, and evince an affectionate disposition, an accomplished mind, and rare powers of observation.

Lady Llanover, the descendant of Mrs. Delany's only sister, has laid these manuscripts before the world as a duty to her memory, and has shown great good taste and judgment in the performance of this undertaking. She has, moreover, given just so much narrative as was wanting to connect the documents as links in the life, and has added foot-notes which do not incumber but appropriately illustrate the page.

The inauspicious marriage to which she was driven, at the age of seventeen, by the mistaken kindness and mercenary designs of her uncle, Lord Lansdowne, subjected her to so much trial and suffering during its continuance, that if she had not been a woman of great strength of mind, and endowed with virtues and talents not then common amongst the aristocracy, she would probably have been lost to society and posterity. There seems to have been a complete absence of all congeniality in the habits, tastes, and dispositions, as well as in the ages of herself and Mr. Pendarves, her first sight of whom she thus describes—he arrived when she was on a visit to her uncle:

We were at dinner: he had travelled on horseback, the day excessively rainy: he sent in his name, upon which my uncle rose from table overjoyed at his arrival, and insisted on his coming in to dinner. I expected to have seen some one with the appearance of a gentleman, when the poor, old, dripping, almost drowned, Gromio\* was brought into the room, like Hob out of the well. His wig, his coat, his dirty boots, his large unwieldy person, and his crinson countenance, were all subjects of great mirth and observation to me. I was diverted at his expense several days.

I formed (she continues) an invincible aversion towards him, and everything he said or did by way of obliging me increased that aversion. I thought him ugly and disagreeable; he was fat, much afflicted with gout, and often sat in a sullen mood, which, I concluded, was from the gloominess of his temper. I knew that, of all men living, my uncle had the greatest opinion of and esteem for him, and I dreaded his making a proposal of marriage, as I knew it would be accepted.

Her picture of him is far from attractive:

As to his person, he was excessively fat, of a brown complexion, negligent in his dress, and took a vast quantity of snuff, which gave him a dirty look. His eyes were black, small, lively, and sensible; he had an honest countenance, but, altogether, a person rather disgusting than engaging.

Yielding, however, to the wishes of her uncle—who seems at that time to have stood *in loco parentis* towards her—she sacrificed her inclinations.

\* Mr. Pendarves.

"I was married," she writes, "with great pomp: never was woe dressed out in gayer colours." When he took her to his Cornish castle at Roscrow, near Falmouth, her courage failed her on beholding the dismal and ruinous aspect of what was to be her prison:

The castle (she writes) is guarded with high walls that entirely hide it from your view. When the gate of the court was opened and we walked in front of the castle, it terrified me. It is built of ugly coarse stone, old and mossy, and prop't with two great stone buttresses, and so it had been for threescore years. I was led into an old hall that had scarce any light belonging to it, on the left hand of which was a parlour, the floor of which was rotten in places, and part of the ceiling broken down, and the windows were placed so high that my head did not come near the bottom of them.

The only good we see recorded of the master of this attractive abode was the homage he paid to his young wife by leaving off drinking for two years, and his adherence to the Stuart cause. Mary Granville had married a man whom she found it impossible to love, but whom she was determined, from a sense of duty, to obey and indulge. The passionate admiration and audacity of the visitors who frequented Roscrow placed her in a most dangerous situation; but with admirable constancy she endured her husband's drunkenness and unreasonable jealousy, and soothed his fits of pain and passion until the end of his life, when she found herself the possessor again of freedom, but not of riches, for, by some unhappy procrastination, Mr. Pendarves had not executed the will which had been prepared in her favour.

The blooming young widow then entered on a sort of brilliant exile in Ireland, where she became the guest of the Bishop of Killala and his wife; and there she became acquainted with Swift, between whom and herself some interesting letters passed at a later period, and with Dr. Delany, her future husband. It was her destiny to return to Ireland, after a lapse of twenty years, to render his home a bright and happy one to the end of his life.

She returned, in 1733, from her visit to Ireland, and enjoyed for many years a tranquil yet brilliant life in the best society of the metropolis. Her letters revive a long bygone world of fashion, and are full of interesting traits of character and illustrations of the manners of the day, while they incidentally narrate her own life and actions.

Dean Swift, in a letter to Mrs. Pendarves, in 1735, says, "the ladies are extremely mended both in writing and reading" since he was young, and adds, that a woman of quality who was formerly his correspondent "scrawled and spelt like a Wapping wench, having been brought up at court in a time before reading was thought of any use to a female," and that he knew several others of very high quality with the same defect. What would he have said about the improvement in female education had he received from Mrs. Pendarves herself the following confession?

I missed the occultation of Aldebaran and the moon; the nights have been so cold of late, and Mr. Aehard so grunting, that I have not peeped much at the heavenly bodies, but I have had two or three lectures of cosmography in the library. This morning, as my master and I were drawing and examining circles, who should come in but Mr. Robert Harley. I blushed and looked excessive silly to be caught in the fact, but the affair which I have endeavoured to keep secret is discovered, and I must bear the reflection of those who think me very presuming in attempting to be wise. I am much obliged to my master; he takes

a great deal of pains with me, and has a clear way of instructing me. I shall never aim at talking upon subjects of that kind, but the little I may gain by these lectures will make me take more pleasure in hearing others talk.

She seems to have judiciously kept this becoming resolution, for we do not find any further references in her correspondence to "stars" or "circles," except those of the court and fashionable life. Without frivolity, her letters abound in curious sketches of the dress in which the fine ladies of her time indulged. We must be content to give one instance only—the dress which Lady Huntingdon, of Calvinistic memory, wore at a birthday drawing-room :

Her petticoat was black velvet, embroidered with chenille, the pattern a large stone vase, filled with ramping flowers that spread almost over the breadth of the petticoat, from the bottom to the top; between each vase of flowers was a pattern of gold shells and foliage, embossed, and most heavily rich. The gown was white satin, embroidered also with chenille, mixed with gold ornaments; no vases on the sleeve, but two or three on the tail. It was a most laboured piece of finery, the pattern much properer for a stucco staircase than the apparel of a lady—a mere shadow that tottered under every step she took under the load.

Many anecdotes and traits of manners characteristic of the times are interspersed in Mrs. Delany's entertaining letters. It would be easy to fill an article with examples of them, but we must be content to take one or two at random. She tells us how the marriage of the Hon. John Spencer and Miss Pointz was solemnised during an evening party, numbering five hundred people, none of whom, except the parents of the young couple, knew anything of the matter :

On the 20th December, after tea, the parties necessary for the wedding stole by degrees from the company into Lady Cowper's dressing-room, where the ceremony was performed, and they returned different ways to the company again, who had been dancing, and they joined with them. After supper, everybody retired as usual to their different apartments, and the marriage was not known till the Saturday following.

Here is a notice of the hymeneal dance at Hesse Cassel, on the reception of the Princess Mary of Hesse, daughter of George II. and Queen Caroline, in 1740:

In the evening (says Mrs. Pendarves, who appears to have received her information from an eye-witness) the nuptials were performed in one of the great rooms of the castle. The bride was in the same dress in which she was married by proxy. They afterwards supped in public. When the dessert was taken off, they stood up to drink the King of Great Britain's health, at which the cannon from the ramparts were fired. The King of Sweden's and the bride and bridegroom's healths were drank in the same manner. Then the prince and princess and the great officers of the court danced the mystical dance, or hymeneal dance, the manner of which is this: all the nobility and great officers of the court and army, with white flambeaux lighted in their hands, begin a dance to a very solemn tune, and the princess and bridegroom bring up the rear; after which the rest of the dancers dance themselves into a circle, the bride and bridegroom being in the middle; then they divide into two lines, the bridegroom leads his bride to her apartment, the dancers following two and two with their torches to the door of the bed-chamber, where they all stopped and put out the flambeaux with great silver extinguishers.

The lively and chatty widow appears to have set down with great zest all anecdotes relating to love and marriage. She had herself, as might

be expected, many suitors, but showed an extraordinary deference to the opinion of her family as to the person she ought to marry, and her brother does not seem to have considered any aspirant who offered to her, a person worthy to be allied with the Granville family. Several of the letters, down to 1730, show the influence held by Lord Baltimore over her affections for a period of five years. His attentions to her ultimately ceased, under circumstances which place his character in a very unfavourable light, if, indeed, they do not show that he deserved Lord Hervey's description of him as "a little mad." In 1743, when she was in her forty-third year, she received from Dr. Delany, then an elderly widower, an offer of marriage, presented in terms so strongly characterised by manly good sense, modesty, and honour, by conscious dignity and delicate devotion of feeling, that we must really subjoin this model letter of proposal :

You, madam, are not a stranger to my present unhappy situation, and that it pleased God to desolate my dwelling. I flatter myself that I have still a heart turned to social delights, and not estranged either from natural affection or the refinement of friendship. I feel a sad void in my breast, and am reduced to the necessity of wishing to fill it. I have lost a friend that was as my own soul, and nothing is more natural than to desire to supply that loss by the person in the world that friend most esteemed and honoured; and as I have been long persuaded that perfect friendship is nowhere to be found but in marriage, I wish to perfect mine in that state. I know it is late in life to think of engaging anew in that state, in the beginning of my fifty-ninth year. I am old, and I appear older than I am; but, thank God, I am still in health, though not bettered by years, and however the vigour of life may be over, and with that the vigour of vanity, and the flutter of passion, I find myself not less fitted for all that is solid happiness in the wedded state—the tenderness of affection, and the faith of friendship. I have a good clear income for my life: a trifle to settle, which I am only ashamed to offer: a good house (as houses go in our part of the world), moderately furnished, a good many books, a pleasant garden (better, I believe, than when you saw it), &c. Would to God I might have leave to lay them all at your feet. You will, I hope, pardon me the presumption of this wish, when I assure you it is no way blemished by the vanity of thinking them worthy of your acceptance, but as you have seen the vanities of the world to satiety, I allowed myself to indulge a hope that a retirement at this time of life with a man whose turn of mind is not foreign from your own (and for that *only* reason not wholly unworthy of you)—a man who knows your worth, and honours you as much as he is capable of honouring anything that is mortal, might not be altogether abhorrent from the views of your humble and unearthly wisdom. This, I am sure of, that if you reject my humble and unworthy offering, your humility will not let you do it with disdain; and if you condescend to accept it, the goodness of your nature, and generosity of your heart, will prompt you to do it in a way most becoming your own dignity, and the security of my eternal esteem and inexpressible gratitude: at all events, let me not be impaired in the honour of your friendship, since it is impossible I can cease to be, with the truest veneration and esteem, &c.

The worthy doctor was accepted, and she married him on the 31st of May, 1743. By her interest he became Dean of Down in the following year, and she thenceforth lived chiefly in Ireland. Her letters during this era of her life evince the fruit of the constant cultivation of her talents, and she appears to have been inspirited in the pursuit of her favourite occupations by the pride and pleasure her husband took in them. She and the dean, while living at Holly Mount, near Down, seem to have

spent much of their time in woodland walks : she ranging in shepherdess garb with her Corydon through brake and briar and tall fern to spots perfumed by wild flowers, or mossy seats shaded by a spreading oak, and commanding a panorama of lakes and mountains. She was fond of forming grottos and adorning them with shell-work, in which she seems to have excelled ; and she draws a pleasant picture of the rural enjoyments which she and her husband shared :

Our garden is now a wilderness of sweets. The violets, sweetbriar, and primroses perfume the air, and the thrushes are full of melody and make our concert complete. It is the pleasantest music I have heard this year, and refreshes my spirits without the alloy of a tumultuous crowd, which attends all the other concerts. Two robins and one chaffinch fed off D. D.'s (her husband's) hand as we walked together this morning. I have been planting sweets in my "pearly bower"—honeysuckles, sweetbriar, roses, and jessamine to climb up the trees that compose it, and for the carpet, violets, primroses, and cowslips. This year I shall not smell their fragrance, nor see their bloom, but I shall see the dear person (her sister) to whom the bower is dedicated, I hope, and I think I shall not repine at the exchange.

But all was not Arcadian simplicity around : she found people "acting out of character." Wine and tea had entered cottages where they had no pretension to be, and usurped the rural food of syllabub ; the dairy-maids had begun to wear large hoops and velvet hoods, instead of the round tight petticoat and straw hat ; foppery had invaded food as well as dress, and the pure simplicity of the country was lost. Mrs. Delany was, nevertheless, leading a tranquil, useful life in Ireland while the commotions of 1745 agitated Great Britain, and only slight allusions to the distant rumours of war are made in her letters.

Her life was varied by occasional visits to England, and her relish for the gaieties of metropolitan life was not by any means lost. She could go to ten oratorios in one season, (!) attend courts and stately ceremonials, maintain correspondence, gladden her gay *entourage* of friends by her presence, and write lively descriptions to friends remote. The narrative of sixty-one years, and the correspondence down to the death of her beloved and only sister, in 1761, are completed in the third volume : in the forthcoming volume we look for the story of the rest of her life, many years of which, after her second widowhood, were passed at the dull and decorous court of George III. and Queen Charlotte, with whose regard she was honoured to the close of her life.

We shall conclude this article with a narrative preserved by Mrs. Delany under the date of 1740—a curious example of the romance of reality—to which we shall give the title of

#### THE GOOD SAMARITAN AND THE GRATEFUL MERCHANT.

Mrs. Vigor, among many curious occurrences in her travels, had an extraordinary interview with some persons whom at that time she did not know. Mrs. Vigor, after having resided some years in Russia, was, upon the death of her husband, obliged to return to England. The journey was performed on sledges on account of the snow. At Memel, in Polish Prussia, she was obliged to take up her quarters in an inn, which, to her mortification, she found full of Prussian officers and soldiers. This was an unfortunate circumstance to Mrs. Vigor, whose situation was at that time critical, as she expected soon to be in a state of confinement. A gentleman who had attended her in her journey happened



in the afternoon to visit some merchants, and took the liberty to ask if it were not possible to obtain a private lodging for a lady, whose present place of residence was very inconvenient. A person quite unknown said that he believed apartments were to be had, and those very commodious and retired, and as he was going home, he would very soon send a particular account. This news was carried to Mrs. Vigor, and in about an hour a very polite note came, subscribed "Meyer" (the name of the person spoken of above), and in this letter the apartments were pointed out, in which it was hoped Mrs. Vigor would find every accommodation, and added, that the "sooner Mrs. Vigor came the better." The servants were accordingly ordered to get everything in readiness, and a coach being procured, they set out. Mrs. Vigor found the house spacious and stately, and was carried up to a drawing-room, where they were treated with everything requisite, and there was a supper served up. They were in a state of wonder at these occurrences; but at last got intelligence from the servants, that the house in which they were belonged to the very person who first gave intimation about apartments to be obtained, and afterwards wrote the letter. This raised their wonder still more. However, at breakfast the next morning the gentleman of the house made his appearance, and with him a young person who seemed to be his son. Mrs. Vigor got up and mentioned how greatly she was obliged by his goodness, and how much she was embarrassed, as it was out of her power to make any return for these civilities. Mr. Meyer begged of Mrs. Vigor and her friends to be easy on that head; for, said he, "all I do is a return: it is in consequence of favours received, so that your debt is cancelled before it is incurred." As they did not seem to understand him, he proceeded to explain his meaning: "You must know," said he, "that I have a great esteem for the English nation in general, but I have obligations to particulars which enhances my regard. You see this young man, who is my son; he was last year upon his travels in England, and passing down from the north towards the capital, he was taken very ill. His disorder was so violent that he was forced to take refuge wherever he could find shelter, which was not easily to be procured. His distemper was the small-pox, and he was housed in a small dirty alehouse, where he must have died for want of care and accommodation. A gentleman of the place heard that a stranger was ill, and was so humane as to make him a visit. When he found the nature of his disorder, he ordered him to be wrapped up securely, and conveyed him in his coach to his own house. To this gentleman's goodness, and to the assiduity and attention of those about him, my son owes his life, and I am indebted for my son. Hence I make it a rule that no person from England shall come to this place without meeting from me every mark of regard that I can possibly show." "Pray, sir," says Mrs. Vigor to the son, "whereabouts was it in the north of England that you met with this civility?" "It was," says he, "at a place called Methley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire." Mrs. Vigor was struck with this. "And pray, sir, may I ask what was the gentleman's name?" "His name, madam," said the other, "was Goodwin." "Sir," said Mrs. Vigor, "it was my own father!" We may well imagine how Mr. Meyer's face glowed at this: what was before general civility was now heightened into the warmest gratitude.

CROOKED USAGE ;  
OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.  
BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER IX.

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

THE smudged and slatternly maid accompanied Lorn to the foot of the first flight of stairs, and then saying, "You stop here!" took off her shoes and noiselessly retraced her steps as far as the dressing-room door, where she knelt down with her ear to the keyhole, making a sign to Lorn not to stir.

After preserving this attitude for two or three minutes, she moved from the door as quietly as she had approached it, and, rejoining Lorn on the staircase, put on her shoes again, and proceeded to accomplish her original mission.

"There!" she said, throwing open the door of a small back parlour, "that's the place, as missis calls a study, whatever that means! You'll find a cheer to set down on, and a winder to look out of, not much else!"

Lorn did not take the proffered chair, nor avail himself of the window, but stood looking with some surprise at his guide, who returned his glance with interest.

"Well," she said, after a very brief pause, "next time we meets you'll know me again, I suppose? What do you see to stare at?"

It certainly was not her beauty, neither was it the charm of feminine grace that fixed Lorn's attention; but preserving silence as to the real cause, he replied:

"What made you do that, just now?"

"Do what?" returned Smudge, hardily.

"Listen at the door up-stairs?"

The girl laughed.

"Bless you!" said she, "I ain't a fool! I'm up to their ways! I takes care to!"

"Listeners," said Lorn, gravely, "never hear any good of themselves."

"Maybe not," answered the girl. "Who cares? They hears all they wants. Folks as gives you hard words to your face ain't likely to be mealy-mouthed behind your back."

"I should think you wouldn't keep your place long if your mistress knew what you did."

"I don't expect to stay—and what's more, I don't mean to. I've only been here ten days. When my month's up I shall give warning. This ain't no place for me!"

"Why not?" said Lorn, speaking more for the sake of saying something than moved by curiosity.

"They're so mean—and so hartful!" said the girl. "I hates kerrek-ters like that!"

Lorn knew very little of the world, as the Count had satisfied himself, but he could not help thinking that the party before him was not altogether the most guileless creature in existence; still, reputation is of so fleeting a nature that a mere breath can sweep it away, and the girl's remark stimulated him to inquire in what the meanness and artfulness of which she complained consisted?

"They keeps sitch a poor 'ouse, and is alive to sitch dodges," was the answer. "You must git up pretty early if you wants to take them in, I can tell you."

"Who are you speaking of when you say 'them?'" asked Lorn.

"Why, missis and master, and this here Count," replied Hebe.

"But the Count," expostulated Lorn, "what can you know about him? He has only just arrived from France."

"Oh, ain't he?" said the girl, with a queer sort of laugh. "Tol de rol, lol—I knows! Where was you ketched?" Then, seeing Lorn's colour rise, she added, giving her words a different meaning, "What have you come here for?"

"I am to be the Count's secretary," returned Lorn.

"Crikey!" exclaimed the fair one—"what's that? Sectary? I never heerd tell of sitch a thing!"

"I am to write his letters."

"Ah! then you'll have plenty to do! They're always a writin' in this 'ouse, when they ain't a doin' of somethin' else. Who they writes to is more than I can say, for they postes all their letters theirselves. Oh, they're deep 'uns, they are—and the Count's the deepest of the lot!"

"What makes you think so?" said Lorn, whose curiosity was now excited.

Smudge looked at Lorn with a cunning expression, and swept her forefinger beneath her nose, leaving another black track behind it.

"Leave me alone for thinking," she replied.

"But you have only been here ten days, you say?" observed Lorn.

"What's the hodsds of that!" returned she, scornfully. "Things may 'appen in ten minutes, if you're only wide awake to 'em."

"That seems your case," said Lorn, smiling.

"You're right there, young shaver. I need to be."

"Why?" urged Lorn.

"Oh, don't arst me—you'll soon find out. I must be off! I've that room to clean up for you, and ever so much to do besides. No end to work in this 'ouse!"

Lorn, however, wanted to hear more, and detained her.

"That's the reason why you won't stay, I suppose?"

"One on 'em. But there's others. I means to better myself, to begin with."

"How?"

"In another place, to be sure. I'm not goin' to berry myself in a poor 'arf-starved 'ole like this. I wants to be waitress in an 'am-and-beef shop. Plenty to heat and drink, and only gents to wait on; no fires to lay, no beds to make, no scrubbin' of floors, no washin' up, no nothin' of that sort! I knows of a wacancy in the Old Bailey. Leastways, there

will be soon, and I've got the promise. Ah, won't that be jolly, neither!"

The vision conjured up by the prospective eating-house was so delightful to the girl's imagination, that she forgot to enumerate the rest of her motives for going away, till Lorn reminded her of their being untold.

"Well," she said, in a confidential under tone, "you seems a nice young chap, and I don't mind tellin' of you. But you must never say I said so!"

"Depend on me," said Lorn.

"First and foremost, then," continued Smudge, in a still lower key, "I don't b'lieve that missis—Oh my!" she broke off, "that's Master! I'll tell you another time. Don't you ever take no notice of me when anybody's by."

With this she hastily disappeared, and presently Lorn heard heavy footsteps in the passage, and the Count, as he came down stairs, saluting somebody by the friendly appellation of "Drake, old fellow!"

The greeting was returned in terms equally familiar, and then the Count spoke in a language which Lorn did not understand.

"Very good," said the person thus addressed. "Come in here. We'll talk it over."

Upon this a door was opened and closed again, and the voices of the speakers came apparently from the next room, but only with a low rumbling sound, there being no communication between the two apartments.

It was now for the first time that Lorn had leisure to think of his position. He could not help feeling that, in his eagerness to emancipate himself from the thralldom of the life he led with Mr. Squirrel, he had too hastily accepted the proposition of the gentleman who was called the Count. The maid-servant's conversation, coarse and vulgar as it was, and her desire to be confidential, indicated that something in connexion with him was not exactly right, though what that something was Lorn vainly attempted to guess. His own observation, besides, left an unpleasant impression behind which he was equally unable to account for. Recalling the determination he had come to on the previous night, and had, indeed, acted upon that morning, Lorn repented of not having shown more firmness in resisting the temptation to leave his late master. But it was too late, he feared, to go back now, even if the opportunity offered of doing so, a vague apprehension being in his mind of some unknown punishment awaiting him. He had also, to a certain extent, already taken service with the Count, and this recollection led him to consider its nature. He had exhibited his skill in penmanship by copying a letter without address or signature, which, from its context, was evidently an appeal to the humanity of some very benevolent individual. It spoke of the deepest distress on the part of the writer, adverted to harrowing facts that could only be explained at a personal interview, which was most earnestly solicited, and gave credit to the person appealed to for possessing all the virtues that the heart of man is capable of containing; the sentiments expressed were, also, as well as he remembered, of the most exalted character.

In all this there appeared to Lorn nothing but what was good and

proper, though he wondered why he should have been set to write such a letter, and he wondered still more who the person was in whose favour it was written. But if, on the one hand, were circumstances which he could not reconcile, on the other were hopes which suited his age too well to admit of their being dashed by doubt. Besides the promises which the Count made at the hotel, was the accidental disclosure of his custom of giving a thousand pounds to his secretaries when they left him. A thousand pounds! In his wildest day-dreams—and many had haunted him—Lorn had never imagined himself the possessor of so vast a sum. What could he not buy with it? Everything! The longest fishing-rods, the finest lines and hooks, tickets for all the theatres, long-tailed coats, varnished knee-boots, a gold watch, and that which he coveted more than all—a Hansom cab, with himself to drive it, though of driving he was forced to admit that he knew absolutely nothing. But the owner of a thousand pounds could soon learn anything, and by the time he got it, living with so clever a gentleman as the Count, he should be clever too, and be able not only to drive, perhaps to talk French, the *ne plus ultra*, in Lorn's opinion, of human accomplishments. But, besides the Count, there was another avenue to fortune in the favour and protection of the rich, handsome lady who had looked and spoken so kindly. What made that girl speak slightingly of such good-natured people? She was, no doubt, resentful at being scolded. No; he would not suppose anything amiss where all promised so fair.

Engrossed by this train of thought, as he stood, with his head bent on his hand, leaning against the chimney-piece, Lorn did not perceive that the door, which had only been left ajar, was quietly pushed open, until a sharp whisper startled him from his reverie. He looked up and saw the grimy face of the maid-servant, who was trying to attract his attention.

"I say!" she repeated, when she caught his eye. "Is your name Lorn?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then," said the girl, "they're a talkin' about you in there."

This intelligence she accompanied by pointing to the wall.

"And a larlin', too," she added. "Now, they're off agin! I must 'ave another try!"

Once more she vanished, but her thirst for information must have been balked on this occasion, for scarcely was she gone before Lorn heard a movement in the next room, and immediately afterwards a gruff voice called out, "What the devil are you doing here?"

"I was only agoin' for to polish the door 'andle, sir. Missis told me to."

"I'll polish you, if you don't take care. Be off down stairs."

From the scurry which ensued, it was plain that the inquisitive damsel was making a hasty retreat, but Lorn had no time to speculate on what she had told him, for the next moment the Count and a large, heavy-featured, swartly-looking man entered the "study."

## CHAPTER X.

## LETTER-WRITING.

"So!" said Mr. Drakeford, after looking hard at Lorn, "this is the youngster, hey?"

"Yes!" replied the Count. "A fine youth, is he not?"

"He'll look better," returned Mr. Drakeford, "when he's properly rigged out."

"No doubt," observed the Count. "That is the first consideration. I shall send for my own tailor."

"Ah, yours is a rare fellow. I've heard of him."

"He is wonderful! He measures with the eye only, and cuts by inspiration. I never knew his hand to fail."

"You have a pretty sure one yourself for some things," said Mr. Drakeford.

The Count smiled.

"With a pistol in it, *par exemple*; or a sword, if preferred. To me it is all the same. Death is the natural consequence to my antagonist. But we will not speak of these matters. Let us rather consider how to dress this young man."

"If you please, sir," said Lorn, with some hesitation, "I have better clothes in my box than these."

"Ah, very possibly," replied the Count, "but we shall manage without them. There must be nothing of the pawnbroker about you. Besides my desire to make a gentleman of you, there is an excellent reason why at once you should cast your skin. Your late master, Mr. Squall—is that his name?—ah, Squirrel—would recognise his property on your back a mile off."

"And be down upon you like four o'clock!" interposed Mr. Drakeford. "He'd make a petty larceny case of it, and have you off to quod in no time."

"My friend speaks like a man of the world," said the Count, gravely. "Undoubtedly that would be your fate."

"But," said Lorn, "wasn't Mr. Squirrel quite willing I should leave? You told me so when you came back."

"That, my young friend, was to calm your apprehensions, for in truth I have never yet seen a more violently irritated man. Even my rank could not awe him to silence, and he swore—but I will not distress you by repeating his desperate language. Let it suffice that you have escaped from his severity, and be careful to avoid falling again into his clutches."

"And the best way to do that," said Mr. Drakeford, "is to lie close for a time. You'll find plenty to keep you going—that's to say, amuse you—till it's safe to venture out again. I'm speaking for your good, you know. Of course, it's nothing to me!"

Lorn said it was very kind of Mr. Drakeford, because he did not know what else to say; but the whole transaction troubled him, and the experienced eyes that watched his countenance saw trouble written there.

To change the current of his thoughts, the Count returned to the subject of Lorn's costume.

"To make sure of the tailor, I will myself go down to him; and that you may be dressed as a young fashionable should, I shall order all your things from the West-end. Your cap and boots can be taken for the size, for, as you do not leave the house you will not want them, and my good friend here can find you, I dare say, a pair of slippers, all you require for the present. To pass away your time, and prevent you from feeling *ennui*, your duties as my secretary can at once begin. But first put out your foot."

The Count had already owned to a certain dexterity of hand, and he now gave ocular proof of it in the rapidity with which he whipped off Lorn's boots, and made them up, together with his cap, into one of the neatest parcels that ever was seen, merely out of a fragment of old newspaper. But the Count's dexterity was nothing, in Lorn's estimation, to his vast condescension. To see a nobleman actually engaged in the performance of a menial office as if he had been used to it! What would Mr. Cramp have said if he had asked *him* to help him off with his boots? But Lorn did not take it into consideration that Mr. Cramp never had any motive for leaving him barefooted, while the noble Count, perhaps, might have entertained some *arrière pensée* in condescending so greatly. When we wish to prevent a bird from flying away, we usually clip its wings.

"Sally!" shouted Mr. Drakeford down the kitchen stairs, "bring my slippers,—not the best! There!" he continued, as Smudge gracefully tossed them on the floor, "put those on. They're not new, and may be a trifle large, but you can make shift to get about in 'em I dare say."

Mr. Drakeford's facts were indisputable, if his theory was doubtful. The slippers were not only not new, but age and disuse had made them mouldy; they also fully merited the appellation of large—so much so that motion with their aid appeared next to impossible. However, it was not for Lorn to grumble, who was so soon to be changed from a chrysalis to a full-blown butterfly, and he shuffled after the Count and Mr. Drakeford as well as he was able.

They led the way into the room they had just quitted. It was larger and better furnished than the study, and, indeed, better deserved that name, for on a table in the middle were plenty of writing materials, and three or four open volumes.

"Here," said the Count, "by the kind permission of my friend, whose place of business this is, you will occupy yourself while you remain under his hospitable roof. Mr. Drakeford will also be so good as to assist you when I am not in the way. As a cultivated English gentleman, his style is naturally more pure than mine, his knowledge of English habits is also more profound than those of a foreigner could possibly be; I therefore place you in his hands without fear, and have only to advise you to follow his instructions in everything. I must now leave you for the purpose I mentioned. Be diligent, and, I repeat, your fortune is made."

With these words the Count disposed of the little parcel under his cloak, told Mr. Drakeford he would be back to dinner, put on his hat, and left the room, leaving Lorn alone with his new acquaintance.

"Well, young What's-your-name," said the Master of pure English, as soon as he heard the street door bang, "bring yourself to an anchor,

and let's see what you're fit for. The Count says you write a goodish fist,—indeed, I can see that myself, if this is yours."

Lorn said it was, after glancing at the paper which was pushed towards him. Mr. Drakeford took it up again, and while he was running over it, Lorn stole a look at the books that were lying open beside him. One was a Peerage, a second a Court Guide, a third a volume of poetical quotations, and a fourth, the pages of which were blackened with closely-printed names, a huge Post-office Directory.

"Now, young chap," said Mr. Drakeford, "you must set to work. Lay hold of a lot of those covers"—pointing to a pile of envelopes—"and write as I tell you."

Mr. Drakeford took up the Court Guide, and slowly turning the leaves, read a number of names and addresses, which Lorn took down from his dictation.

"What a number of great folks he must know!" thought the young scribe, as peers, bishops, members of parliament, admirals, generals, and ladies of rank succeeded.

When he had completed about a score, Mr. Drakeford told him to "hold hard," while he compared the writing with the book, to see if all was rightly spelt. There were, of course, several mistakes, but not so many as might have been expected, considering that Lorn was a novice in this kind of work. Such as were faulty, Mr. Drakeford tore up, and made Lorn write them over again, till at last a correct series was obtained. This part of his task accomplished to Mr. Drakeford's satisfaction, a more laborious process ensued.

It was preceded by a sort of explanation.

Being subject to gout in his fingers, Mr. Drakeford never trusted himself to write his own letters; he might, he said, be seized right in the middle of one and break down all at once, or make such a scrawl as nobody could read. Now, as he, Mr. Drakeford, was interested in a good many charitable concerns, and as there was nothing people hated more than illegible applications for charity, he made it a point of always getting somebody else to do the mechanical part of the correspondence, supplying the head-work himself. The Count, Mr. Drakeford went on to say, was of the same benevolent turn of mind, and though not subject to his complaint, which was a mercy, had so much other writing to do—on state affairs, and such like—that he could not give up his time that way, but took secretaries for the purpose; "and so, you know," said Mr. Drakeford, in conclusion, "that's why you're wanted, and that's all about it!"

The field thus cleared for action, Mr. Drakeford went direct to his purpose.

"Let me see," he said, taking up a memorandum-book, "which is the first case to-day! Oh, the poor lady with brain fever, in Myrtle-street, Hoxton—goods distrained for rent—eleven children, three eldest afflicted—twins at the breast when attack came on—sad business, ain't it?"

"Very shocking!" replied Lorn. "Have you seen her, sir?"

"Been there all the morning. Last person I saw, in fact, before I came in. Had to hold her down myself. Screams awful. Laid out a sov. in cooling drinks before I sent for the doctor. Quite a case for Lord Lambswool. Now, mind your eye, and write plain."



The following letter was the result of Mr. Drakeford's dictation :

“9, Perceval-street, Clerkenwell.

“Your lordship's venerated character emboldens one who is otherwise a perfect stranger and personally unknown, to intrude upon your lordship's observation. My lord, there are circumstances in life, under the pressure of which the struggler, borne down by adversity, tears aside the thin veil that divides poverty from actual destitution. I am one of those, my lord, who, having seen and suffered much in a world with which I have not unsuccessfully battled, can feel for my fellow-creatures in distress, above all when they belong to the weaker sex. Such a scene as I have this morning witnessed! Could I have coined my own modest stipend into liquid gold, it should have freely flowed, as freely”—Mr. Drakeford told Lorn to stop, and taking up the volume of poetical quotations, examined it for a few moments, before he desired him to go on—“as freely as ‘the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.’ Enough of this, my lord! To my tale! Arrested in my daily round by the plaintive wail of innocence—on a miserable door-step, my lord, with a scanty pinafore of the commonest brown holland, all in rags, for its only covering—I learned, with what commingled feelings of sorrow and indignation I leave your lordship to imagine, that an inexorable landlord, one of those iron men whose souls are steeled against the poor, had just seized the last wreck of a once well-furnished home, to satisfy a demand for rent, while she”—another pause, during another reference—“while she, ‘a wild mother’—wild, my lord, with insanity—was left to ‘scream o'er her famishing brood,’ eleven orphans, three of them afflicted, the eldest only ten years of age, the youngest, twins at the breast, three months, dependent for bread upon her needle! Do I write incoherently? Perhaps. Nerves of adamant well might crumble at the very remembrance! Could the heart of a Christian minister do less! I emptied my purse on the spot—a poor pastor, alas, has little to bestow—but what I had I gave: the medical man, instantly sent for, received his fee; the baker the price of his loaf—the largest in his shop, my lord, was not too large for so much crying want; the milkman's score was obliterated, and a quart of the generous fluid, warm from the parent animal, supplied the babes' accustomed draught from a source that fever and grief had dried; the rest of my scanty alms was expended in a few ounces of tea! Pardon these details, my lord, but had I not entered into them your lordship's feeling heart would have failed to picture the misery I strove to relieve. I could add, my lord, more, much more, to this painful narrative, but I forbear. While British nobility holds a place in the world's estimation, your name, my lord, shines the brightest amongst a galaxy”—an interruption to warn Lorn against using two l's in this last word—“a galaxy of glorious stars. It is a beacon that directs the storm-tossed sufferer to a safe and secure haven, ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’ I presume not to dictate the amount of that charity, which is the well-spring of your lordship's nature, but a cheque for ten pounds (crossed for security), transmitted to the writer of this appeal, for careful and discriminating distribution amongst the helpless family whose woes I have striven, though all-imperfectly, to alleviate, and whose

prayerful tongues it shall be my duty to teach to lisp your lordship's name, will ever be gratefully appreciated by, my lord,

"Your lordship's most humble and devoted servant,

"ARTHUR FULLALOVE,

"Formerly of Magdalen Hall, Oxon, and late of

"Bosberry-cum-Pitchinford, Northamptonshire.

"To the Right Hon.

"Lord Viscount Lambswool,

"Grassgreen Park, Ninnyhurst,

"Sussex."

"I thought," said Lorn, when he had made an end of this affecting epistle—"I thought it was you, sir, who saw the poor lady and gave the money."

"You find nothing to the contrary there, do you?" returned Mr. Drakeford, knitting a pair of bushy eyebrows.

"No, sir—it corresponds with your account in some things; but the signature——"

"Oh, that's a mere form, I am the real person, but the name is my brother-in-law's. He's the curate of the district where it happened. These things *must* seem to be written by clergymen, or nobody would take any notice of 'em—not even Lord Lambswool. What's o'clock? Five! Oh, there's time to knock off one or two more before the Count comes back. Copy this out, for Admiral Swallow and General Gape—two excellent men; put 'Sir' instead of 'My Lord'—'You' for 'Your Lordship,' and when you come to 'British nobility,' stick in 'army' and 'navy.' We must do the best we can for this poor creature. What's thirty pound after all!"

However indirectly Mr. Drakeford went to work, it was evident to Lorn that at bottom he was a good-hearted, generous man. Or why should he take all this trouble about a poor sick woman? He copied the two letters, therefore, without a single erasure, and just as he had finished the Count returned.

## CHAPTER XI.

### EXPECTATION.

"We have not been idle in the cause of charity," said Mr. Drakeford, as the Count made his appearance.

"Neither have I!" was the reply, "though it has made my walk longer than I anticipated. I was on the point of calling a cab, after I had seen my tailor, when a poor fellow—a Pole, I imagine, from his accent—came up to me and told a lamentable history of his misfortunes—but I will not trouble you with that. I had only two sovereigns and some silver, with which I meant to have paid for Lorn's hat and boots—having ordered and promised to call for them—but what would you have? The claims of a brave man in distress could not be postponed. I gave him every farthing I had about me, and was consequently compelled to forego my intention, and walk all the way back. Was I wrong, Drakeford?"

"No, Count, you always act rightly. I should have done the same."

"And my spirits are the lighter for it. I hope, my young friend," said the Count, turning to Lorn, "that you are not disappointed?"

In the presence of so much generosity, Lorn could only say that it did not signify about him. He was not a selfish lad, and felt really glad that the poor Pole had been relieved.

"After all," continued the Count, "it is only waiting a little longer. But I must tell you—my tailor will come here to-morrow morning to look at you, and your affair with him is finished. After that, he has only to make the clothes which his *coup d'ail* has conceived. And now, what have you been doing?"

Mr. Drakeford explained, adding, that he must be off to St. Martin's-le-Grand with the letters; and, taking them up, he disappeared for that purpose.

"You have made an excellent beginning," said the Count, addressing Lorn; "Mr. Drakeford, I see, is satisfied, and I can assure you that he is a most difficult person. A little rough in the exterior, but a mind of the highest polish, and benevolent as he is acute, besides being the very soul of honour! And his lady, whom you spoke to—she is a perfect angel! I do not think there is another like her on the face of the earth. Believe me, my young friend, it was in a happy hour you came to this house. But I hope they are thinking about dinner. A propos, you are of the party. My secretary always sits at table with myself."

Though used to no better company than that of Mr. Squirrel, Lorn coloured up when he thought of the dress he wore. If his box with his Sunday things had only come! But to sit down with the fine lady upstairs, in his slop coat and a pair of old slippers, was more than he felt equal to.

"If you please, sir," he said, "I had rather not. I don't want any more dinner to-day."

"But," replied the Count, good humouredly, "it is almost time for your supper. You must be hungry again."

"I shall do very well without, sir," persisted Lorn.

"I cannot think of it," returned the Count, desirous of propitiating his secretary, and resolved to keep him under his eye, or that of Mr. Drakeford, till he was quite reconciled to his new situation. "No, no; nobody goes without eating, particularly at your age."

"But," said Lorn, with a still deepening colour, and forced at last to speak out, "my clothes are so shabby, sir!"

"They will do very well till you get your new ones. What! you think Madame Drakeford would be ashamed of you? Ah! you have not an idea of her kindness! Though accustomed, like myself, to live amongst great people, there is no one so ready to make allowances for persons of a different rank, or more capable of accommodating herself to circumstances. Besides, you are by nature, I am well persuaded, far above the position in which I found you. All you require is an introduction to good society, and the sooner that opportunity is afforded you the better. You have already what in France we call the *air noble*, which, in English, means the look of a gentleman; and, when that is the case, one's clothes are of little consequence."

Though meant for flattery, the Count spoke truly when he paid this compliment. Lorn had in his countenance, and even in his manner,

something that strikingly distinguished him from the class amongst whom his life had hitherto been passed. Whether or not he was in the right way now of ascending the ladder, was a question he could not determine. The prospect appeared a fair one, in spite of some doubts that all was not exactly what it seemed, partly the result of his own observation, partly a consequence of the remarks of the slatternly maid, who had shown herself so eager to bestow her confidence upon him. But these doubts were balanced by the kindness with which he was treated, and the promises made to him; and the scale was turned by words, to whose agreeable sound a far maturer experience than Lorn's would not have remained deaf. To be told that we are what we wish to be is an assurance which a boy of seventeen does not feel disposed to reject. The Count's philosophy, moreover, was not without its due weight. Lorn only said, then, in reply, that if the lady would excuse his dress he should not so much mind, adding, that if it was all the same to Mr. Drakeford, he should like to be accommodated with a smaller pair of slippers.

The Count laughed at this request, fixed his keen eye on Lorn for a moment, saw nothing in his face that betokened discontent or insincerity, and then decided that he might be trusted with his boots again; a matter that was soon arranged, seeing that they had never been taken out of the house for the proposed measurement.

"And now," said the Count, taking up the candle that had lighted Lorn's labours—"now you are more properly shod, I will show you where you are to sleep to-night. Come with me."

As they were mounting to the "upper chamber" of which Mrs. Drakeford had spoken, the sound of music issued from the drawing-room, accompanied by the melody of a most delicious voice, and Lorn involuntarily paused.

"Is that Mrs. Drakeford who sings so beautifully, sir?" he asked.

"No," replied the Count, smiling, "not Madame Drakeford—though she has a remarkably fine organ, which would have been finer still if she had cultivated it with greater care—that is her daughter, Miss Esther."

"I could listen to that voice all day, sir," said Lorn.

"No fear, then," thought the Count, "of his running away. Well," he continued, aloud, "you will, I dare say, hear it very often while we stay."

"How old, sir, is Miss Esther?" inquired Lorn.

"About your own age, I think—or perhaps a little more. She is the only child of Madame Drakeford, and the very apple of her eye. She will, without doubt, make a very great marriage one day, for she is both handsome and accomplished."

Lorn made no answer to this remark, and slowly followed his conductor up-stairs.

"That is your room for the present," said the Count, indicating the back attic. "But somebody is there! Who is that?"

"It's only me!" replied a voice, which Lorn recognised as that of Smudge.

"What are you about?" demanded the Count, who, although a visitor, appeared to have authority in the house.

"I'm only a putting of the place to rights," returned Smudge; "I shall be done in a minnit, if you'll only have patience."

"Be quick, then," cried the Count; "you ought to be busy in the

kitchen; it is quite dinner-time. My room," he continued, addressing Lorn, "is the one beneath yours, on the next floor. You will find me there when you have washed your hands and face. To-morrow you shall make a better toilette."

He descended as he spoke, and Lorn leant over the balusters after he was gone, trying to catch the sweet sounds again that had just given him so much pleasure.

While thus engaged, Smudge came out of the room.

"Why, you're a listening now!" she said.

Lorn turned, and saw the grimy one—grimier than before—grinning at him with all her might.

"To be sure!" replied Lorn. "Who wouldn't listen to hear singing like that?"

"I wouldn't," retorted Smudge. "I hate squalling! I'd just as lief be on the tiles among the cats. She's always at it, she is!"

"Do you mean Miss Drakeford?"

"Oh, call her what you like, a proud minx! I means Miss Hester."

"You surely are not in earnest when you say you dislike such singing?"

"Ain't I? There's only one sort I like, and that's the niggers. Give me the bones and banjos. They makes you larf. As to Miss Hester, she gives me the stummock-ache. A parcel of forrin gibberish. Why, even missis is pleasanter nor her! She does do it in Hinglish, at all events, and then she knows one or two rum uns."

"And Miss Esther sings in Italian, I suppose!"

"She'd need to! She'll want it on the stage."

"The stage!" echoed Lorn.

"Well, the Hopperer. It's all the same, I s'pose. She's to be a pre-fessional. But mind you don't go and say I told you. They keeps it a secret, as they does everythink else. Oh my! The mutton's a burning, as sure as a gun! I shall catch it if that there Count smells it. He has sitch a nose!"

No lapwing ever scudded from her nest more swiftly than Smudge ran away as she uttered these words.

"I wonder what she's like!" said Lorn, as he went into his little den, and sat down on the bed, musing. "That girl has a good word for nobody. Proud! Too proud, perhaps, to notice me! It's very unlucky I haven't got my best coat and waistcoat, and a nicer tie than this; but it can't be helped now."

By the aid of a looking-glass, some five inches by three, that hung on a nail in the wall, and the flaring kitchen-dip which Smudge had left behind her, Lorn smartened himself up as well as he was able, and with some trepidation went down stairs. The Count was coming out as Lorn reached his door, and together they proceeded to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Drakeford's antipathy to light extended simply to the rays of the sun, so it was more, perhaps, from economy than inclination that no lamps were blazing to reveal her splendour and her charms, and that the fire, which was not over bright, alone illumined her saloon. By such light, however, as it cast, Lorn perceived a second female figure, sitting near the piano, but no longer playing, whom he rightly supposed to be Miss Esther. If any doubt had existed on the subject, it was at once removed by the Count, who familiarly tapped her on the shoulder and accosted

her by her christian name. At the sound of his voice, Mrs. Drakeford, who had been dozing in an easy-chair, roused herself, and called out :

"Is that you at last ? I'm glad you're come ! I'm almost moped to death."

"Moped to death ! And Esther singing to you !" expostulated the Count.

"Oh, mamma's tired of hearing me," said Esther, laughing. "She says I always send her to sleep."

"Yes, dear," returned Mrs. Drakeford, "but you make me have pleasant dreams."

"And dreams," said the Count, in a lower tone, "are very often the best part of our existence. I am certain some are so. Do you not think so ?"

Esther, to whom this was addressed, drew back her hand, which the Count had tried to take, and answered quickly, "I know nothing about it. I never dream !"

Neither the Count's speech nor the movement he made were lost upon Lorn, whose curiosity, already strongly excited, had caused him to keep his eyes on Esther from the moment he came into the room. How he wished he could have clearly seen her face. Was it as charming as her voice ?

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Drakeford, "we can't set dreaming here all night ! I wonder what time it is ! Stay ! The pondoole's going to strike. I declare it's six o'clock. I'm famished for want of my dinner. Whatever's become of Drakeford ?"

"He went out more than half an hour ago," said the Count, "with some letters which he wanted to take himself to the General Post-office. He and my young friend have been very well employed this afternoon."

"Oh, your young friend," cried Mrs. Drakeford, suddenly remembering Lorn ; "I beg his pardon. Come here and let me shake hands."

"He did not wish to present himself," said the Count, "because, through an accident, he has only his morning dress. But I assured him you would excuse his appearance."

"Fiddle-de-dee about his appearance," replied the lady, giving Lorn a welcome which proved to him that she wore a good many rings on her fingers. "Esther, this is Mr. Lorn, the Count's new secretary. My daughter, sir ! I introduce you in the dark to spare your blushes."

Whether she intended it or not, Mrs. Drakeford had stated the fact. Lorn blushed, and his hand trembled also as he awkwardly held it out and felt the soft pressure of Miss Esther's ; but on this occasion he was glad of the dim light that concealed his confusion, which was so great that he did not hear what the young lady said. For his own part, he made no attempt to speak, though he should have liked her to know how much he admired her singing, but he had not courage to open his lips. His embarrassment was relieved by the entrance of Mr. Drakeford, who came noisily bustling in, announcing not himself only, but the long-expected meal.

At the welcome news Mrs. Drakeford quickly rose, and being a perfect mistress of etiquette—like some other ladies one has met with—sailed out of the room first with the Count in tow, leaving the rest to follow as they might : Esther took her father's arm, and the young secretary brought up the rear.





Xit on Pacolet's Horse.



# The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GILBERT.

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## Book the Second.

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.

### I.

HOW EDWARD PASSED HIS TIME WHILE LEFT TO HIMSELF WITHIN THE TOWER.

THE three days devoted to the solemnisation of Henry's obsequies were passed by his son in strictest privacy at the Tower. The freedom from restraint afforded the youthful monarch by the absence of his court was especially agreeable to him at this juncture. Not only had he to mourn for his father, but to prepare, as he desired to do by meditation and prayer, for the solemn ceremony, in which he himself would soon be called upon to play the principal part.

The near approach of his coronation, which was fixed for the Sunday after the funeral, filled him with anxious thought. It might naturally be supposed that one so young as Edward would be dazzled by the magnificence of the show, and lose sight of its real import; but such was not the case with the devout and serious-minded prince, who, as we have already shown, possessed a gravity of character far beyond his years, and had been too well instructed not to be fully aware of the nature of the solemn promises he would have to make to his people while assuming the crown.

Daily did he petition Heaven that he might adequately discharge his high and important duties, and in no wise abuse the power committed to him, but might exercise it wisely and beneficently, to the maintenance and extension of true religion, and to the welfare and happiness of his subjects. Above all, he prayed that he might be made the instrument of establishing the Protestant

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Church on a secure foundation; of delivering it entirely from its enemies; and purifying it from the idolatries and superstitious practices that still clung to it.

The bustle and confusion lately prevailing within the Tower had now ceased. All the nobles and important personages who had flocked thither to do homage to the young king, had departed, taking with them their troops of attendants. The courts were emptied of the crowd of esquires and pages who had recently thronged them. No merry hubbub was heard; but, on the contrary, a general gloom pervaded the place.

Orders had been given by the king that the three days of his father's funeral were to be observed as a period of deep mourning, and consequently every countenance wore an expression of grief—whether simulated or not, it is needless to inquire. Edward and all his household were habited in weeds of woe, and their sable attire and sad looks contributed to the sombre appearance of the place. Ushers and henchmen moved about like ghosts. Festivity there was none, or if there were, it was discreetly kept out of the king's sight. Edward's time was almost entirely passed in devotional exercises. He prayed in secret, listened to long homilies from his chaplain, discoursed on religious matters with his tutors, and regularly attended the services performed for the repose of his father's soul within Saint John's Chapel.

Built in the very heart of the White Tower, and accounted one of the most perfect specimens of Norman architecture extant, the beautiful chapel dedicated to Saint John the Evangelist might still be beheld in all its pristine perfection, were it not so encumbered by presses and other receptacles of state records that even partial examination of its architectural beauties is almost out of the question.

Consisting of a nave with a semicircular termination at the east, and two narrow side aisles, separated from the body of the fabric by twelve circular pillars of massive proportion, this ancient shrine also possesses a gallery reared above the aisles, with wide semicircular-headed openings, looking into the nave. The ceiling is coved, and the whole building is remarkable for extreme solidity and simplicity. It has long since been despoiled of its sacred ornaments, and applied to baser uses, but as most of our early monarchs performed their devotions within it while sojourning at the Tower, that circumstance alone, which confers upon it a strong historical interest, ought to save it from neglect and desecration.

During the three days in question, masses were constantly said within the chapel. The pillars were covered with black cloth, and decked with pensils and escutcheons, while banners were hung from the arched openings of the gallery. Tall tapers burned before the altar, which was richly adorned with jewels, images, crucifixes, and sacred vessels.

Edward never failed to attend these services, and was always accompanied by his tutors, to whom, as zealous Reformers, many of the rites then performed appeared highly objectionable. But as masses for the repose of his soul had been expressly enjoined by the late king's will, nothing could be urged against them at this moment, and the two preceptors were obliged to content themselves with silent disapproval. Though sharing their feelings, reverence for his father's memory kept Edward likewise silent. Some observations, however, which he chanced to make while returning from mass on the third day, gave an opportunity to Sir John Cheke of condemning the practice of image-worship which was still tolerated.

"Those Romish idols are an abomination in my sight," he cried, "and I hope to see our temples cleared of them, and of all pictures that have been abused by heathenish worship. The good work has begun, for I have heard this very day that the curate of Saint Martin's, in Ironmonger-lane, has caused all the images and pictures to be removed from his church, and texts from Scripture to be painted on the walls. Peradventure, the man may be over-zealous, yet I can scarce blame him."

"He has but anticipated my own intentions," observed Edward, "our temples shall no longer be profaned by false worship."

"Right glad am I to hear your majesty say so," rejoined Cheke. "Under your gracious rule, I trust, the Romish missals and mass-books will be entirely abolished, and a liturgy in the pure language of Scripture substituted. Uniformity of doctrine and worship, uniformity of habits and ceremonies, abandonment of the superstitious and idolatrous rites of Rome, and a return to the practices of the Primitive Christian Church—these are what we of the Reformed Church seek for—these are what, under a truly Protestant king like your majesty, we are sure to obtain."

"Fully to extirpate the pernicious doctrines of Rome, conformity among the clergy must be made compulsory," observed Cox; "otherwise, there will always be danger to the well-doing of the Protestant Church. I do not desire to recommend severe measures to your majesty, but coercion must be applied."

"I hope it will not be needed, good doctor," observed Edward. "I desire not to commence my reign with persecution."

"Heaven forbid that I should counsel it, sire!" replied the doctor. "Far rather would I that your reign should be distinguished for too much clemency than severity; but a grand object has to be attained, and we must look to the end rather than to the means. Strong efforts, no doubt, will be made by the Bishop of Rome to regain his ascendancy, and the adherents of the old doctrine, encouraged by the removal of the powerful hand that has hitherto controlled them, will strive to recover what they have lost. Hence there is much danger to the Protestant Church, of which your

majesty is the supreme head, and this can only be obviated by the complete repression of the Popish party. Much further reform is needed, and this, to be thoroughly efficacious, ought to be proceeded with without delay, ere the adverse sect can have time to recruit its forces."

"But you do not apprehend danger to the Church, good doctor?" inquired Edward, with some anxiety.

"There is danger in delay," replied Cox. "Men's minds are unsettled, and advantage will certainly be taken of the present crisis to turn aside the ignorant and half-instructed from the truth. His grace of Canterbury, I am aware, is for gradual reform, entertaining the belief that men must become accustomed to the new doctrines ere they will sincerely embrace them. Such is not my opinion. I would uproot error and schism as I would weeds and noxious plants from a fair garden, and burn them, so that they may do no further harm."

"Yet, perchance, his grace of Canterbury may be right," observed Edward, thoughtfully. "I would show no indulgence to the adherents of the Church of Rome, but my object being to reclaim them, and bring them over to the true faith, I must consider by what means that most desirable object can best be accomplished."

"Gentle means will fail, sire, and for a reason which I will explain," rejoined Sir John Cheke. "In dealing with the Bishop of Rome you have to do with a powerful and unscrupulous enemy, who will not fail to take advantage of any apparent irresolution on your part. Moderation will be construed into timidity, conciliation into yielding and weakness. Prompt and energetic measures must therefore be adopted. A blow must be struck at Popery from which it will never recover. I applaud the design which I know you entertain of inviting the most eminent foreign Reformers to your court. Pious and learned men like Peter Martyr, Martin Bucer, Paul Fagius, Ochinus, and Bernardus, whose lives have been devoted to the glorious work of religious reform, would be of incalculable advantage to you at this moment. Not only would they aid you in removing the errors and abuses of the Church, but they would justify and defend the measures you design to adopt. Moreover, they would be of signal service at the universities, at which seats of learning men of great controversial power, able to refute the caviller, to convince the doubter, and to instruct the neophyte, are much wanted."

"Sir John says well," observed Doctor Cox. "Conferences and disputations on religious subjects are requisite now in order to refute error and convince men's understanding. Nowhere can such discussions be more advantageously held than at your majesty's universities of Oxford and Cambridge."

"Our cause is so good that it should need neither justification

nor defence," rejoined Edward. "Nevertheless, at a season of difficulty and danger no precautions ought to be neglected. To secure the permanent establishment of the Protestant Church, all its ablest and stoutest supporters must be rallied round it. Pre-eminent amongst these are the wise and good men you have mentioned, whose lives give an assurance of the sincerity of their opinions. The Protestant leaders are much harassed in Germany, as I hear, and they may, therefore, be glad of an asylum here. It will rejoice me to see them, to profit by their teaching, and to be guided by their judgment and counsels. His grace of Canterbury shall invite them to England, and if they come, they shall have a reception which shall prove the esteem in which they are held. Peter Martyr would fill a theological chair as well at Oxford as at Strasburg, and I will find fitting posts for Bucer and the others."

At this point the conversation dropped. Seeing the king disinclined for further discussion, his preceptors did not press the subject, and he soon afterwards retired to his own chamber.

## II.

FROM WHICH IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS NOT ENTIRELY CURED OF HER PASSION.

LIKE her royal brother, the Princess Elizabeth had been an inmate of the Tower during the time of her august father's funeral, but as she kept her chamber, owing to indisposition, as it was alleged, Edward saw nothing of her, until on the evening of the third day, when she sent to beg him to come to her.

The amiable young monarch at once complied with the request. On his arrival at his sister's apartments, he found Mistress Ashley with her, but on seeing him the governess withdrew. The young pair were then alone together, for Edward had left his own attendants in the waiting-chamber. Elizabeth looked ill, and had evidently been weeping. Much distressed by her appearance, Edward flew to her, embraced her tenderly, and inquired, with great solicitude, what ailed her?

"I do not think the air of the Tower agrees with me," she replied, with a faint smile. "I have never been well since I came here. I would pray your majesty's permission to depart to-morrow for Hatfield."

"I shall be sorry to lose you, dear Bess," replied the king, affectionately; "but, in good sooth, you do not look well, and if you think change of air will be of service to you, e'en try it. I hoped you would accompany me to Whitehall, in order to attend my coronation. I promise you it will be a goodly show."

"I do not doubt it," she rejoined. "But I am not in spirits for grand solemnities at present, and quite shrink from them. Therefore, with your majesty's leave, I will be gone to-morrow. Most of

the court, they tell me, will return from Windsor to-night, and, as I care not to mingle with them again, I will depart betimes."

"Be it as you please, dear Bess. I will not force you to do aught against your inclinations, even though I myself shall be the loser. Depart at any hour you please. A fitting escort shall attend you. Sir Thomas Seymour, with the rest of the court, will be back from Windsor to-night. Shall I bid him go with you?"

"On no account," replied Elizabeth, hastily; blushing deeply as she spoke.

"Wherein has Sir Thomas offended you, Bess? You used to like him better than any other. What has occasioned this sudden change of feeling? Can I not set matters right between you?"

"There is nothing to be set right. That I have completely altered my opinion of Sir Thomas Seymour, I will not deny—that I have quarrelled with him, is also true—but he is now perfectly indifferent to me."

"Hum! I am not so sure of that, Bess. But if you refuse to confide the cause of your quarrel to me, I cannot tell whether you are right or wrong."

"Your majesty will never believe Sir Thomas Seymour to be in fault—that I know. But you will find him out in time. He has deceived others, take heed he does not deceive you."

"Whom has he deceived, Bess?—not you, I hope?" demanded Edward, looking at her fixedly.

"No, not me," she answered, in some confusion. "But I have heard that of him which causes distrust. Therefore, I deem it right to warn your majesty."

"You bear resentment against him for some cause, real or imaginary, that I can plainly perceive. Come, come! let there be an end of this quarrel, Bess. You and Sir Thomas are both dear to me, and I would have you friends. If he has offended you, he shall apologise—as humbly as you please. Will that suffice?"

"I thank your majesty for your gracious interference, and fully appreciate the motives whence it proceeds, but your kindly efforts are thrown away. I require no apologies from Sir Thomas, and will accept none."

"On my faith, you are very perverse, Elizabeth. And I must needs confess that your strange conduct makes me think you must be to blame in the matter."

"I shall not attempt to justify myself," she rejoined, "neither shall I endeavour to shake the opinion your majesty entertains of Sir Thomas Seymour."

"You would hardly succeed in the latter effort, Bess. But let us change the subject, since it is not agreeable to you."

"Before doing so, let me ask you a question. How would you like it were the queen-dowager to bestow her hand upon your favourite uncle?"

"Is such an event probable?" demanded Edward, surprised.

"Suppose it so," she rejoined.

"There is nothing to prevent such a marriage, that I am aware of," observed Edward, after a short pause. "If the queen must marry again, she could choose no one more acceptable to me than my uncle Sir Thomas Seymour."

"But she ought not to marry again!" exclaimed Elizabeth, angrily. "She has had three husbands already; the last a great king, for whom she ought ever after to remain in widowhood. Thus much, at least, she owes our father's memory."

"If she had forgotten two husbands before wedding the king our father, she is not unlikely to forget him," observed Edward. "Such is the way with women, Bess; and her grace will not be more blameworthy than the rest of her sex."

"But your majesty will not permit such an unsuitable marriage, should it be proposed?"

"I do not think the marriage so unsuitable, Bess; and I see not how I can hinder it."

"Not hinder it! You are far more patient than I should be, were I in your majesty's place. I would banish Sir Thomas Seymour rather than this should occur."

"To banish him would be to rob myself of one whose society I prefer to that of any other. No, I must adopt some milder course, if on reflection I shall judge it expedient to interfere at all."

Seeing the king was not to be shaken, and perceiving, also, that she had unintentionally served Sir Thomas Seymour by alluding to the probability of his marriage with the queen-dowager, of which Edward had previously entertained no suspicion, Elizabeth let the subject drop, and after some further conversation the young monarch took an affectionate leave of his sister, again expressing great regret at losing her so soon, and promising that an escort should be provided by the Constable of the Tower to attend her at any hour she pleased on the morrow.

### III.

HOW THE EARL OF HERTFORD WAS MADE DUKE OF SOMERSET; AND HOW SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR WAS ENNOBLED.

At a late hour on that night all the principal personages who officiated at the funeral solemnities at Windsor Castle, returned to the Tower.

Next day, a general meeting was held in the grand council-chamber in the White Tower. Certain new creations of peers were about to be made, in accordance, it was said, with the late king's directions; and other noble personages were to be yet further dignified. The young king sat in his chair of state beneath a canopy, and on his right stood the Lord Protector. Though the long-

looked for moment of aggrandisement had arrived to Hertford, he allowed no manifestation of triumph to escape him, but assumed an air of deep humility.

After some preliminary proceedings, the king arose, and turning towards the Lord Protector, said, with much dignity, "In pursuance of our dear father's directions, whose latest wish it was to reward those who had served him well and faithfully, it is our sovereign will and pleasure, not only to add to the number of our peers by certain new creations, but further to honour and elevate some who are already ennobled, and whose exalted merits entitle them to such distinction. We will commence with our dearly-beloved uncle Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, Lord Protector of the realm, and Governor of our person, whom we hereby create Duke of Somerset, and appoint to be Lieutenant-General of all our armies both by land and sea, Lord High Treasurer, and Earl Marshal of England, and Governor of the Isles of Guernsey and Jersey."

"Most humbly do I thank your majesty," said the newly-made duke, bending the knee before his royal nephew, while the chamber rang with acclamations.

"Arise, your grace," said Edward. "We cannot linger in a task so agreeable to us. My lord of Essex," he added to that nobleman, "you are created Marquis of Northampton—my Lord Lisle, you are now Earl of Warwick, with the office of Lord Great Chamberlain—Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, you are henceforth Earl of Southampton—Sir Richard Rich, you are made Lord Rich—Sir William Willoughby, you are Baron Willoughby of Parham—Sir Edmund Sheffield, you are Baron Sheffield of Buttonwick—and you, our entirely-beloved uncle Sir Thomas Seymour, are created Baron Seymour of Sudley, with the office of Lord High Admiral of England. To these titles it is our design to add ample revenues, to accrue from sources which we shall hereafter point out, so that the honours bestowed by our much-lamented father upon his faithful servants may not be barren honours."

At the close of this gracious address, which was delivered with great dignity, another burst of approbation rose from the assemblage. One after the other the newly-created peers, and those who had gained additional rank, then bent the knee before the throne, and thanked the young monarch for his goodness towards them. As Lord Seymour of Sudley knelt to his royal nephew, Edward said to him, "Are you content, gentle uncle?"

"I am honoured more than I deserve, sire," replied Seymour; "but I should have been better pleased with some office which would have enabled me more completely to manifest my attachment and devotion to you."

"Such as the governorship of our person during our nonage?"



observed Edward, with a smile. "Perhaps we may induce our elder uncle to resign the post to you. What says your highness?" he added to the Lord Protector. "Shall not Lord Seymour be our governor?"

"It grieves me that I cannot comply with your majesty's request," replied Somerset.

"Wherefore not, good uncle?" rejoined the king. "Methinks we have showered favours enow upon your head to merit some slight return. Be good natured, we pray you, and concede the matter?"

"I cannot resign an office conferred upon me by the council, even if I chose to do so," observed Somerset.

"Say frankly you do not choose, brother," cried Seymour, impatiently.

"Frankly, then, I do not," rejoined the duke. "Were I even called upon to resign, I should protest against your appointment, for I do not deem you a fitting person to have charge of his majesty."

"Enough, your highness," interposed Edward. "We will not pursue this matter further. A time will come when we can choose for ourselves those we would have for directors and advisers. Meantime, we submit to the will of the council."

"The council will soon have but little authority," muttered Seymour. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, it will speedily be bereft of all power."

Meanwhile, the greater part of the assemblage had departed, the members only of the two councils being left. The doors were then closed, upon which the Lord Protector thus spoke: "Before we separate, my lords, it is necessary that I should point out to you a difficulty in which I am placed, and to ask your aid to remedy it. Doubts have been expressed whether you, as the council, have power to appoint a Protector; and the ambassadors of France and Germany have declared to me in private that they could not treat with me while there was any chance of my authority being disputed. To remedy this defect, and make matters sure, I now demand letters-patent from his majesty under the great seal, confirming my authority as Protector of the Realm, and Governor of the royal person."

Several of the council immediately expressed their assent to the request, but the newly-made Earl of Southampton rose to oppose it.

"What further authority does your highness require?" he said. "Methinks you have enough already."

"I have explained that there is much inconvenience attendant upon mine office as at present constituted," observed Somerset. "Its origin has been questioned, as I have told you, and this should not be—nay, it must not be. Unless I can treat independently with foreign powers, I am nothing. By his letters-patent, as I propose,

his majesty will give me authority to act according to my judgment and discretion for the welfare and advantage of his person and dominions."

"In other words, he will make himself king in your stead," whispered Seymour to Edward. "Do not grant these letters-patent."

"But the measure you propose will deprive the council of all control," pursued Southampton. "We may not approve your acts. I am for no further change. We have made too much concession already."

"It was found impracticable to carry on the business of the government during his majesty's minority without a head," observed Sir William Paget, "and therefore the Lord Protector was appointed. But the office will be ineffectual if not clothed with sufficient power."

"These are my own arguments against the appointment," cried Southampton. "The Lord Protector shall not be our master. According to this scheme, he might annul all our acts, appoint his own council, set aside the late king's will, and assume almost regal power himself."

"Hold, my lord; you go too far," cried Northampton. "Recollect in whose presence you stand."

"It appears to me, my lords," remarked the Earl of Warwick, "that we have no choice in the matter. I am not for abridging our powers, or for transferring them to the Lord Protector. But we must either enable him to act, or abolish the office."

"You have put the matter rightly," said Lord Rich. "The present discussion is a clear proof that there will be little unanimity amongst us. I would therefore beseech his majesty's gracious compliance with the Lord Protector's request."

"I add my voice to yours," said Lord Northampton.

"And so do we," cried several others.

"What says his grace of Canterbury?" demanded the king.

"I meddle not with secular matters," replied the primate; "but it seems that the Lord Chancellor's objections to the additional power to be conferred upon the Lord Protector are ill grounded, and that your majesty will do well to accede to the expressed wishes of the majority of the council."

"There is only one dissentient voice, that of Lord Southampton himself," observed Sir William Paget. "But I trust he will withdraw his opposition."

"Never!" cried Southampton. "I foresaw this danger from the first, and was therefore averse to the appointment. Such an extension of power is not only pernicious in itself, but in express violation of the late king's will. I implore his majesty to hesitate ere yielding compliance with the suggestion."

"The Lord Chancellor is looked upon as the head of the Romish

party," observed Cranmer, in a low voice, to the king. "He evidently fears that the Lord Protector will use the additional power he may acquire in the repression of Papacy. Your majesty will do well not to listen to him."

"We thank your grace for the hint," rejoined Edward. "Your highness shall have the letters-patent," he added to the Lord Protector. "Let them be prepared without delay," he continued to Paget.

Soon after this the council broke up, and as the Lord Protector departed with his royal nephew, he cast a triumphant glance at his discomfited adversary, who replied by a look full of scorn and defiance.

"That man must be removed—and quickly," thought Somerset. "He is dangerous."

On his return to the palace, the king was attended by Lord Seymour, whom he held in converse, so as to keep him by his side, much to the annoyance of the Lord Protector, who was obliged to follow with the Earl of Warwick.

As they were proceeding in this manner, Edward remarked, somewhat abruptly, "Have you any thought of marriage, gentle uncle?"

"If I might venture so to reply, I would inquire why your majesty puts the question?" rejoined Seymour, surprised.

"You are reluctant to speak out, gentle uncle, and perhaps fear my displeasure. But you are needlessly alarmed. Let me ask you another question. Do you think it likely our mother, the queen-dowager, will marry again?"

"In sooth, I cannot say, my liege. Not as yet, I should suppose."

"No, not as yet—but hereafter. If she should—I say if she should—it would not surprise me if her choice were to fall on you."

"On me, sire!" exclaimed Seymour, affecting astonishment.

"Ay, on you, gentle uncle. Nay, you need not affect mystery with me. I am in possession of your secret. Rest easy. If such a marriage, were contemplated, I should not object to it."

"What is this I hear?" cried the Lord Protector, who had overheard what was said. "Have you dared to raise your eyes to the queen-dowager?" he added to his brother.

"By what right does your highness put the question to me?" demanded Seymour, haughtily.

"By every right," rejoined Somerset, furiously. "If the notion has been entertained, it must be abandoned. Such a marriage never can take place."

"Wherefore not?" demanded Edward, sharply.

"For many reasons, which it is needless now to explain to your majesty," rejoined Somerset. "But to make an end of the matter, I forbid it—preemptorily forbid it."

"It will require more than your prohibition to hinder it, should it be in contemplation," rejoined Seymour.

"Beware, lest pride and presumption work your ruin!" cried Somerset, foaming with rage.

"Take back the warning," rejoined Seymour, with equal fierceness. "You have more need of it than I."

"My inadvertence has caused this," cried Edward, much pained by the quarrel. "But it must proceed no further. Not another word, I charge your grace, on your allegiance," he added to the Lord Protector.

And still keeping his favourite uncle beside him, he proceeded to the palace.

#### IV.

HOW LORD SEYMOUR OF SUDLEY WAS CLANDESTINELY MARRIED TO QUEEN CATHERINE PARR, IN SAINT PETER'S CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

ON quitting the king, Lord Scymour proceeded to the Wardrobe Tower, where he found his esquire awaiting him. Ugo began to express his delight at his patron's elevation, when Seymour cut him short impatiently, exclaiming,

"Basta! Ugo. Reserve thy congratulations for another opportunity. I have got the title I coveted and the office. I am Lord High Admiral of England——"

"And therefore in possession of an office of the highest honour and emolument, monsignore," interrupted Ugo, bowing.

"I will not gainsay it. My importance is doubtless increased, but I am likely to lose the prize I thought secure. The Lord Protector has found out that I aspire to the hand of the queen-dowager, and will use all his power to prevent the marriage." And he proceeded to detail the quarrel that had just occurred between himself and his brother in the king's presence. "His majesty good naturedly endeavoured to patch up the dispute," he continued; "but I know Somerset will not forgive me, and will do his utmost to thwart my project. It is well he made not this discovery sooner," he added, with a laugh, "or I should not have been in the list of those who have this day gained a peerage. Thus much I have secured, at all events."

"And believe me it is no slight matter, my lord. Have you any reason to fear the consequences of a secret marriage with the queen?"

"Once wedded to her majesty, I should fear nothing—not even my omnipotent and vindictive brother, who is taking steps to clothe himself with regal power. I do not fear him as it is—but he may thwart my schemes. Thy hint is a good one, Ugo,—the marriage must be secret."

"Speedy as well as secret, monsignore. The sooner it takes place the better. You have other enemies besides the Lord Protector, who will work against you. Have you influence sufficient with the queen, think you, to prevail upon her to consent to such a step?"

"Methinks I have," rejoined Seymour. "But I will put her to the proof—and that right speedily. She has agreed to grant me an interview this very morning, and if my reception be favourable, I will urge the imperative necessity of the course thou hast suggested, backing my suit with all the arguments in my power."

"Per dio! it would be vexatious to lose so rich a prize. Not only does her majesty commend herself to your lordship by her beauty, her exalted rank, and her many noble qualities, but also by her rich dower and her store of jewels. As to the latter, I myself can speak, for I have seen the inventory—such balaces of emeralds and rubies—such flowers and crosses of diamonds—such chains of gold and brooches—such tablets of gold and girdles—such rings, bracelets, and carcanets—enough to make one's mouth water. 'Twould be a pity, I repeat, to lose a queen with such a dower, and such jewels."

"She must not be lost! I will about the affair at once. Thou shalt aid me to make a slight change in my attire—for I would produce the best possible impression upon her majesty—and I will then ascertain my fate. Who knows? The marriage may take place sooner than we anticipate."

"Were it to take place this very day it would not be too soon, monsignore."

Seymour laughed, but made no reply. Having completed his toilette to his satisfaction, he repaired to the queen-dowager's apartments. He was detained for a short time in the ante-chamber, but when admitted into the inner room by a gentleman usher, he found Catherine alone. She was attired in black velvet, which set off her superb person and fair complexion to the greatest advantage, and wore a diamond-shaped head-dress, richly ornamented with pearls, with a carcanet round her throat. Never had she looked more captivating.

Seymour's reception was quite as favourable as he had expected—far more so than he merited. But Catherine, though strong-minded, was but a woman. She listened to his protestations of repentance, his vows, his professions of unalterable fidelity—and forgave him. Nay more, when he urged the necessity of a clandestine union, she seemed half disposed to assent to it. Emboldened by his success, Seymour resolved to bring the matter to the immediate issue suggested by his esquire.

"Why should our happiness be longer delayed?" he urged. "Why should not our marriage take place this very night—here in the Tower—in Saint Peter's Chapel?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Catherine.

"Nay, the thing is quite possible, and only wants your consent to its fulfilment. The chaplain of the Tower will unite us. We shall then be secure against all danger, and may defy our enemies."

"But this is too sudden, Seymour. I cannot prepare myself in so short a time."

"No preparation is needed," he cried. "Decision only is required, and you *have* decided in my favour, that I feel, my queen!" And throwing himself at her feet, he pressed her hand passionately to his lips. "Why should we trust to the future when the present is ours?" he continued, fervently. "To-morrow, unforeseen obstacles and difficulties may arise. Let us seize upon happiness while it is yet within reach."

"It is very hasty!" murmured Catherine, but in a tone that showed she meant to yield.

"It seems so; but since we cannot control circumstances, we must bend to them. To-night! let it be to-night, Catherine!"

The queen consented. Her judgment was not blinded. She knew the imprudence of the step she was about to take. She knew the character of the man who sought her hand. Yet she agreed to a sudden and secret marriage with him. Her love overmastered her discretion. Some excuse may be found for her in the resistless manner and extraordinary personal attractions of her suitor. Few of her sex would have come off scathless from the ordeal to which she was subjected. Seymour seemed created to beguile, and on this occasion his power of fascination certainly did not desert him. As he arose from his kneeling posture, with a countenance flushed with triumph, he looked so superbly handsome that it was impossible to regard him without admiration.

"Heaven forgive me if I have done wrong in thus yielding!" cried Catherine. "My heart fails me, yet I must go on. I trust all my happiness to you, Seymour. Do not again deceive me!"

"Have no misgiving, Catherine," he rejoined. "My life shall be devoted to you."

It was then arranged that Catherine should attend vespers in Saint Peter's Chapel that evening. She was to be accompanied by Lady Herbert, Seymour's sister, who, as we have seen, was devoted to her brother, and on whom entire reliance could be placed. Seymour also would be in the chapel with the Marquis of Dorset, on whose aid he could count, and Ugo Harrington. When vespers were over, and the chapel cleared, the doors could be locked, and the marriage securely accomplished. No difficulty was apprehended in regard to the chaplain. Seymour undertook to secure his services on the occasion, and subsequent silence, so long as secrecy was required. This arrangement being assented to by the

queen, with fresh protestations of devotion Seymour took his departure, greatly elated by his success.

But his exultation was quickly dashed. While traversing a corridor on his way to the Wardrobe Tower, he unexpectedly encountered the Princess Elizabeth. The princess was attended by her governess and Sir John Gage, and was in the act of quitting the Tower, an escort being in readiness for her without. Up to this moment she had looked exceedingly pale, but her cheek flushed as she met Seymour's gaze. But she gave no other sign of emotion. Coldly returning his profound salutation, she passed proudly on, without a word.

"I would I had not beheld her at this moment. The sight of her shakes my purpose," he exclaimed, gazing after her. "'Tis strange how she still clings to my heart. But I must have done with this folly. 'Tis idle to think of her more."

And he went on. But Elizabeth's image haunted him still.

That evening, however, the marriage took place in the manner arranged; the chaplain's connivance and services being secured by Ugo. The queen and Lady Herbert were in Saint Peter's chapel; so also was Seymour, with his esquire and the Marquis of Dorset.

When all fear of intrusion or interruption was over, the ceremony was performed, and the widow of Henry VIII. became the spouse of the new-made Lord Seymour of Sudley.

Close beside the altar where they were wedded were laid two of Henry's slaughtered queens—Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. Little did Seymour dream at that hour that at no distant day he would have a place beside them. Little did he dream, as he uttered his vows at the altar—vows so ill kept!—that he stood within a few paces of his own grave.

## V.

### HOW KING EDWARD RODE FROM THE TOWER TO THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL.

APPOINTED for Shrove Sunday, 1547, Edward's coronation was to be celebrated with great pomp; but divers old observances and formalities were to be discontinued, lest, as declared by the order of the council, "the tedious length of the same should weary, and be peradventure hurtful to the king's majesty, being yet of tender age. And also for that many points of the same are such as by the laws of the realm at this present are not allowable." These alterations and omissions, relating chiefly to the papal supremacy, were proposed by Cranmer, and vehemently objected to by the Lord Chancellor, Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, the Earls of Arundel and St. John, and other adherents to the Church of Rome in the council, but after much deliberation and discussion, were even-

tually agreed upon. Several changes, indeed, were indispensable, since Edward was the first monarch who had assumed the crown subsequent to the throwing off of the Pope's authority.

Unusual interest attached to the ceremony owing to Edward's extreme youth, coupled with the circumstance of his being the first Protestant monarch who had assumed the crown. The latter circumstance led to much discussion with those of the opposite faith, and the proposed innovations were warmly discussed, but however divided the two sects might be on points of doctrine, each looked forward with interest to the young monarch's coronation, and both were disposed to regard it as an auspicious event.

In order that the new reign might be marked by clemency, a general pardon was proclaimed, from which, however, two distinguished persons were excepted—namely, the Duke of Norfolk and Cardinal Pole; with some others of less note, as Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, Thomas Pate, Archdeacon of Lincoln, with two gentlemen named Fortescue and Throckmorton, all of whom had been attainted of treason in the late reign. It was asserted that the Lord Protector feared to liberate the Duke of Norfolk, and that Cranmer had an equal dread of Pole.

Edward having announced his intention of proceeding to the palace of Whitehall on the day before his coronation, great preparations were made by the citizens to give effect to his progress. Luckily, the weather was propitious. The day was kept as a general holiday, and was ushered in by the joyous pealing of church bells, and by the discharge of cannon.

At the Tower the note of preparation was sounded betimes, and the guard of honour, with the archers and arquebusiers, appointed to attend the king, were drawn up on the green in front of the palace. Amongst the first to depart was Queen Catherine, who, with her ladies, was conveyed by water to Whitehall. The Duchess of Somerset, the Marchioness of Dorset, and others, followed in the same manner.

Precisely at noon Edward set forth. Cannon were fired from the summit of the White Tower as he issued from the portals of the palace and mounted his milk-white palfrey, which was superbly caparisoned with damask gold deeply purfled with ermine. His own attire was of corresponding magnificence, for having laid aside his mourning, he now wore a robe of crimson velvet trimmed with ermine, a jerkin of raised gold, with a placard studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, and a gold chain, similarly ornamented, thrown over his shoulders. His hat, with a white feather in it, was looped with diamonds. Additional effect was given to the splendour of his appearance by a canopy of cloth of gold, which was borne above him by four barons of the Cinque Ports apparelled in scarlet.

An advanced guard having set forward to clear the way, the



royal cavalcade was put in motion. At its head rode the Duke of Somerset, habited in gold tissue, embroidered with roses, with the collar of the Garter round his neck. The trappings of his steed were of crimson velvet, worked with bullion gold, curiously wrought. The duke was followed by the nine children of honour, apparelled in blue velvet, powdered with fleurs-de-lys of gold, and having chains of gold round their necks. Their horses were richly trapped, and on each was displayed one of the king's titles, as France, Gascoigne, Guienne, Normandy, Anjou, Wales, Cornwall, and Ireland.

Then came the Marquis of Dorset, specially appointed for the occasion Constable of England, bearing the sword. He was mounted on a great courser, richly trapped and embroidered. On his right, but a little behind him, rode the Earl of Warwick, now Lord Great Chamberlain, likewise very magnificently attired; and on the left the Earl of Arundel, Lord Chamberlain, but now temporarily filling the post of Earl Marshal, as deputy of the Duke of Somerset.

Next came the king on his palfrey, with the canopy of state borne over his head as already described.

After his majesty rode Sir Anthony Brown, Master of the Horse, richly arrayed in tissue of gold, and leading the king's spare charger, barded and sumptuously trapped.

Then came the Lord High Admiral, Lord Seymour of Sudley, resplendent in cloth of gold, velvet and gems, his charger trapped in burned silver, drawn over with cords of green silk and gold, and fringed with gold. Beyond all question the most splendid-looking personage in the procession, Lord Seymour attracted universal attention.

Then followed a long array of nobles, knights, esquires, and gentlemen, all well mounted, and richly apparelled in cloth of gold, cloth of silver, tinsel, and embroidered velvet. A company of halberdiers formed the rear guard. With these marched the three gigantic warders.

To his infinite delight, Xit was permitted to accompany the procession. He was provided with a pony about the size of Pacolet's horse, which had occasioned him such dire mischance. Trapped like a larger steed, this spirited little animal exactly suited his rider, being full of tricks and mischief. Xit rode with the pursuivants, whose duty it was to keep order in the procession, attending them whithersoever they went, and causing much amusement by his assumption of authority.

A brief halt was made by the young monarch at the gate of the By-ward Tower, where he addressed a few gracious words to Sir John Gage, Sir John Markham, the gentleman porter, and other officers of the fortress, who were there drawn up.

"We thank you heartily, our trusty Constable," he said, "and

you, our worthy Lieutenant, and you too, gentlemen, for the care ye have taken of us during our sojourn at the Tower. We will not say farewell to you, Sir John Gage, since we shall have you with us at Whitehall. But to you, Sir John Markham, and you, gentlemen, we must bid adieu for a while, committing our fortress to your custody."

Bending gracefully in return for the salutations addressed him, he then moved on, while Sir John Gage, mounting a richly-trapped charger, which was held in readiness for him by an esquire, took his place in the procession by the side of Lord Seymour.

While glancing round at the burly yeomen of the guard stationed near the barbican, Edward remarked amidst the throng the repulsive and ill-omened countenance of Mauger, and with an irrepressible thrill of horror instantly averted his gaze. So perceptible was the movement, and so obvious the cause of it, that some of the yeomen laughed, and one of them observed to the executioner, "His majesty likes not thy looks, gossip."

"I cannot help it," rejoined Mauger, gruffly. "I cannot amend my visage to please him. But though he turns away from me now in disgust, he will lack my aid hereafter. Two of the proudest of those who have just gone by shall mount Tower-hill one of these days in very different guise from that in which they are proceeding thither now."

"Have done with thy croaking, thou bird of ill omen!" exclaimed the yeoman, shuddering at his words.

"There goes a third!" cried Mauger, without heeding the remark.

"Why, that is the Lord High Admiral of England, his majesty's favourite uncle," observed his companion.

"What of that?" rejoined Mauger, with a grim look. "Greater than he have died by the axe. I tell thee it is his destiny to perish on Tower-hill. If thou liv'st long enough, thou wilt find my prediction verified."

Disturbed by no dread of the future, but, on the contrary, full of high and ambitious hopes, Lord Seymour rode on by the side of the Constable, his gay looks, affable manner, and splendid attire, contrasting strongly with the grave deportment and stern countenance of the latter.

Cannon thundered from the battlements of the fortress, and from the great ships moored in the river, as the king issued from the outer gate, and deafening cheers arose from the crowd assembled to see him pass by. All the streets through which the royal procession had to wend its way were railed to keep off the multitude, and gravelled to prevent the horses from slipping. Barriers, also, were erected at certain points.

Shaping its course along Tower-street, the cavalcade struck off on the right into Gracechurch-street, and passing through Lom-

bard-street, reached Cornhill. As upon the occasion of Edward's first entrance to the City, the fronts of the houses were hung with tapestry and rich stuffs. In Lombard-street especially, which was almost entirely inhabited by wealthy goldsmiths, there was a magnificent display of cloths of gold, silver, and other tissues.

Stages were erected for the different City companies, on which stood the wardens and their assistants in their gowns and liveries. Most of the companies had minstrels with them, but the best display was made by the Goldsmiths, who had a bevy of beautiful young maidens, dressed in white, and bearing silver branches containing burning tapers, ranged in front of their stage. Moreover, a pageant was exhibited by this company with which the young monarch appeared greatly pleased.

This was the manner of it. On a platform adjoining the stage just described, sat Saint Dunstan, the patron saint of the company, arrayed in a robe of white lawn, over which was a cope of bright cloth of gold hanging to the ground. The hoary locks of this saintly figure were crowned with a golden mitre set with topazes, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires. In his left hand he held a crosier of gold, and in his right a large pair of goldsmith's tongs, likewise of gold. Opposite the elevated seat occupied by Saint Dunstan was a forge, at which a workman was blowing with a huge pair of bellows. In another part artificers were beating out plate with hammer and anvil; while a third party were employed in forging and shaping vessels of gold and silver. At the back there was an open cupboard filled with glittering cups and dishes, and near it a stand piled with ingots of costly metals. Then there were assayers, finers, and chasers; and finally, there was Beelzebub himself, who, after playing sundry diverting tricks with the artificers, was caught by the nose by Saint Dunstan's golden tongs, and held captive for a time, roaring most lustily while so detained.

But this was not the only pageant prepared for the young king's delectation. In Cheapside, not far from the Cross, where the lord mayor and aldermen, with the rest of the civic authorities, were assembled to give expression to their loyalty and devotion, was exhibited the device of a golden mountain, with a tree on the summit covered with fruit, like that grown, as poets feign, in the gardens of the Hesperides. On Edward's approach this golden mount, which was reared on a lofty stage, burst open, and a sylph-like figure in thin gauzy attire, attended by a number of little sprites, fantastically arrayed, issued from it. Having executed a merry dance upon the stage, these elfs retired with their queen, and the mountain closed upon them.

Other devices there were, very gorgeous and curious, but we cannot pause to particularise them. The populace were in high good humour, largesse being liberally distributed by the heralds;

while all who listed could drink the king's health, for the conduits ran wine instead of water. Cheers of the most enthusiastic kind attended the youthful monarch during his progress, and blessings were showered on his head.

At length, after repeated delays, the cavalcade approached Saint Paul's, then a noble Gothic pile, with which the modern cathedral can in no wise be compared. Independently of its magnitude and beauty, the ancient cathedral possessed at this time the loftiest steeple in Europe, its height being five hundred and twenty feet from the ground, while the spire itself, which was of wood, and which was destroyed by fire in the subsequent reign of Elizabeth, sprang two hundred and sixty feet above the tower. From the summit of this lofty tower, strains, which might well be termed seraphic, now resounded. Thither the well-trained choir of the cathedral had mounted, and pouring down their voices on the assemblage beneath, ravished the ears of all who listened to them.

As these strains ceased, the great door of the cathedral was thrown open, allowing the deep diapasons of the organ to be heard, amid which, preceded by his cross, came forth the Bishop of London, in his mitre and robes, and bearing his crosier. He was followed by the dean, canons, and chaplains in their copes and surplices, and proceeded to censure the king.

To this impressive ceremony succeeded an exhibition of a widely different character. We omitted to mention that from the battlements of the great tower a cable had been drawn, which was made fast to a ring fixed in the masonry of the dean's gate. While Edward, who had been enchanted by the almost angelic music he had heard, was looking upwards, as if in expectation of further melody of the same nature, he perceived a man step forth upon the giddy verge of the tower battlements with a small silk flag in either hand, which he waved to the assemblage below. The appearance of this personage, who, seen from that great height, looked like one of the grotesque stone sculptures of the edifice, was greeted with loud shouts by the spectators.

At this juncture Xit, who had contrived to work his way to the king, called out, "'Tis Pacolet, sire. I know him even at this distance."

Just as the words were uttered, the mountebank—for it was he—threw himself with his breast on the cable, and stretching out his hands, which still grasped the flags, shot down the rope with amazing swiftness, but happily reached the ground unhurt. The rapidity of Pacolet's descent, which resembled the flight of a meteor, took away the breath of the spectators, but as soon as he was safely landed a tremendous shout arose. The applause was redoubled as the mountebank, nothing daunted by his perilous exploit, nimbly reascended the cable, and when he had attained a sufficient altitude for his purpose, began to execute various ex-

traordinary and hazardous-looking feats. Perhaps no one of the thousand spectators who witnessed it was more delighted with the performance than Xit. He screamed like a child with delight; and his satisfaction was completed, when he was ordered by the king to see a dozen marks bestowed upon the adventurous mountebank.

Quitting the cathedral, the cavalcade then went on. At Ludgate, however, another brief stoppage occurred, for here a fresh pageant had to be exhibited.

From this part of the old City walls an admirable view was commanded of the procession both on its approach from Saint Paul's and during its descent of Ludgate-hill. The long line of gorgeously-attired horsemen could be seen crossing the narrow bridge over the Fleet, and proceeding slowly along Fleet-street. In other respects, however, the view from this point was exceedingly striking. As the spectator looked eastward, the noble cathedral in all its grandeur rose before him. Nearer, at the foot of the majestic pile, was Paul's Cross, where homilies were now constantly preached. Turning in the opposite direction, after surveying the then sharp descent of Ludgate-hill, and the open ground watered by the Fleet, he could plunge his gaze through the narrow but picturesque streets almost as far as Temple Bar.

In this quarter were situated some of the oldest and most curious habitations in the metropolis. The streets were narrow, the houses lofty, with high roofs and quaintly-carved gables, each story projecting beyond the other, so that the occupants of the higher rooms could almost shake hands with their opposite neighbours; but with all these objections, and many others that might be raised to them, there can be no doubt that these ancient structures were highly picturesque in appearance, and that to an artist the London of the sixteenth century would have been preferable to the London of our own era.

Down precipitous Ludgate-hill, with its houses climbing to the skies as we have described, and almost meeting above; across Fleet Bridge—the space on either side of the stream being thronged by spectators—did the splendid cavalcade move on.

Here, again, the scene was striking and picturesque, and immeasurably in favour of old London. On the banks of the Thames, on the left, stood Baynard's Castle, a vast and stern-looking structure; further on, on the same side, was the ancient palace of Bridewell. On the right, amidst a host of quaint old buildings, was the large and gloomy prison which took its name from the little river that washed its walls.

At Temple Bar, the lord mayor and aldermen, who had accompanied the procession from Cheapside, took their leave, and the cavalcade moved at a somewhat quicker pace along the Strand.

Here fresh crowds welcomed the young monarch, and greetings

as hearty and enthusiastic as those he had received in the City saluted him. Though the houses were not so richly set forth as those of the wealthy goldsmiths of Lombard-street, still there was no lack of decoration—and arras and painted hangings were plentiful enough.

Amid cheers and blessings the young king reached Charing-cross, and passing through the beautiful gate of Whitehall, then but recently erected, immediately afterwards dismounted at the principal entrance of the palace.

Somewhat fatigued by his ride, which, owing to the many delays, had occupied nearly four hours, and anxious to reserve his forces for the morrow, Edward withdrew to his own chamber, and did not appear again on that day.

## VI.

### HOW KING EDWARD VI. WAS CROWNED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WITHIN the ancient abbey of Westminster, where his sire and grandsire had been crowned, and where so many of his predecessors had been consecrated and anointed kings, all needful preparations were made for the youthful Edward's coronation.

In the midst of the choir, and opposite the high altar, was reared a lofty stage, the floor of which was covered with rich carpets, and the sides hung with cloth of gold. Two-and-twenty broad steps led to the summit of this stage from the west, but the descent to the altar comprised little more than half that number. The altar itself made a magnificent show, being covered with vessels of silver and gold, and having a gorgeous valance decked with jewels. The ancient tombs of King Sebert, Aymcr de Valence, and Edmund Crouchback, were shrouded with curtains of golden arras. Many other parts of the choir were similarly decorated, as were the noble pillars in the body of the edifice, which were partially covered with red and white velvet, and hung with banners and escutcheons.

At an early hour in the morning all the approaches to the abbey were thronged by thousands eager to gain admission, and before eight o'clock every available position in the vast building, not reserved for those about to be engaged in the solemnity, was occupied.

About nine o'clock, the sense of tediousness which had begun to afflict the assemblage was somewhat relieved by the appearance of the choristers. These were attired in their copes, and had six large silver crosses with them. Next came forth the children of the king's chapel, arrayed in scarlet, with surplices and copes. Then appeared the chaplains in surplices and grey amices, who were followed, after a short interval, by ten bishops, mitred, clothed in scarlet, with rochets and copes, and each carrying a crosier. After

another short pause, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself appeared, mitred likewise, and in his full pontificals, and having his crosses borne before him.

Apparently wholly unconscious of the great interest he excited, Cranmer looked exceedingly grave, as if deeply impressed with the solemn nature of the ceremony on which he was engaged.

Having formed themselves into a procession, the various ecclesiastics marched forth from the great door opening upon the body of the fane for the purpose of conducting the king to the abbey. From this door cloth of raze was laid down to the principal entrance of the palace. This privileged path was railed, and lined on either side by archers and halberdiers. Marshals, standard-bearers, and other officers were ranged at short distances from each other along the lines.

The spectacle was magnificent. A bright, sunshiny morning exhilarated the vast multitude collected around the abbey and within the courts of the palace, and kept them all in good humour. Not a single untoward circumstance occurred to disturb the general harmony.

Meanwhile, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the prelates and their train, had entered the palace, and every eye was fixed on the grand portal, the steps of which were lined by ushers and officers of the royal household.

At length, loud flourishes of trumpets announced the king's approach. First came forth the trumpeters in their embroidered coats, having their clarions adorned with silken pennons. Next followed the heralds in their coats of arms. Then came the pursuivants with their maces, and a little after them marched Xit, staggering under the weight of a silver mace larger than himself, and causing much diversion by his efforts to carry it. Next came Og, Gog, and Magog, followed by nine other tall yemen of the guard, whom the giants overtopped by a head. Then followed the children of the king's chapel, the choir, the chaplains, the bearers of the crosses, the ten bishops, and lastly, the dignified and venerable-looking Cranmer.

Again loud flourishes resounded, and following another band of trumpeters, apparelled like the first, came the Earl of Northampton, in a rich robe, bareheaded, and carrying a pair of gilt spurs—as a symbol of knighthood. After him came the Earl of Arundel, equally splendidly arrayed, holding a bare and pointless sword—signifying mercy. Next came the Earl of Dorset, bearing the Constable's mace. A second sword, sharpened at the point, to signify justice to the temporality, was borne by the Earl of Warwick. A third sword, likewise pointed, and denoting justice to the clergy, was borne by the Earl of Derby. Then followed the Earl of Oxford with the sceptre, to signify peace. Then came Shrewsbury, bearing the ball and

cross, signifying monarchy. Then came Lord Seymour of Sudley, magnificently attired, bearing the sword of state in its scabbard. Then followed Barons Rich, Sheffield, and Willoughby, marching together. After them came Garter King at Arms, in his rich coat, with the Lord Mayor on his left, carrying a mace, and the Constable of the Tower on his right. Then came the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, and the Lord Privy Seal, in their full robes. Then followed the Lord Protector, carrying the crown of Saint Edward on a crimson velvet cushion. All these noble personages were bareheaded.

The crowd had looked on with wonder and delight, and had loudly expressed their admiration of the Lord High Admiral's splendid appearance, but a tremendous shout rent the air as the young king now came forth beneath his canopy borne by four barons of the Cinque Ports. He was apparelled in a robe of purple velvet deeply bordered with ermine, and his train was borne by six pages in white satin. As Edward marched on towards the abbey, smiling to the right and left in reply to the cheers with which he was greeted, it required the halberdiers to stand firm in order to resist the pressure of the crowd.

The trumpet-blasts and the tremendous cheering had apprised those within the abbey that the king was at hand, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation; but before describing the entrance of the procession, let us cast a hasty glance around the magnificent building. Magnificent, in sooth, it looked on this occasion. A spectacle of extraordinary splendour and beauty burst upon the beholder as he passed through the great doorway and looked towards the choir. With the exception of the railed and carpeted space in the centre of the pavement, the whole body of the pile was thronged with spectators clad in the variegated and picturesque costumes of the period. Robes, cloaks, and doublets there were of cloth, silk, velvet, and other stuffs, of as many hues as the rainbow. Additional depth of dye was imparted to these many-coloured garments from the light streaming down upon them from the richly-painted windows. Amidst the closely-packed crowd rose the tall grey pillars lining the aisles, decked with banners and escutcheons, as before described. The effect of the choir was marvellous. The doors were left wide open, so that the splendid estrade on which the ceremony was to be performed could be seen from all points. Nave, aisles, and galleries were thronged; so were the transepts on either side of the choir, so were the ambulatories adjoining the chapel of Saint Edmund the Confessor; so were many other places which could by no possibility command a view of the solemnity. In Saint Edmund's chapel, which communicated with the choir by two doorways near the altar, were congregated the nobles about to do homage to the king. Even Henry the Seventh's Chapel was filled by those who had been unable to obtain accommodation elsewhere.



By this time, the foremost part of the procession had poured into the nave, and, amid loud blasts from the trumpeters, the young king at last set foot within the abbey. His canopy was still held over him, and with much dignity of deportment he proceeded towards the choir, where he was met by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Protector, and conducted to the chapel of Saint Edmund the Confessor.

After tarrying there for a short time, he was brought forth seated in 'a chair of crimson velvet, which was carried by Lord Seymour and Sir John Gage, and conveyed to the summit of the estrade, at the north end of which he was set down by his bearers.

Cranmer, who, with the Lord Protector, had followed him, then advanced, and looking at the assemblage, which had become perfectly silent, called out in a sonorous voice, "Sirs, I here present unto you King Edward, the rightful inheritor to the crown of this realm. Therefore, all ye that be come this day to do your homage, service, and bounden duty, be ye willing to do the same?"

An enthusiastic response was instantly made—the assemblage crying out with one accord, "Yea! yea!—King Edward! King Edward!"

A similar address was made by the archbishop at each of the other corners of the stage, and like responses returned.

After this, the Bishops of London and Westminster ascended the stage, and raising the king from his seat, conducted him to the high altar, where he reverently knelt down, but after a short prayer rose again, and offerings being brought him by the Earl of Warwick, he laid them upon the altar. This done, he prostrated himself on his face, while the Archbishop of Canterbury recited the collect, *Deus humilium*.

Aided by the prelates, the king then arose and returned to his chair, which had meanwhile been so placed as to face the altar. Seating himself within it, he steadily regarded the primate, who thus interrogated him in tones calculated to be heard by all those near at hand: "Dread sire, do you engage to your people that the laws and liberties shall be respected and upheld?"

"I solemnly promise it," replied the young king, in a distinct voice.

"Do you engage to keep peace with the Church of God, and with all men?" proceeded Cranmer.

"This also I solemnly promise," was Edward's reply.

"Do you engage to administer justice in all your dooms and judgments, tempered with mercy?"

"I will never swerve from justice," responded Edward, in his clear silvery voice, which penetrated all hearts; "yet will I ever be merciful."

"Do you engage to make no laws but such as shall be to the honour and glory of God, and to the good of the Commonwealth?—And to make such laws only with the consent of your people?"

"Such laws alone will I make as shall be acceptable in the sight of God, and to my people," replied Edward, emphatically.

The archbishop having finished his interrogations, Edward arose, and being conducted to the altar by the two prelates, a solemn oath upon the sacrament was proposed to him in these terms by Cranmer: "All things which I have promised I will observe and keep. So may God help me, and those holy Evangelists by me bodily touched upon the altar!"

This oath being taken, Edward prostrated himself with the same humility as before, while the archbishop began with a loud voice the *Veni Creator spiritus*.

Cranmer then arose, and standing over the still prostrate king, said the *Te invocamus*. This done, Edward was again assisted to his feet by the prelates; after which, the Earl of Warwick advanced, and divested him of his robe and jerkin, so that a crimson satin shirt was alone left upon his shoulders. A pall of red cloth of gold was then held over him by Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, while the archbishop proceeded to anoint him, first on the palms of the hands, next on the breast, then on the back and arms, and finally on the head, making a cross as he did so with the holy chrism. While this portion of the ceremony was performed, solemn notes from the organ pealed through the fane, and the whole choir chanted *Ungebant regem*.

The ceremonial of inunction being completed, Edward arose, and the archbishop arrayed him in a tabard of tantaron-white, shaped like a dalmatic, placing a gold coif on his head, which was brought by the Earl of Warwick. He was next girt with a sword, the weapon being afterwards laid reverently upon the altar to signify that his power was derived from Heaven. This done, he again sat down, whereupon regal sandals and spurs were placed upon his feet by the Lord Chamberlain—the latter being immediately afterwards removed, lest they should incommode him.

Saint Edward's crown was then delivered by the Lord Protector to Cranmer, and placed by the archbishop on the young king's brows. At the same time, the sceptre was placed in the king's left hand, and the orb and cross in his right. After Edward had worn the crown for a moment, it was taken off, and replaced by the crown of France, which was likewise furnished by the Duke of Somerset. A third crown, that of Ireland, was next put on the young king's head, and this being removed, the crown of England was brought back, and worn by Edward during the remainder of the ceremony.

Trumpets were now blown lustily from the rood-loft; the organ pealed forth its loudest notes; and the whole choir sang *Te Deum laudamus*.

Then all the lords, spiritual and temporal, beginning with the Lord Protector, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord

Chancellor, knelt down before the king, one after the other, according to their degrees, and did homage to him, kissing his right foot and his left cheek, and holding their hands between the king's hands.

Owing to the great number of nobles present, this part of the ceremony occupied a considerable time; but when all had rendered homage, they cried with one voice, "God save King Edward!" and the vast assemblage joined heartily in the shout.

High mass was then performed, and at its close Edward, still wearing the crown, and attended by the Lord Protector and the whole of the nobles, quitted the abbey amid manifestations of the greatest enthusiasm, and returned to the palace of Whitehall.

## VII.

OF THE ROYAL BANQUET IN WESTMINSTER HALL. HOW THE KING'S CHAMPION MADE HIS CHALLENGE THEREAT; AND HOW XIT FOUGHT WITH A WILD MAN.

WITHIN the mighty hall built by William Rufus, and renovated and enlarged by Richard II., by whom the marvellous and unequalled Gothic roof was added, preparations had been made on the grandest scale for a banquet to be given by the king to his nobles immediately after the coronation.

This vast chamber—supposed to be the largest in the world unsupported by pillars, and the size of which may be estimated from the fact that six thousand persons have been entertained within at one time—was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The walls were hung with arras to about half their height. Banners depended from the huge chesnut beams of the roof, and the sculptured angels supporting the rafters were furnished with escutcheons of the king's arms.

Three long tables, each capable of accommodating three hundred guests, were laid within the body of the hall. Upon the dais, at the upper end, was set a table intended for the king and the chief nobles, covered with the fairest napery, and literally blazing with vessels of gold and silver of the rarest workmanship and device. Over the royal chair was a canopy of cloth of gold, embroidered with the king's arms, and at either end of the table stood an open cupboard, nine stages high, filled with glittering salvers, costly ornaments of gold and silver, goblets, and other drinking-vessels.

About half way down the hall, on the left, a platform was erected for the minstrels, and on the opposite side was a similar stage for the carvers.

No sooner was the solemnity within the abbey at an end, than all who had invitations to the banquet—and they were upwards of a thousand persons—proceeded to Westminster Hall, and were

promptly conducted by the marshals and ushers to their places. Not a seat at either of the three long tables was soon left vacant; and what with gentlemen waiters, and yeomen waiters, marshals, ushers, grooms, and serving-men, the body of the hall was quite full.

Loud flourishes of trumpets from the upper end of the spacious chamber then proclaimed the king's approach. First of all the nobles entered, and were ushered to their places by the vice-chamberlain, Sir Anthony Wingfield; then the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Protector, and lastly the king. Cranmer sat on the right of the royal chair, and the Lord Protector on the left.

Grace having been solemnly said, the trumpets were again sounded, and as the first course was brought in by a vast train of attendants, the Earl of Warwick, lord great chamberlain, and the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain of the household, magnificently arrayed, and mounted on horses trapped in cloth of gold and velvet, entered the hall by the great door, and rode between the long tables to the dais to superintend the service.

It would be superfluous to describe the dishes either at the king's table or at those assigned to the less important guests. It will be enough to say that the banquet was ordered in right regal fashion, with many subtleties and strange devices; that the meats were of the daintiest, and the wines of the best and rarest. "What should I speak or write of the sumptuous, fine, and delicate meats prepared for this high and honourable coronation," quoth an old chronicler, "or of the honourable order of the services, the clean-handling and breaking of meats, the ordering of the dishes, with the plentiful abundance, so that no worshipful person went away unfeasted?"

When the second course was served, which was yet more sumptuous than the first, the great door of the hall was again thrown wide open to admit the king's champion, Sir John Dymoke. Armed, cap-à-pied, in burnished steel, having a plume of white ostrich feathers in his helm, and mounted on a charger, trapped in gold tissue, embroidered with the arms of England and France, the champion rode slowly up the centre of the hall, preceded by a herald. The champion might well be splendidly equipped and proudly mounted, since, by his office, he was allowed the king's best suit of armour, "save one," and the best charger from the royal stables, "save one," with trappings to boot.

As Sir John Dymoke approached the dais, he was encountered by Garter King at Arms, who called out to him in a loud voice, "Whence come you, Sir Knight, and what is your pretence?"

"That you shall hear anon," replied the champion, courteously. And addressing his own herald, he commanded him to make proclamation, who, after thrice exclaiming "Oyez!" thus proceeded: "If there be any person here, of whatsoever state or degree, who

shall declare that King Edward the Sixth is not the rightful inheritor of this realm, I, Sir John Dymoke, the king's champion, offer him my glove, and will do battle with him to the utterance."

As the herald concluded, Sir John took off his gauntlet and hurled it on the ground. This challenge was afterwards repeated in different parts of the hall. As the defiance, however, was not accepted, the champion rode towards the dais, and demanded a cup of wine. A large parcel gilt goblet, filled with malmsey, was then handed him by the chief cupbearer, and having drunk from it, he claimed the cover, which being given him, he retired.

The banquet then proceeded. The trumpets sounded for the third course, and when it had been brought in, a side door on the right of the hall was opened, and gave admittance to a device of a very unusual character. Three colossal figures, clad in Anglo-Saxon armour of the period of the Conquest, such as may be seen in ancient tapestry, and consisting of mingled leather and steel, and wearing conical helmets, with fantastic nasal projections, shaped like the beak of a bird, entered, carrying over their heads an enormous shield, the circumference of which was almost as large as King Arthur's famous Round Table, as it had need to be, since it formed a stage for the display of a fully-equipped knight mounted on a charger, barded and trapped. These huge Anglo-Saxon warriors, it is scarcely necessary to say, were the gigantic warders of the Tower, while the knight they bore upon the shield, it is equally needless to add, was the king's dwarf. Mounted on his pony, which, as we have said, was trapped like a war-horse, Xit carried a tilting-lance in his hand, and a battle-axe at his saddle-bow. As he was borne along the hall in his exalted position he looked round with a smile of triumph. After the giants came another fantastic personage, partially clad in the skins of wild animals, with a grotesque mask on his face, sandals on his feet, and a massive-looking club on his shoulder. This wild-looking man was Pacolet.

As the knightly dwarf was brought within a short distance of the royal table, which, from his eminent position, he quite overlooked, he was met by Garter, who demanded his title and pretence.

"I am called Sir Pumilio," replied Xit, in a shrill voice, "and the occasion of my coming hither is to do battle with a wild man in the king's presence, if I be so permitted."

"His majesty greets thee well, Sir Pumilio," rejoined Garter, with difficulty preserving his countenance. "Do thy devoir as becomes a valiant knight."

"I will essay to do so," cried Xit. "Where lurks the fierce savage?" he added.

"Behold him!" cried Pacolet.

While Xit was talking to Garter, the agile mountebank had climbed the shoulders of a tall yeoman of the guard who was standing

near, and he now sprang upon the shield. Xit immediately charged him, and strove to drive him off the stage, but Pacolet adroitly avoided the thrust, and the dwarf had well-nigh gone over himself. The combatants had not a very large arena for the display of their prowess, but they made the best of it, and Pacolet's tricks were so diverting that they excited general merriment. After the combat had endured a few minutes, Pacolet, apparently sore pressed, struck the shield with his club, and instantly afterwards leaped to the ground. Scarcely was he gone than the rim of the shield rose as if by magic, developing a series of thin iron bars, which enclosed the dwarf like a rat in a trap. Great was Xit's surprise and rage at this occurrence, for which he was wholly unprepared. He struck the bars of his cage with his lance, but they were strong enough to resist his efforts; he commanded the giants to liberate him, but in vain. At last he was set free by Pacolet, and carried off amid inextinguishable laughter.

Preceded by trumpeters, making a loud bruit with their clarions, and attended by Norroy and Clarendieux, Garter next made proclamation of the king's titles in different parts of the hall. At each proclamation, the heralds called out, "Largesse! largesse!" whereupon, many costly ornaments were bestowed upon them by the nobles, knights, and esquires.

Towards the close of the feast, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Hubblethorne, who it will be remembered was the first knight dubbed by the king on his arrival at the Tower, arose from his seat at the upper table, and kneeling before the young monarch, offered him a silver cup, encrusted with gems, and filled with hippocrass. Edward received him very graciously, and having drunk to the prosperity of the good city of London, returned him the cup, bidding him keep it in remembrance of the occasion.

So ended this grand and memorable banquet.

The king then repaired to the palace, where the jousts and tilting matches were held in the courts, at which Lord Seymour, to his royal nephew's great contentment, bore away the chief prize.

## VIII.

### HOW THE LORD CHANCELLOR WAS DISGRACED.

THOUGH the crown had been placed on the youthful Edward's brows, supreme authority rested with the Lord Protector. His only formidable opponent was Southampton, and the removal of the latter, as already intimated, had been resolved upon. A plan for effectually getting rid of him was hit upon by Paget, and unfortunately for the Lord Chancellor, his own imprudence furnished a pretext for his overthrow and disgrace.

Wholly unconscious, however, of the critical position in which he stood, and unaware of the projects of his enemies, Southampton attended the first council held within the palace, and commenced by fiercely attacking Somerset for his usurpation of power, and disregard of the king's will. He had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by Paget, who called, "Hold, my lord; before accusing his Highness the Lord Protector, you must answer certain grave charges which I have to prefer against yourself."

"What charges be they?" demanded the Lord Chancellor, haughtily.

"My lord, I accuse you of gross neglect of duty," rejoined Paget, "in putting the seal in commission, and deputing to certain masters in Chancery the power to hear causes and pronounce decisions; duties which ought by right to be discharged by yourself alone. This you have done without license or authority from the king's majesty, the Lord Protector, or the lords of the council."

"No warrant was needed for what I have done," replied Southampton, in a proud and defiant tone. "My attention cannot be given at one and the same time to affairs of state and to the business of the Court of Chancery, and I have therefore chosen to devote myself chiefly to the former. But all decisions of the masters will be ratified by myself before enrolment."

"You have outstripped your authority, my lord, in what you have done," observed Somerset, sternly. "The judges have been consulted upon the matter, and their well-considered answer is, that you, my Lord Chancellor, ought not, without warrant from the council, to have set the seal to such a commission. They regard it as a precedent of very high and ill consequence, and as an indication that a change in the laws of England is intended by you."

"Tut! tut! their fears are groundless," remarked Southampton, contemptuously.

"Hear me out, I pray you, my lord," pursued Somerset. "The judges unanimously declare that by the unwarrantable and illegal act committed by you, you have forfeited your place to the king, and rendered yourself liable to fine and imprisonment at his majesty's pleasure."

"What say you to this, my lord?" cried Paget, in a taunting tone.

"I say the judges are in error, or have been basely tampered with, to deliver such an opinion," rejoined Southampton, furiously. "But the scheme is too transparent not to be seen through at a glance. 'Tis a weak device of the Lord Protector to get rid of me. But I tell him to his face that I hold my office by a better authority than he holds his own."

"How by a better authority, my lord?" cried Somerset.

"Because it was conferred upon me by my late royal master,"

returned Southampton, "who not only made me what I am, Lord Chancellor, but one of the governors of the realm during his son's minority, of which office your highness seeks to deprive me. But you cannot do it, for the king's will must be observed, and by that will, as you well know, none of you have power over the others, or can cause their dismissal. Declare the commission void, if you will. I am content. But think not to deprive me of my office for no fault, or to remove me from the government, for you cannot do it."

"The arguments you have used, my lord, are of little weight," observed Lord Rich. "Each executor under the late king's will is subject to his colleagues, and cannot do any act on his own responsibility. Thus, if one of our number should be guilty of high treason or rebellion, he would be clearly punishable, and could not shelter himself under the plea that he was a member of the council, and therefore absolved from his act. If you can show that you have any warrant for what you have done, you will be held excused, but not otherwise."

"Ay, produce your warrant, my lord, if you have it?" demanded Paget, sarcastically.

The Lord Chancellor made no reply. He saw that he was caught in the toils of his enemies.

"Can you advance aught in your justification, my lord?" said the king, who had not hitherto spoken. "If so, we are willing to hear you."

"I should speak to little purpose, sire," replied Southampton, with dignity, "for my enemies are too strong for me. But I take Heaven to witness that I acted for the best."

"You had best make your submission, my lord," observed Lord Seymour. "This haughty tone will only make matters worse."

"Is it you who counsel submission, my Lord Admiral?" cried Southampton, almost fiercely. "I have declared that I had no ill design in what I did. I believed, and still believe, that I had power to act as I have acted; but you all declare otherwise. I therefore submit myself humbly to the king's mercy. If I am to be deprived of mine office, I pray that, in consideration of past services, I may be dealt with leniently."

"Strict justice shall be done you, doubt it not, my lord," said Edward. "Withdraw, we pray you, while we deliberate upon the matter."

Upon this intimation, the Lord Chancellor quitted the council-chamber.

After the council had deliberated for some time, Lord Rich thus addressed the king: "Considering the prejudice that might ensue if the seals were allowed to continue in the hands of so arrogant a person as Lord Southampton, we are of opinion that he should be



deprived of his office, and fined, and remain a prisoner in his own house at your majesty's pleasure."

"Is that the opinion of the whole council?" demanded Edward.

"It is, my liege," replied Somerset. "You cannot pardon him," he added, in a low tone.

"On whom shall the seals be bestowed?" inquired the king.

"None were more fitting for the office than the Lord St. John," replied Somerset.

"Be it as you suggest," rejoined the king. "Let Lord Southampton be recalled."

As the Lord Chancellor re-entered the council-chamber, he saw from the looks of all around him that the decision was against him. He therefore attempted no defence, but, with his arms folded upon his breast, listened calmly while his sentence was pronounced. A deep flush, however, suffused his swarthy features when he heard that the great seal was to be delivered to Lord St. John.

"His majesty will not gain much by the exchange," he muttered; "but the Lord Protector will. He will find the new Lord Chancellor sufficiently subservient. I pray your majesty to let me be removed at once."

His request was acceded to; and he was conducted by a guard to his own residence, Ely House, where he was detained a close prisoner.

## IX.

### IN WHAT MANNER THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL DISCHARGED THE DUTIES OF HIS OFFICE.

FREED from his most dangerous foe, Somerset felt perfectly secure. So slavishly subservient to his will were the council, that he did not always deem it necessary to consult them. In many important matters he acted without other authority than his own. Both civil and military appointments were made by him. He signed warrants for arrest and imprisonment, and issued mandates under his own seal. He held private conferences with foreign ambassadors, and did not always disclose the nature of the negotiations concluded with them. Maintaining a perfectly regal state, he assumed a haughtiness of deportment, and an arrogance of tone, especially disagreeable to the old nobility, whose hatred of him was increased by his undisguised efforts to ingratiate himself with the Commons.

Called upon to fulfil his lavish promises to his adherents, Somerset found it no easy matter to satisfy their importunities. But he had a resource which in those days could readily be made available. The Church had been largely stripped of its possessions by the late

king, but a good deal yet remained of which it might be deprived. A bill was hastily passed, by which nearly three thousand charities, colleges, free-chapels, and other religious establishments, were suppressed, and their rents and revenues confiscated, and transferred to the Crown. Out of the funds thus obtained, the Lord Protector enriched himself and rewarded his associates.

Calculating upon a long lease of power, Somerset determined to build himself a palace which should surpass that of Whitehall. Accordingly, he selected a site on the banks of the Thames, and recking little that it was occupied by the ancient church of St. Mary-le-Strand and other time-honoured monastic structures, he sacrilegiously ordered their demolition. With as little scruple as had actuated him in the choice of a situation for his proposed palace, he set to work to procure building materials. There were plenty of churches to supply him with masonry. Without hesitation he pulled down the large church of Saint John of Jerusalem, with its noble tower, the cloisters on the north side of Saint Paul's, with the charnel-house and chapel, and appropriated the wreck to his own use. These sacrilegious proceedings were generally condemned, and the superstitious believed they would bring him ill-luck. In spite, however, of this disapprobation, Somerset House was commenced, and eventually completed.

While the Lord Protector was thus exercising the power he had so unscrupulously obtained, holding a court, lording it over the council, controlling their decrees, and occasionally sharply reproofing them, conferring with foreign ambassadors, signing decrees and warrants, disposing of offices and treasures, making presentations and promotions, ordering arbitrary arrests and imprisonments, after the fashion of the imperious Harry, and in all other respects comporting himself like a king, his younger and no less ambitious brother had begun to discharge the functions of the important office conferred upon him.

Discontinued of late years, the office of Lord High Admiral was one of great trust, honour, and profit, and was usually conferred upon princes of the blood, or upon the most important of the nobility. Supreme judge of all done upon the main or upon the coasts, the Lord High Admiral had power to commission all naval officers, to impress seamen, to collect penalties and ameracements of all transgressions at sea, to seize upon the effects of pirates, to receive all wrecks, a certain share of prizes, with many other privileges. That Lord Seymour entered upon this honourable and very lucrative office with the sole design of using it as a stepping-stone to yet higher honours, we know; but, in the mean time, he was determined that it should yield him all the influence, power, and profit possible. From a variety of sources, the Admiral had suddenly become exceedingly wealthy. Large revenues had been bestowed upon him by his royal nephew, together with

a grant of the rich manor of Sudley, in Gloucestershire. Moreover, Queen Catherine's dowry was at his disposal. Thus abundantly furnished with means of display, he affected a degree of magnificence only second to that of the Lord Protector. At Seymour House, for so was his residence styled, he maintained a princely retinue of servants, grooms, pages, ushers, henchmen, and others, all sumptuously apparelled, and surrounded himself by a body of young gentlemen who served him as esquires. His ostentatious mode of living was highly displeasing to the Lord Protector, who remonstrated with him upon it, but ineffectually.

About a month after his instalment, the Lord High Admiral was seated one day in a large chamber looking upon the Thames, in which he usually transacted his affairs. This chamber did not belong to his private residence, but appertained to a suite of apartments assigned him at Whitehall for the conduct of his office. The walls were covered with large maps and plans of the principal English, Irish, Scottish, and French seaports, while the tapestry represented ancient and modern naval engagements. Spacious as was the chamber, it was so encumbered by models of ships, implements of naval warfare, and great chests, that it was no easy matter to move about it. At the moment of our visit to him, the Admiral was alone, and occupied in writing letters, but shortly afterwards another person entered the room, and respectfully approached him. This was Ugo Harrington, who now officiated as his chief secretary. As Ugo drew near, the Admiral looked up, and inquired what he wanted.

"Is it your highness's pleasure to see those merchantmen, who are about to sail for the Mediterranean?" inquired Ugo, bowing.

"Hast thou given them to understand that they may not trade with any port in the Mediterranean without my permission?" rejoined the Admiral.

"I have, your highness, and I have also intimated to them that they must pay—pay well—for such license."

"And what reply do they make?"

"They one and all protest against the claim, and declare such a demand was never before made."

"That is no reason why it should not be made now," rejoined the Admiral, laughing. "I will have the tribute, or they shall not sail. Tell them so."

Ugo bowed, and withdrew. Seymour resumed his correspondence, but had not been long so occupied, when his esquire returned.

"Well, are the merchantmen gone?" inquired the Admiral, looking at him.

"Ay, your highness," replied Ugo. "They have each paid fifty marks, which I have deposited in your coffers. They grumbled a good deal at the extortion, as they termed it, but I would not let them have the licenses till they complied."

"Henceforth, no vessel shall carry merchandise out of these dominions without payment of an impost proportionate to the value of the cargo. Be it thy duty to see this regulation strictly enforced."

"Your highness's commands shall be obeyed to the letter. What is to be done with all those goods and rich stuffs taken from the pirates who plundered the Portuguese merchant at the mouth of the Channel? Application has been made for them by the owner. Are they to be restored to him?"

"I marvel that a man of thy shrewdness and discernment should ask so simple a question, Ugo. Restore the goods! No, by Saint Paul! not any part of them. Help thyself to what thou wilt, and distribute the rest among thy fellows. The taste of spoil will quicken their faculties, and make them eager for more. Send away this Portuguese merchant, and recommend him to be content with his loss. If he complains, threaten him with the Fleet. These pirates are most serviceable to us, and though we may ease them of their booty, we must not put a stop to their trade."

"That reminds me that one of the most daring pirates that ever infested these northern seas, Captain Nicholas Hornbeak, has lately been captured. What will your highness have done with him?"

"Hum! I must consider," replied the Admiral, musing. "Hornbeak is a bold fellow. 'Twould be a pity to hang him. I must talk with him. Is he in safe custody?"

"He is lodged in the Gatehouse prison, your highness."

"Let him be brought before me to-morrow."

"I see that Captain Hornbeak has a good chance of commanding another crew of desperadoes," observed Ugo.

"All will depend upon himself," rejoined the Admiral. "I have work to do, which men of Hornbeak's stamp can accomplish better than any other. Ere long, I shall be lord of the Scilly Islands, Ugo. They are strong enough by nature, but I mean to make them impregnable. To those islands I design to convey stores and treasure, so that, if driven to extremities, I can retire thither with safety. These pirate vessels will then defend me from attack, and if a rebellion should break out in the land they would materially aid it—if properly directed."

"I begin to comprehend your highness's design," observed Ugo. "'Tis a terrible conspiracy you are hatching."

"Thou wilt say so, when thou art made acquainted with all its ramifications. I have a strong castle in Denbighshire, Holt, which I design to fortify, and make it another depository of arms and stores. In two months I shall have a dozen counties in my favour. Am I wrong in making provision by the readiest means in my power for the outbreak?"

"Assuredly not, my lord; you are quite right to use any implements that will serve your purpose."

At this juncture an usher entered, and with a respectful obeisance, stated that the Marquis of Dorset was without, and craved a moment's private audience of the Lord Admiral.

"Admit his lordship instantly," said Seymour to the usher. "Retire, Ugo," he added to his esquire, "but wait within the ante-chamber. I may have need of thee. I can partly guess what brings Dorset hither."

And as his esquire withdrew, the Admiral arose.

"Welcome back to court, my lord," he cried to Dorset; "you have been too long absent from us."

"Not more than a month, my good lord," replied the marquis; "but I am flattered to find that I have been missed. Has his majesty deigned to speak of me during my absence?"

"Very often, my lord; and he has never failed to inquire whether you intended to bring your daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, with you on your return. I trust you have done so."

"My daughter and the marchioness return from Bradgate to-morrow. You delight me by what you tell me respecting his majesty's continued interest in my daughter. I feared he had ceased to think of her."

"As yet, the impression she has made upon his youthful mind is strong as ever," rejoined Seymour; "but if she had remained away much longer, it might have been effaced. I am rejoiced, therefore, to hear of her speedy return. But pray be seated, marquis. We can talk more at our ease, and I have much to say to you. The time has come for carrying out our arrangement in reference to the guardianship of your daughter. You have not changed your mind upon that score, I presume, but are still willing to resign her to my custody?"

"I am quite willing to fulfil my agreement with you, my Lord Admiral, but are you in a condition to receive her? Your secret marriage with her highness the queen-dowager is not yet acknowledged. Unforeseen difficulties may arise with the council, with the Lord Protector, or even with the king, and till that matter is settled you must excuse some hesitation on my part."

"My marriage with the queen will be formally announced to my royal nephew and the Lord Protector to-morrow, and you shall have an opportunity, if you desire it, of seeing how the announcement is received. You will then be able to decide as to the policy of committing the Lady Jane to my care."

"Your highness has no fears, then, of the king's displeasure, or of the Lord Protector's anger?"

"I have no fear whatever, marquis. That Somerset will be in a furious passion when he learns the truth, I do not in the least doubt. But what matters that? I am accustomed to his explosions of rage, and treat them with contempt. The matter is past prevention, and must, therefore, be endured."

"You have not yet disclosed the secret to the king, I suppose?" inquired Dorset.

"I have not acquainted him with the marriage, but I have obtained his consent to it, and that amounts to the same thing. His majesty has even been gracious enough to write to the queen-dowager, praying her to listen to my proposals."

"Then there is no fear of displeasure on his part," observed Dorset, laughing. "But are you equally certain of the council?"

"What can the council do?" rejoined Seymour, shrugging his shoulders. "The matter is past repair, as I have just said. They must reconcile themselves to it, as they can. However, I have reason to think that the majority of them are favourable to me. I have sounded Warwick and Russell, and one or two others, and find them well enough disposed."

"What says her majesty's brother, the Earl of Northampton? Have you hinted the matter to him?"

"I have not judged it prudent to do so. But for his sister's sake he will be friendly. Her highness has great influence with him, and will not fail to exercise it at the right moment. Thus you see, marquis, I am perfectly secure."

"I rejoice to find you so confident, Admiral, and trust nothing untoward may occur. But in regard to my daughter, methinks the aspect of affairs is not quite so promising. The Lord Protector, as I hear, is determined upon enforcing the treaty of marriage proposed by his late majesty between our youthful sovereign and the young Queen of Scotland, and since compliance with his demands has been refused, is about to declare war upon that country."

"Your lordship has been rightly informed. The Duke of Somerset is now actively preparing for an expedition into Scotland, and only awaits the return of Sir Francis Brian, who has been sent to France to secure, if possible, the neutrality of that country. Most assuredly, the expedition will be undertaken, and it is almost equally certain that the Scots will be worsted, and yet the treaty will come to nought."

"How so?" demanded Dorset. "It seems to me, if the treaty be once executed, that it has a good chance of being fulfilled."

"It will not be fulfilled, because the party principally concerned is averse to it. He will choose a consort for himself, and not be bound by any treaty. Now do you understand, marquis?"

"But he may be overruled, or yield to considerations of state policy."

"Granted; but if I have any influence with him, he will do neither one nor the other."

"Well, my Lord Admiral, you have removed my misgivings. I am with you. Let but your marriage be acknowledged in the

king's presence, and my daughter shall be committed to Queen Catherine's care, and her hand left to your disposal."

"The acknowledgment will take place at Seymour House to-morrow, marquis, and you yourself shall witness it, if you list. The king honours me with his presence at a banquet, and the Lord Protector, with the council and many of the nobles, are invited to meet him. I shall make it the occasion of introducing my royal consort to them."

"'Tis a plan worthy of you," replied Dorset. "I can imagine the scene—the Lord Protector's surprise and indignation, and the embarrassment of the council; but since you have the king with you, all must end satisfactorily. I am much beholden to your lordship for allowing me to be present on so interesting an occasion, and will not fail to attend upon you."

Upon this he arose as if about to take his leave, but after a little hesitation, added, "I was about to put your friendship to a further test, but will delay doing so to a more convenient opportunity."

"No time can be more convenient than the present, marquis," said the Admiral, who guessed what was coming. "How can I serve you? Only point out the way."

"You have already lent me five hundred pounds. I like not to trespass further on your good nature."

"Nay, you confer a favour upon me by enabling me to prove the sincerity of my regard for you, marquis. How much do you need?"

"If I might venture to ask for other five hundred pounds?"

"How, venture? Have I not said that I shall be the person obliged? Are you quite sure that five hundred pounds will suffice?"

"Quite sure. They will amply suffice—for the present," he added to himself.

"Ugo Harrington shall cause the sum to be conveyed to Dorset House," said the Admiral. "I count upon your support to-morrow."

"Not merely to-morrow, but at all other times, my dear lord," rejoined Dorset, bowing and departing.

When he was left alone, Seymour thus gave utterance to his sentiments: "He estimates the disposal of his daughter's hand at a thousand pounds. He knows not its value. 'Tis worth all Somerset's titles and revenues, and shall make me ruler in his stead."

## THE HOUSE, BLASWICK.

## PART THE SIXTH.

## I.

## AN EXPEDIENT.

THE gruff porter was one of those men who are prepared for any emergency, and no sooner had he seen who the persons wishing to gain admittance were, than he ran to "The House" as fast as he could and made his way straight to the apartments of the maniac. She was always cowed into obedience by him, and at his bidding she followed him immediately as a dog would have done. They descended the stairs, passed through a door at the bottom, traversed the ruins, and, making an exit by a window at the back, found themselves in a thickly planted shrubbery. Through this the porter forced his way, dragging his companion after him. Presently they came to a shed, the door of which was padlocked; it was unfastened in a moment, and they entered. The porter then stooped down as if in search of something on the ground, and, while he was thus employed, the wretched woman crept into a corner and watched him. It was very dark in the shed, and Franklin was some little time in finding what he wanted; he then kicked with his heel upon a small stone, and a trap-door opened, showing a dark, subterranean passage beneath. He seized the mad woman by the arm, forced her to descend in spite of her struggles, and, closing the entrance above her, he hastened from the spot. A short interview with Mrs. Branburn then took place. He told her that there were policemen demanding admittance at the gate, and intimated what he guessed their errand to be. She was greatly agitated by what he said; the possibility of the house being searched filled her with alarm. What an exposure—what a dreadful thing for her children!

Franklin related what he had done, and what he intended doing, and snapping his fingers, declared that he did not care for any one.

"Do not keep her in that horrible passage longer than you can help. It will kill her," said Mrs. Branburn.

"And all the better if it did," muttered Franklin.

He then left his mistress and wended his way to his own room, where he ordered his wife to arrange the loft in the manner we have described. He lighted the fire in the stove himself, and carried away any articles which might excite suspicion. Having done this, he obliterated the footmarks he had left in the soil by the shrubbery, and returned to his lodge by the gate in time to open to Mr. Acton.

No sooner had Franklin quitted her, than Mrs. Branburn wrung her hands, exclaiming, "Gracious Heavens! and has it come to this?"

For a few moments she seemed paralysed, but, with an effort, she grew calmer.

"They are coming; I must bear it as well as I can. The indignity is odious. To think that I should have married him for this!"

She was warned of Mr. Acton's visit in due form; but it was by Franklin's advice that she received him, for she was much averse to doing so.



Pitch dark, low, and damp was the underground passage where the wretched mad woman lay trembling, her teeth chattering, and her limbs almost powerless from excess of fear. A suppressed wail issued from her lips. The darkness was hateful to her at all times, and doubly so now that she found herself in so deplorable a condition. Streams of moisture trickled down the walls, it seemed to ooze out at every chink; snails crawled about, leaving their slimy trail behind them; and all was shrouded in a black darkness that could be felt, and pervaded by a chilly dampness that penetrated even to the bones.

The poor old woman sat crouching on the bottom step of the staircase leading from the trap-door, with her head buried in her hands. She was quite still for a long time, when suddenly, as if seized with a paroxysm of some kind, or startled by a noise, she darted up and staggered forwards. On she scrambled; now falling, now knocking herself against the wall, now crawling on all fours, or groping with her hands, but still always advancing, sometimes fast, sometimes slowly, and muttering to herself unintelligible sounds, out of which an occasional word here and there might be distinguished. "He" was repeated frequently, and with great vehemence, but the context was entirely lost in an idiotic kind of gabble. The astonishment of the slugs and snails must have been considerable, for their privacy was not often intruded upon, and certainly they had never before been visited by so strange and invisible a foe. The poor woman must have staggered along a considerable distance, but still her energy seemed augmented rather than decreased by the exertion she had undergone. Holding her arms out before her, she hurried along, but presently she came in contact with a wall, directly in front. Was it the end of the passage? Could it terminate thus abruptly? She was puzzled; not that she reasoned about the matter, but she seemed for a moment at fault. The earthy smell and the want of air choked her; she coughed and panted as she stood leaning against the damp stone wall. Had all her energy been spent? had she come that long distance to be suffocated in a living tomb? No. With a cunning surprising in one of her distracted mind, she felt with her hand along the wall; it ceased, the passage turned abruptly to the right. She sprang forwards, hit her foot against some obstacle (there was no telling what it was in the dark), and fell upon her hands against a flight of ascending steps. She scrambled up them, and sat at the top. O joy! a ray of light gleamed through the darkness, and a breath of outer air came to relieve her gasping lungs. She was near some aperture, through which she might, perhaps, gain a glimpse of the world above. Having sat for a moment in stillness, she rose, and made towards the light, which streamed through a round hole in a wooden door. By it, she saw a bolt, running from the door into the wall. It was rusty and stiff, but she drew it back; an unnatural strength seemed granted to her for the emergency in which she was placed. Having done this, she shook and pushed the door, but it remained obdurate; there was something else that fastened it. What could it be? Again she shook, and battered her clenched fist upon it. The door groaned on its hinges, but did not open. Perhaps it was the concussion caused by her blows, or perhaps she unconsciously struck the wall, but a loose stone fell from its place on to the ground at her feet. She uttered a slight scream, and started back, but perceiving the cause of the noise, she returned to her encounter with the door. Again she shook and beat it,

but to no purpose. Her hands were sore, and her excitement was waxing stronger every moment. She began to shout and to laugh wildly; she ran up and down the narrow space between the staircase and the door which seemed to divide her from freedom. She stamped on the ground with her feet, when lo! as if by magic, the daylight streamed fully in upon her. She turned, and saw the door no longer in her way, and in front, in its very place as it were, was a mound of grass. She had touched some secret spring in her frenzy, and with a cry of joy, and clapping her hands, she ran forth, and found herself surrounded by brushwood and rows of closely planted trees.

The warm summer air, the bright joyous light of day, how exquisite they must have felt to that poor imprisoned maniac! She laughed and nodded to the wild flowers as she passed them; she talked to the little birds as they sat singing on the branches of the trees, but she did not stop to gaze at them; she wandered on, and very soon had reached the margin of the little copse which opened upon a corn-field. Skirting this, she came to a wide ditch and hedge. There was no water in the ditch, and she jumped down into it, and walked along through another and another field, till she reached the road running between Kleppington and Allandale. There was nobody passing at the time, and she pushed open the gate leading from the field, and stood on the public highway. A strange, wild-looking figure she was, and well calculated to affright any person she might chance to encounter. Her clothes were wet and begrimed with dirt: her face was wild, and her hands bleeding. She was weary with walking and with the exertions she had undergone, and creeping behind a heap of stones that lay by the side of the road, and sheltered from observation by a thick gorse bush, she stretched her aching limbs upon the ground, and fell into a quiet trance. Visions of all kinds floated before her, and she must have laughed, or made some noise in her half-sleep, for two carts, happening to pass along the road, stopped near the spot where she lay, and the carters ran up to the gorse-bush, and discovered the poor woman behind it.

"Whau carn 't be?" asked one of the other.

"Sum tramper. We'll tall t'p'lice in Allandale, as we gang through."

And they went on their way; but not before their presence had aroused the poor old woman, for she started up, and, in spite of the stiffness of her limbs, she scrambled over the low stone wall on the opposite side, and made the best of her way across the field, exclaiming, as she hobbled along, "They will take me to him, they will!"

## II.

### DAFFLED AFTER ALL!

WHEN "The House" was clear of the intruders, and Franklin considered it safe to liberate his prisoner again, he returned to the subterranean passage. The trap-door was easily opened this time, and he called out loudly to the mad woman. No answer was returned; and not wishing to make more noise than was necessary, he forbore to call again. Letting the trap-door close for a few moments, he took a lantern that stood on a shelf against the wall of the shed, and, placing a candle in it, struck a light, and with this he descended into the noisome passage. "She has crept farther in," was his reflection. But as he wandered on

and on, and still without discovering the object of his search, he grew uneasy. The suffocating air was as unpleasant to him as it had been to his victim. A few oaths effervesced from his lips; something put the lantern out—most probably a drop of water from the roof had penetrated through the holes in the tin shade. He had great difficulty in lighting it again, and wasted considerable time in doing so. On he went; but still no traces of her he sought. He reached the steps; he ascended them. There was daylight in the vault. How could this happen? The door at the end was open! With an exclamation of horror he sprang forward. "She has escaped! but there's time to capture her yet," he thought, and putting the lantern on the ground he advanced quickly into the open air. The summer breeze was playing amongst the brushwood, and the birds were singing; but they told him nothing of the fugitive. He looked on the ground for marks of footsteps; there were some near the entrance to the passage, but farther on the ground was hard, and no impression had been left. He was puzzled as to the direction he should take, when his eye caught sight of a piece of ribbon hanging lightly on a bush to the left; he recognised it as being that usually worn round the neck of the fugitive. It had been carried there by the breeze, and it led him in a contrary direction from that taken by her. Every part of the wood was searched; he wandered through the adjacent fields, but to no purpose. He dared not make any inquiries of the workmen he saw, but continued his search alone, and he was wholly unsuccessful; having taken the wrong direction, he lost all chance of securing his captive again.

Boiling over with rage, and uttering deep imprecations on himself and his victim, he returned to "The House," and presented himself before his mistress. His countenance was pale as death, for fear filled his breast, and checked the warm blood in its course through his veins.

"It's all over with us, ma'am," he exclaimed; "she has escaped, and they will get hold of her. Would that my master had taken my advice. The dead tell no tales."

Mrs. Branburn eagerly inquired how it had happened, and received the porter's version of the story, which was somewhat confused.

"Do you think she will be recognised? Had you not better saddle a horse, and search for her? She has had time to get far away."

"And proclaim to the world that she comes from this house," said the porter, with a half-sneer. "No; our only hope is, that there will be no clue to link her with us. She is not like what she was, fortunately; we have altered her looks considerably, and she is not capable of telling a connected story."

"Poor thing!" ejaculated Mrs. Branburn. And there was an expression of relief, rather than of fear, in her tone. The porter cast a searching glance at her, but obeyed when she bade him retire.

Walking to the window, when relieved from his presence, she stood resting against the recess. Her thoughts were busy, for she was even then making up her mind to take a bold step—to do an act of justice. But to betray her husband! So violent was the emotion caused by her reflections that she tottered as she stood. The right course to be taken was so veiled she could not see her duty clearly through the mist of indecision within her.

"My poor children! my poor children!" were the words ever recurring; and, indeed, their position was a sad one.

## III.

## AN APPARITION.

THE kitchen of the farm where old Mrs. Crossman lived was the picture of cleanliness. Not a spot of dirt rested on the well-scoured table, not a particle of dust lay on the dresser, the chairs—no, not even upon the chimney-piece. A bright kettle hissed over the fire, some flowers stood in the window and excluded half the light, and a cat sat near them purring and licking her paws. She was probably affected by the general love of cleanliness, for pussy was intent upon the business of washing her face after her own peculiar method, and I doubt not she looked with just as much pride on her shining fur coat as Betsy Crossman, the farmer's wife, did on her bright table and stainless floor.

Two irreproachable box beds, with curtains instead of sliding doors—a modern innovation and very rarely adopted—took up the end of the room, and to the right a door led to a small back kitchen, where Betsy was washing up the tea-things. The old lady, whom we have already seen making her purchases in Kelton, was sitting quietly knitting by the small table in the kitchen window, and a grandchild lay on the sandy floor at her feet, turning over the leaves of a brilliantly coloured picture-book, and chattering away in a singing tone, half to herself and half for the benefit of granny, whose knitting-needles were being plied so busily just over her head.

The hum of insects came through the open door on their left, and the lowing of the cattle in the pasture below the farm-house was heard from time to time.

"Ma'be, Jack wi' be late, moother," said Betsy, from the back kitchen. "He's gang'd doone to Blaswick wi' t' yung calf. We need na think o' his cumen yeet a bit."

"Ah weel, t' folks doone yonder are like enou' to keep him; boot Mr. Acton, t' priest, sent foor him an hour ago, an' a thought, ma'be, he'd cum in time joost to step oop to t' rectory."

"Thur's naa sayin' hoo 't 'll be."

With this reflection Betsy went on with her work, and the old grandmother sat quietly knitting by the window, dreaming, perhaps, of days long gone, when she had been knocked about the world like other folks, and she had seen many different places when she was young. Pictures of past events and scenes floated before her; snatches of past conversations were echoed back by her memory; she was speaking with her good man again; he was sipping his tea beside her out of the saucer, as he had done on one evening in particular, and they were talking together about "The House," and how sad it was that Mr. Mark should have made such a foolish will. She shook her head, as she had done then, and sighed, when of a sudden her little granddaughter started up from the floor with an exclamation of alarm, and creeping behind the old woman's chair, exclaimed,

"Look, look!" and pointed with her little outstretched arm towards the door; "'tis t' gipsy woman moother says 'll taak me awaa."

Turning her head in the direction indicated by the child, Mrs. Crossman gazed at the strange figure which there presented itself to her

view, and an expression of intense alarm crossed her usually placid countenance. She half rose, but fell back again, murmuring her daughter-in-law's name in a whisper, "Betsy, Betsy!" She trembled all over, and her under lip dropped, whilst her eyes still remained fixed upon the figure darkening the doorway.

"Thaat a shoold ha' lived to see a ghoost!" she muttered. "Taak it awaa, it's naa gude to fright an owld woman sa."

Attracted by the child's cry for help, Betsy Crossman hastened into the kitchen, and perceiving the cause of alarm, and concluding that the figure she saw was a beggar-woman, she scolded, and threatened to send for the farm-man if she did not go directly. Instead of complying, however, with her command, the supposed beggar sank on the door-step, and gave utterance to a low moaning sound of distress.

"The poor creature is ill," thought Betsy; and compassion for her was stealing into her woman's heart, when she became aware that her mother-in-law had fainted, and the intruder was forgotten in an instant.

"Run, Lizzie, an' tall Robert to saddle t' horse. He moost ride t' Kleppington foor t' doctor."

"T' wooman, moother!" cried the child. "A dare naa pass t' woman."

"Gang oot by t' back door, than," replied her mother, sharply.

Poor old Mrs. Crossman was soon laid on her bed at the end of the room, and, by dint of the usual methods and restoratives, her daughter-in-law managed to bring her round again before the doctor had time to arrive. When Betsy saw that animation had returned, she was more easy in her mind, and had leisure to think of the strange being still crouching at her door. Again she bade her depart, but finding that she took no notice, Betsy sent for one of the farming-men, and told him to see the beggar safe out of their premises. He had hard work to get her raised from the ground, and when she was once again on her legs, she seemed so exhausted with fatigue and so weak, that he had compassion on her, and very kindly made her a bed of hay in an outhouse on his own authority. The poor creature sank down upon it without uttering a word, and he left her to rest there, but took the precaution of locking the door when he went out for fear that she might steal something, and make off unperceived.

Jack Crossman returned before his mother had quite regained her consciousness, and learned the story of what had just occurred from his wife's lips. He thought it strange that his usually calm, even-tempered mother should have been so excited by a beggar-woman, and he inquired very particularly what she was like. Betsy gave a very highly coloured portrait of "the tramp," as she called her, and Jack Crossman appeared puzzled.

"Mr. Acton haas been axen after ye," said his wife.

"A ha' been wi' him this hour an' more," he replied. And then Jack went on to say, that he had heard strange things down at Kleppington, that would astonish his mother if she knew them all.

"Doan't a tall her onythiin' yeet," whispered Betsy. "She's naa strong enou'."

"A kens thaat," was his short reply. "Is t' doctor cumin'?"

The rough man leaned tenderly forward to look at the pale face on the pillow, and, as he did so, a faint voice murmured, "Jack, mi ain soon, is't ye?"

"Yes, moother; boot ye moost bide still."

"A ha' been dreamin'," continued the old lady, in a weak voice; "it moost ha' been a dream. Is't mornin'?"

Jack replied that it was still day, but that the evening was coming on apace.

"A thought A haad been took ill," she said. "It wa' a strange dream, mi soon. A caan see 't noo. Sa strange! Miss Mary's eyes, boot wild an' wand'rin' like; Miss Mary's face, boot owld an' waane."

On hearing this, Jack Crossman turned quickly to his wife, and surprised her not a little by his eager inquiry of what she had done with the beggar-woman.

"A sent foor one o' t' men to turn her oot o' t' plaace. We caan ha naa tramps here."

"An' he did sa?"

"A dinna ken, for A naa went to sai."

On hearing this, Jack muttered something which was unintelligible to his wife, and his action was still more perplexing, for he left his sick mother's side and went out, as if he had something very important to do which could not be postponed for a moment.

"Weel, A'se soore!" ejaculated Betsy. "Whaat caan 't be arl about." But her mother required all her attention, and she had no time for conjecture, as the doctor arrived, and the story had to be repeated again with additions. She had to listen to his injunctions, to help in the preparation of a cordial, and to see that the kettle did not boil over. The doctor said that she need not be under any apprehension for the old lady; a fainting-fit at her time of life naturally caused great uneasiness; but she had undergone some excitement, and rest was what she most needed.

Jack did not come back as soon as his wife expected; and when she had seen the doctor mount his horse and ride away, she began to be both rather curious and rather uneasy about him. Where could he have gone? It must be some very important business that kept him away from his mother's sick-bed. Betsy asked a boy if he had scen her husband; and from him she learned that Jack had taken the beggar-woman in his own gig down the hill, and along the road towards the rectory. He had had some trouble to get her in, and she had laughed and talked like a mad woman. This piece of news puzzled Betsy more than ever. What could her husband be doing with the tramp? She had a good mind to scold the farming-man for not sending her off the place when he was told to do so.

Betsy loved to give any one a good scolding, but she had no opportunity this time, as the man was fortunately not in the way. So she was obliged to content herself with saying something sharp to the boy for doing nothing, and then she went back to the kitchen.

"Betsy!" said a faint voice—"Betsy!" And she hastened to the bedside. "A'm very weak, an' A ha' seen strange things sooch as people see afore they die. If it shoold cum to thaat, ye'll ha' me buried in t' grave wi' ma gude maau."

"Ward ye ha' it distoorben, moother?"

"Yees, it ma' seem strange, boot ye see a ward like to lie side by side wi' him; natur clings to natur."

Having arranged this matter, the old lady fell into a doze.

## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

## NO. II.—LAND.

THE official survey of the surface of France was commenced in 1808 and finished in 1842. It shows a total area of 129,195,187 acres, divided into 158,184,542 fields or pieces. Each separate property, no matter how many pieces it includes, nor of what size or nature it be, cultivated or uncultivated, and whether built on or not, is marked on the map by a taxing number, called the *cote foncière*, and this number, or *cote foncière*, constitutes the topographical and fiscal denomination of the property to which it applies.

The total of these *cotes foncières* in 1842, according to the survey then completed, was 11,511,841. But these figures refer, in fact, to the whole thirty-four years, between 1808 and 1842, and do not apply to any particular year; for the numbers given for the departments which were surveyed first date necessarily from 1808, while those which relate to the last districts executed belong to 1840 or 1841. This difference of date in the calculation of the various elements of the survey destroys its value as applicable to any one year; and though the statistics of France quote the number of 11,511,841 *cotes foncières*, as officially belonging to the year 1842, and though that date must therefore be accepted as the legal point of departure of those statistics, it is obvious that the figures in question cannot be depended on really indicating the exact number of separate properties into which France was then divided.

This difficulty is important, for if the annual augmentation of *cotes foncières* is to be admitted to constitute an absolute indication of the progress of the division of the soil, which is the great problem attached to the land question in France, it is clearly essential to have a determined point to start from. And this is the more interesting in consideration of the attacks directed against the law of equal inheritance, not only in countries where a different legislation exists, but also by a small party in France itself. If, by the action of this law, the number of *cotes foncières* is increasing rapidly, then it would follow that in a period which, although long, might be approximatively calculated, the surface of France would become divided into lots so infinitesimally small that, as is urged by the adversaries of the law, agriculture might become unproductive from having no space to work on, and the taxes on real property, which at present constitute about one-sixth of the whole revenue of the country, might cease to be practically recoverable.

It is easy to understand why the few remaining representatives of the system destroyed in 1789 should endeavour, by gloomy forebodings, to obtain the reconstitution of entails as a first step to the re-establishment of aristocratic conditions of society; but neither their facts nor their arguments appear to be well founded.

The present state of division of the soil of France is not a consequence of the law of equal inheritance. It existed to a great extent long before

that law was enacted. It is known, and the authority of Arthur Young confirms the fact, that years before the Revolution, while the old régime was still in force, one-third of the surface was already owned by small proprietors. Then came the confiscation and sale, in the last years of the eighteenth century, of the properties of the émigrés and the clergy, the great mass of which were bought by the rural population and converted into small holdings. It was not till after the land had thus been already cut up that the obligatory division of inheritance came into force; so that even if it could be proved that the development of small holdings is dangerous to the prosperity of the country, this development cannot yet be attributed to any material extent to the compulsory division of inheritance.

It is asserted by the opponents of the present law that the subdivision of the land has largely progressed since the commencement of this century, and, consequently, after the causes just indicated had produced all their effect; that there were only 10,083,751 cotes foncières in France in 1815, and 13,122,758 in 1854, and that the multiplication of properties in those forty years, which was 30 per cent., or at the rate of  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. per annum, was, at all events, due to divisions of inheritance. On this they argue that the whole present number of properties will be doubled in one hundred and thirty-four years. But the starting-point of this calculation is incorrect. The 10,083,751 cotes foncières given for 1815 were certainly published by the government of the period, and may therefore be supposed to be officially given; but they resulted not from any known facts, but from a simple estimate based on the results of the small part of the survey then executed; the quantities found in a few departments were summarily applied to the proportionate surfaces of all the remaining departments, and so the above total was obtained. The proof of the inexactness of this way of counting is furnished by the official statistics themselves. In order to arrive at another anticipatory total, by the same system of induction, calculations were made and published in 1826, when the survey was about half finished, showing that the general sum of cotes foncières in all France was 10,296,693, while, by another computation made in 1835, they were again estimated at 10,893,528. But as the very author of these calculations, M. Moreau de Jonnés, has since most justly observed, they upset each other; for whereas the increase they show for the eleven years, between 1815 and 1826, is 212,942, it amounts to 596,835 for the nine years between 1826 and 1835—a variation of the rate of progress which is manifestly inadmissible. These guess-work calculations show the danger of trying to compute the whole from one of the parts; the process may be possible in comparative anatomy, but it is most unsafe in matters of account.

For these reasons all the figures put forward as antecedent to 1842 must be regarded as imaginary; it is not, therefore, necessary to examine the arguments which are based on them. And even the figures of 1842 have a somewhat limited value, not only from the long period over which their collection extended, but from the great probability that many numbers were accidentally omitted in the laborious and intricate operations of the first survey. This probability is supported by the fact, that while the total number of cotes foncières amounted to 11,511,841 in 1842, it had risen to 12,549,954 in 1851; that is to say, the apparent



increase in these nine years was 1,461,203, or nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum, a rate of progress not only out of all proportion with that of the other periods calculated, but which is especially improbable in the face of the comparatively sluggish state of France, and of the absence of all speculative activity during the time. It certainly cannot be proved that the survey which finished in 1842 was incomplete, but there is strong presumptive evidence that it was so, and to a very great degree.

It is prudent, therefore, to put aside all these doubtful numbers, and to take the more recent quantities officially given in the fourteenth volume of the General Statistics of France, after the original survey had been well checked in every department, though there again a new difficulty arises.

As has just been remarked, the cotes foncières for 1851 amounted to 12,549,954, while in 1854 they had risen to 13,122,758. The augmentation in those four years was, therefore, 572,804, which is equal to about 1 per cent. per annum. Now this proportion is absolutely higher than that of  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., already indicated as inexact, because it results from a comparison of the guess-work figures of 1815; if, therefore, it were not susceptible of explanation, it would furnish a stronger and more undeniable proof than any yet advanced that the law of compulsory division is rapidly multiplying the number of lots. But this exceptional progress resulted from two great and special momentary causes totally independent of the normal conditions of the land market. In the years between 1852 and 1854, after confidence was re-established by the foundation of the Empire, and before it was again disturbed by the Crimean war, France was in a most feverish state of industrial and speculative activity. Joint-stock companies of every kind came before the public with subscriptions of shares, half the population devoted itself to Bourse speculations, and the national character seemed to suddenly change—abandoning the old habits of hoarding and solid investments for the sake of the profits which suddenly tempted it in a new direction. These influences acted most powerfully on the middle classes, and in order to satisfy their new dispositions they sold in every direction the landed property which they had still retained in order to invest in shares the capital which it represented. This peculiar and momentary condition of the money market produced more voluntary sales of land in those years than had occurred in the whole of the first half of the century. The land thus brought into the market was eagerly bought by the rural population, who found in these special circumstances a rare opportunity of satisfying their longing after land; but as, from want of means, they could only buy in small pieces, the number of lots, and consequently the number of cotes foncières, increased in proportion to the number of buyers. This is the first explanation of the increase of cotes foncières from 1851 to 1854.

The second cause arose from exactly similar sources. During these same three years building went on in France with astonishing rapidity. In Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and many other great towns, whole districts were covered with new houses, and as every new building lot bears a new number and represents a new cote foncière, a very large augmentation was produced in this way.

These circumstances have not yet been brought forward by the French

writers on the subject, but all France knows that they existed, and the only doubtful point about them is the determination of the exact amount of influence which they exercised.

The increase of 1 per cent. per annum in the quantity of cotes foncières between 1851 and 1854 was, therefore, momentary and exceptional, and cannot be attributed to the effects of the division of inheritance.

As the published statistics bearing on the subject only come down to 1854, the movement since that date cannot be determined. The question rests, therefore, for the moment, between the difficulty of inexact figures previously to 1851 and the difficulty of a sudden augmentation produced by special causes from 1851 to 1854. Of course the division of the soil of France is progressing, and the rate of increase in the number of lots has risen, under the accidental circumstances just mentioned, as high as 1 per cent. per annum, but it cannot be admitted that the normal augmentation approaches that quantity. The average annual progress in ordinary years is probably not superior to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. This, however, is but an estimate, and its reality cannot be determined till the experience of several more years has indicated the regular rate of the movement; but it seems, under all the circumstances, to be a reasonably probable figure.

Admitting, therefore, that the subdivision of the surface is at present regularly advancing at this latter rate from the effects of the law of equal inheritance, it does not follow that any evil consequences will necessarily ensue from the multiplication and consequent diminution in size of the properties into which it will divide the land. It must first be shown that the multiplication will really continue at its present rate up to a point where danger would arise.

The first step in the examination of this part of the question is to fix the present proportions of the division of the soil among its owners. But no one knows how many landed proprietors there are in France. They have never been counted. Several estimates of their number have been made, more or less discordant with each other, but there is no positive and recognised result. The only information on the subject which presents itself with an official character is a calculation made during the first Empire by the Duke de Gaète, who was then minister of finance; he estimated that the average division of property was at the rate of two cotes foncières to each proprietor. As this proportion has recently been confirmed by M. Moreau de Jonnés, director of the Statistical Department at the Ministry of the Interior, who considers that it continues to apply at the present time, it may be received with as much confidence as can be attached to a result which, after all, is only a presumption. Taking, therefore, two cotes foncières to each proprietor, the 13,122,758 cotes of 1854 would give 6,561,379 proprietors—more than one-sixth of the whole population, which is 36 millions.

Now, if the division of the soil continues to progress at the supposed rate of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum, this number of proprietors would evidently be doubled in two hundred years, and would rise to 13,122,758 in that period. But as the present rate of increase of the population is not  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. per annum, the whole total would only rise from 36 to 48 millions in the same two hundred years, even admitting that this advance takes

place at all, which is more than doubtful. The consequence would be that, if these two results were both realised, more than a quarter of the whole population of France, men, women, and children, would become individual landed proprietors in two hundred years; while if, as is much more probable, the population remains stationary, the proportion of land-owners would rise to a third. But allowing to an unlimited extent for the possible effects of the peculiarly national longing after land, it cannot be admitted that, under any circumstances whatever, one-fourth of the entire nation can ever acquire it; such a result would, in fact, constitute every single family in the country a holder of the soil.

In the face of this inadmissible hypothesis, it is prudent to suppose that the land market in France will be guided, like all other markets, by the relations between demand and supply, and that as soon as the rural populations, who are now almost the sole buyers, have absorbed all they can take (a result which, from the great outlay this class has already incurred, cannot be far off), the progress of division will cease from the want of new purchasers. Inheritance alone, when directly applied—that is to say, when the children divide their parents' land between themselves without sale—is not a probable source of great subdivision, for though the average of the agricultural families shows two and a half children to two parents, and though there is, therefore, an apparent multiplication of one-fifth at each transmission, the fact is, that from the consumption of men at the army, and from the growing migration to the towns, the number of children who really inherit village properties scarcely exceeds the number of the parents they replace.

Another reason for expecting that the present demand for small properties will diminish is, that the value of land in France is constantly and regularly rising. For the last twenty years, notwithstanding the sales lately effected by the middle-class owners who seek other investments, this value has gone up almost steadily at the rate of about one per cent. per annum. So that even if the number of buyers were to progress in proportion to the number of sales, the augmentation of price would finally paralyse the demand.

For these reasons it may be admitted that even if the number of cotes foncières, and, consequently, of separate holdings, should continue to increase, this augmentation will not continue to be accompanied by a similar rise in the number of separate proprietors. The latter quantity will probably go on slowly advancing for some years yet, finally coming to a stand-still; the only result will be, that there may be two and a half, or even three, lots to each proprietor, but there can be no danger for agriculture in that consequence.

And even if the number of separate proprietors did rise to the improbable total of 13,000,000, the superficial division between them would not become excessive, as applied to such a country as France, where small holdings are suited to the character and tendency of the people.

With the present supposed number of 6,561,379 proprietors for a total surface of 129,195,187 acres, the average surface owned per head appears to be  $19\frac{2}{3}$  acres. But this figure does not represent the real rate of division. The surface of every country contains an important area which is useless for production, and that area must be excluded from a calculation

of the average proportion held by each of those who really get their living out of their land.

The surface of France is composed as follows :

Cultivated: Arable land . . . . .	63,186,497	acres
Grass land . . . . .	12,743,295	"
Vines . . . . .	5,163,618	"
Orchards, gardens, &c. . . . .	1,551,741	"
Willow and osier beds . . . . .	159,849	"
Olive, mulberry, and almond plantations . . . . .	273,491	"
Chesnut woods . . . . .	1,393,043	"
	<hr/>	
Total area cultivated . . . . .	84,471,534	"
Forests: Private and communal forests.	19,025,015	
State forests . . . . .	2,611,071	
	<hr/>	
	21,636,086	"
Uncultivated: Quarries and mines . . . . .	10,313	
Pools and irrigation canals . . . . .	42,980	
Navigable canals . . . . .	30,314	
Heaths, commons, peat grounds, rocks, and mountains . . . . .	17,712,872	
Ponds . . . . .	441,446	
Houses, &c. . . . .	605,256	
Roads, streets, and public places . . . . .	2,724,227	
Rivers, lakes, and streams . . . . .	1,089,690	
Churches, cemeteries, and pub- lic buildings . . . . .	36,484	
Sundry . . . . .	393,983	
	<hr/>	
	23,087,565	"
General total . . . . .	129,195,185	"

In round numbers, 65 per cent. of the surface of the country is cultivated, 17 per cent. is in forest, and 18 per cent. is uncultivated.

It is reasonable to suppose that the forests and uncultivated parts of the surface are generally held in large lots, for the nature of such districts scarcely allows their subdivision into small pieces. It is therefore probable that the great mass of the little properties exist on the 85,000,000 acres occupied by culture and houses. Taking, therefore, the 13,122,758 cotes foncières of the year 1854, and calculating that, on the proportions of the land-tax list of 1842 (given hereafter), 12,500,000 of them pay less than 4*l.* per annum for taxes, and may consequently be classed together as small properties, it results that each of these 12½ millions of separate holdings would consist on an average of 6¾ acres; and as the theory is that there are two cotes foncières to each owner, each small proprietor would then own 13¾ acres, instead of the general average of 19¾, which resulted from the first calculation above.

There would remain 622,758 cotes foncières applicable to the large properties, paying from 4*l.* to 40*l.* a year and upwards, for taxes, that is to say, to a total surface of about 37,000,000 of acres (the state forests, canals, roads, rivers, and churches, being deducted, as not representing property in the ordinary sense of the term): the proportion for this class would, therefore, be 59¼ acres for each cote foncière, or 1188 acres for each proprietor.

If, therefore, to resume the argument, the number of proprietors really became doubled in 200 years, or any other period, the average surface of the small holdings would fall from  $13\frac{3}{4}$  acres, which it may now be imagined to be, to  $6\frac{3}{4}$  acres; an area which, according to present experience, is not too small to be productively cultivated.

The list just referred to of the composition of the land-taxes for 1842 (the latest date to which it is published in detail), generally confirms the above estimates of the average superficial division. It shows the number of cotes foncières included in each successive category of tax-payers :

5,440,580	properties paid less than	4s. taxes per annum
1,818,474	properties paid from	4s. to 8s. "
1,614,897	"	8s. to 16s. "
791,711	"	16s. to 24s. "
744,911	"	24s. to 47. "
607,956	"	47. to 47. "
440,104	"	47. to 207. "
36,862	"	207. to 407. "
16,346	"	407. and upwards
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11,511,841		

Now, though this table proves nothing direct as regards surface division, because the annual value (on which the taxes are levied) varies for the same space with the fertility of the soil, or with the nature of the building which stands on it, 10,000 acres in the Landes being worth less than a quarter of an acre in Paris, and one being undistinguishable from the other in the above table, it shows how small a proportion of the properties into which France is divided pay more than 47. a year taxes; the general supposed average of  $13\frac{3}{4}$  acres per head is therefore not upset by the existence of any considerable number of really large properties which would reduce the proportionate area of the rest.

Such large properties as still remain in France will perhaps continue to exist, though rather as a satisfaction to family feelings than as a means of preserving agriculture on a large scale. This question, however, is too difficult and uncertain to be decided at present.

The division into small properties is facilitated by the simple conditions under which land is transferred from the seller to the buyer. There is no such thing as conveyancing in France. The sale or inheritance of every piece of land is registered by the state; the notaries, who alone have the power to manage such transfers, being obliged, under heavy penalties, to effect their registration, and the simple fact of undisputed registration constitutes a legal title, though of course the state does not guarantee it. Three months are allowed after a purchase to advertise for mortgages, and then all is complete. The deeds of preceding sales of the property in question are usually handed over to the buyer, but they do not constitute the title to the property, it is the registration which gives it. This obligatory registration, which is paid by the purchaser, or heir, at the rate of about three per cent. on the nominal value of the property (the full value is never stated), brings in a large income to the state; indeed, it is calculated that a sum equal to the whole value of the land of France will pass into the hands of the government in this way every 200 years.

A remarkable feature in the employment of the soil is the large surface, 17 per cent. of the whole, which is occupied by forests. These forests are of great importance to the country, and are subject to severe laws: the conditions under which timber may be cut are exactly defined and rigidly executed, the object being to prevent waste and to ensure a constant and sufficient supply of wood for the general wants of the country, not only for building, carpentry, the manufacture of wine-casks, and trade generally, but more especially for firing and charcoal. The latter article alone constitutes an immense trade, not only for cooking (for which it is almost the only fuel used in France), but for smelting iron, the original iron trade of the country having been originally based on charcoal furnaces, and three-eighths of the total production being still charcoal iron.

The uncultivated proportion, though apparently representing 17 per cent. of the whole, is really limited to the 17,700,000 acres (13 $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.) occupied by mountains and heaths, the rest being occupied by water, roads, &c.; and as the southern and eastern frontiers, and a part of the centre, are almost exclusively composed of mountainous districts, this total cannot be considered to show any want of activity in reclaiming waste land. Indeed, the contrary is rather the truth. In Auvergne, for instance, cattle feeding is carried on up the hill-sides to the limit where it ceases to be productive, and if the same is not yet the case in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Jura, it is because the population of those districts is still too scanty to utilise the surface at its disposal.

The cultivated part of the soil of France does not, as a whole, present very different features now from those which were so exactly described by Arthur Young seventy years ago. The value of agricultural production has risen in the interval from 96,000,000*l.* to 280,000,000*l.* per annum, but the general conditions remain the same. There is, however, one remarkable change. Since the commencement of the present century there has been a constantly growing increase in the variety of the plants cultivated, and without entering into the general question of French agriculture, which is a subject apart, this new fact presents so much interest and importance, it shows so clearly the tie which is rising between trade and land, that it cannot be passed over in an examination of the present conditions of the latter.

No other country probably produces such a multitude of different crops as France at this moment. The surface occupied by the new species of culture is not comparatively large, but their variety and peculiar destination are striking signs of the tendency of the people. The peculiarity in question does not arise from any special conditions of climate, temperature, or habits of farming; the vine and the olive are still virtually the only two plants largely grown in France which England is too cold to bring to maturity, for oranges cannot be included among French fruits, as they ripen nowhere but at Hyères, and rice is still in a state of experiment. The present diversity of agricultural products results almost solely from the marked disposition of the French to pursue new branches of manufacturing industry, and it is this disposition which has provoked the cultivation of all sorts of plants practically unknown in England, but which furnish raw material for various manufactures.

The first great impulse given to the cultivation of industrial plants in

France dates from the wars of the Empire, when the absence of colonial sugar brought about the growth of beetroot to replace it. This measure, which was thought at the time to be only temporary, laid the foundation of a trade which has outlived the necessity which created it, and the cultivation of beetroot has assumed a regular and important place in the agriculture of the northern departments, producing as much as 130,000 tons of sugar in 1859, including the alcohol, which also is largely made from the same plant. But this is no longer the sole great example of raw material supplied by the soil to the manufacturer. The area occupied by the cultivation of beet, garance, and other dye plants, mulberry groves for feeding silkworms (which must be classed in this category), tobacco, flax and hemp, colza, the new sugar sorgho, and sundry other industrial vegetables, exceeded 1,800,000 acres in 1842, and is now estimated to reach  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions of acres.

The interest of this agricultural fact is not so much in the absorption of three per cent. of the cultivated surface, which timid economists say is wanted to grow meat and bread, as in the indication it furnishes of the activity of the industrial movement in France, which has found employment since the beginning of this century for such a proportion of the land of the country. It cannot seriously be said that it endangers the supply of food, the quantity of which increases with the population and with the development of cultivation; and even if it did, France would only pay for her manufacturing progress the same price as her neighbours, while the national wealth would gain more by the stimulation of industry than it would lose by the necessity of buying corn abroad in a larger proportion than at present. The simple existence of the fact is sufficient to prove that both the agriculturist and the manufacturer find their advantage in it; and as the cultivation of cereals still covers 34,300,000 acres, of which wheat alone takes 13,800,000 acres, the diminution of the corn-growing and cattle-feeding surface has not assumed a proportion which is seriously worth noticing.

The number of houses in France in 1846, the latest date to which the published accounts extend, was 7,462,545, which, on the population then existing, gave an average of about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  persons to each house; but as in the towns there are from 10 to 200 inhabitants per house, the average for the country district does not probably exceed 3, so that the rural population is evidently not overcrowded.

313,691	houses had only one opening
1,805,422	„ „ two openings
1,433,642	„ „ three „
996,348	„ „ four „
692,685	„ „ five „
2,220,757	„ „ six or more openings

Total . . . 7,462,545

Here the large proportion of houses with only one, two, or three openings, shows less satisfactory conditions of existence for the labouring classes. But, since 1846, there has been a very considerable improvement in this respect, and it is probable that, when the present returns are published, they will show a very superior result. Improvement has especially been remarkable of late years in the materials of roofing for coun-

try cottages: tiles, and even slate, having replaced thatch on a large scale.

The number of doors and windows, at the same date, was 44,283,363—nearly  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per head of the whole population.

France is well supplied with roads and canals. On Dec. 31, 1854, the length of roads of all kinds amounted to 400,980 miles; while the navigable canals presented a development of 2947 miles, and the navigable rivers of 5511 miles, so constituting an interior navigation of 8458 miles.

It results from these various facts and figures that the present general condition of landed property in France is satisfactory. Its value is rising; its income has tripled in seventy years; and a new tie has lately been established between the manufacturing and agricultural interests by the introduction of industrial plants on a scale which has already become considerable. The great question of the division of property has not assumed any threatening proportions, and there is every reason to believe that it will never do so. The principle of small holdings, on which the land system of France may be said to be mainly based, is certainly suited, as has already been remarked, to the character and tendency of the people; but it has great and radical disadvantages. It prevents the division of labour; it obliges the little landowner to do everything with his own hands, often without even a plough; he can profit by none of the improvements which the command of capital would place at his disposal; all he can do is to make up for the difficulties inherent to his isolated position by working eighteen hours a day, and that he does. The amount of labour he expends is prodigious, but all the advantages of association, capital, division of labour, and scientific knowledge are lost to him. On the other hand, the system falls in with the spirit of the people; it enables the agricultural servant to better his position if he can scrape together the means of buying a bit of land, and, when he has got it, he works it so diligently and perseveringly that he manages to live on it, apparently on nothing.

The rich classes of the nation are not turned to agriculture as in England; they scarcely occupy themselves about it. Such of them as own land keep it, because, although it is comparatively a bad investment, it is safe and honourable to be a "proprietor." It is true that there has been a decided movement of late years in favour of scientific cultivation. The government is making efforts to stimulate its pursuit, and the recent agricultural exhibitions have given proof of remarkable progress in certain localities and under certain circumstances; but it is doubtful whether farming will ever become a recognised profession, and still more so, whether it will ever become a national taste. The times are forgotten when the interest of the land was so great in the eyes of the gentlemen of France that they gave it the first place in their stately motto, "The soil, the sword, and the faith."

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## THE SCIENCE OF CARD-SHARPING.\*

THE readers of Houdin's *Memoirs* generally regarded that book as a further mystification on the part of the clever author, for he took very good care not to spoil his son-in-law's trade by telling us how the tricks, on which his reputation rested, were achieved. It is true that M. Houdin promised us another volume of his confessions, to contain a correct account of all his manipulations, but it has not made its appearance yet. He has, however, compromised with his conscience by bringing out the very extraordinary volume which forms the subject-matter of our article, and which, among much interesting anecdote, teaches us how every trick practised by the card-sharpers is done—and their number is legion. We should certainly recommend the author not to be out very late at night, for he runs the risk of being stabbed by some gentleman whose professional career he has so ruthlessly nipped in the bud. It is not going too far to assert that by a careful study of this book playmen will be able to detect every combination which renders good luck subservient to clever trickery. As, however, this portion of the volume is too technical for general readers, we will ask them to wait for it until the English translation appears, and confine ourselves to the anecdotal history of French Hellenes.

For years it had been a mania with M. Houdin to find out all about card tricks, as, indeed, he tells us in his *Memoirs*. This thirst for information led him into several predicaments, and before we discuss his book we will shortly describe one of them. Having learned that a Mr. Elias Hausheer was very clever with the cards, Houdin made up his mind to call on him, placing in his pocket, as an introduction, a mechanical snuff-box, which had a singing-bird in it, lately completed. He found the professor affable and dirty: he showed him sundry tricks, which Houdin, with pardonable vanity, trumped by producing his singing-bird. But this had an unexpected result: the German fell in love with it, and insisted on Houdin's surrender of it to him, that he might show it to a friend. In fact, he became so pressing, that Houdin saw him fumbling at the hilt of a knife under his blouse. Houdin's coolness did not desert him for a moment; he expressed his regret that this bird was sold, but he had a much finer one at home made of gold, which he would give Hausheer to show his friend, if he would come along with him. The bait took, and Houdin arrived home in safety, when he politely shut the door in the baffled scoundrel's face. The baffled villain went down the stairs, cursing himself for having been such a fool, and M. Houdin was pleasantly relieved a few months later by reading that he had been sent to the galleys. This was a warning to Houdin, and thenceforth he employed an agent to find out for him practised sharpers and bring them to his house, when they displayed all their tricks for a consideration.

The origin of the word "Greek" dates back to the end of the reign of Louis XIV., when a Greek chevalier of the name of Apoulos was

\* *Les Tricheries des Grecs dévoilées.* Par Robert-Houdin. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle.

detected in the act of cheating, and sent to the galleys for twenty years. Hence the name to the whole family of rogues, and when play was publicly allowed in Paris their number increased very largely. For a while they got on magnificently; and one of them, an engineer by trade, hit on the ingenious idea of making the black holes in the roulette-table larger than the red, so that the ball kept out of the latter. An improvement in this was effected: a mechanism was placed under the table, which, by the pressure of a knee, slightly shut the holes, according to the situation of the stake: that is, if the players were backing even, the whole of those numbers were reduced in size, and the ball must enter the uneven numbers, or *vice versa*. The army of Greeks was so largely recruited at length, that dupes began to be lacking: hence, they kept a number of agents, whose duties were to discover and draw into the net strangers newly arrived in the capital; persons who had just gained a cause; playmen who had won largely; sons of good family just come into their inheritance; and imprudent clerks, who staked their employers' money. With such auxiliaries, the Greeks again realised immense sums, but such a scandal arose about them that Louis Quinze ordered the gambling-houses to be closed. Actively hunted down by the police, the Greeks dispersed for many years, until the government of the day, being in a state of impecuniosity, allowed Frascati's and the Palais Royal gambling-houses to be opened. When they were put down in their turn, the Greeks confined their schemes to private dens.

Our author divides the Greeks into three categories: him of the fashionable world, the middle-class Greek, and the public-house haunter. The first is a sad instance of abilities thrown away, for the practice and peculiar qualifications required for a fashionable card-sharper would, if honourably employed, lead to fortune. During the summer he proceeds to Baden-Baden, where he picks up large sums in those houses where play goes on after the rooms are closed. As a rule, however, he generally dies in poverty, or, if he retires into private life, leads that life of remorse so powerfully depicted by Ancelot in his novel "*Une Fortune Mystérieuse*."

The middle-class Greek rarely works alone, but has accomplices known by the name of Comtois, and feminine aides known as Amazons, who lure the dupes. These men have no delicacy of feeling, but will rob everybody, not excepting their own pals, of which our author gives an edifying instance:

Three Greeks who had joined together went out severally in search of dupes. One of them, a young Italian, who went by the name of "Candor," probably through his crafty skill, told his colleagues one day that he had discovered a young gentleman recently arrived in the capital. He was rich, fond of play, and prodigal to an excess—qualities much appreciated by the three Athenians. They also learned from their friend that the gull was going to the Italian Opera that night. They went there too, and Candor introduced his friends to the young gentleman under assumed titles. They got into conversation, and the young prodigal, enchanted with his new acquaintances, invited them to sup with him at the Maison Dorée. The meal was worthy of the Amphitryon, nothing being spared to treat properly such agreeable guests. To prolong the pleasure of the meeting, a game of bouillotte was proposed. While the table was being prepared, the three accomplices managed to get together, and agreed to let the provincial win one hundred and twenty pounds, after which he would be mercilessly

fleeced. The game looked healthy, for the young gentleman had a pocket-book apparently well lined, from which he produced a twenty-pound note. Fortune, influenced by the three rogues, was so propitious to the young stranger, that in a little time he was a winner of the sum intended as a bait. All at once, he took a handkerchief from his pocket, which he held to his nose; he apologised, and hurried from the room to stop the hæmorrhage, leaving his pocket-book on the table. Candor followed him to pay him some polite attentions, but in reality to get off at full speed. The rich countryman was only a Parisian rogue, with whom Candor had arranged to rob his chums of one hundred and twenty pounds, and all had been prepared, even to the blood-stained handkerchief.

The two rogues pounced on the pocket-book, and after paying the hotel bill went off at score. When they got to the bottom of the stairs, one sharper sent the other up again with a message for the stranger that would remove any doubts on his mind, and set off at full speed, intending to keep the pocket-book all to himself, but he was terribly sold on finding that it contained play-bills.

The lowest class of Greek affects dram-shops and billiard-rooms, their victims being chiefly rackets workmen, rustics visiting the capital, or retired tradesmen. He usually has an accomplice, and it is a favourite scheme with him to dress up as a countryman. After a while he and his chum have a game at écarté, in which he loses everything, and the other goes off triumphantly. Affecting to be annoyed at his loss, the Greek challenges anybody present to take a hand, and by degrees luck turns in his favour, though no one can say that he is playing unfairly. Another favourite trick is as follows :

We find our Greek again at one of those barren tables d'hôte at one shilling a head. During dinner he makes himself agreeable, and, at the dessert, shows a trick or two. Thus, he takes three plates, under which he places balls made of bread-crumbs. He is, however, fearfully clumsy, and no one is deceived. Presently he places one of the balls under a plate, but manages to let it fall to the ground. He turns his back, of course, and one of the spectators naturally picks up the ball, and puts it in his pocket to have a bit of fun. Presently the operator backs his assertion that the ball is under the plate by a wager, which the other accepts, in the conviction that it cannot be there and in his pocket too; the bet is made, the plate raised, and there lies the pellet. The cunning rogue had made two. Of course he wins his wager.

The writer of this article witnessed once in a coffee-room in the Isle of Man a trick which he considers superior to the above, and which is known as the salt trick. Two strangers came in and made themselves generally agreeable: but presently one complained of toothache, and declared that he should try a remedy recommended by his grandmother; he placed some salt in a piece of tea paper, wrapped it up, held it to the fire, and placed it when warm to his cheek. The effect was magical; the pain disappeared, and, after a while, the patient made some excuse to leave the room. When he was gone, his comrade said generally:

"I don't believe a bit about salt curing the toothache; it's fancy that did it."

We assented, and the fellow went on:

"I'll play him a trick, gents. I'll throw the salt into the fire, and fill the paper with sawdust. Then, if he has the toothache again, and tries it, won't we have a laugh at him?"

Said and done: his comrade came in again, presently complained of

toothache, and tried his infallible remedy, with the same result. Of course we all laughed at him, which made him savage, and when one gentleman said there was no salt in the paper, and it was all fancy, he promptly offered a bet of "glasses round." It was accepted, and the paper opened, and it did contain salt: his accomplice had managed very cleverly to change the papers.

Considering the number of Greeks living by their profession in Paris, it is curious that so few make the acquaintance of the correctional police, but M. Houdin accounts for this, that, if they are detected in private houses, they are kicked out, after disgorging their booty. One instance he mentions is worth narrating. In 1832, a subscription ball was got up at the restaurant of the *Veau qui Tête*, of which M. Houdin was one of the stewards. Of course there was play, and our author being cleaned out, determined to watch the players. At one écarté table was an elderly gentleman of military aspect, who had such extraordinary luck that Houdin was induced to watch him closely, and detected him in cheating. With another steward, Houdin asked him how he got in; and he answered in the most natural way by mentioning a mutual friend, who had given him a ticket. Nor had he the slightest objection to go to that friend in the ball-room with Houdin. As they got into the crowd, however, the military gentleman disappeared from sight, and Houdin, determined to follow him up, hurried to the cloak-room, thinking he must go there for his hat. But he was too clever; the rogue had gone out of the door straight, produced a Gibus hat from his pocket, and disappeared round a corner. Curiously enough, Houdin came across this man at Spa in 1852, and learned from him the whole history of his life, in return for some pecuniary loans. From this story we purpose to make extracts.

Raymond (such was his name) found himself at an early age in a debtors' prison, after running through his fortune. Here he formed the acquaintance of a Greek called Andreas, who instructed him in the rudiments of his art, and he got on so well, that he won of his fellow-debtors the money to get out of Sainte Pélagie. On regaining his liberty he joined a party of sharpers, among whom he obtained the sobriquet of the Marquis, owing to his careful dress, while Andreas was surnamed Golden Head, on account of the fertility of his imagination. The company divided each night the winnings of the day, but, curiously enough, they were not nearly so large as was anticipated, and the assumption was that a robbery was being committed by some of the members. Golden Head was appointed to look into it, and managed to arrive at the following facts:

One of the robbers ordered his valet to come to him at a certain hour of the night, to ask him for a key or other object, which the Greek handed him, giving him at the same time a roll of louis he had won. If the stakes were high, the servant, on a signal from his master, returned with the key, and carried off a second rouleau. Another and more modest seamp fastened the coins under the table by means of wax balls, and removed them when the sharing was over. A third, a species of human ostrich, actually swallowed the gold coins, and re-covered them by taking an emetic. All these rogues were thereupon expelled from the society, which could only consist of men of thorough honour.

Raymond and Andreas left the society in disgust, and formed an

alliance with a certain Chaffard, whose business it was to travel the country and discover dupes for them. When this was done, the Marquis put up at the best hotel in the town, and Andreas, apparently a stranger, worked the telegram for him, which Houdin describes in the following way :

Although there are thirty-two cards in a piquet pack, they can all be designated by twelve different signs; that is, eight for the nature of the cards, and four for the colours. At écarté the number of signals is even more reduced, as it is only necessary to indicate the court cards. These are extremely simple: the accomplice stands behind the adversary and works in this way. If the Comtois looks at—

1. His partner, he means . . . . . a king ;
2. The opponent's hand . . . . . a queen ;
3. The stake . . . . . a knave ;
4. The opposite side . . . . . an ace ;

and while indicating the cards, he makes their colour known by the following sight :

1. The mouth slightly open . . . . . hearts ;
2. The mouth shut . . . . . diamonds ;
3. The upper lip drawn slightly over the lower . . . clubs ;
4. The lower lip over the upper . . . . . spades.

Andreas was a very valuable partner, and his coolness never deserted him. On one occasion he managed to win a large sum at a private house, but was detected in cheating, ordered to give up his spoil, and then be thrown out of window. He gave up the purse in which he had apparently placed his winnings, leaped out of the window, and disappeared. When the players went to divide the money in the purse, they found it full of counters. Andreas, in spite of all his terror, had managed to carry off his gains, for, with an eye to eventualities, he always carried two purses precisely alike.

Hearing of a physician at Saint-Omer who was particularly fond of play, the confederates determined to fleece him. For this purpose the Marquis took to his bed, and called the doctor in. He became gradually convalescent, and cards were introduced at his bedside, and we need hardly say that ere long the doctor fell into the trap, and dropped several thousand francs. At Lyons they played a clever trick with a diamond ring, which Andreas sold to a gentleman in that city, who was very fond of precious stones, after warning him distinctly that it was paste. The purchaser had it valued, and insisted on buying. Andreas consented, and handed him a paste ring, as he had professed. The dupe, however, was too cunning for Andreas: he followed him to Paris, and by a very ingenious device managed to get the real ring out of him.

One of the cruelest tricks was performed at St. Omer on a young man of good family, Olivier de N. He was dissipated and idle, and one of the gang formed his acquaintance. After a while, he induced him to cheat at cards, and gave him lessons. When he was ready, the fellow found an ostensibly rich country gentleman to be fleeced, and Olivier was set upon him. At first he was very successful, but luck presently changed, and, obeying the instructions of his false friend, he lost 100,000 francs. His opponent insisted on his paying, and he had to give short bills for the whole amount, under the threat of being arrested as a card-sharper,

for his adversary detected him in the operation called *sauter la coupe*. He confessed all to his family, who paid the money: the pretended country gentleman was, in fact, a notorious card-sharper, procured from Paris to carry out the atrocious scheme.

Raymond, however, in spite of the sums he netted by these and other schemes, could never keep any money, for he had a fatal idea about breaking the bank at Baden-Baden. He invented the most clever combinations, which resulted in the loss of all his money. Great was Houdin's surprise, therefore, at seeing him some years later in Paris, seated in an elegant brougham. The explanation, however, was simple: a brother had died, leaving him a considerable fortune, and he had forsworn cards.

Among the machinery employed by the Greeks, we may mention a ring, hollow, and forming a reservoir filled with very limpid ink. In dealing, the sharper makes a slight mark on the back of the cards, imperceptible to any eye but his own, after the arrangement so fully described in Houdin's Memoirs. In cheating at dominoes, the ring is massive, and has a small spike in the part turned inward, with which the dominoes are marked. Another ingenious trick is a snuff-box, having a medallion on the cover: this the Greek hands round, but, on beginning to play, by touching a spring the medallion disappears, leaving a small mirror, in which the Greek sees the cards as he deals them to his adversary.

As we have said, it is impossible, without the aid of diagrams, to explain the technical portion of this peculiar book; we can only send our readers to it who are anxious to learn all the roguery that can be practised at cards. There is one chapter on little tricks, sanctioned by custom, which is worth attending to, as it opens up a curious field of study. In common life it is easy enough to draw the line of demarcation on which all honest people are agreed, but at cards, though we know perfectly well where cheating ends, it is very difficult to decide where it begins. We will give a few instances.

You may be playing with an awkward gentleman, who classifies his trumps too openly: how can you help taking advantage of this? Again, it may happen, through an accident, that the cards are rendered transparent by the vicinity of a light, and you can see through their backs. Ought we not to warn him? Or, what shall we say to an opponent who, playing at *écarté*, consults the gallery, as he has a right to do, as to whether he should play without proposing, but presently asks for cards? It may be supposed that he has a fine hand, and only proposes through prudence. You are mistaken: he discards his whole hand, for his object was to deceive his opponent, and he generally does so, if the latter be inexperienced. Another, before proposing, will look at his counters, as if preparing to mark the king, but thinks better of it, and asks for cards, which, in your fright, you grant him. Again, at *écarté* you may be at three, and your opponent asks how you stand, apparently forgetting the fact. You say you are at three, and that seems to decide him, and he proposes. You fancy that his hand must be a good one, and you would act unwisely in declining; you, therefore, give him—five cards, for this little farce was intended for an intimidation: he held nothing. Some players have the habit of displaying on their faces exactly the opposite of what

they feel: if they have a strong hand, they will eagerly ask for cards; in the other event, they hesitate prior to proposing. Others, again, when holding good cards, pretend to be angry and frown, while with a bad hand they seem pleased and anxious to play.

It will happen sometimes at *écarté*, that a player, at the end of a deal, is in doubt as to which card of two he should throw away, as one of them may save the vole. Instead of relying on the adage, "he who keeps a diamond is never capoted," he lays the two cards on the table, face upwards, and watches on which his opponent's eye rests. He profits by this, and saves himself. This plan is infallible; but is it delicate? On this point the following anecdote is told:

At a game of piquet played for very high stakes, one of the players was on the point of being capoted. He still had two cards to play, the king of hearts and the king of spades; one of them may save him, but chance alone can favour him in the choice of the one he keeps. He laid them on the table, and, after some hesitation, resolved to keep the king of spades, when he felt a slight pressure on his foot. Our man, accepting this sign as a revelation, altered his mind and kept the king of hearts. The result was that he was capoted. The loser complained of the mistake he had been made to commit, and insisted on knowing who had given him the perfidious advice. He discovered that it was his opponent, who got out of the scrape by declaring that he had touched his foot accidentally. We will leave it to the reader to decide on the degree of delicacy of the two players.

It is not usual at *écarté* for a spectator to bet first on one side and then on the other; whether he punts or not, he remains faithful to the player he has first chosen. Some players, however, manage to profit by this in the following way. Two persons go partners, and place themselves in the opposite galleries. If one player has a good hand, at an agreed-on sign, the partner who is on his side, offers a large wager, while the other abstains from betting, and *vice versa*. These manoeuvres are certainly very innocent, yet people do not confess them.

In four-handed games, as for instance, whist, partners must not make any communications, except those authorised by custom; but some persons go further, and indulge in nervous movements and contortions of the face, which inform their partners sufficiently of the nature of their hand.

At *écarté* some players, when shuffling the cards, allow their opponent to see the bottom card of the pack. Houdin has known people profit by this indiscretion in the following way. The dealer offers the pack for cutting. They are cut so as to leave less than eleven cards on the table: now, as these cards are dealt in the next hand, the result is that if the observer does not hold the card he has seen, it must be in his adversary's possession. Everybody is aware that the knowledge of a card is very valuable at *écarté*. Here is another fact, too, which we will offer for our readers' appreciation.

In certain games, and specially at *écarté*, the suits will gradually come together, as the rules demand that the player should follow suit. It is difficult to credit it, but it is a fact which experiment may confirm, that, however well cards may be shuffled in the ordinary way, it is very rare for two or three cards that have come together to be separated. Suppose that a clever player, when his adversary takes up the cards to shuffle, has noticed among them a sequence to the king, say king, queen, and knave of hearts. We will now see the advan-

tage he may derive from this. On the very fair supposition that the sequence has not been disturbed in shuffling, if the observer, after the cards have been dealt, has the king in his hand, and this card is the second of the first two dealt, he may assume that the queen and knave, which came next, are in the other player's hand. In the other case, if the knave be the first of the three cards last dealt, the king and queen may be in his opponent's hand. If, lastly, the king be turned up, the other two cards will be on the pack. In following these tactics may not a man be involuntarily tempted to neglect shuffling, in order to favour the result of so intelligent an observation?

It frequently happens at *bouillotte* that a player who has a bad hand will offer a high stake, for the purpose of intimidation, and making the other players pass. This trick frequently succeeds, but, on account of the impropriety of the process, it is not tolerated in many play-houses. Here is a case in point, attributed, whether rightly or wrongly, to M. de Talleyrand :

That gentleman was playing at *bouillotte*: he had dealt, and, according to custom, awaited his turn to speak. The two first players passed. "Ten louis," said the first. "Twenty," said M. de Talleyrand. "Forty," the other went on. "My whole," the diplomatist said, boldly, as he pointed to one hundred louis he had before him. But at this moment a card slipped from his hand, which he hurriedly picked up. His opponent, however, had time to notice this card—a nine; and though he held a *brelan* of kings, he thought it prudent to decline, for he naturally assumed that M. de Talleyrand had a very good hand. This belief was increased by the fact that the turn-up card was a nine, and that, in all probability, the nine that fell from the diplomatist's hand formed part of a *brelan carré*. The cards were shown, and M. de Talleyrand won the stake with a wretched hand.

And here we must stop, though assuredly not from lack of material. In conclusion, we are bound to express our opinion that M. Robert-Houdin's book will do good; for, although he teaches us how to detect card-sharpers, any one who fancied he could learn the *modus operandi* from the volume would be mistaken. Nor do we think that Houdin's revelations are of a nature to induce any one to enter the ranks of the Greeks, for it is evident that the apprenticeship is a very lengthy and troublesome affair, and that a man must be born to the profession. We have no doubt that M. Houdin can perform all the tricks, and many others he has not alluded to; but it must be borne in mind that he has spent a lifetime in the pursuit of the art, and is a man of the greatest integrity. Still even he, honest gentleman as he is, cannot altogether conceal the admiration he has felt at the detection of any super-excellent piece of roguery. The golden rule with respect to cards seems to be "never play at all"—not with strangers, for they may cheat you, and certainly not with friends, who, according to M. Robert-Houdin, are more dangerous and more to be feared than even those "Greeks who presents bring."



## HOW I WAS TRACKED BY TRAPPERS;

OR,

THE EVILS THAT CAME FROM A MAUDE AND A MEERSCHAUM.

BY OUIDA.

## I.

THE ACQUAINTANCE I MADE ON BOARD THE "LORD WARDEN."

LAST spring I thought I would run over to Paris, a friend of mine, attaché to the British Legation, wanted me to see his mare Cantonnière run at Chantilly; so one morning I put myself in the express for Folkestone with a dear, dashing little widow (who was perusing *Bentley*, and asked me if I did not think "that fellow Ouida had been jilted by some woman, he was so spiteful on the beau sexe's shortcomings"), and got on board the *Lord Warden*, with Mills and the luggage and my bull-dog Pontos, who has a black patch over one eye, and might pass for a Chelsea pensioner in a state of Soul Transmigration. Much yachting has given me an ægis, thank Heaven! against any soupçon of mal de mer, and I leaned against the side of the deck looking at the passengers, with Pontos looking out of his black patch, and making an inventory of them likewise, probably with a keen eye to business, in the way of legs that might be snapped at with impunity. Pontos's mission in life was snapping at legs, and he naturally viewed people through that medium. Everybody looks through his own glass, be it a burnt or a Claude one, and will be shot if he will look through anybody's else. Why might not Pontos, too? Canine snapping at enemies' ankles is not more dangerous than human snapping at friends' characters and reputations, is it? There were a good many people on board: there were Smith, Brown, and Jones, of course, looking miserably ill, but talking of the Hopera and "Ide Park" with sickly smiles. I never travel but I see *that* genus somewhere—wretched swells who make me ready to cut off my own moustaches in disgust, and dress in serge and sackcloth, when I see their horrible stubbly caricatures, and their shocking onslaught on taste and ties. There were pretty girls in hats lispng Longfellow's poem on *The Sea* and petting infinitesimal terriers with shy glances at us, to show how they would pet *us*, if we would let them. There were a bride and bridegroom, who seemed to find romance uncommonly slow work with a rough sea, and a hard-hearted steward, and a small storm of smuts from the funnel, which seemed as destructive to the lady's temper as they decidedly were to her bonnet. There was a *vieille fille*, who, on embarking, expressed her opinion that "it was beautiful," referring to the sea by that laudatory epithet, which fickle element felt the compliment so little, that, instead of returning it, it tossed her in ten minutes' time into the most complete antithesis of beauty that ever the female countenance could be imagined to present; and there was an odd, mean, little old man,

who appeared everlastingly occupied in looking at *me*. There was nothing remarkable about me that I knew of—nothing odd, I trusted—certainly nothing suspicious; I was not got up so elaborately as my friends the swells, to be sure: I had on a wide-awake, and a ribbon tie, and a Maude of the simplest shepherd plaid possible. Nothing queer about *them*, was there? But I certainly was an object of most extreme solicitude to this old fellow; he watched me furtively like a cat a mouse-hole, and finally sidled up, and began speaking to me.

“Rough sea, sir, isn’t it?”

Now I was too much of an Englishman not to look upon it as con-founded impudence for him to address me, but I was still cosmopolitan enough to consider it only due to courtesy to reply, so I compromised the matter by giving a monosyllabic rejoinder:

“Rather!”

“Great traveller, perhaps, sir—don’t mind it?” As he got no answer this time, he tried me with something else: “Fond of smoking, I see, sir? Very nice amusement, I dare say, when it don’t make one sick? Wish I could do it, but I can’t. That’s an uncommonly handsome pipe of yours, sir?”

My pipe *was* handsome, and a singular one, too, insomuch as the bowl was curiously moulded like a grinning faun’s head, and I had had my crest put on it with my initials, and generally used it, though it was cumbersome in size.

“An uncommonly nice pipe,” went on the loquacious little animal, eyeing me and the meerschaum as if we were something unparalleled and monstrous. “Going as far as Paris, may I ask?”

“No, sir, you may *not* ask, for it is no concern of yours,” said I, knocking the ashes off the pipe, and looking at him.

I suppose my eyes expressed my thoughts, which were simply, “What the deuce do you mean by your impertinence?” for the old fellow gave a little chuckle, moved away, and I heard him mutter to himself, as if I were a runaway apprentice, and he was making out the items of my *personnel*, “Six feet as near as may be, brown moustaches, aquiline features, shepherd-plaid scarf, wide-awake, meerschaum with a faun’s head and the letters L. V. H. on the bowl. Worth taking down, and keeping an eye upon, anyhow. I’ll ask madame what *she* thinks. Mighty stilted! We’ll see if we can’t take the rise out of him.” And the little man shuffled away, taking his mem.-book out. What for? Not to enter mine and my meerschaum’s appearance, surely? I was not outlawed for debt, or a secretary of a Bible Society flying with the guineas of Christian supporters to spend them over the water, nor a bank director cutting a rotten concern to go and set up a dashing hotel in the Champs Elysées with the tin of deluded shareholders. Take the rise out of *me*? I laughed at the little wretch’s oddity, as Pontos gave a low growl after the departing legs he had not been permitted to snap at, and I put my pipe in my pocket and turned to take a walk up and down the deck. My curious interlocutor had disappeared into the cabin possibly, and I walked up and down unmolested, thanking my stars I was not that unlucky bridegroom who between his own sensations, his nouvelle mariée’s temper, and the funnel’s smuts, seemed to think he had better give up the ghost altogether, and find a watery grave under

the paddle-wheels. And as I walked I saw, just coming out of the cabin, a lady, tripping across the deck as safely as if it had been a ball-room floor, and showing the most charming little brodequins in the transit, finally nestling herself among a pile of cushions, like a silky little dog in its basket (or a Nereid in the curl of a wave, my dear young sir, if you prefer poetic similes, in which case, *par parenthèse*, I would beg to refer you to Mr. Coventry Patmore, who carries poetry into the kitchen, and makes verses upon burst boilers and other domesticities of a like character, with a ponderous playfulness quite marvellous—so marvellous that, like a certain dexterous coup d'état, we would rather not see it imitated, we think)—well, my lady was an exceedingly pretty little one, as pretty as her brodequins; and as she lay curled on her cushions, with a French novel and a smelling-bottle in her small, plump, *bien ganté* hands, with her shining crêpe hair and her bright, sparkling, inquisitive eyes, like a marmoset's—and her pretty carnation cheeks, and I was just thinking to myself what a godsend the bewitching little creature was, and going to address her with some common-place or other, pour commencer, when up she started, with a little scream, and both hands extended: "Ah! vous voilà! Mon Dieu, comme je suis enchantée! Nous sommes deux feuilles volantes, et nous voilà rencontrées par hasard encore une fois!"

Here was somebody who knew me decidedly, but where the deuce had I seen her? She met me with the greatest animation—I might say ecstasy, if it didn't sound vain—she recognised me clearly, and, what was more, seemed delighted to do so, and I hadn't the faintest conception of ever having seen her face before! There I stood, holding her hands of course, and looking down at her, wondering where the deuce I had met her, raking up every place I'd ever been in, from the Closerie des Lilas to the Salt Lake, and trying to remember every woman I'd ever seen, from the peeresses at Almack's to the cantinières in the Crimea. It was not a bit of use; I didn't recollect her, and I couldn't, but I was scarcely going to tell her so, *comme vous concevez*, so I pressed her cream-coloured gloves warmly, paid her a compliment on her looks, told her I was enchanted to see her—which was perfectly true, for I thought a little mild flirtation would while away the time very pleasantly in the train to Paris, if she were going on there; and, finally, sat down by her, talking away as if we were old friends, without the faintest shadow of an idea who the devil she was. She might be a serene highness of Something-Schwerin; she might be a danseuse out of the Haymarket; she might be a foreign princess with countless titles; she might be a little adventuress with only paste rings; I didn't know, and, what's much more, I didn't care; she knew me, and was extremely pleasant with me, and was a gay, *légère*, agreeable, very pretty little woman—a dangerous one very likely on further acquaintance—but I had eaten too much wheat in my day to fear being caught with chaff, and I sat on the bench beside her, the envied of Brown, Jones, and Robiison, I doubt not, and talked away to this charming friend of mine, whom I'd never come across before, to the best of my own knowledge, though she was evidently as intimate as could be with me, so intimate that I began to think my memory must be failing me, or that the Bass I'd taken at Folkestone must have had a dash of Lethe in it, that I couldn't

anyway remember those bright, brown, marmoset eyes, and that piquant nez retroussé, whose owner retained so flattering a recollection of me.

"Last August," thought I, "where the deuce was I? In Perthshire, I'd swear, knocking over the grouse with Fairlie. I haven't been at Ems for five years and more." But, place aux dames!—if they don't stick to truth we mustn't always be telling them so, or we should eternally be guilty of the rudeness of contradiction; so I asked her a counter query, if she thought it possible for any living man to forget any days he'd had the happiness of spending with her?

"*Fi donc, bécasse!*" she cried, giving me a blow with her ivory-handled parasol, and laughing a gay, musical laugh. "Do you suppose I believe that? Not a word of it. I remember you too well of old! Poor D'Aguilar, do you remember him that night at your petit souper—he had lost at the roulette—and what fun we made of him? Have you ever seen him since?"

"D'Aguilar? No, I don't think I have," said I. Now, to the best of my belief, I'd never known a man of the name, but he might have made an impression on her and none on me, so I let *that* pass, and thought what a very pretty figure she was as she lay back on the cushions, taking the perfume from her flacon, which had Jockey Club at one end of it, and I've a shrewd suspicion *sal volatile* at the other, as certain clever Essayists we know of have refreshing rationalism for those who can appreciate it at one end of their pen, but a little drop of orthodoxy still at the other to assuage their bishop's qualms and preserve their social preferments. (Query: Is that their fault after all? If Truth paid a little better and Profession a little worse, shouldn't we have more of the one and less of the other? *Il faut vivre*, and so—men hold their tongues.)

"And are you going on to Paris, *mon cher*?" asked my new acquaintance, or rather my old friend. "Ah, you are then? I am very glad of that, you can see me through that horrid douane, and we can go on to Paris together. And what have you been doing with yourself? losing your money after those stupid horses, and risking your neck after foxes, and making love to all the pretty women you've met, and forgetting me, your best friend?"

Now positively she'd hit so exactly on my occupations, that, with the greatest effrontery in the world, I couldn't have told her she was wrong; and as for forgetting her, I certainly had done that with a completeness only equal to that with which your oldest chum who has gone to the bad invariably forgets that "little bill," or that "mere bagatelle" he borrowed of you on the strength of the old Eton and Cambridge days. So I made her another pretty indefinite speech, that sounded a good deal, but, sifted, meant nothing, as several speeches do, forensic, ministerial, post-prandial, and others; and while the *Lord Warden* puffed across the Channel, and Pontos snapped at each stewardess as she passed him, and the *nouveaux mariés* looked at each other as if in mute but stern demand why a Margate moon wouldn't have done as well as a Boulogne one for their *lune de miel*, my friend and I flirted pleasantly in that silvery Gallic tongue, best of all for coquetry or repartee, till the steamer ploughed her way into the Anglo-French port.

"Take care of my luggage a moment," said she; "I have left my handkerchief in the cabin. No! I would rather go for it myself."

And down she went, while I, with her maid, guarded the boxes, at which I hastily darted a glance and read, "Madame la Comtesse de Coquelicot."

"Coquelicot! Coquelicot!" I'd never heard the name in my life; but, however, I wouldn't tell her so. I was in for the acquaintance, and I knew very well how to take care of myself and my purse; besides, Madame de Coquelicot was very pretty, and extremely agreeable to me. As I was looking at them I thought I heard somebody say sharply, "Vous ne voyez pas plus loin que votre nez. Laissez-moi faire et je lui ferai voir du pays. Prenez garde qu'il ne verrouille pas, c'est tout ce que vous avez à faire!" I thought it sounded like my countess's voice, but it couldn't be, for she just then stood by my elbow bidding me take all the trouble, and mind the douaniers didn't touch her boxes, or she would never speak to me again.

## II.

### HOW, NOT OWING A CENTIME, I WAS STILL PLUNGED INTO DEBT.

OF course I saw her through the douane and into the train, which was just starting for Paris, and got in myself. She was a very agreeable woman. No possible harm could come of a little civility to her on a journey; if she was a dame d'industrie, I wasn't a boy, to let her lighten my pockets; I had known too many comtesses, baronnes, and marquises. So I sat opposite to her in the same carriage with the rector, who wrapped himself in a great-coat and that customary hedgehog *noli me tangere* seclusion common to habitants of the Britannic Isles, and went to sleep, and a lady and her daughter, at whom—the girl beating her out and out for beauty—I saw madame cast certain contemptuous irritated glances. Did you ever see any woman look pleasantly at another if she was pretty, or speak well of her by any chance? I never did. Ladies may admit some possibility of virtue in a plain sister, but in an attractive one never. Teresa Yelverton has *our* sympathy and admiration, but wouldn't her own sex have loved to stone her if they *could* have found a flaw, for her one unpardonable sin, poor little dear! in being attractive, talented, and fascinating? Arria Pætus might be as pure, as noble, as self-devoted as she would, but I don't doubt that the Roman ladies, en petit comité, hated her for the admiration she excited, and tried their best to put some "bad construction" even on the heroic "Pæte nou dolet" of a nature too high and loving for them to be able to measure or understand, or do anything but vent their spite in throwing stones at it!

The train whisked on, and madame settled herself in her compartment, looking as fresh and as crisp and as charmingly got up as if she'd just come out of her boudoir instead of off the *Lord Warden*, and chatted away so familiarly that I felt quite sure she must have known me all my life, though to the best of my belief I'd never seen her till an hour before. She called me "Mon cher" and "mon garçon," and evidently was so well acquainted with me that it would have been a height of discourtesy to tell her the reciprocity was all on one side, as the Irishmen have it, and

that I had no more remembrance of her than I had of the pointsman or the guard.

So we talked away very pleasantly, those quick handsome brown eyes of hers scanning me so intently when I appeared not to be looking at her, and professing themselves under their curled lashes so perfectly innocent of intending any such scrutiny when I did regard her, that I began to be a little intrigué as to what possible interest I could possess for her, and to think I must be a more interesting personage than I had ever flattered myself before. It was between four and five when we hissed and snorted and puffed into the Paris station, I put my little comtesse into a carriage that was waiting for her, a very dashing carriage, with a pair of fretting bays, three parts thorough-bred, that wouldn't have made a bad figure in the Ring, and had the tenderest poignée de main that ever such little cream-gloved fingers gave a man, as Madame de Coquelicot said most amiably,

"Come and see me to-morrow, mon ami. No! not this evening, I am too tired; but to-morrow as early as you like. The old quarters, you know."

"Where the deuce are they?" thought I, as I said aloud, "The old quarters? Let me see, what is the exact address?"

"Numéro quinze, Rue Belphégor-et-Méline, quartier du Diable Boiteux—don't you remember? Adieu, and au revoir!"

And madame waved me her hand and bade her coachman drive off, and I laughed as I turned away to think how entirely I'd forgotten my fair friend, or how cleverly the little woman pretended to an intimacy with me, for some purport or other, that remained hidden in the leaves of fate. "I'll see that farce to the end. I'm not a young bird to be trapped and plucked, and she's certainly pretty enough to take the trouble of calling on her," I thought to myself, as I walked to the voiture Mills had summoned. As I jumped into it I dropped my stick. Somebody picked it up, and as I thanked him I saw it was the little man whom I had snubbed so unceremoniously on board the *Lord Warden*. "You are quite welcome, sir; good evening," he said, shuffling off to his own cab. And when I was set down at the rooms where I generally stay when in Paris, who should stand on the pavé, watching me curiously, but the old fellow again, or his ghost—a very seedy-looking ghost, too, with a disreputable air, redolent of Whitecross-street, Leicester-square, Homburg, and all refuges for those whom fortune won't smile upon, and whose characters are usually purified with the ablution known as whitewash—watching me, certainly watching me, though he did his best not to be seen. Why had I all of a sudden become so extreme an object of interest to people? Did they take me for the Comte de Chambord come to steal surreptitiously into the Tuileries to take the crown from that clever fellow who is his own *deus ex machinâ*, and seems to have stolen Atropos's scissors and to be snipping the thread long and short, as it amuses him, for everybody in Europe? Did they fancy I'd come to fire off bombs like Orsini, or to dabble in giant frauds like Law or Mirès? Had I anything odd about me? Had I murdered anybody without knowing it? entered into a conspiracy without remembering it? become a célèbre without being aware of it? joined a secret society and broken my oath without recollecting it? The people of the hotel didn't seem to find anything peculiar in me;

they recognised me, indeed, but in no unpleasant manner, as their recognition resulted in as good a dinner and as choice wines as ever gladdened a man's soul, over which I forgot all about the acquaintance on board the *Lord Warden*, and after which I drove to the Jockey Club, found up my old chums, went to the Opera to see a new danseuse in "*Satanella*," supped at the *Maison Dorée*, and finally went back to the *Hôtel de Londres* in the grey of the spring morning, which was just light enough for me to see two men dodging me from the café—which it was easy to do, for my driver was an Alsatian and sleepy, and let his horse creep at his will—two men whom I heard whisper,

"C'est lui—sans doute c'est lui—au moins à perte de vue. Il faut faire le bec à monsieur——"

I lost the rest; but what the deuce did they know about me? and to whom were they going to give a cue as if I'd escaped from a lunatic asylum and was required to be recaptured? It was too dark to see, but one of them looked deucedly like my little old man of the steamer; but what possible interest on earth could I have for them? I owed no man anything, nobody could pull me up for debt—not even for a case of Havannahs, or a pair of gloves, unpaid for; it was vastly odd to be dodged in this style, as if detectives were at my heels for embezzlement. But I was too tired to think much about it, so I turned in and went to sleep, by no means uncertain that I shouldn't be woke up like *Changarnier* in the middle of the night, and marched off by gendarmerie, possibly to find myself located in Brest, or Toulon, for some capital crime of which I'd forgotten being the perpetrator.

When the morning rose, I remembered my engagement to Madame de Coquelicot, my pretty little friend who knew so much about me, and of whom I knew nothing, and was just going into my coffee, omelette, claret, sardines, and all the rest of it, and looking over the *Times* and the *Charivari* in my own room preparatory to calling on her, when Mills tapped at the door.

"If you please, sir, there's a man here who wants to see you."

"See me! What for?"

"He says he wants to see you about some wine, sir—three dozen of *Marcobrunnen* as is owing for."

"Owing for? Nonsense. Never bought any *Marcobrunnen* by the dozen in my life. He's made a mistake; go and tell him so."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but he says you *do* owe it him, sir, and he won't go without it," said Mills, returning.

"Deuce take his impudence! he's made some mistake, I tell you; he must have the wrong name."

"No, sir, he hasn't got the wrong name; leastways, not wrong as the French would pronounce it. He asked me for *Monsieur Hervey*, and here's the bill if you will please to look at it."

"Take the bill to the deuce," said I, "and don't come bothering me. I don't owe a centime in Paris, tell him so, and that if he doesn't go about his business we shall call in the police."

Mills departed on his mission, and I lighted my meerschaum to have a quiet smoke, but peace was not for me: there came another tap at the door, and Mills ventured in again, every lineament of his countenance replete with injured dignity and noble indignation.

"What's the row, Mills? Won't the fellow go?"

"Yes, sir, *he's* gone; but, sir, he had the positive impudence to say he'd have the law upon you; he did, indeed, sir, for a paltry three dozen of hock!"

It was the horrible insignificance of the debt that overwhelmed Mills. If it had been a few thousands, now, he wouldn't have felt lowered by it; he was accustomed to live with gentlemen who, if they got into difficulties, got into them *en roi*, and who, if they went to the dogs, drove on that unpleasant road *au grand galop*, with postilions, and outriders, and all the rest of it, *comme il faut*.

"For a debt I don't owe! that's a good idea. He'll have to prove my identity first, and his own claim afterwards. What you mean by listening to such fellows I can't imagine, Mills. You should send them to the right-about without coming to trouble me."

"But, sir, if you please, sir, there's another one now—from a M. Follet's, of the Rue Vivienne—about some coats and vests, sir, that he says you had of him this time last year."

"God bless me! are all the Parisians gone mad? I owe no debts here—not a sou. It's a pleasant thing, certainly, if tradesmen can saddle foreigners with bills in this style! What the deuce do they mean by it?"

"Then you won't look at the bill, if you please, sir?"

"Certainly not. It is nothing to me. Go and turn the fellows out this moment, or let them find their right debtor. This is a pretty state of things! to be besieged by creditors the minute one sets foot——"

But my peroration was cut short. Through the door which Mills had left open a little burst a wiry, excitable, voluble, and indelibly wronged little man, who pounced upon me with wild alacrity.

"Ah, monsieur, vous voilà attrapé! Payez-nous cela—cinq cent quatre-vingt-douze francs. Voyez vous! voilà une année entière que nous vous avons attendu. Cinq cent quatre-vingt-douze francs. Regardez le mémoire: un habit, un Talma, un——"

"Allez-vous en!" said I, repressing a strong impulse to laugh—an impulse which, I believe, lowered me irremediably in Mills's eyes. "Allez-vous en! je ne vous dois pas un sou. Je ne suis jamais entré dans votre magasin. Comment osez-vous——"

"Quoi!" shrieked the little emissary of M. Follet. "Vous ne nous devez rien? Oh, monstre d'Anglais! vous ne nous devez rien? Mais regardez donc le mémoire!"

"Au diable le mémoire, et vous aussi! Quittez ma chambre à l'instant, ou j'appellerai," began I, taking my pipe out of my mouth, fairly exasperated. "Mills, why don't you turn that fellow out? he is subject to the law already for assaulting me in this manner."

But the little fellow didn't wait to be turned out; the bully and the coward generally unite in one person, they say, and I suppose the vision of single combat with two monsters d'Anglais was too much for him.

"Vous avez refusé de me payer, et vous m'avez menacé. C'est bien, monsieur! Nous verrons!"

And he clattered down the stairs, signed thither in a lordly and imperious manner by Mills, as fast as his little feet could carry him; and as he went we heard a diminuendo cataract of "Affreux menteur!—Abominable scélérat!" &c. &c., in his shrill, vociferous, little voice, and I



told Mills to get my hat and gloves, thinking decidedly that Paris folk had gone mad, and that I had become the special object of their insane fury. I'd fallen into a nest of people who evidently knew more about me than I knew myself, and I wondered if I should find any Q. E. D. to the problem at Madame de Coquelicot's, as I got into a Hansom and bade the driver take me to No. 15, Rue Belhégor-et-Mélusine, quartier du Diable Boiteux, of which fashionable faubourg, if you are ignorant, I beg leave to hint that you know nothing of Paris.

### III.

#### HOW I FELL AMONG THIEVES.

IT was a very handsome house, but one which, though madame had alluded to it as old quarters very familiar to me, I had never been in, to my knowledge. I inquired for madame. The porter answered, "Oui, monsieur, elle est chez elle. Montez au premier, s'il vous plaît;" and au premier I went accordingly, where I was received by an exceedingly resplendent valet, who appeared to know perfectly who I was without my telling him. The deuce, I thought it was uncommonly odd everybody knew me here, and I could recollect nobody! But I had no time to reflect upon it, for the valet flung the door open, and I was ushered into the presence of my Comtesse de Coquelicot. If she had looked charming on the deck of the *Lord Warden*, she looked ten thousand times more so now, sitting in a *dôrmeuse*, clad in the daintiest *négligé* possible to devise, with cobweb lace about her throat and wrists, and gold-broidered slippers on her feet, as pretty a tableau as a man could want, reading her yellow-papered roman, and stirring the cream into some chocolate that stood on a little silver service by her side: a very pretty tableau, indeed—too pretty, surely, for me to have so utterly forgotten it if I had ever seen it before! She rose to meet me with her hands outstretched, and so sweet a smile, that I could scarcely fail to greet her with equal warmth.

"Well, mon cher," said the Comtesse, seating herself, giving me a delicate blow with her roman, and signing me to a chair by her, "so you have kept your appointment, and come to see me?"

"Do you suppose any man could fail to come and see you if you'd let him?" said I, thinking to myself what a deucedly pretty woman she was without her bonnet.

"Ah, bêta! you have been long enough without coming to see me," laughed madame. "It was very shabby of you, caro, to run off from Ems as you did!"

"Run off from Ems! Decidedly the little woman's mad," thought I.

"We were very happy at Ems, caro!" sighed madame, with a pretty pathetic air. "Isn't it a pity that beaux jours like those won't last for ever?"

Of course I answered her suitably, to the effect that any days in her society must be the plus beaux jours of his life to any man, and our tête-à-tête was going on à ravir. I was completely bewildered by her constant references to a past with which I ought to have been as well acquainted as she, but of which I could not, for the life of me, remember a word; but, as I said before, she was far too pretty a woman for any

man to disclaim a friendship she claimed with him, and we were going on à ravir, when every nerve in my system received as violent a galvanic shock as ever any luckless *rus in urbe* received at the Polytechnic, and I started as though the most horrible douche that ever the water cure gave to any victim surrendered to its grasp had struck me with an arm of ice, when my little comtesse, looking at me under her fringed lashes, and closing her soft warm hand on mine, whispered, sweetly,

"Mon cher! would it be inconvenient to you to *pay me those seven thousand francs you lost to me at écarté last August?*"

I am a cool fellow generally, I believe; used to flatter myself that nothing could startle me; that if I possessed nerves in common with the rest of humanity, they were of that texture commonly denominated cast iron; but I can say so no longer, for when the Comtesse spoke those words, a child, had there been one in the room disposed to so pugilistic an enterprise, might have knocked me down. Plon-plon's fit of eloquence could not surprise France, nor their sudden notoriety bewilder the Bishop of Durham and his beau-fils, nor the Seven Essayists' free speech amaze the legend-loving Church, more utterly than Madame de Coquelicot's speech surprised, bewildered, and horrified me. I stared at her, and mechanically re-echoed, "Seven thousand francs—I—lost—to you!"

She shook her head at me, and gave me another rebuking blow with Le Brun's yellow volume.

"Ah, méchant! Do you pretend to forget it? Fi done! for shame! You recollect well enough!"

"On my honour, madame——"

She shook her head again, and laughed, gaily:

"Ah, bon Dieu! your honour, mon cher, is not a very wonderful witness. If you've no better gage than your honour, mon garçon——"

This was going a little bit too far: we *do* let women say more than men, but there are limits to one's allowance even to the female tongue. I shook off her hand, and got out of the chair.

"Madame, you do not know what you are saying, nor can you, I think, know whom you are addressing. There must be some very extraordinary mistake here. On my word, as a gentleman, I never——"

But she interrupted me with peals of laughter.

"That will do, très cher! You do not know what you are saying, or you would scarcely try to talk that nonsense to me. You will say you never played écarté at all with me, I suppose, next?"

"To the best of my knowledge, I decidedly never did, madame. I repeat, again, that you are speaking under some very extraordinary delusion."

"Do be quiet, bécasse; you make me laugh too much!" cried the Comtesse, beginning to look rather angry, though with a nasty glitter in her eyes, beating an impatient tattoo with her spoon on the Sèvres saucer. You may generally know your suppressed vixen by that sort of angry rataplan: she beats an inanimate object when she would love, if she could, to be beating you. "I like you very much, mon ami, but I did not like your running off from Ems in my debt, and I don't like your pretence of ignorance now. I shall be very glad if you will pay me those seven thousand francs without delay, for I am extravagant—comme vous savez bien—and they will fill up a little gap nicely."

"But, by Heaven, I owe you none. I never played *écarté* with you in my life. I was never at Ems last August——"

"Hush, hush, hush!" cried madame, her tattoo getting fiercer and her laugh louder. "What will you say next? Never played *écarté*! never at Ems! *Grand Dieu*! what next?"

"Anything you like, madame; and, first of all, that I am not a boy to be tricked in this way, and be frightened into paying a debt I never contracted. I suppose I have been fool enough to come amongst a gang of swindlers, but I am not so great a one as to stay amongst them. Another time, madame, try the trick on some younger bird, though it is an adroit one, I admit, and allow me to have the honour of wishing you a very good morning!" said I, backing to the door, too disgusted with my own tomfoolery in coming there at all to remember courtesy or anything else. Tomfoolery, indeed! As I put my hand on the lock of the door I found it was fastened on the other side, and that I, who ought to have known better than to have come there at all, was, as I richly deserved to be, a prisoner in the Comtesse de Coquelicot's drawing-room.

She nodded her head with devilish delight, laughing again, though her dark eyes scintillated angrily.

"The windows are twenty feet from the ground, *mon cher*. Ah! *bécasse*, now we have caught you again, do you think we should be so silly as to let you go so easily? Have you quite forgotten all those little bills and bonds at Ems, *caro*?"

"Bills and bonds!" I repeated, contemptuously. "On my life, this is carrying the farce too far! You mistake. I am not your victim, madame," said I, only keeping myself cool by recollecting my combatant was a woman. "I shall be obliged by your putting an end to this, and ordering your servants to unlock this door. I presume you are aware that by detaining me thus, the law——"

"The law! Ah! you wish for the law. *C'est bien!*" cried madame, clapping her plump and jewelled hands.

I suppose it was a preconcerted signal, for a door I had not noticed at the other end of the salon opened softly, and a man, curled and ringed, a Jew all over, came noiselessly in, with another insignificant fellow, neither of whom had I ever seen before, and, coming up to me and laying his hand on my shoulder, the latter whispered the lively and agreeable information,

"Monsieur, in the name of the law, I arrest you."

"Arrest me! The deuce! What for?"

"For the several sums of seven thousand francs, twenty thousand francs, and fifteen thousand francs, borrowed in the months of June, July, and August, from Alcide Mathieu," began the fellow, with such abominable legal precision and audacity that, à la David, the fire kindled and I spake more furiously than perchance was prudent.

Shaking off his grasp with a jerk that span him off into the middle of the room, "What the deuce do you mean by this tomfoolery? I owe nobody a sou, and you know that as well as I do. You are a league of rascally sharpers, but if you fancy to trap or frighten me into admitting your charges and letting you pick my pockets, you are exceedingly mistaken. You are a gang of swindlers, and as such I will cite you before the——"

"Oh, l'effronté!" shrieked Madame de Coquelicot. "Mon dieu! who could think any living mortal could have such audacious impudence, when he knows—"

"Knows!" chuckled the individual of jewels and curls, who I conjectured was the aforesaid Alcide Mathieu. "Something he will know when—"

"Doucement, doucement, madame," said the miniature Vidocq, who, having got me into the griffes of the law was scarcely going to let me off so easily, "take care, or you will commit yourself for libel as well. Diantre!" said he, turning to me, "it is of no use resisting. Come, monsieur, do not oblige me to make a scene. Come with me quietly, like a gentleman. You have given us a great deal of trouble. If you would have settled these little matters privately with Monsieur Mathieu six months ago—"

The cool impudence of the fellow positively stunned me. I, who had never seen any one of them in my life, to be told I had given them a great deal of trouble, that I should have settled these little matters—little matters, forsooth!—six months ago! I, who flattered myself that I was a cool hand, and knew life, if anybody knew it, to have let myself be trapped into this by that little demon, De Coquelicot! The devil within me was roused, and nothing short of knocking them all down would have cooled me in the least. As the fellow came up to lay his hand on me again, I set my back to the door and prepared to receive them scientifically.

"If you attempt to lay a hand on me again I shall knock you down. You are a gang of swindlers, and if you refuse to unlock the door, I will throw open the window, call in the police, and give you into custody—"

"Ah ha! that is your game!" said the man, with a smile, moving himself to the window and giving a low whistle, while M. Mathieu, with a laugh, laid his grasp on my arms to pinion them behind me, and the Comtesse lay back in her dormeuse, laughing shrilly in concert. But that was rather too much of a good thing. There *are* limits to human endurance, and before he could touch me, I knocked him over with a tap on his face.

"Ah ha! for debt, for assault, for libel," murmured the other man, with a purr of enjoyment at the prospect of three such charges combined against one individual, as the door behind me opened with a jerk that made me stagger forward, and I fell helpless into the stern grasp of two gendarmes, who, I presume, at their commandant's whistle, had come up-stairs to cope with so bellicose and restive a prisoner.

"Will you go quietly now, monsieur?" asked he, while my soi-disant creditor rose slowly from the floor, wiping the blood from his face and head with muttered oaths of vengeance.

It was no use *not* going quietly. I didn't want to blacken my name by being shown up in an assault like some tipsy youngster. It was no earthly good talking sense to these rascals; they'd the best of it at present, and the only way to get the game into my own hands was to state the case to some sensible judge, who would give me a hearing and listen to the circumstances. Of course, in no court could they make out their case, and it was a perfect bewilderment to me what sort of game they

could mean to be playing, or why they should have pounced upon me as the victim of it—an Englishman only just landed in France, of whom they couldn't possibly know anything. So I went quietly, and the whole of the Rue Belphégor-et-Mélusine, from the sixième to the rez-de-chaussée of each domicile, appeared to me to have turned out to witness my convoy by gendarmes. There were ladies opening the jalousies to peep at me, children running out on the balconies to laugh at me, grim porters coming to the grilles to stare at me, gamins loitering in the gutters to make fun of me, while I swore *sotto voce* like a trooper at my own confounded folly in letting myself be trapped by that odious little Coquelicot, when there were fifty handsomer women in Paris, too! into such a ridiculous and apparently inextricable a scrape. However, I went quietly, not exactly enjoying my new position, but making the best of it with Tapleyan philosophy, consoling myself with the reflection that I should scarcely be put out of the world, like Mrs. Dombey, without making an effort, and that I, an Englishman, with friends by the dozen among the French noblesse and at the British Legation, would scarcely let myself be treated in this style without kicking up a dust about it, even if that dust were the whirlwind that should blow up the Anglo-French alliance.

It was three o'clock before I was taken into court, where, or by what rules, on my life, I hardly know now, it was so bewildering an affair that I took little note of particulars. The interval was passed by me as you, my sympathetic reader, can easily imagine, in much such a state of virtuous indignation as the Z. G. lion exhibits when his keeper makes him wait too long for his dinner. There were my accusers: the fat man with the jewels and curls, desperately, villanously Jewish, with a bandage on his forehead, which afforded me fiendish delight; there was pretty, gaily dressed, highly rouged Madame de Coquelicot, as witness, I suppose; there was my old man of the steamer; there was the wine merchant's agent; there was the tailor and his emissary; there was everybody arrayed in grim and inexorable array; and there was I, charged there with debt, assault, and libel. Wasn't it pleasant? and, for the commencement of a first day in Paris, hadn't it a nice couleur de rose aspect? How bitterly I swore at myself! Surely those oaths were as pardonable, under the circumstances, as Uncle Toby's!

I'd never been in a French court in my life. I didn't know who was who, nor how the proceedings were likely to commence. Somebody—I think the judge—eyed me fiercely. I dare say he thought me a hardened sinner; perhaps he'd been a refugee in his time, and been had up at Bow, or Westminster, and enjoyed the opportunity of retaliating a little on a son of Albion. He began in a stern voice:

“Vous, Léonce Victor Hervé——”

I put up my eye-glass and stared at him—an act which he seemed to consider an impertinence. I wonder why. I've put up that self-same eye-glass at some of the best women in the peerage, at her Majesty herself, lounging on the rails or driving down the Ring, and none of *them* took it as an offence.

“Hallo, sir,” said I, “wait a minute. That isn't my name.”

“Do not address the court in that impertinent manner, sir. What do you intend to imply by so singular a remark as that it is ‘not your name?’”

"I mean what I say, and there's nothing singular about it," said I, heedless of the indignation with which everybody was regarding me for venturing to interrupt the court. "It's *not* my name. I'm an Englishman, and am called Leonard Villiers Hervey, as you can see in my passport; and as my friends—the British ambassador himself, if you very much prefer him—will swear to you at any moment. I have been brought here on false pretences, charged with false debts, under, as I see now, a false name. It is either a conspiracy or a case of mistaken identity. In either circumstance I shall expect to be indemnified for the trouble, annoyance, and insult to which I have been subject this morning, or I shall decidedly complain to the British Legation of the abominable manner in which a British subject is liable to be treated by a gang of French swindlers the moment he sets foot in Paris."

I hurled my words at him in the fiercest passion I ever was in in my life. I certainly astonished an audience then, if anybody ever did. The judge stared, the gendarmes stared, Madame de Coquelicot, the man of curls and rings, the wine-merchant, the tailor, everybody stared at me in my passionate peroration, and I caught the Comtesse's gasping whisper:

"Qui aurait pu croire qu'il y en eût un autre qui ressemblât tant à Léonce, et qu'un Anglais pût si bien parler le Français? Ah, mon Dieu! je vois trop tard que ses yeux sont gris au lieu d'être bleus!"

It was a case of mistaken identity, luckily not so fatal to life or reputation as such a case has been more than once to some poor devil pulled up for a chance resemblance to another spirit worse off than himself. Two of my best friends—one French, one English—to whom I had sent, entered just at that minute, and corroborated my statement, which, after some delay and trouble, with the sight of my passport, sufficed to clear me from the charge of M. Léonce Victor Hervé's debts, though I am bound to say that the vigilant gentleman before whom I had been brought was desperately reluctant to let me go, and as intensely anxious to make me in the wrong, if he any way could, as any lady to talk away the character of her pet friend, or democrat to saddle a nobleman with all the sins of the Decalogue, and wouldn't let me off till he'd gone into it all from beginning to end, about fifty-six several times, in an examination which, frightfully as it bored me, afforded me much unchristian delight, by the evident torture it was to my persecutors, whose characters were probably not such as to render legal investigation highly acceptable. It seemed that M. Mathieu was a money-lender, brother to Madame Coquelicot, a widow, but not of a Count; that in the August before, at Ems, a luckless fellow had borrowed of the one and been bewitched by the other, and, I presume, been so driven to desperation between them that he had cut the concern, and fled unseen from Ems, owing the little widow his play debts, and her brother several sums, which M. Mathieu had lent him, knowing him to be a man of some fortune, and for which he held his I. O. U.s and bonds. They were sharps, sans doute, but probably M. Hervé must have been rather a disreputable fellow too, and their anxiety had naturally been to catch him again and sue him. The little fellow on board the steamer was a man sometimes employed by them to hunt down their lost prey, and who, when he saw me on board the *Lord Warden*, with a meerscham and a Maude,

like those M. Hervé was in the habit of sporting, duly notified the fact to Madame below in the cabin, who, coming on board, recognised me at once as she thought, and set her little wits to work to enthrall me in her fascinations till M. Mathieu should have legal traps ready, setting the old man to watch me wherever I went, who, in turn, apprised a wine-merchant and tailor of my arrival, whom he knew to be creditors of poor Hervé, receiving, of course, a per centage for his information. So ran the story, simply enough, intensely as it had bewildered me, as it still bewildered Madame Coquelicot, who could do nothing during the examination but sniff at her flacon, and murmur, in humiliation, "Mon Dieu, comme j'ai été bête! Pourquoi n'ai-je pas remarqué que ses yeux étaient gris? Mais la ressemblance est extraordinaire tout le même!"

They sued me for assault, and I had to pay M. Mathieu something heavy for the pleasure of knocking him down; but I sued them for false imprisonment, so I had a *quid pro quo*, and we were quits. My fellow-sufferer, with a Maude, a meerschaum, and a face like mine, I have never seen to my knowledge. I have given you noms de plume, pour cause; but I look eagerly out in the streets, at the clubs, at the Opera, in the parks, anywhere and everywhere, for anybody that may bear a resemblance to me, for I have a keen sympathy with M. L. V. Hervé; I can exactly fancy how that little demon of a Coquelicot bewitched and robbed him, poor fellow, as she'd have bewitched and robbed me if she'd had the chance; and if any gentleman reads this who owns a pipe with a grinning faun's head, who fell among thieves at Ems, and played too much écarté with a charming little woman with a nez retroussé and bright marmoset eyes, I shall be very happy to make his acquaintance and condole with him, and tell him farther particulars, *vivâ voce*, of HOW I WAS TRACKED BY TRAPPERS, in a case of mistaken identity, and THE EVILS THAT CAME FROM A MAUDE AND A MEERSCHAUM, innocent things enough, in their way, Heaven knows!

N.B. I learnt one lesson—learn it, too, ami lecteur: When Ulysses is travelling, he'd better keep to his *Times*, his Bradshaw, and his pipe, wrap himself in his plaid, and not let himself be brought out by the fairest Calypso, however dainty her cream-coloured gloves, however bewitching her syren voice. But I fancy the advice is perhaps superfluous. Britons are safe enough to be silent on a journey, and put all their porcupine quills out—even to a woman!

## HAILSTORMS AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

FEW occurrences in all the range of atmospherical phenomena are more calculated to excite terror and awaken curiosity than hailstorms. The dazzling and infrequent meteor and aërolite derives an interest of its own from its brief splendour, the mystery of its origin, and the wonder with which the inhabitants of the earth naturally regard bodies that seem to be fragments of the formations of other worlds. But hail—a phenomenon of the terrestrial atmosphere, like the thunder and the wind—is not the less remarkable for being familiar: the whirlwind may uproot the oaks that have stood for centuries, and scatter branches like autumn leaves, but a hailstorm is often more sweeping in its desolation. It is as fatal as the hurricane, and as awful as the thunderstorm, and often more destructive to life; and it is frequently attended by circumstances very surprising in their nature, and exceedingly difficult of explanation.

In the Bible, hail is frequently mentioned with circumstances of terror, as an instrument of divine vengeance. We have not only the plague of hail that smote the land of Egypt in the days of Pharaoh,\* but in the flight of the Amorites we read that—

“The Lord cast down great stones” (*magnos grandinis lapides*) “from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died: they were more which died with hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword.”†

In the prophetic, as well as in the historical books, hail is frequently mentioned; and it is alluded to in many places by the Royal Psalmist; *ex. gr.* :

“The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire.”‡

“He gave up their cattle also to the hail, and their flocks to hot thunderbolts.”§

“He gave them hail for rain, and flaming fire in their land.”||

But the terrors and the destructive power of the hailstorm do not need illustration from Scripture or from history.

Although hail destructive to animals and vegetation is rarely seen in climates not bordering on the tropics, its power to destroy life is frequently witnessed in India at the present day. There is something peculiarly terrific in the character of the tropical hailstorms, and in British India the average size of the hailstones, and the masses of ice that have occasionally fallen, greatly exceed anything known in Europe.

The phenomena of hailstorms are manifested with peculiar frequency and magnificence in the East Indies. Dr. George Buist, of Bombay, who gave much attention to this curious subject, prepared an historical list of sixty-one remarkable hailstorms, observed from the year 1781 to

\* Exodus ix. 25.

† Joshua x. 11.

‡ Ps. xviii. 13.

§ Ps. lxxviii. 48.

|| Ps. cv. 32. The words “hægle” “hagol-stan,” from which (it is hardly necessary to say) the English words are derived, occur in the Anglo-Saxon Psalter given by the great Earl of Arundel to the Royal Society.



1850, which was communicated by Colonel Sykes to the British Association.\* Notices of many hailstorms are preserved in the *Asiatic Journal* from 1816 to 1842, and a paper on hailstorms in India, from 1851 to 1855, was subsequently contributed by Dr. Buist to the proceedings of the British Association.†

From a review of these Indian observations it is deduced that the average *maxima* of hailstones is from eight to ten inches in circumference, and from two to four ounces in weight; and in the majority of cases the hail exceeds the size of filberts, whereas in Europe it does not often exceed that of peas. But in the Indian hailstorms the stones are more frequently accretions of ice than what we know as hailstones. In 1822, at Bangalore, bullocks were killed by the hailstones, which the natives declared to be as large as pumpkins; and although it was in the scorching month of April, some of the hailstones remained on the third day after they fell, and then measured three inches and a half in thickness. At Rangpore, in May, 1851, the stones that fell were as large as ducks' eggs. So, too, in Bengal, various officers, in describing hailstorms which they saw, declare that the stones were as large as turkeys' eggs. At Calcutta, in April, 1829, in a hailstorm which killed several natives, the hail fell in angular fragments of ice. In the Himalayas, north of the Peshawur, in a storm on 12th May, 1853, the ice masses were globular and compact, and many were upwards of three inches in diameter, while some were nearly a foot in circumference. And in what might be described as an ice-storm, which fell in the Lower Himalaya on the 11th May, 1855, the hail increased from stones of the size of pigeons' eggs to that of cricket-balls.

But what is more extraordinary, masses of ice exceeding a hundred-weight are recorded to have fallen on four occasions in India. Dr. Buist‡ sees no reason to doubt that a mass of ice which fell at Seringapatam in the time of Tipppo Sultan was, as stated by Dr. Hyne,§ as large as an elephant, and took three days to melt! That a mass of hailstones may have been violently swept together and congealed into such an enormous block is conceivable enough, but it is hardly credible that such an aggregation can have been formed in the air and have actually fallen, unless, indeed, a body of water like that in a waterspout can have become frozen in its fall. Yet it seems authenticated that in April, 1838, a mass of hailstones, cemented in one block measuring twenty feet, fell at Dharwar; that immediately after another hailstorm in that locality, a mass described as an immense block of ice, consisting of hailstones frozen together, was found; and that in 1826 a mass of ice actually fell in Candeish which must have been nearly a cubic yard in bulk.|| Astonishing as it is that such ponderous masses can have been formed in the air, it is certainly conceivable that falling hailstones may have been swept into a mass by violent whirlwinds or eddies. Hailstones of great size but more moderate bulk have often been found to be aggregations. Dr.

\* Report of Edinburgh Meeting, 1851, p. 43.

† Report of Glasgow Meeting, 1855, p. 31.

‡ See his communication on Indian Hailstorms in Rep. of Brit. Assoc. for 1851, p. 43.

§ In his Tracts, published in 1814.

|| Dr. Buist's communication in Rep. of Brit. Assoc. for 1852, p. 32.

Buist accounts for the larger concretions of ice by supposing that a whirlwind at a great height swept the hailstones together, and that they became immensely enlarged before escaping from that influence and falling on the earth.

Neither in magnitude nor infrequency of occurrence can the cognate phenomena in temperate climates be paralleled with these marvels.

In only one instance on record has any similar mass of ice or aggregation of hailstones fallen in Great Britain: in Ross-shire, in August, 1849, a huge mass of ice, twenty feet in circumference, is described to have fallen like an *ærolite* during a thunderstorm. But there are cases in which it would seem that the ice masses of India might really have been paralleled in Britain if a whirlwind, or the kind of agency which produces the waterspout, had accompanied the hailstorm. For example, on the 24th July, 1818,\* in a storm which passed over the Orkneys, and was twenty miles in length and a mile and a half in breadth, ice covered the ground to the depth of nine inches in as many minutes.

And, to come nearer home, a shower of ice-stones, which might really be described as a *hail-spout*, fell about three years ago on a spot among the hills near Eslington Park, the Northumberland seat of Lord Ravensworth. Trustworthy persons living near the *locus in quo* declared that hailstones and fragments of ice of various shapes fell in a great heap, and they were seen in a mass sufficient to fill many baskets upon the spot shortly afterwards.

But the largest hailstones that are recorded to have fallen in Great Britain or in any part of Europe have very seldom reached dimensions that can be compared with those of hailstones witnessed in British India. In a storm of hail on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, on the 17th July, 1666, hailstones were taken up some of which were as large as turkeys' eggs, others measured eight inches, nine inches, and a foot in circumference, and one weighed two ounces and a half. The hailstones that fell in a storm on the Denbighshire coast in 1697 were so heavy that they not only ploughed up the earth, but killed lambs and a mastiff, as well as poultry and the birds. Some of these accretions of ice weighed five ounces, and the force with which they fell showed that they came from a great height. At Hitchin, on the 4th May, 1797, after a thunderstorm, a black cloud suddenly arose in the south-west, opposite to the wind, and was immediately followed by a shower of hailstones, some of which measured from seven to fourteen inches in circumference. At Offley, near the extremity of the storm, a young man was killed by the hailstones, which bruised his body and beat out one of his eyes; and these formidable missiles tore up the ground, split trees, and destroyed the crops. On the 29th June, 1820, a shower of ice-stones, accompanied by a thunderstorm, fell in the south-east part of the county of Mayo. The breadth of the hailstorm did not exceed half a mile, but it left that breadth of country a ruin. Some of the stones were flat, heavy, and as large as a watch; the greater part were larger than pigeons' eggs in size, and of a similar shape. The bog-turf was penetrated by them as if by shot.† A hailstorm occurred in North Staffordshire on the 22nd July, 1857, in which masses of ice fell that were an inch and a half in

\* Dr. Thomson's *Meteorology*, p. 175.

† *Blackw. Edinb. Mag.*, vol. vii. p. 688.

diameter.\* This storm continued for half an hour, and was attended by gusts of wind and by thunder. At the distance of four miles a violent wind blew from the opposite quarter about the same time, but no rain or hail fell there. Other authentic instances might be given in which masses of ice have fallen in hailstorms in Britain weighing from four to nine ounces, and measuring from a foot to fifteen inches in circumference.† Again, at Lille, on the 25th May, 1686, hailstorms fell which weighed from four ounces to a pound. But it is needless to multiply instances; those above given seem to be the most remarkable that have been recorded.

The different forms and the structure of hailstones invite curious inquiry not less than their occasional magnitude.

The forms of hailstones are very irregular. Hail in Europe is generally pear-shaped; but the forms vary. Thus, in the storm in 1797, some of the hailstones were round, others oval, others angular, others flat; and in the Denbighshire storm some were round and others semi-spherical. In the East Indies, too, the forms of the hailstones are very irregular. Some hailstones of angular form and others of oval form have fallen in the same storm, as in 1822 at Bangalore; in another storm they were compact and spherical; while in the storm at Calcutta, already mentioned, the hailstones are described to have been angular masses of ice, in every variety of form, but quite irregular. Sometimes the hailstones have assumed the form of convex lenses.‡ It has been already mentioned that in the shower of ice which fell in Mayo in 1820, some of the stones were as flat, large, and heavy as a watch.

The structure or constitution of the hailstones differs like their form and size, but in almost all cases there is a kernel or nucleus, white and opaque, which often appears to be a mere floccule of snow. When the hailstone is large, it is generally found to consist of a nucleus of frozen snow coated with ice, and sometimes with alternate layers of ice and snow,§ but always with an icy transparent surface. In the storm on the Denbighshire coast, some of the hailstones were smooth, others embossed and crenated, and the ice was very hard and transparent. The hailstones that fell in the storm in North Staffordshire are described to have had nodulated nuclei containing particles of air, and externally to these were formed irregular conglomerations of ice, looking like a mass of imperfect but transparent crystals. In the storm on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast the hailstones were white, smooth on the surface, and shining within. The concentric strata round the opaque nucleus have generally all the transparency of common ice. In the hailstones that fell at Serampore, which were larger than hens' eggs, the nucleus was observed to be whiter than the exterior. Almost all very large hailstones that have fallen in India were found to enclose a nucleus which appeared to be of snow, or what resembled a small opaque hailstone was in the centre surrounded by several distinct and very distinguishable layers of transparent ice, these concentric coverings surrounding the nucleus like the coats of an onion, as if the first concretion had been a small one, and the ice had accumulated in its descent.

\* Report of Brit. Assoc. Cheltenham Meeting, 1857, p. 39.

† Prof. J. F. Daniell's Elem. of Meteorol., i. 24.

‡ Ibid., 25.

§ Somerv., Phys. Geography, ii. 62.

Colonel Sykes describes a still more remarkable formation—viz. glo-  
bular masses of clear ice, in which a central star of many points of dia-  
phanous ice, resembling ground glass, was enclosed in the transparent  
covering.\*

Amongst the curious phenomena of hailstorms are the amazing rapidity  
of their motion, and the comparatively narrow breadth to which they are  
limited.

In Europe hailstorms usually travel in strait bands of great length but  
small breadth, and travel very rapidly. The storm that passed over the  
Orkneys in 1818 was twenty miles in length and a mile and a half in  
breadth, and travelled at the rate of a mile in a minute and a half—the  
speed of a race-horse. Showers of hail are generally limited to a locality  
or line of country, and extend over it in long narrow bands. A hailstorm  
which fell on July 13, 1788, on the Continent, began in the morning in  
the south-west of France, and reached Holland in a few hours, destroying  
a narrow line of country in its course. It moved in two columns twelve  
miles apart, the one on the west ten miles broad, and the other five miles  
broad, the one extending nearly five hundred and the other four hundred  
and forty miles. Again, the main body of the hailstorm which visited  
the Denbighshire coast, as above described, appears to have fallen in  
Lancashire in a right line from Ormskirk to Blackburn, on the Yorkshire  
frontier, and the breadth of the storm-cloud was estimated at two miles.  
It is wonderful that the streams of watery vapour which became congealed  
in hail should have extended over such long tracts of country.

The Indian hailstorms appear to fall in limited patches, as if affected  
by configuration of the country, or other local circumstances. They  
frequently occur simultaneously at remote places, but nearly in straight  
lines, like a string of beads stretched across the country.

In all climates local circumstances appear to affect the formation of  
hail: thus, it occurs—at least in Europe and America—more frequently  
in countries at a little distance from mountains than in those close to  
them. But, whereas in temperate climates it rarely falls among the  
mountains, the case is otherwise in India. Dr. Buist compiled a table of  
localities in which the hailstorms observed during seventy years had  
fallen, from which table it appears that most of them occur in the delta  
of the Ganges down to the sea—a plain, the humid warm atmosphere of  
which contrasts strikingly with the pure, crisp, vapourless air of the  
mountains; but hail is nearly unknown in corresponding latitudes and  
heights on the Malabar coast, although appearing in abundance to the  
north-west along the shores of Cutch and Sciude, and to the eastward  
(as at Sattara), and over the Deccan, at heights of fifteen hundred feet  
above the sea.‡ The case of the valley of the Ganges seems anoma-

\* Philos. Trans., 1835. Col. Sykes also mentions the fall of masses of clear ice  
exceeding an inch in diameter during hailstorms.

† Thomson, Meteorol., 175.

‡ The quantity of rain which falls on the delta of the Ganges amounts to  
hardly one-third of that which descends on the low country of Arracan, for the  
moisture is discharged on a tract of comparatively small extent, when (as in this  
case) the winds blow on a coast-line at a right angle, and are arrested by high  
and precipitous mountain masses. On the coast of Malabar the phenomena are  
remarkable on the setting in of the south-west monsoon. In February, the low  
country from the sea to the base of the Ghaut mountains becomes very hot, and  
the air becomes saturated with vapour. These, during March and April, in which  
months the heat increases, remain suspended in the air, sometimes rising to the

lous, for elsewhere hail is rare in the tropical plains, and often altogether unknown, although common above them at heights exceeding seventeen hundred feet.

According to Dr. Buist's report on Indian hailstorms, the largest number occur in the month of April, and the next largest number in March, which in British India is also one of the driest months. In the coldest months hail is very seldom seen. In the interior of Europe, too, one-half of the hailstorms occur in summer, and where the period of the day has been recorded it is generally during the hours of greatest heat. It appears that in the climate of Britain hailstorms usually occur about the hours when the daily temperature is highest.

Hailstones sometimes fall with a velocity which Professor Leslie computes at seventy feet in a second, or fifty miles an hour. Their destructive power, and the depth to which they have been known to penetrate the earth, indicate their impetus as well as weight. Several instances of the destructive force of hailstones have been already mentioned, and to these may be added the curious fact that the hailstorms are so violent on the elevated plateau called the Grand Coteau de Missouri, that the stones have been known to penetrate the buffalo-skin tents of the Indians who hunt on that territory. The prairies sometimes retain for many weeks the marks of the occurrence of the hailstorms which during the summer months are not unfrequent in Rupert's Land.\*

Hail often precedes heavy rain-showers: it seldom follows them. The large drops of rain which often precede a thunderstorm are supposed to be hail which has become melted in its passage through a lower stratum of warm air.

To the scientific investigator of hailstorms hardly any of their phenomena are more interesting than those which indicate the action of electricity. Hailstorms, indeed, are always accompanied by electrical action; thunder is frequently heard, and the electrometer manifests rapid changes in electric intensity. Very often a hailstorm is preceded by a rustling noise in the air, but in the tropical hailstorms this manifestation of electric disturbance is greatly augmented. These symptoms of an approaching hailstorm will remind the reader of a fine passage in Virgil:

Continuo ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti  
 Incipiunt agitata tumescere, et aridus altis  
 Montibus audiri fragor; aut resonantia longe  
 Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.†

Thus, in the hailstorm on the 11th May, 1855, in the Lower Himalaya, an eye-witness, stated to be a person of intelligence and information, says it was heralded by a noise as if thousands of bags of walnuts were being emptied in the air. There cannot be any doubt that electricity, quite as much as cold, is an active agent in hailstorms. The clouds from which hail falls are often extremely dense: they generally exhibit a sort of bronze colour, and the edges are irregular. In the

altitude of the mountain-range, where they become checked by the cold, and then descending, are rarefied before reaching the earth. The violent winds, attended by thunder, which accompany the setting in of the monsoon, condense these vapours into rain, but for the first two months they remain suspended in the heated air, as above described.

\* Hind's Narr. of Canadian Expl. Exped., ii. 363.

† Georg., i. line 355 sqq.

memorable "Whit-Monday storm" of (28th May) 1860, that swept over Yorkshire, a remarkable hissing sound is stated by an observer at Pickering to have accompanied the largo dense cloud that gathered in the north-west, and moved before the furious gale.

From the following passage in Lueretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*,\* it would seem that the poet, like Pliny,† had imagined that the clouds could contain and support the hailstones, or frozen vapour :

Principio, tonitru quantiantur cœrula cœli,  
 Propterea quia concurrunt sublime volantes  
 Ætheriæ nubes contra pignantibus ventis :  
 Nec fit enim sonitus cœli de parte serena,  
 Verum ubicunq; magis denso sunt agmine nubes,  
 Tam magis hinc magno fremitus fit murmuræ sæpe.  
 Præterea, neque tam condense corpore rubes  
 Esse queunt, quam sunt lapides ac tigna; neque autem  
 Tam tenues, quam sunt nebula, funique volantes :  
 Nam cadere aut bruto deberent pondere pressæ,  
 Ut lapides; aut, ut fumus, consistere nequirent,  
 Nec cohibere niveis gelidas, et grandinis imbreis.‡

It is surprising that fleecy masses of coherent mists could have been supposed capable of sustaining congealed bodies of such density and gravity, and quite inconceivable that solid aggregations of ice, or of hailstones, of even the moderate size which we are accustomed to see, could be developed in the clouds from which they fall, or sustained in the form of clouds at all.

The condensation of the crystalline particles of floating vapours, which

\* Lib. vi. 120 *sqq.*

† *Historia Naturalis*, ii. 43. Pliny states the drink from melted hail to be most insalubrious. "Pestilentissimum potum ex grandinibus," for which he gives the strange reason that all the softer lighter elements of the frozen liquid have been eliminated by congelation!

It is curious and worthy of remark, that a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1764, in describing the sheep and sheep-walks of Spain, says the shepherd takes especial care never to let the sheep approach a rivulet or pond after a shower of hail, believing that if they should drink *hail-water* the whole tribe would become unhealthy, fast pine away, and die, as had often happened! Hail-water, he adds, is deemed so pernicious to men in this climate, that the people of Molina will not drink the river-water after a violent shower of hail: however muddy after rain, they drink it without fear.

‡ Thus rendered into English by Dr. Busby:

When lofty clouds, by adverse winds impelled,  
 Meet, strike, and furiously dispute the field;  
 Spread thick around their louring, shaggy forms,  
 And fly, disordered, on the wings of storms:  
 Then Heaven's blue arch tremendous thunder shakes,  
 And earth, affrighted, to her centre quakes.  
 No thunders roll through clear and smiling skies,  
 From congregated clouds alone they rise,  
 And as those blend and blacken, fiercer lightning flies. }  
 Of wood's nor marble's texture clouds consist,  
 Nor are so rare as fleeting smoke or mist,  
 Or, to the ground, like stones, they quick would fall,  
 Or fly, dispersed, like melting vapours all;  
 Aloft no chilling mass of snow would keep,  
 Nor magazines of hail within their frame would sleep.

ensues upon electrical action, must be followed by precipitation. That hailstones are drops of rain frozen during their descent through the air can hardly be doubted. If the air is very cold throughout the greater part of the stratum through which hail falls, the hailstone is probably increased in size during its descent; and there seems little reason to doubt that a progressive concretion takes place, the result of a gradual congealing, and that this process is entirely performed between the region of clouds and the earth. The fact that the hailstones and drops of rain that fall on high mountains are smaller than those that fall on the plains, seems to strengthen this view.

The rarer phenomenon of the fall of masses of ice appears to have engaged the attention of Descartes, who thought that the aqueous clouds might sometimes fall in masses or streams of water, and that these might become frozen in their descent. But whether the drops of rain or aqueous particles congeal in hailstones, or become aggregated in the more singular masses and blocks already described, the phenomenon can only be attributed to instantaneous and intense cold in upper strata of the atmosphere; and to what extent atmospheric electricity affects these extraordinary operations of nature cannot be satisfactorily ascertained in the present state of our knowledge.

An hypothesis of the formation of hail, rain, and cognate phenomena was submitted by Mr. Howell to the British Association in 1847, which appears to be as follows. Electricity having no weight, and diffusing itself equally on the surface of bodies, the minute particles of water, even in their most condensed state, are enveloped, as it were, in the natural coating of electricity, and occupy, together with that envelope, nearly the space of an equal weight of air. They are thus rendered buoyant; but when by heat their specific gravity is lessened, and their capacity for electricity enlarged by their superficial extension, they rise in the atmosphere. When they become condensed, the electricity, being in excess, escapes to the earth, but where the particles are above the earth's electrical action, they mutually attract and form clouds, which, under certain circumstances, condense in rain, which becomes frozen, and falls as hail, if it passes through a colder stratum of air.\*

Beccaria found that the density of the spherules of hail decreases as the parts recede from the centre, and he therefore supposes that the electrical action—to which, by the way, he attributes the formation of hail—is more intense in the regions in which the concretion of the aqueous particles into ice begins.

Volta's theory, as modified by M. Peltier, is as follows: When two clouds in opposite electrical states are placed one above the other, the mutual attraction is considerable; the strata approach without any signal electric discharge, but the one acts on the other by induction, and the electricities are exchanged. This, however, does not happen without vaporising the water contained in the clouds, and hence the temperature is immediately lowered. If the temperature of the one stratum be near zero, the portions not vaporised must be congealed, and they are trans-

\* By this theory, the fall in very short times of extraordinary depths of rain is sought to be explained, and the occurrence of irregular winds is attributed to the partial vacuum thus occasioned.

formed into flakes of snow, which become quickly surrounded by ice, and fall as hail.

Upon the whole, it appears that science has not yet achieved the solution of the problem whether the phenomena of hailstorms are to be explained by electric agency, or whether they are to be attributed to the suddenly reduced temperature of the upper strata of the atmosphere in which the particles of water are congealed; but that electricity is closely connected with the production of these phenomena appears to be unquestionable, and there can be little doubt that many of them are explained by the immense height of the clouds and the sudden, violent action of electricity upon the aqueous contents.

W. S. G.

#### SOCIETY AT MUNICH.\*

A LAPSE of seventy years intervenes between the epoch when Dieu-donné Thiébauld returned from Berlin to Paris (1784), to write his "Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin," of which a new edition, edited by M. Barrière, has lately appeared in Paris, and the epoch when his grandson, Baron Thiébauld, wintered in Munich. What a change in habits, manners, and customs does that interval of little more than half a century represent! The means of transit of themselves seem to belong to another world. Paris is now twenty-seven hours from Munich, the distance one hundred and ninety leagues. In twelve hours the traveller is at Strasbourg, nominally in France, but really German—bridge at Kiel, Zollverein customs, Austrian guard, white tunics, double-headed eagle. Passing Rebehal, garrisoned by six thousand imperial troops, carriages are changed at Appenweir, again at Carlsruhe, at Bruchsal, at Stuttgart, at Ulm, and at Augsburg. In the Grand Duchy of Baden, the first-class rooms, wherein smoking is not permitted, are spacious; in Wurtemberg, they are saloons, warmed in cold weather with stoves, and with tables to write upon; in Bavaria, they are furnished apartments, with cosy arm-chairs, and woolly fleeces whereon to repose the feet.

As it is with travel, so it is now with literature. It took M. Dieu-donné Thiébauld twenty years to become acquainted with the court and society of Frederick the Great. His grandson is only allowed twenty weeks to arrive at the same amount of information with regard to the capital of Louis, or rather of his successor, for, long before 1855, Louis had abdicated in favour of his son, Maximilian II., and had withdrawn to the square red building, flanked with turrets, known as the ancient palace of the Wittelsbach family.

It was winter when Baron Thiébauld arrived at Munich. The stoves, surmounted with statues, and lit and fed from without, at once excited his admiration as not giving the headaches brought about by "our little imitations, or rather our French inventions." Draughts were kept out

\* Vingt Semaines de Séjour à Munich (Hiver de 1855 à 1856). Par le Baron Thiébauld. Paris: E. Dentu.



by bands of moss, enlivened with flowers and birds. Everything in Munich was artistic. Brienner Strasse is the street of hotels; Ludwig's Strasse, that of monuments; the Residenz and the Schwabinger, the streets of shops. There were no end of statues—standing, seated, or on horseback—in marble or in bronze, and no end of churches of different epochs and different styles; the brick houses were painted light pink, light yellow, or light green; there were paintings, pictures and historical subjects.

At Munich, at an elevation of 1656 feet above the sea, winter assumes a continental character. Snow lies some feet in depth, or enveloping the statues, and placing two grotesque turbans on the heads of the great lions in bronze, which stand at the gate of the Wittelsbach palace. People walk with felt over their shoes, or drive in sledges; the horses, as elsewhere, have bells, for a sledge makes no noise and gives no warning. This is the season for hunting wild boar. A young Frenchman, M. de Courcelle, joined one of King Maximilian's parties, dressed as if for a walk on the Boulevards. He fainted with cold, and nearly lost his life. The king gets up at five, dines at half-past three, and goes to bed at half-past ten. This even in winter time. His fête falls on the 28th of November. Music and guns begin before daybreak, the levee is held at half-past seven, the day is then passed on an island in a lake, and his majesty returns in the evening to the Opera, where his subjects greet him in white cravats. In the winter of 1855-56, Pepita de Alava was the heroine of Munich ballets, as also of a young Russian prince, "type adoré des Bayadères." Pepita was dark, handsome, and with very decided manners.

Baron de Tautphœus was chamberlain to the king, and counsellor of state. Madame la Baronne de Tautphœus, née Montgomery, as she intimated on her cards, was Irish by birth, and she delighted in the society of the learned, the literary, and the artistic. She is herself the author of several esteemed works, written in English, with the intention of making German life more generally appreciated by her countrymen. M. Thiébault passed his first soirée at this hospitable lady's house. There seems to have been a good sprinkling of English, as also a Baron de Harold, commandant at Nuremberg, who takes pride in his Scottish descent. Supper was served at ten. The chief dishes were ham and tongue, and beer and wine were imbibed in high narrow glasses. M. Thiébault hesitated, till he was told that the queen drank beer every night, and then he declared that it was excellent.

Soirée, in Munich, means tea, cards, supper, and conversation. Each is carried on in separate rooms with painted ceilings and paper-hangings from Geneva, English hardware, German pottery and glass, and Italian mosaic floors. The rooms are heated by the usual great picturesque stoves, but there is generally an open fireplace in one of the rooms, with logs of wood on it, simply to gratify the eyes. Supper is partaken of as a matter of reality. People—even young ladies—eat seriously, without affectation and without grimaces. The cakes are of enormous dimensions, sometimes three feet in diameter; the size of the beer-glasses matches that of the cakes. The Bavarians are good Catholics, but that does not prevent their supping even on a Friday.

England, says M. Thiébault, has its Crystal Palace, but Munich is a

crystal palace in itself. Honour to Louis of Bavaria! Art lives there in all the varied forms that the genius of man has impressed it with at different epochs and in different countries. Paris has undergone vast transformations, but there is too much uniformity. No deference for Italian taste; much science, but no inspiration. In Munich surprise succeeds surprise. There is no possibility of classifying the innumerable monuments of different ages, styles, and countries. The Residenz or royal palace itself is a kind of Kassabah. There is even a bazaar. The first time M. Thiébault strolled through it he met two young and very pretty ladies followed by a couple of footmen. He afterwards, to his horror, found that one was the Queen of Bavaria, the other her first maid of honour, Countess Caroline de Fugger. He had stared at them, and had not removed his hat! Every country has its peculiar habits. All antiquity used the second person singular, the use of the second person plural came in with the decline; at Munich they use the third person plural. In a hot country, to see a Turk baring his head would be the height of danger as well as absurdity. Munich is a cold country, and the hat is so constantly removed that the old King Louis has been seen to walk with his hat in his hand to save himself the trouble of incessantly removing it.

The streets of Munich are very quiet. No one is allowed to smoke, no one gets inebriated: people do not stop to talk and laugh, but go about their business; only at dinner hours thousands of women are seen running out with pewter pots for the indispensable beer, and, on Saturdays, the washerwomen take home the well-starched crinolines suspended from poles, so that they shall not be crumpled. These articles of attire are carefully secreted from prying eyes at home, but before that they are most prominently exposed to the public gaze. "Little dolls suffice to amuse children, but in Bavaria they like large dolls."

German cookery, we are told, is debilitating. Soups several times a day. Sweet dishes, pies, and puddings, in abundance. If a stranger cannot eat bread with aniseed in it, he must have it manufactured for himself at the baker's. The favourite meats are veal and venison. Current-jam is eaten, as in England, with hare and venison, and apple marmalade with "roast black meat."

M. Thiébault was particularly struck with the fact that every educated person could speak French, even the shop-girls. He was told that they learnt it when at their convents. Upon this he pertinently enough remarks: "How many of our 'marchandes' of gloves, stuffs, jewellery, &c., in our great 'magasins' of Paris have been to boarding houses to learn foreign languages?" The Bavarians have hence naturally incorporated many French words into their own language, but often with a perverted meaning, which is exceedingly amusing. They call *grande, grosse*; un restaurant, une restauration; un *édredon*, un *plumeau*; le *premier étage*, le *bel étage*; le *rez-de-chaussée*, le *parterre*; certain meats, as ham and tongue, une *délicatesse*; sweets, une *galanterie*.

Thus a Bavarian would write: *C'est une grosse dame, née au parterre, habitant maintenant un bel étage, où elle couche sous un plumeau. Elle aime la restauration, fait peu de cas de la délicatesse, et s'en donne en fait de galanterie.*

The sense of such a phrase would be, in intelligible French: *C'est une*

grosse dame, née au parterre d'un théâtre pendant une représentation, habitant maintenant un bel appartement, où elle couche dans un lit orné de plumes. Dévouée à la maison de Bourbon, elle est un peu effrontée et a beaucoup d'amants.

And yet the real sense is: C'est une grande dame, née au rez-de-chaussée, habitant maintenant au premier, où elle couche sous un édredon. Elle aime à dîner au restaurant, soupe rarement et mange beaucoup de sucreries.

English abound at Munich, and their language also often gives rise to no less amusing *quid pro quos*. Thus Major Orred, who was called "the King of the Lakes," from his piscatory exploits, was known as Major Horrid. On his card was "Duke of Lancaster's Own," a phrase the Germans never could get over, but settled down into the belief that it designated the body guard, or personal champion, of an existing Duke of Lancaster; just as a Frenchman translated "berths secured," in one of our steam-packets, as a provision for maternity—"naissances assurées!"

A curious provision against being buried alive is put into practice at Munich. The bodies of the dead are placed in a hall in the necropolis, duly clothed and protected, and with a string tied to the finger, so that at the first movement a bell would be rung and assistance obtained. It is said that many persons have been thus saved from the unpleasantness of being buried alive.

What M. Thiébauld designates as his "première grande soirée," at Munich, was on the occasion of private theatricals at the Baronne de Meneval's. The actors and actresses were the Count and Countess d'Appony, Countess Marie Paumgarten, Count Ludolf, and Baron de Meneval. Count de Masignac was prompter; Count de Waldner, manager. The wife of the British minister was present. She called herself on her cards Madame Milbanke, the more inappropriate at Munich, as Madame is there only applied to the bourgeoisie. "Lady Milbanke," however, adds M. Thiébauld, "est très-belle, ce qui lui fait pardonner cette excentricité." As Sir John Milbanke had at that time been some twelve years minister at Munich, there can be no doubt but that Lady Milbanke had some good reasons for adopting "Madame" on her cards. The Germans do not know what lady means. With them as with us every well-dressed female is a lady, and they know no other application.

Munich may well be the city of fine arts *par excellence*, and monuments and statues multiply, when we find Baron Thiébauld's journal recording, Dec. 23rd, extraordinary performances at the Great Theatre, the receipts to be devoted to the erection of a monument in honour of an author! The king and all the royal family were there. The performance was marred, in the Frenchman's eyes, by a great clock stuck over the drop. He forgot that the Germans had not supped. The 24th, Christmas-eve, Christmas-tree at Mrs. Leaf's. Viscount de Vaulblanc came in the evening, and brought with him bouillons tied in silver-embroidered ribbons from the queen's own Christmas-tree. This is a practice with the court, and the king and queen desire their friends to distribute these little presents among young persons of their acquaintance. "It is," M. Thiébauld remarks, "another example of the paternal goodness of German princes, and a touching proof of sympathy, which reminds us of the love of Christ for little children."

Christmas is in Germany what it is in England. The French, too, used to shout Noël! before Henry III. replaced the old Christmas festivity by the civil festival—the first day in the year. It was a great oversight on the part of Gregory VIII., when, in 1582, he reformed the Gregorian calendar, not to have re-established this festival. “It paved the way to the institution of civil marriages, as it will pave the way to the loss of temporal power on the part of the popes.”

No officer in the Bavarian service can marry before he is thirty years of age. Hence, many affianced persons are met with in society. Balls, as with us, are given to young people about Christmas-time; the old folks go there to see the little ones enjoy themselves, and soon usurp their places, keeping it up late. With the new year comes the season of visits. Baron Thiébault found that in Germany, as in Russia, a uniform was indispensable, so he sought out a tailor—Graft by name—who could produce a complete costume with “broderies de fantaisie et des galons faits exprès,” in three days; a feat of which a Parisian tailor would be incapable, but the Germans are the tailors and bakers of half Europe. Thus accoutred in what he calls a “habit à la Française modifié”—for the baron, owing to his being a Legitimist, had, although a major in the army, no recognised rank in France—he was presented to royalty. King Maximilian speaks French and English, he tells us, with perfect ease. The following conversation took place on the occasion of M. Thiébault’s presentation:

The King.—You have been unwell, sir?

M. Thiébault.—That was the sole reason why I did not solicit the honour of being presented to your majesty on New Year’s-day.

The King.—I see with pleasure that you are better. Our climate is trying to strangers.

M. Thiébault.—It necessitates warm clothing when out of doors, but the houses are so well warmed, that when in them no one would think it was so cold without.

The King.—Are you any relation to the author of the “Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin?”

M. Thiébault.—Yes, sire; Dieudonné Thiébault was my grandfather.

The King.—Well, sir, those reminiscences were an object of particular study to me; I know them by heart.

M. Thiébault.—I most humbly thank your majesty for being so kind as to say a thing so flattering to me, and am most happy to find that my name is not unknown to you.

The King.—Can you speak German?

M. Thiébault.—No, sire, no more than my grandfather.

The King.—He had a reason for not learning it.

M. Thiébault.—Undoubtedly; he made a promise to that effect to the King of Prussia.

The King.—And he kept his word. Frederick thought it would be the best way to preserve his French from Germanisms. Shall you remain any time in Munich?

M. Thiébault.—It is my intention, sire, to pass the winter here.

The King.—I hope you will be pleased, and especially that you will enjoy good health.

No wonder that after so gracious a reception M. Thiébault was in ecstasies with the Wittelsbach family, which he declares to be purely

national, whereas Austria, he says, is ruled by Swiss Hapsburgs, Russia by German Holsteins, France by Corsicans, England by Hanoverians and Brunswickers, Prussia by Nurembergians, Spain by French Bourbons, Portugal by Burgundians, Belgium by Saxe-Coburgs, Holland by Nassaus, Denmark by Oldenburgs, Sweden by French, Greece by Bavarians, Constantinople by Turks, and Italy by Savoyards, who have given up the cradle and the tomb of their family! Maximilian II. is described as a handsome man, with black moustache, and beard cut like a collar, very upright, with a serious countenance, which could easily become severe, and with very dignified manners. He wore a military tunic of the national colour—sky-blue. M. Thiébault was also presented to other members of the royal family, and he describes Princess Luitpold, wife of the king's brother, and Countess d'Arco de Zinneberg, as resplendent with diamonds. The ball opened with a Polish dance, the king leading out Lady Milbanke, and Sir John Princess Luitpold. There were a great variety of uniforms, Austrian, Wurtemberg, and Russian, as well as Bavarian. White, black, green, and blue presented a pleasing contrast. No mention is made of red coats. There was a "salon des beautés," so called from its portraits of ladies, not of the time of Alcibiades, but contemporaneous. The only aristocracy admitted into this collection is that of beauty. There are archduchesses and Lady Milbanke, peasants, and, it is said, some favourites of Louis. One was covered with green silk. Could it have been that of a countess now numbered with the dead? M. Thiébault is too much of a courtier to say to whom it belonged.

Cela peut se faire, mais,  
Cela doit se faire, paix!

Such is the maxim of courtiers in every land, and maxims must be high in favour at the court of a Maximilian. Baron Unterrichter wore an anchor on his epaulettes, as commandant of the royal galleys on the lakes. Bavaria is not precisely without a navy. Major Orred used to transport his boats by land from one lake to another, and his lacqueys of winter were watermen in summer. There were two supper-rooms: one, for the royal family and diplomatic personages, was served *en grande livrée*; the second was served by attendants *en petite livrée*. Nothing could exceed the splendour and beauty of these apartments. Imagine one feature alone: twenty cariatides in white marble on one side, on the other magnificent Corinthian columns, with a window and a statue alternating between each. The statues, fourteen in number, of gilt bronze, ten feet high, represented princes of the house of Wittelsbach, dukes and electors-palatine, emperors and kings. Well may M. Thiébault say the effect was marvellous. There are few palaces in the world that can compare with that of King Maximilian.

The next introduction was to Field-Marshal Prince Charles, uncle to King Maximilian. This prince is so punctual that the presentation was to a minute at half-one, Bavarian time, or, as we should say, half-past twelve. After the usual trivialities about weather and stoves *versus* fire-places, the conversation turned upon military matters. Prince Charles said the British cavalry were the first in the world, that British officers were brave but no soldiers, and that it was incomprehensible in Germany how they could sell out, exchange, or get leave of absence in presence of the enemy. The prince also spoke of the ball of the previous night.

He said the ball-room should have been the throne-room, and the supper-room was too dark. No number of lights could make it lively, and the great portraits of popes might do very well in a cathedral, but it took away the appetite to look at them. Prince Charles was tall, thin, upright, and handsome. He was then sixty-one years of age, was reputed very rich, and dined every day with his three daughters, to each of whom he presented a bouquet. He gave away every year over eight thousand pounds to the poor.

After Field-Marshal Prince Charles came the turn of King Louis, who dwelt, as before observed, in the old palace of Wittelsbach. The interior is Moorish—a court with galleries. Louis received his visitor in uniform, buttoned up, gloved, booted and spurred, sword by his side, hat in hand. M. Thiébauld had it all his own way here. He had nothing to do but to praise the old ex-king for having made Munich what it is. Louis, who is all amiability, responded by speaking of Dieudonné Thiébauld, who, he said, had supplanted Voltaire at the court of Frederick. "And that," interrupted the visitor, "without having Voltairean ideas." "Oh! I did not say that," remarked the king—"I did not even think it." And he repeated this twice over. One characteristic scene occurred. The conversation turned upon the Emperor of the French and the empress. "I knew his mother, Queen Hortense, very well," observed Louis; "very amiable and very clever, but" (and here he smiled, shut his eyes, lowered his voice, and speaking into M. Thiébauld's ear, he added)—"but she was not pretty." The memory of this old man, M. Thiébauld remarks, in conclusion, will last as long as bronze and marble.

At a soirée given by one of the prettiest and most elegant ladies at Munich—Countess Drechsel, daughter of Prince Charles—M. Thiébauld was presented to Prince Adalbert, a young man twenty-eight years of age, and heir apparent to the throne of Greece. M. Thiébauld speaks of this young prince in the highest terms: he is musical, and, like the rest of the family, literary, poetic, and artistic. He seems, among other things, to have been almost as much struck with the Bavarian blue tunics of the French carbiniers as the Sultan was with the Zouaves clad in the garb of descendants of the Prophet—green jackets. M. Thiébauld says he cannot wish the people of Athens better luck than to possess so amiable, so cultivated, and so enlightened a ruler.

Next in order came the queen. She is daughter of Prince William of Prussia and of a Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who married afterwards the Duke of Cumberland. She is not tall, but is at once well proportioned and handsome. She is brown, a little pale, serious, with large eyes, a good profile, and very dignified. M. Thiébauld could not get rid of the idea that she recognised the person who had passed her in the bazaar without saluting her.

On the 16th January there was a "bal de cabinet" at the palace. This not being given in the great apartments, the diplomatic corps was not invited, and the king and queen could dance with others than ministers or their wives. There were some one hundred and twenty steps to mount, for the ball was given over the queen's rooms. The queen chatted with M. Thiébauld about Scotland, its clans and highlands, and about Walter Scott. M. Thiébauld claims descent by his grandmother from Scotland. Supper was served up in an orangery, and the lustres were suspended to the trees, which were laden with fruit.

Next to the palace balls those of the Countess d'Arco Zinneberg carried the palm. Nine salons, splendidly lit up, were open to visitors. Count d'Arco has a collection of hunting trophies, chiefly of deer and stags, for which an apocryphal Englishman is said to have offered 175,000 francs. There were huge glasses and pots of beer for the gentlemen, ices and sorbets for the ladies. The musicians were Tyrolese. Next came dinner at Prince Charles's. There was plenty of space here between the chairs, a thing indispensable to a good dinner. Spoon, knife, and fork were placed to the right, with two large glasses, one for white the other for red wine. The "menu," or *carte*, was placed to the left, in French, and in letters of gold on satin. Dinner opened with oysters, and proceeded with salmon, lobster-salad, and calf's-head, followed by poultry and game. Excellent wines were handed round, and presented to the left, ready poured out; the glass, whether emptied or not, was removed from the right, so that there was no ridiculous accumulation of glasses. Champagne was the only wine that was poured out at table. Beer was also served up. Plates were removed from the left, knives and forks from the right. M. Thiébault put the "menu" in his pocket, to refresh his memory by looking it over some day when on his travels he should not be able to get a dinner at all. The company were dismissed before six o'clock. Well may the worthy baron have found all his ideas concerning time to be upset! There was a masquerade afterwards, as also a pantomime, attended by all the royal family as well as by the dinner party, and there were no end of children with their nurses. The king mingled with the crowd, his hat on his head, like every one else, and yet, says M. Thiébault—who is as much accustomed to English society as to French, and has a daughter married in this country—no one forgot himself, whereas in France and in England the same thing cannot be practised without giving rise to rude and vulgar importunities.

Invitations are very simple in Munich. The court issue cards printed in German or French, but the nobility and the diplomatic corps send a servant round to deliver a verbal message. Ladies are spoken of as "la," as the French say *La Grisi*. So the Germans say "*La Vagnitz*, maid of honour to the Queen of Prussia;" "*La Pelnitz*," &c. The Margravine, speaking of an unmarried young lady, said "*cette fille*." One practice in Germany is much looked to—it is to give the right to a superior; not to observe this would indicate a sad dereliction of good manners. M. Thiébault relates that, descending a staircase with Baron d'Elviri, the latter changed his place three times to get to the left. There is, however, no rule without an exception; the queen's place is to the left of the king, whereas any other lady is complimented by the right.

Munich has its little social difficulties as well as those of etiquette. One of these arises from exchange of cards meaning nothing. M. Thiébault had exchanged cards with Count d'Appony, the Austrian ambassador; meeting the count at court, he ventured to address him, but received no answer. He pays him off by reminding him of his transactions in wool with a merchant of the Rue Saint-Denis. A more absurd thing occurred in regard to Prince Cettingen, with whom there had not only been an exchange of visits and cards, but M. Thiébault having a message for the prince, wrote for an interview; the prince expressed his utmost wish to

see him, said he was engaged for a week, but would then call or send. "I had only to wait," says M. Thiébault. "I waited some time, and am still waiting." The fact was, that the prince belonged to the opposition, and to be in opposition among courtiers at Munich was a rupture not only with society, but even with the members of his own family. Not only will they not acknowledge, but they will not utter the name of an aristocratic friend or relation who has been so bold or so rash as to enter the ranks of the opposition. Prince Louis d'Ettingen-Wallerstein was at the head of the Liberal party, and was said by his enemies to have induced the ex-King Louis to sign papers which, had they not been revoked, would have led to the fall of the monarchy. No wonder that he was not a favourite with the court party.

The season of festivals, which opened on the 1st of January with a concert at the palace, closed on Shrove-Tuesday with a "Bal Costumé" given by the king. Plays and rehearsals succeeded to their more brilliant entertainments, Countess Bassenheim and Baronne Meneval taking the lead. Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Leaf kept up thés and soirées, however, during Lent. The days when certain notables had each their receptions in the week are gone by. The Countess de la Pagerie and the Baronne de Cetto had each their own. The latter lady was a great admirer of Napoleon III., and used to exclaim, "What a pity he was not a Bourbon! The Marchioness Pallavicini, née Princess Doria, used also to have her weekly réunion. The marchioness had purchased an hotel in the Brienner Strasse, and a château, with land, forests, and lakes, from Count Arco Zinneberg, the noble amateur of venery in all its branches. Young Count Arco had had the misfortune of being educated by an American, and used words that would, we are told, be offensive to English ears. He called his father "governor," spoke of the play as "comely fine!" and everything was "by Jove!" or "by jingo!"

Farewell visits in Munich were not limited to P. P. C. cards, but extended to formal interviews with the two kings, the queen, the princes and princesses, and the nobility. Nothing very new or striking was said upon these last occasions, except that King Maximilian, in answer to a doubt of M. Thiébault's, expressed his satisfaction at the introduction of railways into Switzerland. They would open the country to travellers, he said, and there would always be plenty of wild and secluded scenery for those who delighted in such, despite of railways. This was a truly liberal sentiment. At last M. Thiébault took his departure, "thanking destiny, which, while waiting for the joys of a better world, had led him to pass a winter at Munich, a happy, learned, artistic, free, peaceable, and aristocratic city, wisely and paternally governed."

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## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE DINNER AT DRAKEFORD'S.

As far as she was personally concerned, Smudge might have uttered no slander when she accused the family she lived with of meanness, for people who stint their servants—which was what Smudge meant—can be very indulgent to themselves. It was a surprise, therefore, to Lorn to see so ample a dinner as that which loaded Mr. Drakeford's board. Everything, too, was good of its kind, and if the roast mutton had not been "caught" by being left too near the fire, the Count, who criticised freely—like a well-bred man as he was—would have had no fault to find. To Lorn, with whom short-commons were familiar, the *menu* appeared superb, and the different wines astounding. To be waited on was also a novelty, this part of the service being performed by the person who had so casually met the Count in Skinner-street and taken charge of his port-manteau, and who now appeared respectably dressed in black, with appropriate white cotton gloves, and answered to the name of Hipgrave.

But although the dinner was an extraordinary treat to Lorn, his attention was directed more to those who surrounded the table than to what was on it. His first impression of Mr. Drakeford had not been favourable. Besides being rough in his manner, Lorn thought him churlish and disagreeable; at present, though still coarse, he was genial and good humoured—ate largely, drank copiously, and laughed the loudest of the party. The fine-ladyism of Mrs. Drakeford, which had made Lorn uneasy, no longer existed; her sallies were as frequent and almost as broad as those of her husband, she raised her glass to her lips very nearly as often as he, her appetite was quite as good as his, and her laughter to the full as hearty; in short, were it not profanity in speaking of a lady whose intimacies were so highly placed, Mrs. Drakeford, in her merry mood, might be fairly called a regular jolly good fellow. The Count, if more abstemious than his friends with respect to wine, was by no means an ascetic, and assuredly no Trappist, but gave manifest proofs of being both hungry and talkative; there was much in his conversation which, in spite of his very good English, was unintelligible to Lorn, though Mr. and Mrs. Drakeford seemed perfectly to understand his meaning. Indeed, there were many ambiguous phrases in use amongst all three which Lorn might have striven more to comprehend, had not Miss Esther been a greater attraction to him than any person or thing present.

The Count had not exaggerated when he praised her beauty. Though small, and appearing smaller than she really was by contrast with her mother, Esther Drakeford was finely shaped and exquisitely proportioned: a rich colour mantled in her cheeks, her parted lips displayed

teeth like pearls, her eyes, guarded by long dark lashes, were of the purest blue, and her long golden hair swept from her forehead in the wave now called Imperial. But fair as it was, her countenance was not entirely placid ; there shot now and then a scornful glance from her eye, and her mouth frequently expressed both contempt and impatience, signs of temper which were chiefly called forth when the Count, who sat next to her, was most assiduous. These changeful expressions were remarked with surprise by Lorn, but what struck him even more was her total want of resemblance to either of her parents. Nature plays strange freaks at times in creating varieties of race, but on the principle of selection she had certainly done her best when she made Esther the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Drakeford ; for though the latter had been, in her style, strikingly handsome, she was as different from her child as dark from light.

There was yet another thing on which Lorn pondered during this jovial dinner, and that was the singular disappearance of everything sentimental from the language of the Count and Mr. Drakeford. Men whose lives were devoted to the relief of suffering would, he expected, have preserved some tinge in all they said of the feelings by which they were animated. Some allusion to the wounds they had healed, some tokens of sympathetic remembrance of the sorrows they had witnessed, would, he thought, have escaped them. But to no such subjects did they recur. Lorn was new to the world, and did not know—or, at all events, could not guess—that possibly the Count and Mr. Drakeford adopted the truly Christian practice of leaving their good deeds unblazoned when there was no necessity for speaking of them : it was as if they wished the right hand not to be aware of what the left hand did. "Let the dead bury their dead" was, in all probability, a law to which they gave their own peculiar interpretation ; but, whatever they buried, they disinterred a great deal that was perfectly new, and strange as new, to Lorn. This, at least, might be inferred from the cheerfulness of the Count and Mr. Drakeford ; and Lorn, perhaps, drew the inference, that nothing promotes a cheerful frame of mind so much as the consciousness of a day well spent. When we have done our duty towards ourselves we feel as happy, sometimes, as if we had been thinking only of our neighbour.

Mr. Drakeford's was the kind of house where friends are in the habit of "dropping in," a custom, some housekeepers think, "more honoured in the breach than the observance," but not Mrs. Drakeford, whose *laissez aller* was unadulterated ; and before dinner was half over, a smart double-knock resounded.

Mrs. Drakeford, who was drinking champagne at the moment, set down her half-empty glass, and with eyes that sparkled like the wine, exclaimed, "The Doctor ! Something struck me he'd be here to-day. Place a knife and fork, Hipgrave—here, by me !"

The hospitable instruction was scarcely given, before, through the half-opened dining-room door, there peered the face of a stranger.

"May I come in ?" he asked.

"You know you may, you good-for-nothing Black," cried the joyous hostess, "though you almost deserve to lose your dinner for not coming sooner."

"Take a chair, Doctor, by my missus!" said the lettered host, without turning his head. "You're in time for the mutton, at any rate. Shove up a little this way,"—this last direction being given to Lorn.

Thus welcomed, the Doctor did as he was ordered, after shaking hands all round; a ceremony which certain folks never omit, no matter at what inconvenience either to the shaker or the shaken.

"I didn't mean to be so late," said the Doctor, apologetically; "but it was quite impossible to get away before."

"Always at home from twelve till five," as the Ad. says," observed Mr. Drakeford.

"And a good deal later, sometimes," replied the Doctor. "I declare the square has been crowded all day."

"So much the better for them,—and for you too," said Mr. Drakeford, laughing. "How gets on the elixir?"

"Works wonders!" answered the Doctor, gravely. "Sold thirty bottles to-day!"

"Cash down?"

"Of course!"

"That must pay well," said the Count, who now showed an interest in the Doctor, which he had not manifested at his first appearance.

"I fancy so!" said Mr. Drakeford. "Ninety-nine per cent. is pretty good profit."

"You talk at random," remonstrated the Doctor. "You forget the labour of preparation, the rarity of the material, the normal difficulty in searching out the discovery, the cost, the study——"

"Oh, bother all that!" interrupted Mrs. Drakeford. "Let physic alone now!"

"And try some of *this* elixir!" added Mr. Drakeford, passing the champagne.

The Doctor smiled. He was a quack, but good natured, and always ready to do anything to please anybody; though, if he had been allowed his own way, he would, like all other quacks, have expiated on his wonderful cures and countless grievances,—the envy of the rest of the profession being the inevitable consequence of a single-handed fight for celebrity. But, besides being good natured, the Doctor was susceptible, and, in a very mild way, was the devoted slave of Mrs. Drakeford, a condition of mind which her husband did not oppose if he did not actually encourage. To tell the truth, the Doctor was making money, and all who made money were favourably considered by Mr. Drakeford, particularly if they parted with it freely. And, in this point of view, the Count shared the opinions of his friend.

But besides his devotion to Mrs. Drakeford, the Doctor seemed very fond of Esther, and she, who had been rather silent till his arrival, now became animated and talkative, evidently preferring his society to that of her titled neighbour. The Count, however, was, above all things, a philosopher, and could conceal his dislikes and disappointments with a mastery over his feelings which was truly Spartan. He might not have approved of the Doctor's attentions to Mrs. Drakeford, though perhaps his own in that quarter were not the most sincere; neither might he have been pleased with the preference so unequivocally shown by Esther,—keeping in memory, too, her ill-subdued scorn and impatience towards

himself; but he was a great deal too much a man of the world to betray any symptoms of annoyance, whether its source were a harmless quack, a petulant girl, or something more difficult to deal with than either.

The dinner, therefore, passed off very gaily, and its gaiety continued unchecked until Mrs. Drakeford—who practised in Clerkenwell all the observances she had been taught in St. James's and elsewhere—withdraw with Esther. Then the Count and Mr. Drakeford, without altogether quenching the *latus animi*, discoursed on matters of graver interest than had previously occupied them, "How to Acquire" being their theme without any very scrupulous regard to the *quo modo*; and the Doctor, to whom much of their jargon was unfamiliar, made closer acquaintance with Lorn. He found him a docile subject, and it would not have been in human nature—or, at least, in Quack nature—had he spared him.

"Yes," he said, plunging in *medias res*, "we were talking about my elixir. You've heard of it, of course, but I dare say know nothing of its properties. Now, listen to what I say. All disease springs from the inadequate circulation of the nervous and sanguineous fluids. Nervous power depends upon the free and proper movement of the nervous fluid in and along the nervous chords. The circulation of the blood throughout the system is dependent upon a proper supply of nervous power; a deficiency or excess of that power suddenly retards or quickens the sanguineous courses; when too slow, the blood thickens and forms deposits in the arteries and veins, and every accession of inert matter increases its own evil. If, on the other hand, they are too fast, the undue activity of the circulation becomes exhausting, and the whole system suffers."

Though all this, very rapidly delivered, was Greek to Lorn, he tried to look as if he understood every syllable, and the Doctor went on:

"A further result of the sanguineous circulation not being properly performed is, that at last the nervous fluid itself suffers, because that, as well as every other part of the general system, is composed out of the blood. Now, my elixir has a specific action upon this system, and promotes an adequate circulation of the nervous and sanguineous fluids."

"What on earth *are* they?" thought Lorn.

"Those," pursued the long-winded Esculapius, "who have studied the sap in the vegetable kingdom"—"I never did," mentally interjected the Doctor's new patient—"must have observed the minute foreign particles occasionally stopping the course of the fluid, until carried forward by a fresh impetus being imparted to the circulation, and thus expelled from the system. Unless the obstruction could be removed, the health of the plant would be undermined: so in the same manner with the human subject. Cutaneous appearances occur when the system has power to drive foreign matters to the surface of the skin, but not to eject them. Now, my elixir not only carries these foreign bodies—or similar ones—to the surface, but actually expels them through the pores, drives them out, in fact, as if they were discharged from a battery, and that without employing either mineral or silicious substances, and certainly not opiates or absorbents. The fact is—I make no secret of it—the agent, in man as well as in the vegetable world, is the *humus*, a principle that pervades the earth, which by analogy adapts itself to the human frame, and that, as everybody knows, is made up of salts, magnesias, and other earthy substances in a greater or minor degree of purification.

Of course, the difficulty is to discover and confine—I may say, speaking technically, bottle off—this *humus*, and that's the reason why the profession make such a dead set at me, quarrel with my diploma, though I obtained it at Erlangen, in Bavaria—the most famous place in the universe for medical science—(such a Latin thesis as they require of you when you pay your fee would make your hair stand on end, if you're not acquainted with Latin!)—and—(I'm speaking of the profession, who don't know how to find the *humus*, or make use of it if they found it)—that's the reason, as I said before, why they try and run me down, and say all sorts of spiteful things about me, and write against me in the newspapers, and won't believe, or say they won't, a word of a single one of my testimonials, the spontaneous declarations of the very first people in Europe who have been cured by my elixir. You would hardly credit me if I were to tell you what it cures. Everything will succumb to it when the disturbed equilibrium of the nervous and sanguineous circulations of the nervous system is adjusted."

"If I were to break my leg, wouldn't that be a disturbed equilibrium?" asked Lorn.

"Um! Ah! Well! Yes! Of course! And after applying splints and bandages, nothing would be so serviceable as the elixir. But that is a surgical case, and must be treated, in the first instance, surgically; now my elixir applies to what we distinctively call *morbus*——"

"Cholera morbus?"

"Any *morbus*! *Morbus*, you know, means disease; but we use the Latin term in preference. Having all my life made the study of therapeutics——"

"What are *they*, sir?"

Sganarelle himself could not more learnedly have explained; but in the midst of his explanation the Doctor was cut short by Mr. Drakeford, who proposed an adjournment up-stairs. Tea had been twice announced by Hipgrave, and now Mrs. Drakeford was pounding on the floor above with not the lightest foot, and when that hint was given her husband always knew he was wanted.

But to indemnify the Doctor, Mr. Drakeford whispered something in his ear, and the smile with which the whisper was received showed that the interruption had been atoned for.

Mrs. Drakeford, with the admiring Esculapius by her side, was once more in her glory, and, the tea-making process ended, yielded to his solicitation to sing. Her voice was better than her verse, though the latter had found favour in the ears of Smudge, for she chose a melody which, though characterised by a plaintive tenderness, was open to the objection of being held to be rather low.

"If I——"

she sang—and cleared her throat to begin again—

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,  
Do you think I'd wallop 'im, oh, no, no!"

and while she sang, the Doctor delightedly hovering near, she probably expressed a double meaning as she quavered and made eyes at the recreant Count.

But however delicious the warbling of Mrs. Drakeford, she had other

uses, and of these she was reminded by her husband, who told her to give her place at the piano to Esther, and come with the Doctor to make up a rubber.

"Esty," he said, "can play and sing all the evening—she likes nothing better—and we can play and listen; we shall then be all on the square. Man and wife can't be partners, so you and I, Count, will face each other."

They had been accustomed to perform that ceremony, though whether the "square" that Mr. Drakeford spoke of entered into their arrangements may be considered somewhat doubtful. No proposal, however, could have pleased the Doctor better, for Mrs. Drakeford faced *him*, and in the contemplation of her exuberant charms he found, perhaps, some compensation for the results of the partnership imposed upon him.

In the mean time, Esther had taken her seat at the piano, playing quite listlessly at first, for her only immediate audience was Lorn, on whom, during dinner, she had not deigned to bestow the slightest attention. She had, it is true, shaken hands with him, but when she did so it was nearly dark, and she was, moreover, under the impression that he was somebody worth shaking hands with. But the lamplight undeceived her. She then saw "a boy in a slop-coat," and who or what he was, or where he came from, she did not trouble herself to inquire, thus justifying, to a certain extent, the character which Smudge had given her, and, at the same time, realising Lorn's apprehensions. He, on the other hand, had been too much awed by her beauty and by the scornful expression which he occasionally noticed—restrained, too, by the awkwardness of having to speak across the table—to venture to address her a single word. Nor had he conquered his shyness even now when a better opportunity presented itself of uttering what all the evening he wished to say, but stood lost in mute admiration of the skill which she so carelessly displayed.

A slop-coat is certainly a very disgraceful garment to wear, particularly in the presence of ladies; but when a quick feminine intelligence perceives that the wearer of a slop-coat is not an inanimate being, but impressionable in the sense which that intelligence most appreciates—when the same faculty observes that good looks accompany the offered tribute—its owner, without caring for the accusation of caprice, may sometimes feel disposed to relent a little. This happened in the present instance. Miss Esther, noticing that Lorn's abstraction was caused by herself, was pleased to smile, and played less languidly. Presently her fingers ran rapidly over the keys, and she tried her voice, but only in snatches. Lorn's eyes sparkled, and their brightness was detected by a sidelong glance, though Miss Esther never turned her head. Again a few stray notes, and then, without altering her position, she said: "Are you fond of singing?"

The spell that bound Lorn was broken, and he answered hastily: "Singing like yours!"

"My singing!" she exclaimed, with affected surprise. "How do you know I can sing?"

"I heard you this afternoon."

"Indeed! Did you like it?"

She looked at him now while she spoke, and read a reply in his face which was far more eloquent than the simple words, "Oh yes!"

"That being the case," she said, "I must try and renew your pleasure. What shall I sing?"

"Oh, I wish I could say! But I am so ignorant—I don't know any songs—that is, any fit for a lady."

"Would you like to hear me repeat what mamma sang just now?" she asked, laughing.

Lorn saw she was in fun, and laughed in his turn.

"No, not that," he said; "something better."

"Well, then," she returned, "I will choose for myself;" and without further pause she burst at once into Amina's rapturous awakening to love and happiness.

The applause which followed from the card-table attested Miss Esther's triumph, but there was something that gratified her more. When she turned again towards Lorn she saw him pale and breathless, with his eyes swimming in tears.

"Foolish fellow!" she said. "I must not sing any more while you are here. It will do you harm!"

"Oh no, no; nothing in all my life ever did me so much good!"

Miss Esther smiled and sang, again—and again.

Which of all the party that night went to bed with the most pleasurable sensations? The Count or Mr. Drakeford, between whom twenty pounds of the Doctor's money was divided, or the pawnbroker's boy, Lorn Loriot, with whom Esther again shook hands?

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### MONSIEUR COUPENDEUX.

THOUGH the Count was not the most trustworthy person in the world, and had ways of his own which did not altogether square with the generally received rules of morality, he was yet to be relied upon in situations where it suited him to be honest. Thus, if the history of the distressed Pole were pure invention, improvised for the occasion till he saw how Lorn liked his new quarters, he had not been unmindful of his promise to dress his secretary like a gentleman, but had really spoken to the tailor about his clothes. This was apparent on the following morning, when a Hansom cab pulled up at Mr. Drakeford's door in Percival-street, and out of it jumped a brisk little fellow, in somewhat singular costume, who proved to be Monsieur Coupendeux, the artist in question.

A man who is his own tailor—or, as a Frenchman would say, "the author of his own existence"—has a right, perhaps, to wear what he pleases. If, therefore, Monsieur Coupendeux chose to array himself in a pale yellow paletot, deeply garnished with black braiding, to wear claret-coloured overalls seamed with bright blue, and to crown all with a high-pointed, broad-brimmed, green felt hat—like a stage brigand gone mad—the responsibility rested entirely on his own shoulders, and any one might laugh at him that liked. His taste, too, as regarded others, might be called in question, and customers might pause before they placed themselves in his hands, but those who employed Monsieur Coupendeux very soon discovered that whatever eccentricity he displayed in his own attire,

he was a perfect master of his craft, and fully merited the eulogium which the Count had pronounced.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, in a very free and easy manner, as soon as he set eyes on Lorn—"what for devil I come so far to make for a boy like this! Turn round your back—let me see across him—there—that will do! How will you it? Mild or strong?"

"As mild as you please," said the Count, who seemed to be on very familiar terms with his tailor—"he is my secretary."

Monsieur Coupendeux made a grimace. "In black then—like a crow or an undertaker. It is a finished affair. When you desire the things?"

"As soon as you can," returned the Count. "I wish as early as possible to present him to my friends."

"To-morrow night, then, he have them," said Monsieur Coupendeux. "What you want yourself?"

"Nothing—at present," replied the Count.

"Yes you do," said the infallible little tailor. "What you say to a paletot like mine? It is my last conception! Very beautiful—hey?"

"You alone can do justice to it," observed the Count, as if in earnest.

"Yes, my figure is good," said Monsieur Coupendeux, drawing himself up about half an inch. "I have sufficient breadth and height. Many do not resemble me."

But to dispose of his wares, or exercise the legitimate functions of his calling, did not seem to be the subject uppermost in the mind of Monsieur Coupendeux.

"I say," he continued, in a tone that greatly astonished Lorn, "when you come dine in my little place at Hamsmitt? All new furnished, quite prime—capital cook, and very best wines of London!"

"I would rather hear you say 'of France,'" returned the Count, laughing, "for my opinion of London wine is not the highest. However, I promise you I will come some day."

"Yes, and bring your friend, Mr. Drakeford and his good lady, and Miss, with this young gent, my new customer. Happy to see you all. When shall it be?"

"I can only answer for us two," said the Count. "But here is Drakeford. He will reply for the rest."

"What are you saying about me?" asked Mr. Drakeford, entering the room. "Ah, Coopy, how d'ye do?"

The Tailor and the Type of Benevolence shook hands.

"Coupendeux wants us to go and dine with him at his new villa," said the Count. "I told him I could not promise for you."

"Well, I can," rejoined Mr. Drakeford. "I'm sure I'm agreeable."

"And the ladies?—which are always agreeable," added Monsieur Coupendeux, gallantly.

"And the ladies," repeated Mr. Drakeford. "So name your day."

After a little *pro* and *con.*, the dinner was fixed for the following Sunday week—an interval of nearly a fortnight. But all was not yet over.

"Now, tell me," said Monsieur Coupendeux, "about that Company; how he get on?"

"The Amicable Seaweed Oil?" asked Mr. Drakeford.



"No, no, no!" replied the little tailor. "The other!"

"Oh, the Mutual Feather-breeches? Splendidly! Board of direction full. Shares going off like hot rolls. By-the-by, we make a call on the first of next month."

"How much?"

"Only a pound a share."

"Ah; I have fifty shares."

"Yes—that's fifty pounds, you know."

"You think him a good speculation?"

"There's not such another going. I look upon it as a sure fortune. You haven't seen the report? In fact, you couldn't, for it's only in the rough at present. We must have it written out fair, and when printed I'll send you a copy. Perhaps it would save trouble if you were to drop that fifty now! The coupons are quite ready."

"You are sure the concern is safe?"

"Safe! I believe you. I've embarked pretty nigh every shilling I've got in it."

"And I," said the Count, "have ventured a large sum. All I had that was disposable."

"Recollect," said Mr. Drakeford, "you're to have the contract. We shall get orders for thousands of pairs the moment we start. A hard winter and the thing's done to our hands."

"And then there is always Russia," observed the Count. "My connexions in St. Petersburg will alone create an immense demand. It strikes me as a pity that you have only fifty shares."

"At a premium of twenty, though," said Mr. Drakeford; "that's a thousand pounds at once in your pocket if you didn't care to hold on—as I mean to do, even if they go up to a hundred."

"As for me," chimed in the Count, "I shall take good care how I part with mine. I consider the Mutual Feather-breeches to be quite as good as Consols, and ten times more advantageous."

Monsieur Coupendeux turned his sparkling eyes alternately on each of the speakers, but he did not yet assent to Mr. Drakeford's proposition.

"You speak of a call, Drakeford," said the Count, who had watched the changes in his countryman's countenance. "I will set Coupendeux the example. To show him how little hesitation I have, I shall give you a cheque for a thousand, the amount you will require from me. I may as well pay it now as in ten days' time. Go up, Lorn, to my room, and bring down a small black box which you will see on the dressing-table. Be quick, like a good fellow."

Quick as he was, and fast as he hurried down with the box, the transaction between Monsieur Coupendeux and Mr. Drakeford was completed by the time he returned. The former was in the act of putting up his pocket-book, and the latter, with great satisfaction, was fingering several pieces of that thin, crisp substance, the rustle of which is the sweetest sound that modern ingenuity has invented.

As gravely as if he was paying off the National Debt, and with the calm assurance of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Count opened the box, took out a cheque-book, filled up and carefully crossed what he wrote, and then—as if he were dismissing a thing that was not worth further thought—tossed the valuable paper across to Mr. Drakeford,

replaced the cheque-book, closed the box, and looked round with the placid air of a man who had just conferred an inestimable benefit on his fellow-creatures.

"You will not forget to send me the report?" said Monsieur Coupendeux, preparing to take leave.

"We will set about the copy directly. It shall be in the printer's hands to-night, and in yours the day after to-morrow,—or a proof copy at all events. Good-by,—we shan't forget the dinner."

"Nor I to give you a strong welcome. Adieu, messieurs! Au revoir!"

Whereupon Monsieur Coupendeux, whose cab was still waiting for him, departed as briskly as he came, paused on the door-step to look up and down the street, paused again when he reached the pavement, to make sure of being well observed, looked upwards at the drawing-room windows, took off his hat and kissed his hand, with his eyes turned in the same direction, jumped into the Hansom, and drove away as fast as the horse could gallop.

It must have been the reflexion from the Count's features of the consciousness of having been well employed which irradiated the countenance of Mr. Drakeford as his glance met that of his noble friend when the wheels of Monsieur Coupendeux's vehicle began to turn.

It has already been said that, in some things, the Count was as good as his word. The same remark applies also to Mr. Drakeford, who taking from his desk a much-blotted sheet of paper, desired Lorn to resume the seat he had occupied the day before, and prepare to write again from his dictation.

Not a begging-letter this time, but the document of which Mr. Drakeford had spoken.

At the period of which this story treats, commercial morality stood no higher than it does at present, but commercial credulity had reached a pitch which it would now be difficult to understand, if memory did not come to our aid. The quasi-report, therefore—which, it is needless to say, was made by Mr. Drakeford to himself, he and the Count constituting the whole Board of Direction, notwithstanding a host of illustrious names—set forth in the gravest and most business-like terms the inappreciable advantages to be derived from the use of feather-breeches in a country where cold weather was at least of five months' duration; and showed from calculations that could not be controverted, the manifest certainty of a *cent. per cent.* dividend, when the project had attained "that fulness of operation" which the Directors "were sanguine enough to believe" was "a contingency that could not be looked upon as remote, or rather one whose proximate realisation might confidently be anticipated."

Phrases like these, judiciously employed, are the stock-in-trade of every Bubble Company; and when a formidable array of figures is brought forward to support them, enough has been done to satisfy the speculative British public of the success of any scheme, however ridiculous its object or absurd its designation. There have, in fact, been instances of companies projected with no declared object whatever, as in the case of an Advertisement during "the bubble year," which ran as follows:—"Directors. Gentlemen of the highest respectability and influence desirous of connecting themselves with a company now forming under the

Limited Act, are requested to address a letter (stating such, together with full particulars of name and address, and if a director of any other and what company) to Solicitor, care of Mr. B——, 7, Bull and Mouth-street (S.C.).—Communications will be treated in strict confidence.”

With such a reality as the above before them, the Count and Mr. Drakeford were fully justified in setting up a “Feather-breeches Company;” their only regret in doing so arising from the recollection that his late Majesty King George the Fourth—the only individual who was ever known to wear such a garment (a pair of white satin breeches lined with swansdown having been disposed of at the sale of that monarch’s wardrobe)—being no longer alive to become its patron.

Their scheme was not exactly what is called “before the public,” but with a few more subscribers like Monsieur Coupendeux they could probably afford to do without one. It might then, perhaps, be a safe speculation to keep the company in the hands of a select few, and exclude the public altogether. But this depended on circumstances, and, in the mean time, full value for his money was prepared for Monsieur Coupendeux—on paper; the intermediate in this affair being the unsophisticated Lorn.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## SMUDGE’S SECRET.

FOR the first few days of Lorn’s residence in Percival-street he could not help thinking that the Count had made a mistake in saying that *he* was in want of a secretary, for it was Mr. Drakeford who monopolised his time in the manner already described. Usefully, also, as it would seem, the post every day bringing answers to the applications written by Lorn which gave the greatest satisfaction. Lord Lambswool sent his ten-pound cheque for the maniac widow and her eleven orphan children; so did Admiral Swallow; so did General Gape; and to many similar appeals corresponding replies were made, the only difference between them being the amount applied for, which varied according to the known depth of purse or ascertained sympathies of the individuals appealed to.

Could veneration have been secured by untiring efforts in the cause of charity, Mr. Drakeford’s claim to Lorn’s veneration would have been admitted without hesitation; but as, after a time, we tire of even the very best persons and things, the admiration of Mr. Drakeford’s benevolence, which Lorn had so strongly felt at first, somehow or other gradually subsided, and he began to ask himself more than one curious question on the subject.

How, for example, did it happen that Mr. Drakeford, whose tales of distress appeared to denote the possession of a heart that beat only with the kindest feelings, should personally be a man of repulsive manners and, as it struck Lorn, of sordid nature. To judge by what was written down at his dictation, Mr. Drakeford’s life, every hour of it, must have been spent in searching out the poor and helpless, in shedding balm on the sufferings of the afflicted, and in ministering to the direct wants of humanity; yet, drawing a conclusion from his very brief absences from home, misery must always have met him on his own door-step, or have been lying in wait for him round the corner, so ready-made, as it were,

did the cases present themselves. Not that this state of things is impossible, or even unlikely, in such a place as London, where Imposture tracks Benevolence with the surest foot; but as there are two sides to every question, and as Lorn had never before his eyes any evidence of the truth of Mr. Drakeford's statements beyond his own assertion, a natural doubt of that gentleman's strict veracity gradually crept into his mind.

This doubt was strengthened by the jovial way in which Mrs. Drakeford, as she became more accustomed to Lorn's presence, discoursed with her husband about his "pensioners," and by the utter absence of all feeling for them which marked his replies, though he sometimes frowned at her indiscretion when she pushed him rather too closely home, in her eagerness to discover how much he had pocketed by each particular transaction. Another sign was drawn from Esther's manifestations of temper whenever the subject was mentioned by her mother, but positive enlightenment came from the kitchen.

If there is a blot in your scutcheon be sure it will be hit by a member of your household, for who like your servants are so deeply interested in your affairs as to desire to know all about them, unless it happens to be your creditors? Mr. Hipgrave, the butler, was not, of course, the delator, having too much at stake in the success of the establishment to damage it by a single word; Mrs. Vidler, the cook, confined herself to her own region, and was a myth altogether to Lorn; but there remained a third personage, the young lady known as Smudge, who was neither reticent, like Mr. Hipgrave, nor invisible, like Mrs. Vidler, and who, apparently, was always seeking information for the sole purpose of imparting it; a thirst for knowledge highly commendable had it chanced—which it never did with her—to take the right direction.

From the very first time of her seeing Lorn, Smudge's ingenuous nature had prompted her to make him her confidant. She was for ever peeping from behind some door, dodging him on the staircase, or lying *perdue* in the passage, to ease her own mind and enlighten his. Lorn gave her as few chances of speaking to him as he could, or, in fact, avoided her whenever it was possible—for a feeling had sprung up in his bosom which he feared that this girl might disturb—but one day the damsel found her opportunity at a moment when the coast was perfectly clear.

"Well!" she said, as she stopped his way, with a dustpan in one of her fair hands and a brush in the other, "at last I've ketched you! What makes you so shy? Them new clothes, I suppose! I'm not goin' to touch 'em!"

Lorn disclaimed the imputation, but said he had a great deal to do.

"Yes, we've all on us enuff to do in this 'ouse. I slaves my fingers off, I knows, and gets no thanks from nobody. Do what you will, some one's sure to be a atting of you!"

Lorn said he was sorry to hear her say so.

"Oh, I ain't sorry," returned Smudge; "they shan't make me say that! I've a proud sperrit though I ain't so fine as some folks. Ah, you may larf, but I don't fancy you can be over 'appy. I shouldn't if it was me!"

"Why not?" said Lorn.

"Why not? There's a many reasons. First and foremost, you're awleys writing letters!"

"It's my regular duty," replied Lorn. "I can't object to that!"  
 "Oh, can't you! I should! I'd never bemean myself to sitch! I'd fur ruther scour a door-step all my life!"

"I see nothing mean in my occupation!"

"Beggin'-letters ain't mean, then?"

"Begging-letters! Surely there's nothing mean in asking the rich to relieve the poor!"

"Who do you call poor?"

"Those I write for."

"Them poor! Why they gets money enuff to buy up all Clerkenwell."

"I don't understand you!"

"What! Do you go for to think it don't all go into they artful ones pockets? You *must* be a muff! Where does missuses welwet gownds come from, I should like to know? Who pays for all them stravagant dinners as I never gets a bite on? Why the folks you write to, to be sure! Master's a sharp un, but he ain't awleys at 'ome when letters comes, and them as I takes in don't I steam 'em like taters afore he gets 'em! Bless you, I can open and shet a enwellop which the Post-office itself couldn't find out it had ever been touched!"

"You do what is very wrong, then," said Lorn, indignantly.

"Tain't me," replied Smudge, resolutely. "Others does wrong. I only finds it out."

"You find out in a bad way," said Lorn, "and deserve to be exposed."

"Oh, tell on me if you like!" retorted Smudge; "by all manner of means! See what I'll do! Won't I let on? Won't I give 'em a bit of my mind? Why they're nothin' but a nest of swindlers. I don't say thieves, which I dessay I might to. There's doos of every sort and kind mannyfactured in this 'ouse. Master's a do, missus is a do, that there Count's the biggest do of the three; Miss Hester——"

"Hold your impudent tongue!" cried Lorn, with sparkling eyes. "How dare you speak of Miss Esther?"

"Oh, my! I mustn't open my mouth next, I suppose! Proud folks ain't to my liking, but she's the only one of the lot as I knows no 'arm on. That's all I was a goin' to say of her."

Lorn was singularly mollified by this explanation. With respect to the rest, the prying, inquisitive slattern had "harp'd his fear aright," and now, like eager Macbeth, he sought to be further satisfied.

"There may be some likelihood," he said, "in what you say about those letters. Several things with regard to them have struck me as very strange; but what makes you speak worse of the Count than of Mr. Drakeford?"

"I knows," replied Smudge, mysteriously.

"Are you afraid to speak? I will keep your secret."

"Well, so as you don't name it agen I'll tell you. There ain't nobody coming?"

Smudge looked round cautiously—it was the first time she had exercised caution—and feeling reassured she went on, but in a lower key, though she knew that none of the family were within hearing.

"Yesterday morning," she whispered, "I'd 'appen'd to spill some water on the landing-place opposite the Count's bedroom door. I took my 'ouse-flanning to wipe it up—for I know what a precious row he'd

have kicked up if he 'stept into it—and as I was a stooping down I see the light a shining through the key-'ole. Whatever made me I can't tell, but I gets close up to it and looks."

Lorn smiled, being well aware of Smudge's weakness.

She continued: "The Count was in his trowsies and slippers, a standing afore the looking-glass, and nothing on his back, which he was just a going to change hussself. I'd never seen no man's naked shouldersedes before, and I thought I should have fainted. Get up from my knees I couldn't, I was so scared; and there I stuck, afeard to stir 'and or foot. What does the Count do—he'd his shimmy in his 'and, ready to put it on—but turns arf round, and as he turns I sees his limmage in the glass, and of all the shocking sights as ever I see, no, I never!"

"What did you see?" asked Lorn.

"Oh, don't arst me!" exclaimed Smudge, with her brush before her eyes; but removing it directly, she said: "On his right breast, just by his harm—I tried to shet my hies, but couldn't—there, all of a blue-black, and a scorchy red all round, as if a 'ot poker had done it, was the letters Tee Heff, pretty nigh as long as the 'andle of this brush! The Count he fixes his hies on the glass, and I could see he was a looking at these 'ere marks. He rubbed 'em with his 'and up and down, just as if he wanted to rub 'em out. Then he sets his teeth—you knows them teeth of his'n, like a dog's?—and scrunches 'em ever so 'ard, and ses, in his langwidge, 'Sacker!' two or three times over. That was swearing. And out it come in English, too, as if one langwidge warn't enuff. Oh, it was hawful. I daren't to mention what he said. But he cussed the 'and as made them marks, and wish'd it might rot. And then I know'd pretty well what was the matter, for I'd a huncle of my own which it was his misforten to be a convict, and I've heerd my mother say that he had letters, burnt in as them was, only different. I didn't stop to look at no more, but crawl'd away on my 'ands and knees, and whether I got down stairs backerds or forrerds is more than I can tell you."

"The letters 'T. F.,'" repeated Lorn. "What can they mean?"

"Gracious only knows," returned Smudge. "No good, though, you may take your hoath of that."

"I should think not," said Lorn, as he turned away, sickened at the revelation which he had heard.

"Mind, you didn't 'ear it from me," were the parting words of Smudge, as she resumed operations with her dustpan.

# The Constable of the Tower.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.\*

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Second.

### X.

HOW QUEEN CATHERINE PARR PASSED HER TIME AT CHELSEA MANOR-HOUSE.

ABSENTING herself entirely from court so long as her marriage with the Lord Admiral continued unavowed, the queen-dowager dwelt in perfect retirement at her manor-house at Chelsea—a delightful residence, forming part of the rich jointure settled upon her by her late royal husband.

Built by Henry VIII. on the site of an ancient edifice bestowed upon him by Lord Sandys, Chelsea Manor-House was originally designed by the monarch as a nursery for his younger children, and to that end he provided the place with extensive and beautiful gardens, abounding with smooth green lawns, trim gravel walks and terraces, knots, parterres, alleys, fountains, mounts, labyrinths, and summer-houses. These fair gardens were surrounded by high walls except on the side facing the river, where a broad terrace, protected by a marble balustrade, offered a delightful promenade, and commanded a wide reach of the Thames, with a distant view of Westminster Abbey, Whitehall, the Gothic cathedral of Saint Paul's, with its lofty spire, Baynard's Castle, old London Bridge, and the Tower. The grounds were well-timbered, and park-like in appearance, and the house was large and commodious, and possessed many noble apartments. Quadrangular in shape, it possessed a spacious court, and, with the outbuildings, covered a vast area. Such was Chelsea Manor-House when inhabited by Queen Catherine Parr.

A few years later this delightful mansion fell into the hands of the all-grasping Duke of Northumberland, who had coveted it even while it was in Catherine's possession, but he did not enjoy

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it long. His widow, however, died here. Its next important occupant was the famous Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral in Elizabeth's time, by whom the redoubtable Spanish Armada was dispersed and destroyed. Here Nottingham was often visited by his royal mistress, who loved the place from old, and perhaps tender, recollections, for in its bowers and shady walks she had listened to much amorous converse (as we shall learn presently) from the impassioned and irresistible Seymour.

After the lapse of nearly a century and a half, during which the old manor-house underwent many changes, it came into the occupation of Sir Hans Sloane, who formed within it that noble library and large collection of objects connected with natural history which led to the foundation of the British Museum. On Sir Hans Sloane's death, in 1753, and the removal of his library and museum to Montague House, the ancient structure was pulled down, and a row of houses, now forming part of Cheyne Walk, erected in its stead.

The neighbourhood is still pleasant, and seems to wear a bright sunshiny aspect, but it had a brighter and sunnier look in days long gone by, when the picturesque old edifice, with its pointed roofs, carved gables, large bay-windows, and great porch, could be seen from some gilded barge, propelled by oarsmen in rich liveries through the then pellucid waters of the Thames; when august personages and high-born dames could be seen pacing its terraces, or issuing from its quaintly-clipped alleys, while royal children disported upon its lawns. It may be mentioned, that in the vicinity of Chelsea Manor-House stood the residence of one of Henry's noblest victims—the wise and good Sir Thomas More.

To Catherine, the quietude she enjoyed in this charming retreat was inconceivably delightful. Never from the hour when she had become the suspicious and inexorable Henry's bride until death released her from his tyranny, had she been free from dread. Now she could once more call her life her own, and could pursue her own inclinations without trembling for the consequences.

The sole drawback to her complete felicity was that she was necessarily deprived of so much of her husband's society. The utmost caution had to be observed in their intercourse during this period. Only two faithful servants were entrusted with the important secret. Seymour's visits were paid at night, long after the household had retired to rest. The river offered a secure approach to the garden. Screened by an overhanging willow, his light, swift bark, manned by trusty boatmen, awaited his return. A postern, of which he alone possessed the key, and a secret staircase, admitted him to the queen's apartments.

With what rapture was he welcomed by Catherine! How anxiously she expected his coming! how she counted the moments if he was late! How she sprang to meet him when his



footstep was heard! How she strained him to her bosom when he appeared! With what pride, with what admiration, did she regard him! His noble lineaments seemed to grow in beauty, his stately figure to acquire fresh grace, the oftener she gazed upon him!

Deeply, devotedly did Catherine love her husband. And was her tenderness returned? Let us not ask the question. Perhaps Seymour deemed he loved her then. At all events, Catherine was deluded into that belief. Alas! poor queen! It was well she could not see into the future.

A month had flown by, when Catherine was seated alone one night in her chamber, anxiously expecting her husband. It was long past the hour at which he usually came. What could have detained him? She arose, and went to the large bay-window looking upon the garden, but the night was dark, and she could make out nothing but the sombre masses of the trees, and the darkling river beyond.

Returning, she took up a volume that was lying on the table, and applied herself to its perusal. But her thoughts wandered away from the subject, and finding it vain to attempt to fix them upon the book, she resolved to essay the soothing effect of music, and sat down to the virginals.

The apartment in which we have thus found her was situated in the west wing of the house, and its windows, as we have intimated, looked upon the terrace and on the expansive reach of the river. It was spacious, with a beautifully moulded ceiling, and wainscots of black polished oak. Several paintings adorned the walls, noticeable among which were portraits of Henry the Eighth's three children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—as well as of the Duke of Richmond.

Catherine was still seated at the instrument, playing a half-melancholy tune, which harmonised with her feelings, when the hangings that covered the doorway were suddenly drawn aside, and her husband stood before her. While he divested himself of the long dark cloak in which he was enveloped, and threw it, with his crimson velvet eap, on a chair, she flew towards him with an exclamation of delight, and flung her arms about his neck.

"So you are come at last, Seymour," she cried. "I feared some mischance had befallen you."

"I have had much to do to-night, sweetheart," he replied. "But I bring you good news. Come and sit by me," he added, flinging himself into a couch, "and you shall hear it."

Catherine delightedly complied. "Has his majesty bestowed some new honour upon you?" she inquired.

"I am to have the Garter in a few days, with Dorset and the Earl of Derby," he said; "but it is not to that I refer."

"What is it, then?" cried Catherine. "Nay, let me guess.

I have it! You are to be made governor of the king's person! The Protector will retire in your favour!"

"Alas! no," rejoined the Admiral. "That is a piece of good fortune not likely to occur to me. But the matter in question concerns you quite as much as myself, Kate."

"All that concerns you must needs concern me," she answered. "But since what you have to tell relates partly to myself, I suppose you must allude to the acknowledgment of our marriage."

"Now you have hit it, sweetheart. If it meets your approval, the avowal shall be made to-morrow."

"You are the best judge, my lord, whether the step be prudent, and whether you are in a position to brave your brother's anger, for I suppose nothing has occurred to cause a change in his sentiments. To me it must naturally be agreeable to have an end put to mystery and concealment foreign to my character and feelings; but I am content to continue as I am for some time longer, rather than you should incur the slightest risk from the Lord Protector and the council. Satisfied that I am bound to you by sacred ties, which can never be sundered save by death, I am in no hurry for the disclosure."

"Delay will not improve matters—peradventure, it may make them worse," he rejoined. "The present juncture seems favourable for the avowal."

"Be it as you will—you have but to command. Yet I again beg you to put me entirely out of the question, and adopt only such a course as will be most beneficial to yourself."

"It is due to your fair fame, Kate, which may suffer, it is due to myself, and it is due also to the king, that our marriage should no longer be concealed. My plan is this, sweetheart. To-morrow, as you know, I give a fête at Seymour House, and I propose to make it the occasion of introducing you as my consort to the king."

"But will Edward like to be thus taken by surprise? Would it not be better to prepare him?"

"I do not think so. By making a confidant of my royal nephew I should still further incense my brother. Besides, nothing would be gained, for it is certain Edward will not disapprove of the marriage."

"Well, perhaps you are right. I will do as you direct, though, were I to consult my own feelings, I would continue this life of retirement, and shun court gaieties and revels, which have become distasteful to me."

"Hereafter you may withdraw into privacy, if you list, Kate, but for the present you must aid me in the important part I have to play."

"Would you were less ambitious, Scymour! My chance of happiness, I feel, would be greater."

"Pshaw! if I succeed, and raise myself to the point at which I aim, you will have everything to make you happy, Kate. If I am all but king, you will be prouder, happier than you were as the spouse of Henry VIII."

"Tis to be hoped so, Seymour," she sighed; "for I was anything but happy then. In good truth, I almost dread to enter the great world again. But your will is law with me."

"You are a good and dutiful wife, Kate," he cried, pressing his lips to her brow. "As I have said, you can do much for me at this moment. Dorset has been with me to-day. He has just returned from Bradgate. I had some talk with him about his daughter, and he has agreed to consign her to your care as soon as our marriage is avowed."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Catherine. "The Lady Jane Grey, as you know, is an especial favourite of mine."

"And with good reason, sweetheart, for she is a paragon of perfection—marvellously beautiful, and marvellously wise. In due time, we must provide a suitable husband for her."

"Have you not one already in your eye, Seymour?"

"I will not deny it," he replied. "Jane's merits are so transcendent that I only know one person worthy of her—my royal nephew; and though there are many obstacles in the way, yet I am certain the match may be brought about. Edward has conceived a kind of boyish passion for her; and were he to search the world, he could find no better wife than Jane Grey would make him."

"That I firmly believe," replied Catherine. "Jane is wiser than women usually are—virtuous and pious—and would be the brightest jewel in Edward's crown. It will delight me to promote this scheme, because I am sure that by so doing I shall further Edward's happiness."

"You can do him no greater service than to aid in procuring him such a wife—nor better serve your country than in giving it such a queen," rejoined Seymour. "But I must be gone, sweetheart. A cup of wine, and then adieu!"

"So soon!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

"It is late, and I must perforce tear myself away. But it is a consolation to think that it is the last time we shall need to separate thus. To-morrow you will come to Seymour House as a guest, but you will remain as its mistress. Adieu, sweetheart!"

Tenderly embracing her, he then resumed his cap and cloak, and departed.

Descending the secret staircase, he shortly afterwards issued from the postern, and set off towards the spot where his boat awaited him. The night was profoundly dark, but notwithstanding the obscurity, Seymour fancied he perceived a figure standing directly in his path. On this he halted, but after a moment's hesitation went on.

Meanwhile, the dark figure remained stationary. As the Admiral advanced, he saw that the personage, whoever he might be, was not alone, but that behind him were two other persons, who, as far as could be discerned in the obscurity, were armed. Though he would willingly have shunned an encounter at such a moment, Seymour was not the man to turn back. He therefore called out to them, and drew his sword.

"'Tis he!—'tis the Admiral!" exclaimed the foremost personage. "I am satisfied. We may retire."

"Not till you have explained your business," cried Seymour, springing upon him and seizing him by the throat.

"Take your hands from me, my lord," cried the person he had seized, in a stern voice, which was quite familiar to Seymour.

"How is this?—my Lord of Warwick here!" he exclaimed. "Has your lordship condescended to play the spy?"

"I came here to satisfy myself concerning a report that has reached me," rejoined Warwick. "I have seen enough to satisfy me that what I heard was correct."

"Think not to depart thus, my lord," cried Seymour. "You have chosen to pry into my affairs, and must pay the penalty of a detected meddler. Either pledge your word to silence, or I will put it out of your power to prate of what concerns you not. Look to yourself, I say."

"I will not balk you, my lord," rejoined Warwick, drawing his sword; "so come on! Stand off, gentlemen," he added to the others, who advanced towards him; "I can give the Admiral his *quietus* without your aid."

In another instant his blade was crossed with that of Seymour. Both were expert swordsmen, and if there had been light enough the conflict might have been of some duration, but the Admiral pressed his antagonist with so much vigour, that the latter stumbled while retreating, and the next moment the point of his opponent's weapon was at his throat. The Admiral, however, forbore to strike.

"Take your life, my lord," said Seymour, stepping back. "Your sense of honour will now keep your lips closed, and I trust to you to impose silence upon your followers."

"Fear nothing either from them or me, my Lord Admiral," replied Warwick. "I own I did wrong in coming here at all; and having said so, you will not refuse me your hand."

"Enough, my lord," rejoined the Admiral, grasping the hand extended to him. "I shall hope to see you at Seymour House to-morrow night, when all this mystery shall be satisfactorily cleared. Till then, I count upon your discretion."

"Doubt me not, my lord," replied Warwick. "I will not attempt to read your riddle, though I think I could guess it. Good night. My horses are at the garden gate."

"And my boat is yonder—beneath the trees. Good night, my lord."

With this they separated, the Admiral speeding towards the river, and Warwick, with his attendants, shaping his course in the opposite direction.

As he went on, Seymour muttered to himself, "I had enough to do to stay my hand just now when Warwick lay at my mercy, for I suspect him of treachery. Yet I did right to spare him. To have slain him here would have led to ill consequences. If he crosses me again, I will find other and safer means of dealing with him."

Warwick's reflections were not widely different.

"But for the cursed chance that caused my foot to slip I should have slain him," he thought. "And now I owe my life to him. But I would not have him count too much upon my gratitude. My hatred of him is not a whit diminished by his fancied generosity—rather increased. After all, it is well the encounter ended as it did. Better he should perish by the headsman's hand than mine."

## XI.

### • OF THE FÊTE GIVEN AT SEYMOUR HOUSE BY THE LORD ADMIRAL.

SEYMOUR HOUSE, the Admiral's private residence, as we have already intimated, was magnificently furnished. Besides being gorgeously decorated with rich arras and embroidered stuffs, the spacious apartments and galleries were crowded with paintings, statues, and works of art. It was a marvel that the Admiral should have been able to collect together so many rarities in so short a space of time; but then, as we have seen, he had more opportunities of doing so than other people.

In those days of display it was the aim of every wealthy nobleman to distinguish himself by the number of his retainers, all of whom were clothed and maintained at his expense. But the Lord Admiral went far beyond his compeers. His household was almost regal, and vied with that of the Lord Protector. He had a high chamberlain and a vice-chamberlain, both attired in rich gowns, and provided with white staves, a dozen gentlemen ushers likewise richly arrayed, six gentlemen waiters, three marshals, a chaplain, an almoner, a cofferer, a clerk of the kitchen and clerk of the spicery, a master cook and his assistants, besides a multitude of yeomen ushers, grooms, cup-bearers, carvers, and sewers. In addition to these, he had a large body of young gentlemen of good families, who served him as pages and esquires, and who all wore his livery. Furthermore, he had a band of tall yeomen, armed and attired like the yeomen of the king's body-guard. Alto-

gether, his household did not number less than three hundred persons. Tables were laid daily for his officers, who sat down with almost as much ceremony as was observed at Whitehall. The cost of such an establishment, in all respects so sumptuously conducted, may be readily surmised. But the Lord Admiral had an object in all this display. He wished to be regarded as the chief noble at his royal nephew's court, so that no position he might hereafter obtain should seem too exalted for him.

With a house thus splendidly ordered and appointed, and with such magnificent ideas as we are aware he entertained, it will not seem surprising that the fête prepared for the king and the court by the Admiral should be on a scale of extraordinary splendour.

All the principal apartments were brilliantly illuminated with wax tapers. Attired in doublets of crimson velvet, with chains of gold round their necks, and bearing white staves in their hands, the chamberlain, vice-chamberlain, steward, treasurer, and gentlemen ushers were drawn up in the entrance-hall, ready to receive the various important guests on their arrival. Besides these, there was a crowd of esquires, pages, marshals, and grooms, all in rich liveries, intermingled with yeomen bearing gilt pole-axes. But wherever the guests wandered—up the grand staircase, with its elaborately sculptured posts, adown the long corridor, through the spacious chambers—there were other officers of the household to be met with—marshals, esquires, pages, and grooms, as at Whitehall.

Nothing was wanting that could minister to the gratification of the company. In an orchestra in the largest room musicians were placed, and here brawls, galliards, lavoltées, passameasures, pavans, sauteuses, cushion-dances, and kissing-dances were performed by the company.

At a much earlier hour than would be consistent with modern arrangements, the Admiral's guests, comprehending all the principal personages of the court, of both sexes, had begun to arrive, and they had succeeded each other so rapidly, that ere long the rooms, vast as they were, looked full. But more came, and it seemed as if the arrivals would never cease.

All the guests were ceremoniously received in the great entrance-hall by the various officers of the household, and were then ushered on by troops of marshals and pages to a presence-chamber, where the Lord Admiral, sumptuously arrayed in habiliments of white satin, adorned with pearls, very graciously received them. Many of the ladies wore small visors of black velvet, while some of them were habited in fanciful attire.

The Admiral's manner to his guests was extraordinarily affable and engaging. He had an eye for every one, and distributed his attentions so generally, that all were pleased. We have already said that he was infinitely more popular with the old nobility than

the Protector, and many representatives of the proudest families were present on this occasion, who would not have honoured Somerset with their company. Moreover, there was a complete gathering of the Popish party, and this circumstance tended to confirm the opinion entertained by some that Seymour meant to league himself with the Romanists in opposition to his brother.

Never had the Admiral presented a more superb appearance. The rich habiliments in which he was clad set off his symmetrical person to the utmost advantage. Those who contrasted him on this occasion with his brother, the Duke of Somerset, were forced to admit that, so far as personal appearance and grace and captivation of manner were concerned, the younger Seymour had decidedly the advantage over the elder.

Amongst the earliest comers were the Marquis of Dorset, with the marchioness and the Lady Jane Grey, but the rooms were quite full, and the revel had fairly commenced before the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. The Lord Protector was arrayed in cloth of gold of bawdkin, the placard and sleeves of his doublet being wrought with flat gold, and the duchess was equally splendidly attired. Her head-gear and stomacher flamed with diamonds and precious stones. Somerset was attended by the Earls of Warwick and Arundel, both of whom were splendidly habited. The duke had a gloomy look, and by no means cordially returned the greeting given him by the Admiral, but passed on with the duchess and the lords in attendance upon him.

Whatever annoyance the Admiral might have felt at his brother's deportment towards him, it was speedily dispelled by the arrival of the king, whose manner was as gracious as the Lord Protector's had been cold and unpleasant. Edward wore a doublet of cloth of silver, culponed with cloth of gold of damask, and his surcoat was of purple velvet, richly set with pearls and precious stones. When the Lord Admiral had expressed his gratitude to his royal nephew for the high honour he had conferred upon him by the visit, Edward graciously answered, "We thank you heartily for your welcome, gentle uncle. But you will have more guests than you counted on, for we have brought with us two fair ladies, who wished to be present at your assembly. Have we taken too great a freedom with you?"

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the Admiral. "My house, and all within it, are at your majesty's disposal."

"Here they are," cried the king, pointing to two ladies close behind him, both of whom were wrapped in loose cloaks of black satin, and wore black velvet visors on their faces. "Can you guess who they are?"

"I will essay, sire," cried the Admiral, advancing towards them. "By my halidom!" he continued, "I am highly honoured.

This fair lady, or I am much mistaken, must be her highness the Princess Elizabeth; and this, if I err not, is Mistress Ashley."

"You are right, gentle uncle," cried the king, laughing. "Nay, there is no need for further concealment. The Admiral has found you both out, so you may e'en take off your masks."

"We did not intend to discover ourselves for the present to your lordship," said Mistress Ashley, removing her visor, "but his majesty has spoiled our plan."

"I knew my uncle would be right glad to see you both, and therefore I would not delay his gratification," rejoined Edward.

"Your majesty has judged well," said the Admiral. "Will not your highness unmask?" he added to Elizabeth.

"Since his majesty commands it, I must needs obey," she replied, removing her visor, and revealing a countenance covered with blushes.

Elizabeth looked very beautiful. She was exquisitely attired in a dress of white damask embroidered with pearls, and her golden tresses and dazzlingly fair complexion produced all their former effect upon the Admiral.

"I knew not you had returned to court, princess," he said, "or I should have craved the honour of your company at my poor supper."

"I am here by the king's commands," replied Elizabeth. "I am but newly returned from Hatfield. His majesty was resolved, it seems, that I should be present at your fête."

"I am greatly beholden to him," replied Seymour. "I did not deem my revel would be so richly graced. Will it please you to walk on, and see the rooms?"

"Right willingly," the king replied. "You term your revel a 'poor supper,' gentle uncle. To my mind, 'tis a very goodly entertainment. We could scarce match it. What think you of the assembly, Elizabeth?"

"'Tis very splendid," she replied. "You have princely notions, my Lord Admiral."

"I once had," he rejoined, in a low tone, "but they are gone."

While Edward was gracefully acknowledging the obeisances of those who respectfully drew back to allow him passage, his eye suddenly alighted on the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, and the colour mounted to his cheeks.

"That should be the Lady Jane Grey!" he exclaimed. "I did not expect to meet her."

"I will not pretend that I meditated a surprise for your majesty," replied the Admiral, smiling; "but I am right glad that my lord of Dorset's return from Bradgate has enabled me to include his daughter among my guests."

"By our lady! I am right glad, too," rejoined the king.

At a sign from the Admiral, the Marquis of Dorset here advanced, and, with a profound obeisance, presented the marchioness



and his youthful daughter to the king. As the latter made a lowly reverence to him, Edward raised her, and detaining her hand as he spoke, said:

"We looked to pass a pleasant evening with our uncle, but it will be pleasanter far than we expected, since it is graced by your presence, fair cousin."

"Your majesty is too good," she replied, blushing deeply.

"Nay, you must stay with us," cried Edward, detaining her. "We cannot part with you so soon. But it may be you desire to dance?"

"I never dance, my liege," replied Jane. "It is a pastime in which I care not to indulge."

"Perehance you object to it?" said Edward, looking inquiringly at her.

"Not exactly," she rejoined; "but I hold it to be somewhat vain and frivolous."

"I do not think I will dance again," said Edward.

"A very praiseworthy resolution, sire!" cried the Admiral; "but I hope you will not interdict such of your less seriously inclined subjects as may see no harm in it from indulging in the recreation. May I venture to claim your highness's hand for the couranto which is just about to commence?" he added to Elizabeth.

"I will dance the couranto with you with pleasure, my lord," replied the princess. "I have a passion for it."

And she accorded her hand to the Admiral, who led her towards the middle of the room, while the hautboys struck up, and they were soon engaged in the animated dance. Elizabeth danced with remarkable grace, as did the Admiral, and their performance excited universal admiration. At its close, Seymour, unable to resist the witchery still exercised over him by the princess, led her towards a side chamber, where they could converse without interruption.

"Have you quite forgiven me, princess?" he said.

"Oh yes," she replied, with a forced laugh. "I have forgotten what passed between us."

"Would I could forget it!" cried Seymour. "But I have been properly punished. I did not deserve the happiness which might have been mine."

"Do not renew the subject, my lord," said Elizabeth. "You never loved me!"

"Never loved you!" he exclaimed, passionately. And then suddenly checking himself, he added, "You do me an injustice, princess. I loved you only too well."

"If I could believe this, I might forgive you," she said. "But your subsequent conduct has been inexplicable. You have attempted no explanation—have sent me no letter."

"I thought explanation would be unavailing—that you had cast me off for ever," rejoined Seymour, in a troubled tone.

"But at least the attempt might have been made," she said, in a tone of pique. "You could not tell what might happen till you tried."

"Do you, then, give me a hope?" he cried, rapturously. "But I forget myself," he added, moodily.

"You think me still angry with you," said the princess. "But you are mistaken. I have reasoned myself out of my jealousy. How is it that the queen-dowager is not here to-night?"

"She will be here anon," replied Seymour, gloomily.

"Oh, she is expected, then?" cried Elizabeth. "Do you still nourish the ambitious projects you once entertained, my Lord Admiral?"

"I am as ambitious as ever, princess," he rejoined, vehemently, and almost sternly; "but I have lost that which would have been the chief reward of my struggle."

"How know you that?" she rejoined. "If you make no effort to regain what you have lost, the fault rests with yourself."

"Princess!" exclaimed Seymour, in a voice trembling with emotion, "you drive me to despair. You revive all my passion. Yet it must be crushed."

"But I do not bid you despair," said Elizabeth. "I am half inclined to forgive your perfidy, provided you swear never to deceive me in future."

"No more, I pray you, princess," cried Seymour. "You tear my very heart asunder. I love you better than life. For you I would give up all my ambitious projects, for you I would sacrifice every earthly object. And yet——"

"What remains?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "But I will trifle with you no longer. Your manner convinces me that you really love me, and I will therefore own that you still remain master of my heart."

Seymour could not control the impulse that prompted him to seize Elizabeth's hand, and press it fervently to his lips; but he repented as soon as he had done so, and let it drop.

"This torture is beyond endurance," he exclaimed. "I can bear it no longer."

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"I cannot speak," he replied. "You will know all anon. Pity me! pity me!"

"In Heaven's name calm yourself, my lord, or you will attract attention to us," said Elizabeth. "What means this extraordinary agitation? What has happened?"

"Question me not, princess. I cannot answer you," replied Seymour. "Think the best you can of me—think that I ever have loved you—that I ever shall love you."

With this, he respectfully took her hand, and led her into the crowded chamber.

## XII.

IN WHAT MANNER THE LORD ADMIRAL'S MARRIAGE WITH THE QUEEN  
WAS ANNOUNCED.

MEANWHILE, the Lord Protector, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, continued to walk through the apartments, noting their splendour with a jealous eye. Perceiving what was passing in his mind, Warwick sought still further to inflame his anger.

"What thinks your highness of this fête?" he asked. "'Tis a sumptuous affair. The Lord Admiral will ruin himself if he gives many such."

"His prodigality is unbounded," cried Somerset.

"Yet he has an object in it," pursued Warwick. "He would have all eyes turned on him as towards the rising sun. Your highness will do well to be on your guard, for you may rest assured that all this display is only part of a deep-laid scheme to supplant you. Do you not note how your brother has gathered round him all those of the old nobility who are known to be unfriendly to your highness? Do you not see that he is trying to propitiate the Romish party? With what intent are Gardiner and Tunstal here?"

"His design is plain enough. But I fear him not."

"Your highness had best not be too confident. Do not let him strengthen himself too much, or he may become too powerful for you."

"I would deprive him of his post at once," cried Somerset, "but he has so much influence with the king that such a step might be dangerous. I must have an excuse for severity. But let us to his majesty. Dorset, I see, has returned with my lady marchioness and his daughter."

"The king seems wondrously fond of the Lady Jane Grey. Mark how he hangs upon her words, and what a lover-like attitude he assumes! Dorset, I am sure, persuades himself his daughter will one day be Queen of England."

"If he indulges any such notion he will find himself mistaken. But the king is too young to have any such thoughts as yet."

"Others may, though he has not," replied Warwick.

With this, they moved on to that part of the chamber where Edward was standing with the Lady Jane Grey. The young monarch was so engrossed by his fair companion that he scarcely noticed the Lord Protector's approach.

"Your majesty appears much interested," observed Somerset, dryly.

"I cannot fail to be by my fair cousin's discourse," Edward

replied. "I tell her that we cannot part with her again; that if my lady marchioness, her mother, returns to Bradgate, she must remain with some lady of our court. Her grace of Somerset will take charge of her—will you not, dear aunt?"

"With the greatest pleasure, sire, if her mother chooses to confide her to me," rejoined the duchess.

"Her mother will scarce like to part with her," interposed the Lord Protector, coldly.

"I am infinitely obliged to your grace," said the marchioness, "but I have other designs for her."

"What other designs?" cried Edward, quickly. "Not to take her away, I hope?"

"No, sire, not to take her away—but the fact is, another exalted personage, whom I am not permitted to name, has undertaken to take charge of her."

"Hum! what means this?" muttered Somerset, suspiciously. "Why is he so anxious that the Lady Jane should remain at court? Have they contrived to put some foolish thoughts into his head? We shall see. I have some news for your majesty," he added, aloud. "You will have a war on your hands ere long. The Scots refuse to ratify the treaty of marriage between your highness and their infant queen."

"I am glad of it," cried Edward.

"Then your majesty desires war?" observed Somerset.

"Not so; but I do not wish to be tied by any treaty, and I am glad, therefore, that it is at an end."

"But it will be enforced," cried the Protector, "and then your majesty must needs abide by it."

"Must abide by it!" exclaimed Edward. "By my faith, it seems that the treaty is to be forced upon me as well as the young Queen of Scots. But I happen to have a will of my own, and in this instance I shall exercise it. Whatever your highness may think of it, I will not be bound by this treaty."

"Sire!" exclaimed the Lord Protector.

"Make the war if you please, and use this treaty as a pretext, if you are so minded, but do not expect me to betroth myself to Mary Stuart."

"Amazement!" exclaimed Somerset. "I can scarce credit what I hear."

At this moment the Admiral came up with the Princess Elizabeth.

"Oh! you are come, gentle uncle," cried Edward. "Give me your opinion. Is it right I should be affianced to one whom I have never seen?"

"I pray your majesty to excuse me," returned the Admiral, evasively. "'Tis a question I would rather not answer."

"Then I will answer it myself," said the king. "'Tis a self-

sacrifice I am not called upon to make. I will never plight my faith to one whom I should not care to wed."

"Such a resolve is worthy of you, sire, and I cannot but applaud it," cried the Admiral.

"Your majesty will think differently, I am persuaded, when the time comes for decision," remarked the Protector. "Meantime, your august father's instructions will be carried out, and the fulfilment of the treaty enforced by the sword."

"These matters are too grave for an occasion like the present, and must be reserved for a more fitting opportunity," said the Admiral.

A seasonable interruption was here offered by an usher, who announced the queen-dowager, and immediately afterwards Catherine appeared, accompanied by her brother, the Earl of Northampton. She was attired in white cloth of tissue, and her head-gear was garnished with a triple row of orient pearls. Advancing to meet her, and with a profound obeisance, the Admiral took her hand, and led her slowly towards the king. They were preceded, however, by the Earl of Northampton, who, inclining himself reverently before Edward, said,

"Sire, it is no longer as the widow of your august father that my sister, Queen Catherine, appears before you, but as the bride of your uncle, Lord Seymour of Sudley."

"The Admiral's bride!" exclaimed Edward, in astonishment, while the utmost surprise was manifested by all who heard the announcement.

The Princess Elizabeth became pale as death, and with difficulty repressed a cry.

"You are not jesting with us, we trust, my lord?" said Edward to Northampton.

"Nay, my liege, his lordship has advanced nothing more than the truth, as I can certify," said the Marquis of Dorset; "for I was present at the ceremony, which took place in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower about a month ago, though I have hitherto kept silence on the subject, being bound to secrecy."

"As was the case with myself, sire," added Northampton. "I pray you pardon me."

"Why do they hesitate to approach us?" said Edward.

"Sire, they dare not enter your presence till assured of your forgiveness," replied Northampton.

"Tell them they have it," replied the king.

This joyful intelligence being communicated to the Admiral and his consort, they came forward hand in hand, and made a profound reverence to the young monarch.

"Sire," said Lord Seymour, "I here present to you my bride, and we both entreat your forgiveness for having kept our marriage secret from you."

"You might have trusted me, methinks?" rejoined Edward, with a gracious smile.

"I have not forfeited your good opinion by the step I have taken, I trust, sire?" said Catherine.

"By no means, madam," rejoined Edward, kissing her on the brow, and raising her. "You have an additional title to our regard. We only blame you for not confiding in us from the first. However, we will not chide you. You are freely and fully forgiven."

These gracious words overwhelmed the Admiral and his bride with gratitude.

Meanwhile, the Protector looked on with lowering brows. Seeing his brother about to present his consort to him, he turned to move away, but the king detained him.

"I pray your highness to remain," he said. "Nay, I command it," he added, authoritatively.

On this the Protector stopped. Turning to the Admiral, he thus addressed him in a stern tone:

"You have been guilty of great presumption, my lord, and though his majesty, who is too young to judge your indecorous conduct properly, has graciously pardoned you, do not expect like leniency from me. By taking me by surprise you hoped to avert the full force of my displeasure, but you will gain nothing by the expedient."

"I am sorry to have offended your highness," rejoined the Admiral, with mock humility, "but since I have his majesty's pardon, I must endeavour to bear the weight of your displeasure."

"You will have to answer to the council for what you have done," cried Somerset, furiously.

"I shall be ready, whenever required, to give an account of my actions," replied Seymour, proudly.

"And I trust the lords of the council will also hear my explanation," said Catherine, "ere they censure the choice I have made."

"They will not censure you, madam, since they know my pleasure," said the king, with great dignity. "In this matter your highness will allow me to judge," he added to the Lord Protector. "If I do not disapprove of the marriage between my father's widow and my uncle, I see not why you should condemn it so strongly, or reprimand him so sharply. The Lord Admiral is as near to me, and as dear to me, as your highness—perchance dearer—and he shall not want my support. So your grace will look to it—you will look to it, I say."

Uttered in a tone and with a gesture forcibly recalling the manner of the late king, these words did not fail to produce an effect on Somerset.

"Ay, look to it, brother—look to it, you had best," repeated Seymour, derisively.

"Let the harmony of this meeting be no more disturbed," pursued Edward. "It is our sovereign will and pleasure that the marriage of our uncle the Lord Admiral with her majesty the queen be no further questioned or discussed. We approve it. Let that suffice."

On this emphatic declaration on the part of the young monarch there was a loud burst of applause, and many who had held aloof pressed eagerly forward to offer their congratulations to the Admiral. Seeing that the tide was running too forcibly against him to be resisted, Somerset deemed it prudent to turn round, but he did so with an ill grace.

"Since your majesty will have it so, I must yield," he said. "But I should have ill discharged my duty had I not remonstrated. One thing is quite certain, that the Admiral would never have obtained my consent, nor that of the council, to the alliance."

"It is well, then, that he did not ask it," remarked Edward, with a smile. "But since you refer to the council, we will have the opinion of some of them without more ado. How say you, my lords?" he said to several, who were standing nigh—"do you blame my Lord Admiral for his marriage? Do you blame him, my lord of Warwick?—or you, my lord of Arundel?"

"So far from blaming him, my liege, I give him infinite credit for what he has done," said Warwick. "I would the chance had been mine own."

"He has gained a prize of which he may well be proud," added Arundel.

"What says Sir John Gage?" demanded Edward of the Constable of the Tower, who stood near him.

"I have nothing to say against the marriage, since it meets with your majesty's approval," replied Sir John. "The Lord Admiral is bold and fortunate."

"Are there any dissentient voices?" inquired the king.

"None, sire—none!" cried the rest of the council.

"That is well," said Edward. "But we must leave nothing undone. Where is our sister? Oh! you are here. Will you not offer your congratulations to the queen, Elizabeth?"

Seymour did not venture to raise his eyes towards the princess as this request was made.

"With all my heart, sire," replied Elizabeth, who by this time had entirely recovered her composure, "I congratulate her majesty and the Lord Admiral on their union. Her highness, I am persuaded, could not have found a better or more devoted husband; while on his part the Admiral may justly esteem himself the most fortunate of men."

Catherine next received the congratulations of the Marchioness of Dorset and the Lady Jane Grey. After a brief converse with them she turned to the king, and said, "When your majesty

honours me with a visit, you will always have a companion of your own age."

"How so, madam?" inquired Edward.

"Because the Lady Jane Grey is henceforth to be my daughter," replied Catherine. "Her mother has consented to place her under my custody."

"I am right glad to hear it," exclaimed the king. "Your ladyship could not have done better," he added to the marchioness.

"The Lord Admiral is to be her guardian, and to have the disposal of her hand in marriage, if it meets with your majesty's approval," observed Dorset.

"Nay, my lord marquis, you are the best judge in the matter," replied Edward, "and if you choose to consign so precious a charge to him, I cannot object to it."

"The Admiral to be her guardian, and have the disposal of her hand!" muttered Somerset. "I now see why the duchess's offer was declined. 'Tis a preconcerted scheme."

At this moment an usher, accompanied by the chamberlain and vice-chamberlain, with several other officers of the household, bearing white wands, ceremoniously approached the Admiral, and informed him that the supper was served in the banqueting-chamber.

"Will it please your majesty to proceed thither?" said Seymour.

Edward bowed a gracious assent, and tendering his hand to the queen, said, "Let us conduct you to it, madam."

"Is this as it should be?" said the Duchess of Somerset, aside to her lord. "Ought she now to take precedence of me?"

"Seek not to contest the point," he rejoined. "Ere long her pride shall be lowered."

Trumpets were sounded as the king entered the banquet-hall with the queen-dowager. A cloth of state, embroidered with the royal arms, was placed over the seat assigned to his majesty. On his right sat the queen-dowager, and on the other side the Lord Protector. Special care was taken by the Admiral that the Lady Jane Grey should be placed opposite the king.

The supper was magnificent, and was marked by the same unbounded luxury and prodigality that had distinguished the whole entertainment. Though the guests were very numerous, all were well served. The Admiral himself waited upon the king.

When the surnap had been removed, and spices and wafers were placed before the guests, the chief usher called out with a loud voice that the king drank to the health of his host and hostess, and desired that all would join him in the toast. The proposal was received with acclamations. Every goblet was instantly drained, and the hall resounded with shouts of "Long live the Lord High Admiral and the Queen!"



## XIII.

HOW THE ADMIRAL'S PASSION FOR THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS REVIVED.

MUCH additional importance was given to the Lord Admiral by his marriage with the queen-dowager, though the suddenness with which it followed the king's death caused considerable scandal. Many allowances, however, were made for the queen. It was felt that her existence during the latter days of the king's life must have been wretched—that his tyranny was almost intolerable—and that if she had made too speedy use of her freedom, she could scarcely be blamed. Moreover, the strong support given by Catherine to the members of the Reformed faith, and the risk she had incurred for them in the late king's life, operated in her favour. Her conduct was therefore viewed in the best light possible, and though such haste to forget him was not very flattering to the king's memory, still it was quite intelligible. Had not Henry himself set the example of hasty marriages? No wonder his widow should marry again so soon as she had the opportunity.

The Admiral continued his magnificent mode of life, but Catherine, who had had enough of splendour, did not pass much of her time at Seymour House, but made Chelsea Manor-House her chief abode. Having the Lady Jane Grey now under her care, she soon became as much attached to her as if she had been her own daughter; while on her part the Lady Jane repaid her by almost filial affection. Jane's character was well suited to Catherine, who, studious and devout herself, could not fail to admire these qualities in her charge. At his uncle's invitation the young king was a frequent visitor to Chelsea Manor-House, sometimes proceeding thither in his barge, sometimes riding thither with the Admiral. The frequency of these visits soon, however, alarmed the Lord Protector, who put a stop to them altogether.

But though the Admiral was engrossed with ambitious designs almost to the exclusion of every other consideration, and though he was bound to banish such a feeling from his breast, the fatal passion for Elizabeth, which had been suddenly revived by the discovery he had made that she yet loved him, still tormented him, and would not be dismissed. To do him justice, he made strong efforts to shake it off. In spite of himself, however, he could not help instituting comparisons between her youthful attractions and the waning charms of the queen. Then Catherine's grave and sedate manner, as contrasted with the liveliness of Elizabeth, appeared to disadvantage. The golden tresses of the princess, which he had so much admired, were as much a snare to him as ever. In

short, he began to feel that he had never really loved the queen, whom he had made his wife, while he was desperately in love with Elizabeth. As every month flew by, it seemed to him that the princess acquired fresh charms. Her eyes appeared brighter, her complexion more radiantly fair, her locks more like sunbeams than ever.

Happy in the possession of the husband she loved, Catherine had long since forgotten her jealousy of Elizabeth; and when the Admiral proposed that the princess should stay with them for a while at Chelsea, she readily acceded to the arrangement. Elizabeth was invited, and came.

She came attended by her governess, Mistress Ashley. If the queen had forgotten the past, Elizabeth did not appear to remember it. But, in reality, she remembered it only too well. She had no more been able to conquer her love for the Admiral than he had been able to subdue the passion with which she had inspired him. But if such were the state of her feelings, why should she expose herself to so much risk? Why, indeed? As well ask the moth why it rushes into the destructive flame! Elizabeth was as little mistress of herself as the infatuated insect. Persuading herself that the best way to become indifferent to the Admiral was to renew her intimacy with him, she went to Chelsea.

The result, naturally to be expected from a step so imprudent, soon followed. Instead of finding her passion for the Admiral decrease, she perceived that it gained fresh ardour, while on his part Seymour became more desperately enamoured than ever. Constantly thrown together, it was impossible they could be blind to each other's feelings. Again, as in days gone by, when he was bound by no sacred ties, the Admiral began to breathe words of love: again, forgetting the wrong she was now doing another, Elizabeth listened to him.

Unconscious of what was going on, unaware that she was allowing her own happiness to be undermined, Catherine, instead of checking it, foolishly encouraged this dangerous intimacy. Incapable of levity herself, she could perceive no harm in her husband's attentions to the princess.

But if the queen was thus unobservant and unsuspecting, there were others who were more quick-sighted, and who saw clearly enough how matters stood, and among these was Ugo Harrington, who ventured to remonstrate with his lord on the dangerous passion he was indulging, expressing his opinion that if an end was not put to the love affair, it must be found out by the queen, and the discovery would lead to fearful consequences.

"Would I could undo what I have done, Ugo," cried the Admiral. "Would I were free once more! It was by thy advice that I wedded the queen so precipitately. Madman that I was to listen to thy counsel!"

"Yet the counsel was good, and I will uphold it," replied Ugo. "Your highness is far better off than you would have been if you had married the princess. The queen has given you wealth, power, position, but the princess would have brought you little more than her charms of person. Nay, she might have caused your downfall."

"But I love her so desperately that I would almost barter my soul to obtain her," pursued Seymour. "She engrosses all my thoughts, and puts to flight all my projects. Turn which way I will, her image stands before me. My love for her makes Catherine hateful to me."

"Her majesty ought to excite other feelings in your breast. She is a good and loving wife."

"I say not a word against her, but she is in the way of my happiness, and therefore, if I could, I would have her removed."

"Removed!" echoed Ugo. "Is it come to this already? Scarce six months married, and you are anxious to be unwed. You seem as quickly tired of your consort as King Henry was of his spouses, but he had means of getting rid of them which your highness will scarcely be able to put in practice. Therefore, you must bend to circumstances, and wear your chains as lightly as you can. They will gall you less if you do not think about them. If I may presume to say so, you allow the princess to exercise too much influence over you. You are too much with her. Abstain from her society. Devote yourself to your affairs with your former energy. Break through these silken meshes that enthrall you, and be yourself again."

"Thou art right, Ugo!" cried the Admiral. "I am bewitched. My sole chance of safety is in flying from the sorceress who has cast her spells over me. But it will cost a terrible effort."

"Cost what it may, the effort must be made," said Ugo. "Console yourself with the reflection that a time may come hereafter when you may wed the princess. Some unforeseen circumstance may occur—the queen may be suddenly carried off. In Italy our princes work in a different manner from the late king. They do not strike with the axe, but the blow is no less effectual, though dealt more silently."

"I comprehend thy dark suggestion," said the Admiral; "but I will have nought to do with thy damnable Italian practices."

"Nay, my lord, I had no thought of suggesting poison to you, but if you grow tired of waiting——"

"No more of this!" interrupted Seymour, sternly, "or thou wilt for ever forfeit my favour."

"I pray your highness to forgive me if I have offended you, and set it down to my devotion."

"Leave me!" exclaimed Seymour, fiercely. "Thou hast roused the furies in my breast. I would be alone."

Without a word, Ugo bowed and retired; but as he was passing out of the door, he cast a look at the Admiral, and saw him fling himself into a chair, and cover his face with his hands.

"Notwithstanding all his pretended dislike to the deed, he will do it," he muttered.

#### XIV.

##### HOW THE LORD ADMIRAL SUPPLIED HIS ROYAL NEPHEW WITH MONEY.

SHORTLY afterwards, Ugo re-entered the room. Finding the Admiral still in the same position, with his face buried in his hands, he coughed aloud to attract his attention.

"What, art thou still here?" cried Seymour, fiercely. "I told thee I would be alone. Begone!"

"I have but this instant come in, my lord," replied Ugo, respectfully. "Fowler is without."

"Admit him," cried the Admiral, composing his disturbed features into a calmer expression. "Ah, good Master Fowler!" he exclaimed, as that personage was shown into the room, "I am right glad to see you. Do you bring me any message or letter from his majesty?"

"Only this short missive, your highness," replied Fowler, bowing as he handed him a small slip of paper.

"Faith, 'tis brief enough!" exclaimed the Admiral. "'Let Fowler have what money he needs'—thus runs it. How much dost thou require?"

"For myself I require nothing," replied the gentleman of the privy-chamber. "But his majesty hath immediate need of two hundred pounds."

"He shall have it, and more if it be wanted," replied the Admiral. "Ugo will furnish thee with the amount. By my soul, the Lord Protector keeps his majesty very bare!"

"The king hath but little in his purse save what comes from your highness," remarked Fowler. "If he asks for money, he is always put off on some plea or other. I never lose an opportunity of contrasting your highness's generosity with the niggardliness, if I may so venture to term it, of the Lord Protector. I say to his majesty thus: 'Sire, you would be well off if you had your younger uncle, the Lord Admiral, for your governor. His highness hath an open hand, and would never stint you as your elder uncle doth, and you would then have wherewithal to reward your men handsomely.'"

"And what said the king to that, Fowler?" demanded the Admiral. "What said he to that?"

"He answered that he should be right glad your lordship should be made his governor, but he feared the thing was impos-

sible. Whereupon, I told him he might bring it about if he set to work in earnest."

"And so he can—and so he shall, good Fowler. Said he anything further?"

"Not much, your highness. To speak truth, I think his majesty is afraid of the Lord Protector, who waxes very violent if his will be opposed. Were he to find out that I gave any secret information to your highness, I should not only lose my post, but be clapped in the Fleet."

"Act warily, Fowler, and thou need'st be under no apprehension. But as some risk must needs be run, thy reward shall be proportionate. While receiving the money for my royal nephew, take another hundred pounds for thyself."

"Oh! your highness, that is too much for any slight service I can render you. 'Tis true I never lose sight of your interests, and whenever a word can be said in your behalf I fail not to utter it."

"Dost think thou canst procure me a secret interview with his majesty to-morrow, Fowler?"

"'Twill be very difficult," rejoined the other; "for, as your highness is aware, the Lord Protector has given strict orders to all the household that admittance shall be denied you. But perhaps it may be managed. I will send you word by a faithful messenger."

On this, with fresh expressions of gratitude, Fowler then took his leave. But he did not go away empty-handed.

At a later hour in the day, while the Admiral was alone in his cabinet, Ugo entered, followed by Xit. Smiling at the dwarf's consequential manner, Seymour demanded his business.

"My message is for your highness's private ear," replied Xit, glancing at Ugo.

Upon this, Seymour signed to his esquire, who immediately withdrew.

"Now, knave, what hast thou to tell me?" demanded the Admiral.

"His majesty will see your highness to-morrow evening, but you must condescend to come by the back staircase. I will be there to open the private door in the gallery for you."

"The plan will do well enough," observed Seymour. "What hour hath his majesty appointed?"

"The hour of nine," replied the dwarf. "Your highness may rely on my punctual attendance."

"Art thou to be trusted, knave?" said the Admiral, looking hard at him.

"My discretion hath never been questioned," replied Xit, proudly. "I would your highness would put it to the proof."

"Thou art much with the king—ha?"

"Constantly in attendance upon him, your highness."

"In what terms doth his majesty speak of me? Fear not to tell me, I shall not be offended with the truth."

"The truth, in this instance, cannot be otherwise than agreeable to your highness, since his majesty speaks of you in terms of the utmost affection."

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the Admiral, smiling. "Doth he speak in the same terms of the Lord Protector?"

"Hum! not quite, your highness," replied the dwarf, hesitating.

"Speak out, without fear," cried the Admiral.

"Well, then, his majesty complains that he is very scantily supplied with money, owing to which he is unable to reward his men, as he desires to do, for any slight service they may render him."

"Such as thy present errand," observed the Admiral. "However, thou shalt have no reason to complain in this instance. Take this as coming from the king."

And he tossed him a purse, which Xit caught with the dexterity of a monkey, weighing it in his hand, and feasting his eyes upon its glittering contents.

"It is not the only purse that shall find its way to thy pouch, if thou attendest carefully to my instructions," said the Admiral.

"Your highness has but to tell me what I am to do," replied Xit, securing the purse within his doublet.

"I do not desire thee to play the spy upon my royal nephew, for such an office, I know, would be repugnant to thee, but I would have thee use thine eyes and ears, and bring me the intelligence they furnish thee withal. 'Tis important to me to know precisely how the king is affected towards me—and towards the Lord Protector." The latter part of the speech was uttered with a certain significance, which was not lost upon the quick-witted dwarf.

"I understand the part I am to play," he said, "and will discharge it to the best of my ability. I will bring up your highness's name as often as I can before his majesty, and never without the commendation to which it is so justly entitled; while, if I cannot speak quite so highly of the Lord Protector, it is because his merits are not made equally clear to me."

"Thou art a shrewd little fellow," observed the Admiral, laughing, "and hast more wit in thee than falls to the share of many a larger man. Commend me to his majesty, and say that I hope ere long to arrange all to his satisfaction."

"I will not fail," replied Xit.

And with a ceremonious bow he retired.

As soon as he was left alone, the Admiral wrote down several names upon a slip of paper, after which he summoned Ugo by striking upon a small bell.

"Let all the persons mentioned in this list be convened here at noon to-morrow."

"It shall be done, your highness," replied Ugo, glancing at the paper.

## XV.

### HOW THE ADMIRAL PROPOSED TO LAY THE KING'S GRIEVANCES BEFORE PARLIAMENT.

ALL the noblemen and gentlemen particularised in the Admiral's list assembled at Seymour House at the hour appointed on the following day. They were upwards of twenty in number, and included four members of the council, namely, the Marquis of Northampton (brother to the queen-dowager), the Earl of Arundel, the venerable Lord Russell, Sir William Herbert (Seymour's brother-in-law), and Sir John Gage. Besides these, there were the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Clinton, Sir George Blagge, and several other noblemen and gentlemen, all the latter being members of the Lower House of Parliament. Not till all had arrived did the Admiral make his appearance. His habiliments were of black velvet, and he wore the collar of the Garter round his neck. After bowing to the assemblage, he thus addressed them:

"You marvel, no doubt, why I have sent for you, my lords, but as I would do nothing unadvisedly, so I desire to consult with you, whom I know to be my friends, before taking a step, as I conceive, of the greatest importance to the welfare of the king's majesty and the security of the state."

"Proceed, my lord," said Lord Clinton; "we are ready to listen to you, and when made acquainted with your intentions, will give you the best advice in our power."

"I thank your lordship," rejoined the Admiral. "Thus, then, stands the matter. I need make no appeal, I am persuaded, to your loyalty and devotion to the king, for I know what your feelings are towards him, and that you are ready to manifest them in action. The time is come for such display, for I here proclaim to you, loudly and boldly, that my royal nephew is unworthily dealt with by the Lord Protector."

"This is strong language, my lord," cried Lord Russell.

"My language is not a jot too strong," rejoined the Admiral. "I will maintain what I have advanced. My affection to my royal nephew, my duty to my sovereign, demand that I should speak out. The king, who, as you are well aware, has a wisdom far beyond his years, is treated like a mere child—a puppet. He is denied all liberty of action, shut up with his tutors, and debarred from the society of those nearest to him in kin, and dearest in his regards. He is powerless, as you know, in the council, and since the Lord

Protector hath provided himself with a stamp, even the royal signature is ordinarily dispensed with. But this is not all. His majesty's privy purse is so scantily and inadequately supplied, that he hath not wherewithal to reward his servants. Is this to be endured? Is the son and successor of the great Henry VIII. to be thus scandalously treated?"

"I say no," replied the Marquis of Dorset. "The Lord Protector carries matters with far too high a hand. We have a king, though he be a minor. I can confirm what the Lord Admiral has just stated as to the needless restriction placed upon the king's society. He is not allowed to choose his own companions, and even my own daughter is among the interdicted."

"I have remonstrated with my brother the Lord Protector," continued the Lord Admiral, "but my remonstrances have proved ineffectual. He will listen to nothing I have to say. But, by Heaven! he *shall* hear me. I will find a way to move him."

"What does your lordship propose to do?" demanded Lord Russell.

"In a word, I mean to free my royal nephew from his present unworthy thralldom," rejoined the Admiral. "The Lord Protector must no longer be governor of his person. He has proved himself unfit for the office."

"Whom would you substitute, my lord—yourself?" demanded Sir John Gage, gruffly.

"Ay, marry—none were so fit," cried the Marquis of Dorset. "The Lord Admiral is his majesty's favourite uncle, and is, in all respects, better suited to be governor of his person than the stern and moody Lord Protector."

"I have searched old chronicles for precedents," pursued the Admiral, "and I find that heretofore the offices of Lord Protector and Governor of the King's Person never have been united; neither can they rightly be combined. Thus, at one time, there was a protector of England and a regent of France, while the Duke of Exeter and the Bishop of Winchester were made governors of the king, incontestably proving that the offices ought not to be conjoined."

"Do not forget, my lord, that you voted for your brother's appointment to both offices," observed the Constable.

"Right sorry am I that I did so," rejoined the Admiral. "'Twas a most ill-judged act. But because I have done wrong, there is no reason why the error should not be repaired. I have shown you that the Duke of Somerset ought no longer to hold the office. You may choose a better governor for his majesty than myself, but you can choose no one who loves him better, or will more studiously consult his welfare."

"That we nothing doubt," remarked Sir John Gage. "But you



may rely upon it, your brother will never surrender the post, save on compulsion—and to your lordship last of all.”

“The Lord Protector’s unfounded and unbrotherly jealousy must not be allowed to operate to his majesty’s disadvantage,” cried Dorset. “No one is so well qualified for the post as the Lord Admiral.”

“Have I your support, then, my lords and gentlemen?” said Seymour.

“You have mine most heartily,” cried Dorset.

“And mine!—And mine,” cried several other voices.

“If the change could be accomplished quietly, I should not object to it,” observed Sir John Gage; “but I fear the attempt will disturb the government.”

“Is it the king’s desire that the change should be made?” inquired Lord Russell.

“His earnest desire,” replied the Admiral. “It is his majesty’s design to address a letter to the Houses of Parliament on the subject.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Lord Russell.

“Ay, indeed!” echoed the Admiral. “And if you will all stand by me, we shall be too strong for any opposition. I have plenty of other supporters in both Houses to make a bruit about the matter.”

“How if you be thwarted in your designs, my Lord Admiral?” said Lord Clinton.

“I do not think I shall be,” rejoined Seymour. “But by God’s precious soul!” he continued, fiercely, “if I be thwarted, I will make this the blackest Parliament that ever was in England.”

“You seem to threaten us, my lord,” observed Lord Clinton.

“I pray you pardon me, my lord,” rejoined the Admiral, controlling himself. “I am galled by the ill usage that my royal nephew has received, and spoke intemperately.”

“I am a plain, blunt man, as you know, my Lord Admiral, and speak my mind freely,” observed the Constable. “I cannot approve of the course you are about to pursue.”

“Wherefore not, good Sir John?” inquired Seymour.

“’Twere better, if possible, the matter should be peaceably and quietly arranged. If publicly discussed, it may breed scandal. Besides, in a struggle of this nature with your brother, you may get the worst of it, and if so, he will not spare you.”

“Give yourself no concern about me, Sir John,” said Seymour. “The Lord Protector hath more reason to fear me than I have to fear him. And this you will find. I *will* have the king better ordered, and not kept so close that no man may come near him.”

“Then you have made up your mind to an open quarrel with your brother?” said the Constable.

"I have, Sir John," replied the Admiral. "His majesty's letter shall be laid before both Houses, and methinks there are few of his loyal subjects but will eagerly respond to it."

"Who will deliver the letter?" demanded Lord Russell.

"I myself," replied the Admiral. "Some of you, I perceive, are inclined to hang back, as if alarmed at the notion of a quarrel with the Lord Protector. You overrate his power. He is not so strong as you imagine. You will see what the result of this step will be."

"Ay, ay; we shall see, and will be guided by what occurs," observed Lord Russell.

"A prudent resolution," cried Dorset, contemptuously "I will stick by the Lord Admiral, whatever may betide."

"And so will we," cried several voices.

"I thank you heartily, my good friends," rejoined Seymour.

After some further discussion, the conference broke up. While the others were departing, Sir John Gage approached the Admiral, and said,

"'Tis a friend's part to warn you. You are rushing on a great peril. Of a certainty the Lord Protector will clap you in the Tower!"

"Tut! Sir John; he dares not do it."

"Ay, but if he *should*, you will find it no easy matter to get out."

"I tell you, Sir John, my brother will not dare to proceed to such extremities with me. You may rest perfectly easy on that score."

"Well, I have done my best to settle the matter peaceably," observed the Constable. "If ill comes of it, 'tis not my fault."

With this he took his departure.

One person only was now left, the Marquis of Dorset. Seymour thanked him warmly for his support.

"If I stood not by your lordship at a critical juncture like the present, my friendship were worth little," said Dorset. "But I do not think that fortune, that has hitherto favoured you, will desert you now."

"If I am successful, as I hope to be, you will be a gainer as well, marquis. Meantime, is there anything I can do for you? You know you can command me."

"Your lordship has already made me very extensively your debtor. But, in sooth, I am almost as much straitened for money as our young king appears to be. I am ashamed to allude to the circumstance. You will think I am always borrowing from you."

"I think only of the pleasure of serving you, marquis. Will you have five hundred more?"

"You are a great deal too good. Half the amount will suffice."

"Pooh! why divide so paltry a sum?—Ho there, Ugo," he shouted. "Count out five hundred pounds, and let it be forthwith conveyed to Dorset House. Adieu, marquis."

"Adieu, my Lord Admiral. Success attend you!"

Shortly afterwards, Ugo was again summoned by his lord

"I am going upon a dangerous enterprise to-morrow, Ugo," said the Admiral. "If anything goes wrong, let this packet be delivered instantly to the queen—but not otherwise. She will know how to act."

"It shall be done, my lord."

"Take great care of it," repeated the Admiral. "My safety may depend upon its production."

Ugo reiterated his assurances, and withdrew.

## XVI.

### HOW THE ADMIRAL'S LETTER WAS COPIED BY THE KING.

FROM what has just been narrated, it will be seen that the state of subjection in which the young king was kept, and the total want of deference paid to his inclinations and requests, had gradually alienated his affections from his elder uncle. Edward's great desire was now to emancipate himself from the Lord Protector's guardianship, and this object he hoped to accomplish by the Admiral's help. With this view, the letter to the Houses of Parliament, complaining of his grievances, was concocted. Fowler, to whom the draft of the intended address was entrusted, waited till the king retired to his cabinet, and then delivered it to him, saying that it came from the Admiral, and that if his majesty approved it on perusal, he was to transcribe it and sign it.

"Let me look at it, Fowler," replied Edward, opening the paper, and scanning its contents. "'Tis well worded," he added, "and I do not think my request can be refused."

"I hope not," rejoined Fowler. "All will be well if the Admiral should be appointed your guardian. Ah, how different he is from your majesty's elder uncle! The one is all affability and condescension,—generous, kindly, and noble; the other, austere, severe, rapacious, and parsimonious."

"Nay, Fowler, you must not malign the Lord Protector," said Edward.

"I do not malign him, my gracious liege," replied Fowler. "I speak nothing but the truth. But I cannot bear to see your majesty thus treated. With the Lord Admiral you would not be kept in this sort of durance, only allowed to go forth at stated

times, and in a stated manner, deprived of all pleasant companionship, and compelled to study, study, study, till your brain must be quite addled."

"Nay, not quite so bad as that, good Fowler," rejoined Edward; "but in sooth I begin to find the life I lead somewhat wearisome. There is a strange contrariety in the Lord Protector's disposition for which I cannot account. He seems to delight in thwarting my inclinations. If I prefer a request, I am certain to have it refused. If I would do one thing, he will have me do another. If I would go here, he makes me go there. He refuses me money, because he says I am too lavish with it. Every day some new restriction is placed upon me, till, if this system be continued much longer, I shall have no power whatever left."

"That is quite certain," remarked Fowler.

"At what hour shall I see the Admiral to-morrow night, Fowler?"

"At nine o'clock, your majesty. He is to be introduced by the back staircase as soon as your chaplain and tutors have left you. It may be well to copy the letter beforehand."

"I will transcribe it at once," rejoined the king. "Stay with me while I do it."

With this Edward sat down to a desk on which writing materials were placed, and was engaged in the task, when Xit suddenly entered, and called out in a warning voice that the Lord Protector was close at hand.

"If he sees this letter I am undone!" exclaimed Edward, in alarm. "Where shall I hide it?"

"Give it to me, sire," cried Fowler, snatching the papers, and thrusting them into his doublet. Scarcely was this accomplished, when the Duke of Somerset abruptly entered the closet. Without troubling himself to make more than a slight obeisance, he looked sternly and inquiringly at his royal nephew.

"Your majesty appears confused," he said.

"I may well be so, when your highness enters thus unceremoniously," rejoined Edward.

"I would not suffer the henchmen to announce me," said Somerset, "because in a hasty visit like the present form may be dispensed with. I have only a few words to say to your majesty."

"Be pleased to say them, then," rejoined Edward.

"What I have to say relates to the Lord Admiral. I am told he is much offended because I will not allow him to approach your majesty."

"Your highness can scarcely be surprised at that. I hope you are come to tell me that you have removed the interdiction."

"On the contrary, I regret that it will be necessary to adopt measures yet stricter. No more letters must be written by your

majesty to your uncle, nor any from him be delivered. D'ye mark me?" he added to Fowler.

"Perfectly, your highness," replied the gentleman of the privy-chamber, bowing.

"See, then, that my injunctions are strictly obeyed," cried Somerset, sternly.

"Why this additional severity?" inquired Edward. "What has my uncle done—what have I done, to deserve it?"

"Certain proceedings on the part of the Lord Admiral have given umbrage to the council," rejoined Somerset, "and unless he attends to their admonitions it will fare hardly with him. For the present, as I have said, I must forbid all correspondence between him and your majesty."

"I would your highness showed more brotherly love towards my uncle," observed Edward.

"I show him more love than he deserves," rejoined Somerset. "I now take my leave of your majesty."

And he quitted the chamber.

"By my father's head I will not be treated thus!" exclaimed Edward, stamping on the ground with rage. "He deems me a child, but he shall find I have the spirit of a man. I will submit to this usage no longer."

"I am glad to hear your majesty say so," cried Fowler. "Maintain that bearing with him, and he must give way."

"To tell me to my face that I must not write to my uncle," cried Edward, pacing quickly to and fro. "But I *will* write—I *will* see him. Moreover, I *will* see my cousin Jane," pursued the king, continuing to pace about. "I am more than half inclined to go to Chelsea to-day."

"Do nothing hastily I implore you, sire, or you may regret it," cried Fowler. "You have much to anger you, I grant; but by acting in direct opposition to the Lord Protector's commands you will seem to justify his conduct. Wait till you have seen the Lord Admiral to-morrow night, and be guided by his counsel."

"Thou art right, Fowler," said Edward, checking himself. "I must act with prudence, or I shall damage my own cause, and give the Lord Protector the advantage. I will do nothing till I have seen the Admiral. Meanwhile, I will prepare for him. Give me the papers, that I may complete the transcript of the letter."

With this, he again sat down to his task, and finished it without further interruption.

## XVII.

## HOW THE PROTECTOR AND THE ADMIRAL WERE AGAIN RECONCILED.

At the appointed hour on the following night, the Admiral was secretly introduced into the king's closet. On beholding him Edward sprang towards him, and embraced him most affectionately.

"How long it seems since we met, dear uncle!" he exclaimed. "How doth the queen your consort, and your ward and my sweet cousin, the Lady Jane?"

"I will answer the last question first, sire," replied the Admiral. "Jane is somewhat delicate, and I half suspect she is pining because she is not allowed to see your majesty."

"I am equally unhappy," rejoined Edward. "But the separation, I trust, will not endure much longer. Things must be changed."

"It is time they were so, sire," cried Seymour, "for, in good truth, you are not treated like a king. Is it right or fitting that I, your uncle, should be denied admittance to you, and should be compelled to approach you thus stealthily?"

"Indeed, it is not, dear uncle," replied the king; "and I could almost weep to think of it."

"Sire," cried the Admiral, "I need not say how deeply devoted I am to you, that I love you as a nephew, that I honour you as a sovereign, and that I am prepared at any time to lay down my life for you. If the course of action that I may advise you to pursue should alarm you, be assured it is dictated by the strongest feelings of regard for your welfare. You are not treated as becomes the son of your august father. With what motives I will not now pause to inquire, it is obvious that the Lord Protector is determined to deprive you of all power. He excludes from you all those who love you and would give you good counsel, and places those around you who are mere instruments of his own. You must throw off this yoke. You must learn to rule and govern as other kings do."

"I am well enough inclined to do so, dear uncle, and methinks I could discharge some of my kingly functions fittingly, if I were allowed."

"It shall be mine to accomplish this for you, sire," rejoined the Admiral. "You have shown too much submission to your uncle, and piece by piece he has stripped you of all your regal attributes till he has left you the mere name of king. I say not this to rouse your anger, but it is the truth, and you ought to

know it. While my brother fills his own coffers from the royal revenues, he will not give you wherewithal to reward your men. And why does he keep you thus bare? Not from parsimony, for he can be profuse enough when it suits him, but because by depriving you of money he deprives you of power. Shame on him, I say! However, there is one comfort. He is old, and cannot last long."

"Would he were dead!" exclaimed Edward. "No, that was a wicked wish," he added, checking himself, "and I am sorry I gave utterance to it."

"I am not surprised you wish him gone," rejoined the Admiral. "As long as he remains at the head of affairs, you will have no authority, and should he be alive and in his present position when your minority ceases, you will have some trouble in assuming your own."

"But that is a long time off, good uncle," observed Edward. "Meantime, I would be king, and not the mere puppet I am made."

"In good truth, your majesty is but a beggarly king—almost an object of pity to your household."

"Pitied by my household!" cried Edward. "Am I reduced so low as that?"

"The Lord Protector has brought it to this pass by his arts," cried Seymour. "And so long as your majesty is content, it will continue, if not become worse."

"Worse it can scarce become," rejoined Edward. "But how am I to free myself? What is to be done?"

"While the Duke of Somerset continues governor of your person nothing can be done," said the Admiral. "The first step is to remove him from the office. To this the council will never consent unless strong pressure is brought to bear upon them, and this can only be done by Parliament. Have you copied that letter, of which I sent you a draught by Fowler?"

"I have—it is here," replied the king, giving him the paper. "But will this message be attended to, think you, dear uncle?"

"It *shall* be attended to," replied the Admiral. "If I can once free you from the Lord Protector's grasp all the rest will be easy. With me for your governor you shall indeed be king. You shall not be shut up like a caged bird, and be deprived of the society of those you love. No unnecessary restraint of any kind shall be imposed upon you. You shall mingle as freely with your subjects as your august father was wont to do. And it shall be my study to form your character on the best and noblest model, so that when you do come to reign you may be a great and good king."

"A good king I will be—a great king, if it shall please Heaven

to make me one," rejoined Edward. "They tell me you are not so earnest for the Protestant faith as the Lord Protector, and that you favour the adherents of the old religion."

"Who has told you this, sire?" demanded the Admiral.

"My preceptors," replied the king.

"It is not true. I am as heartily in favour of the Reformation as Cranmer himself, but policy requires that I should stand well with the Romish party. But let me once have the care of your majesty and you shall not complain of any lukewarmness on my part in the cause of religious reform. The queen, my wife, and your cousin Jane, shall aid us with their counsels."

"Nay, there cannot be a more ardent reformer than Jane," observed Edward, smiling. "I pray you commend me heartily to her, and to the queen, your consort."

"I will not fail to do so," replied Seymour. "I trust your majesty will soon see them both at Chelsea—or here. I will set about the work to-morrow, and let you know how I prosper."

With this he was about to retire, but ere he could do so he was stopped by the sudden entrance of the Lord Protector, accompanied by the Earls of Warwick and Arundel, Lord Russell, Sir William Paget, and Sir John Gage. For a moment the Admiral was taken aback, but quickly recovering himself, he drew himself up to his full height, and regarded his brother with a glance of defiance.

"Soh! you are here, my lord, in direct defiance of my injunctions," cried Somerset.

"My uncle is here at my request," cried Edward, throwing himself between them. "I sent for him."

"Your majesty will not be able to screen him," observed Somerset. "I am too well informed of his plots. He will be brought to account for his treasonable designs."

"Treasonable!" exclaimed Edward. "Nay, your highness, the Admiral has been guilty of no treason in coming to me."

"He will have to answer to the council for what he has done," rejoined the Protector, "and it will be for them to decide whether his designs are treasonable or not. I charge him with a flagrant disobedience of my commands and authority—with constantly labouring and studying to put into your majesty's head a dislike of the government of the realm and of my doings. I charge him with endeavouring, as much as in him lies, to persuade your majesty, being of too tender years to direct your own affairs, to take upon yourself the government and management of the realm to the danger of your own person, and the peril of the whole kingdom. Let him deny these charges, if he can."

"I will answer them at once," replied the Admiral, boldly.

"It is no treason to be here with the king, my nephew, in dis-



obedience to your grace's mandate. I deny that I have sought to create a dislike of the government in my royal nephew's mind; but I will not deny that I have said that his affairs might be better managed, and that he himself ought to be better ordered—and that I would do my best to have him better ordered."

"You are an audacious traitor, and glory in your guilt," cried the Protector. "But you have crowned your offences by obtaining a letter from the king whereby you seek to accomplish your object of supplanting me in the governorship of the royal person. But you will be balked in your design."

"What paper hath your lordship in your hand?" demanded the Earl of Warwick of the Admiral.

"A letter to the Houses of Parliament, which I myself shall deliver to-morrow. 'Tis written by his majesty, and signed by him, as ye may see."

"But drawn up by yourself," remarked Warwick. "My lord, you have done wrong."

"In what respect?" cried the Admiral, fiercely. "The king is dissatisfied with the governor of his person, and would change him."

"Who has made him so dissatisfied?" asked Warwick.

"Not I," rejoined the Admiral. "You would seem to infer that his majesty cannot judge for himself; that he cannot tell whether he is well or ill ordered; that he is willing to be kept in subjection, to be deprived of the society he most affects, and to be stinted in his purse. You think he cannot find out all these things without my aid. But I tell you, my lord of Warwick, that his majesty *has* found them out, and is determined to have redress, if not from you, from Parliament."

"My Lord Admiral, you will never deliver that letter," observed Warwick, in a stern tone.

"Your lordship is mistaken," rejoined Seymour.

"In the name of the council I command you to give it up to his highness the Lord Protector," said Warwick.

"What if I refuse?" rejoined Seymour.

"We will order your immediate arrest," said the earl.

"Sooner than surrender it to him I will destroy it," cried the Admiral, tearing the letter in pieces.

"What have you done, my lord?" cried the king, alarmed at the proceeding.

"You will destroy yourself if you go on thus, my lord," observed Sir John Gage, in a low tone to the Admiral. "The authority of the council is not to be braved with impunity."

"I am not to be frightened, good Sir John," rejoined Seymour, haughtily. "I fear neither the council nor the Lord Protector. They will not molest me."

"I leave this arrogant and impracticable man in your hands, my lords," said Somerset. "Act towards him as ye deem right."

Hereupon the members of the council deliberated together for a short space, after which the Earl of Warwick said,

"Our decision is that the Lord Admiral be deprived of his offices, and be committed to the Tower to answer the grave charges which will be brought against him."

"You cannot have so decided, my lords," cried Edward. "Your highness will not allow your brother, and my uncle, to be sent to the Tower."

"I cannot interfere," rejoined Somerset, in an inflexible tone.

"Make your submission at once, my lord, or you are lost," said Sir John Gage, approaching the Admiral, and speaking in a low voice.

"I am not in such jeopardy as you deem, Sir John," rejoined Seymour, confidently. "Before I am removed, will your highness grant me a word in private?" he added, to the Lord Protector.

"I will not refuse you a hearing if you have aught to allege in your exculpation," replied Somerset, walking apart with him.

"Now, what have you to say?" he demanded, in a low, stern tone.

"Merely that this decision of the council must be overruled," replied the Admiral.

"Must be overruled!" cried the Protector, contemptuously.

"Ay, *must!* You will do well to pause before taking any steps against me, for the mischief you do me will recoil with double effect on your own head. If I fall, I will pluck you with me."

"Go to! you threaten idly," cried the Protector, though with secret misgiving.

"Not so," rejoined the Admiral. "Mark well what I say, brother," he continued, speaking very deliberately, and with stern emphasis. "I can prove that all the acts done by you and by the council are illegal and of no effect. The royal stamp was not affixed to Henry's will during his lifetime; consequently, the instrument is wholly inoperative."

"This is mere assertion, and will obtain credit from no one," cried Somerset, feigning contempt, but unable to hide his apprehension. "Its motive is too obvious."

"I have your confederate Butts's confession of the whole affair, which shall be produced to confound you," cried Seymour. "Now, what say you, brother? Am I to be deprived of my offices, and sent to the Tower?"

"I thought the secret had died with Butts," said Somerset, trembling in spite of himself.

"No, it lives to blast you," rejoined the Admiral. "Knowing that I ran some risk to-night, I took the precaution of placing the

confession in such hands that if aught befalls me, its production will be certain. Send me to the Tower if you will. You will speedily follow me thither."

Somerset was visibly embarrassed, and quailed beneath the Admiral's looks.

"Make up your mind quickly, brother," continued Seymour, "either for peace or war. A word from me will shake your government to pieces."

"But you will destroy yourself in uttering it," said the Protector.

"I will take my chance of that. In any case I am certain of revenge."

At this moment, the king, who had been anxiously watching them, stepped forward.

"I hope your highness relents," he said to the Protector.

"Let your uncle submit, and he shall not find me unforgiving," observed Somerset.

"Why should I submit?" rejoined the Admiral. "If I have erred at all it has been from excess of devotion to your majesty."

"For my sake yield?" cried Edward, imploringly.

"Thus urged, I cannot refuse," replied the Admiral. "Brother, I am content to own myself in the wrong, and to ask your forgiveness."

And he bent his proud neck with an affectation of submission.

"I am satisfied," rejoined the Protector. "My lords," he added, turning to the council, "you may blame my weakness. But I cannot proceed further against my brother. He has expressed his contrition, and I am therefore willing to pardon his offence, and beseech you to do the same."

"Since your highness so wills it, we are content to proceed no further in the matter," replied the Earl of Warwick. "But we must have a promise from the Lord Admiral that he will abstain from all such practices in future."

"I will answer for him," replied the Protector. "It is my earnest desire to please your majesty in all things," he continued; "and if there be aught not done to your satisfaction, it shall be amended."

"That is the sum of my treasonable designs," observed the Admiral. "All I have laboured for is, that his majesty should be properly treated."

"His majesty shall have no reason to complain," observed the Lord Protector. "To prove to you how much you have misjudged me, brother, and how sincerely I desire to promote a good understanding between us, an addition shall be made of a thousand a year to your revenue from the royal treasure."

"I thank your highness," replied the Admiral, bowing.

"But you must forego all pretension to be made governor of his majesty's person—for such will never be permitted."

"All I desire is free intercourse with my royal nephew," said the Admiral.

"And this shall be accorded you so long as the license is not abused," rejoined the Protector.

While this was passing, the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Russell conferred apart.

"What has caused this sudden change in the Lord Protector's disposition towards his brother?" observed Russell.

"I know not," replied Warwick. "But it is plain the Admiral has some hold upon him. Instead of being sent to the Tower he is rewarded. Somerset is wrong to temporise thus. His brother will never cease plotting. Better crush him now than let him live to do more mischief."

"I am of your opinion," said Russell. "This leniency is ill judged."

After the departure of the Lord Protector and the others, the Admiral tarried for a short time with his royal nephew, and while he was taking his leave, Edward said to him,

"We have both gained something by this struggle, gentle uncle. I have obtained my liberty, and you have got a thousand a year added to your revenue. You cannot be governor of our person, but you will ever hold the first place in our regard."

"That is all I aspire to, my gracious liege," rejoined the Admiral, kissing his hand. And he added to himself as he retired: "Somerset thinks to conciliate me with this paltry bribe. Were he to offer me half his own revenues, he should not induce me to forego my purpose."

Thus far the Second Book.

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## POPULATION AND TRADE IN FRANCE.

BY FREDERICK MARSHALL.

## No. III.—EDUCATION.

UNTIL 1850 the whole education of France was under the direct management of the government: a certain number of private secondary schools existed by permission, but they were under the control of the academical authorities, and their teaching was strictly confined to certain prescribed limits.

The principle of the intervention of the state in the instruction of the people is not a new one; it existed under the old monarchy, when the University of Paris directed education in the king's name. Under the first Empire, in 1806, the system was reconstituted on a similar but wider basis, extending to all classes of teaching, and in 1833 the administration of primary schools was remodelled by a detailed and comprehensive law, which placed them under the exclusive control of the state. But in 1850 the monopoly assumed by the government in educational matters was sensibly diminished in consequence of the permission granted by the law passed in that year to establish private schools of all classes under easy conditions. This is a first step towards the "liberty of teaching," which has been so warmly advocated, and as warmly attacked in France at each successive revolution; and the paternity of the liberal law of 1850 is an honour to the name of M. de Falloux, then minister of public instruction, who prepared it. But as the effect of this law has been to greatly increase the number of private schools directed by the clergy or by religious fraternities, and as recent events have stimulated the Ultramontane tendencies of the clerical party, and have rendered its members openly hostile to the government and to the principles of 1789, which form the basis of the liberal theory in France, the law is now most violently attacked by the democrats, who, notwithstanding the liberties conferred by it, see in the new position acquired under it by the clergy, and in the influences which result therefrom, a danger for the liberal principles of the children brought up in religious schools.

The law, as it now stands, recognises and permits two sorts of schools: those founded or supported by the state, the departments, or the communes, which take the name of public schools, and are entirely managed by the state; and those founded and supported by private persons, with the permission of the government, which are called free schools, and are subject only to surveillance on questions of health and morality, the details of teaching not being examined excepting to verify that they contain nothing contrary to public morality, the constitution, or the laws.

The education given in both these classes of schools is divided into primary, secondary, and superior.

The general superintendence of national education is in the hands of the minister of public instruction, who is assisted by the Superior Council of Education. This council is composed of four archbishops or bishops,

one Calvinist and one Lutheran minister, one delegate from the Jewish consistory, all chosen by their respective colleagues, and several superior government officials named by the state. Eighteen inspectors-general are attached to the council.

The direct administration and control of the public schools, excepting those of Paris, which are under the personal direction of the minister, are confided to sixteen academies, established in different parts of France. Each academy consists of a rector, who is the representative of the state, and communicates with the minister, and a council composed of the various local authorities, the bishop, and an ecclesiastic of each creed. A certain number of inspectors, varying with the population, are attached to each academy.

The Academical Council examines the state of the public schools in its district, verifies their accounts, decides on the reforms required in teaching, discipline, and administration, votes money grants, judges complaints and disputes, and generally discusses the questions brought before it by the rector. The primary public schools, however, now form an exception to this universal jurisdiction of the local academies: as far as these schools are concerned, the action of the Academy is limited to questions of pure teaching, their entire political and administrative direction being exclusively confided to the prefect of the department, assisted by a special Departmental Council.

Every commune is bound to have a public primary school for boys, and every commune of eight hundred inhabitants is equally bound to have a separate primary public school for girls. Children of different sexes are not allowed to frequent the same school, unless, as often occurs, there is only one of any kind, public or private, in the place. In cases of very scanty population, two or three communes may join together to maintain one school between them. As much as possible separate schools are provided for children of different religions, and in cases where there is only one school means are taken to keep the children free from attempts at conversion. The father is the sole judge of the faith in which he wishes his child to be educated.

Public primary instruction includes, obligatorily, moral and religious teaching, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, the elements of history, geography, physics, natural history, agriculture, and mechanics, singing, and gymnastics. In girls' schools needlework is added.

This public instruction is gratuitous for all children whose parents cannot pay for their schooling: in Paris, and in certain communes, no payment is received at all. The delicate question as to who can pay and who cannot is decided by the municipal council of each commune, which draws up an annual list of the two categories of children, proposes the rate of payment to be charged to those who do pay (which varies with circumstances), and sends the whole for confirmation to the prefect.

The teachers of the communal primary schools are named by the prefect on a list presented by the academy of the district or by the superior of the religious educational establishments. To be admitted as a primary teacher by the Academy the candidate must be of age, and must possess a certificate of capacity which is obtained by competition at a public examination, held annually for that purpose in each department. The teachers presented by the religious associations are not bound to

produce any certificate (though they sometimes qualify for it), as their special preparation is supposed to be a sufficient guarantee for their capacity. They are, however, very rarely admitted in the public schools.

Under-teachers are admitted at eighteen years of age, and are dispensed from the production of a certificate.

The communal teachers receive a lodging, a salary of 8*l.* per annum, paid by the commune, and the amount of the school money received from such parents as are able to pay for their children, which, on the present general average for all France, amounts to 6*s.* 2*d.* per child per annum. They are not allowed to fill any administrative post without permission, and all commercial occupations are absolutely prohibited to them. The average amount of their earnings down to 1850 did not exceed 20*l.*, and their positions were so miserable that the law of that year granted a state subvention to make up to them a general minimum of 24*l.* The under-teachers receive a minimum of 20*l.* a year.

The male teachers supplied by the religious establishments are known by the general denomination of Christian Brothers; but they belong, in fact, to several distinct orders, though the Christian Brothers, properly so called, direct the great majority of the religious schools, notwithstanding the inconvenience of their rule, which forbids their being less than three together at each school.

Female teachers are nominated under similar conditions, but their examination for the certificate of capacity is not public. Nuns are admitted without any certificate.

The supply of lay primary teachers is maintained by their special education for the purpose, either in the communal schools themselves or in the normal schools, under the direction of the academies, which the law requires to be kept up in every department. Though rendered obligatory by the law of 1833, normal schools existed partially since 1810, when the first was established at Strasbourg. Of the 86 departments there are still 17 which have not opened normal schools. These schools are supported by legacies and gifts, the interest of funded property already in their hands, the payments made by the scholars, and by subventions from the state, the departments, and the communes. The annual average expense of each normal school is estimated at 1100*l.* Pupils are admitted to them by competition; they must be sixteen years old; those who pass the best examination are received free; the others pay an average of 14*l.* 12*s.* per annum. Female normal schools are not obligatory, but their number is increasing.

The supply of ecclesiastical teachers is maintained by similar normal schools, under the special direction of the superior of each fraternity. There are no figures published about them, but their number and importance are necessarily increasing in proportion to the extending field of educational action which the religious associations appear to be acquiring.

The number of communal primary schools, whether for boys only or for the two sexes together, has risen from 22,640, in 1833, to about 36,500 in 1857, and as there are 36,000 communes in France, the average is about 1 school per commune. The number of private primary boys' schools in 1857 was estimated at 3500, making a general total of about 40,000, of which total 22,000 were exclusively for boys, and

18,000 for both sexes. The number of communal girls' schools, which was only 5455 in 1847, was nearly 14,000 in 1857, while the number of private primary girls' schools in the latter year amounted to 11,500, forming a total of about 25,500. The general total of primary schools in France in 1857 stood, therefore, at 65,500.

The great majority of the 36,500 communal boys' schools are taught by lay teachers; but of the 3500 private boys' schools about 3000 are in the hands of the Christian Brothers. Of the 25,500 girls' schools, 13,500 are taught by nuns, including a certain proportion of communal schools, for which it is often difficult to find female lay teachers in sufficient number. This development of nuns' schools is admitted to be an advantage (putting aside political considerations), for though the Christian Brothers, notwithstanding their supposed fitness, which exempts them from the production of a certificate, are often accused of ignorance and incapacity, and though laymen are considered better teachers, everybody recognises that nuns make the best schoolmistresses that can be found.

In 1831 the primary schools in all France were attended by 1,995,624 children, composed of 1,200,715 boys and 734,909 girls. The number of children who go to school is now estimated at about 3,850,000, of whom 2,250,000 are boys, and 1,600,000 girls. On the total population of 36 millions this is equal to a proportion of 10½ per cent.

Of the 2,250,000 boys, 1,850,000 are in lay schools, and 400,000 in schools taught by ecclesiastics, which gives an average of 50 pupils for each lay school, and 133 for each religious school. For the 1,600,000 girls a much larger disproportion is observed; deducting 200,000, who go to the mixed schools, it is estimated that 900,000 attend the nuns' schools and 500,000 the lay schools, which gives 66 pupils for each nuns' school and 42 for each lay school.

About forty per cent. of the boys, and about 31 per cent. of the girls, pay nothing for their schooling.

It has just been shown that the number of children who attend school has nearly doubled since 1831. It is calculated that in that year 45 per cent. of the boys between the ages of 5 and 12 did not go to school at all, while in 1857 the proportion had fallen to 21 per cent. The girls are making even greater progress: in 1836, 60 per cent. of the female children between 7 and 13 did not go to school, while the proportion was only 25 per cent. in 1857.

These general averages, however, give an insufficient idea of the progress which certain localities have effected. In Alsace, 95 per cent. of the whole number of children go to school, while in certain departments of the centre and west the proportion is still only 50 per cent. of the boys and 68 per cent. of the girls.

In confirmation of these figures, which result from calculations of the proportions which exist between the whole juvenile population and the number of children counted in the schools, the annual results of the conscription afford an excellent proof of the rapid development of primary education in France. From 1827 to 1859 the number of conscripts able to read and write has risen in very regular order from 42 to 64 per cent. The report just published by the Minister of War on the conscription of 1859 announces that out of the 305,339 young men who drew in the class of that year, 194,743 (63.78 per cent.) could both read and write



The differences between certain departments are again observable here. In 1855, 95 per cent. of the conscripts of the Haut-Rhin could read and write, while only 44 per cent. of those of the Loire-Inférieure were in the same case. Again, the return of the marriages of 1854 show that 70 per cent. of the men married, and 56 per cent. of the women, were able to sign their names. It may, therefore, be admitted that, allowing for the proportion of old people, who are less instructed than the present generation, more than half of the whole present adult population of France are able to read and write, and it is evident that in a few years the average will reach two-thirds.

The idea of rendering primary education compulsory in France has often been put forward. During the great revolution a law to that effect was adopted by the Convention, but it fell with the government which enacted it. In 1841, a law was passed obliging the children employed in factories to go to school; it still remains in force. In 1850, a proposal to make this obligation universal was brought before the National Assembly, but it was rejected by 425 votes against 182. At the present moment a new agitation is springing up on the subject, the Industrial Society of Mulhouse having just presented a petition to the Senate to demand that primary instruction be rendered compulsory throughout France. But though several newspapers are supporting this petition, it is doubtful whether it will succeed in its object.

In addition to the ordinary primary schools, every commune of more than 6000 inhabitants is bound to have an upper primary school. The programme of education in this class of school is increased by the teaching of geometry and its applications, drawing, surveying, and physical sciences; in most of them book-keeping and the elements of commercial law, and in some even modern languages are added to the list.

The government does not absolutely indicate the books which shall be used in primary teaching, but it recommends a list for the purpose, and it specially reserves the right of prohibiting such works as it may for any reason consider objectionable.

The secondary or upper schools are, like the primary schools, divided into the two categories of public and free.

The public schools of this class form two distinct divisions—lyceums and communal colleges. The lyceums are founded and supported by the state, aided by the departments and the towns; the colleges are founded and supported by the communes, but they may be assisted by the state, and may be transformed into lyceums.

The programme of these schools includes moral and religious instruction, ancient and modern languages, philosophy, history, geography, and the mathematical and physical sciences. Their direct object, beyond the mere education of the children of the upper and middle classes, is to prepare them for the examination for the degree of bachelor of law or letters (of which the diploma is essential for a great many positions in France), or for the examinations for admission to the special scientific schools.

The lyceums are organised on a very complete footing; throughout France (excepting Paris) they are all alike in discipline and teaching.

The communal colleges are of two sorts: those in which the system is exactly similar to that of the lyceums, and those in which the studies are less complete, and do not directly prepare for degrees.

The teachers of both these classes of schools are appointed exclusively by the academies; they are recruited generally from the departmental normal schools, by what is called *aggrégation*. The *aggrégés* are chosen by competition; they do not necessarily at once receive an appointment as teacher, but no one can become a teacher in a public secondary school unless he is *aggrégé*; if he has to wait for an appointment he receives 20*l.* a year meanwhile. The superior normal school in Paris is the highest establishment for the preparation of teachers and professors: the pupils there are about 80 in number; they are named by the minister after examination, and are instructed gratuitously.

In 1763 there were in France 562 secondary schools of all kinds, with 72,747 pupils, representing 2.91 per cent. of the whole population. In 1842 there were 1374 secondary schools of all kinds, which had only 69,341 pupils, representing 2.04 per cent. of the population. In 1854 there were 1395 schools with 108,333 pupils, representing 3 per cent. of the population. The circumstance that an almost equal proportion of the population frequented the secondary schools a hundred years ago, to that which is found there at present, would seem, at first sight, to indicate that no progress had been made in the interval; but it is explainable by the double fact that there were at that time no separate seminaries for the education of the clergy, while the special students for holy orders now amount to 20,000, and that classical instruction was formerly given gratuitously to an immense extent, nearly one-half of the total number of secondary pupils just given for the last century having paid nothing for their teaching. Allowing for these two special causes of increase in the number of secondary pupils before the revolution, it is evident that the relative number of scholars is now at least double what it was then.

In 1854 the secondary schools were composed as follows:

61 lycées, with . . .	21,076 pupils	}	. . . . .	48,981
253 communal colleges	27,905			
825 lay private schools,	42,462	}	63,657; but as 4305	
256 ecclesiastical ditto	21,195			
of these pupils attended the studies of the public schools, and are already included in the number of the latter, the real number of private school pupils is reduced to . . .				59,352
Total . . . . .				108,333

The effects of the permission, granted by the law of 1850, to open private schools on easy conditions, have not been so much to increase the total number of secondary pupils, which only rose from 99,623 in 1850 to 108,333 in 1854, as to divert the direction of the education of the middle classes from the hands of the state to those of private individuals. In 1850 there were 462 lycées and communal colleges, and 914 private schools, while in 1854, after only three years' operation of the new law, the lycées and colleges had diminished to 314, while the private schools had risen to 1081. The number of pupils in the lycées rose from 19,269 in 1850, to 22,936 in 1856; but the pupils of the communal colleges diminished in the same time from 31,706 to 28,219, so that the two together increased by only 180 pupils in these six years; while the pupils in the private schools increased from 48,654 in 1850 to 59,352 in 1854, or 10,698 in four years. The rapidity with which this result was

obtained may be taken to indicate a strong predisposition for private schooling among the middle classes.

Private schools for secondary education can be established by permission, or more exactly by absence of objection, after three months' notice to the authorities. They are divided into two classes, institutions and pensions. The masters of institutions must be bachelors of letters and sciences, the masters of pensions must be bachelors of letters; the former pay the state a tax of 6*l.* a year in Paris, and 4*l.* in the country: and the latter pay 3*l.* in Paris, and 2*l.* in the country. In both these classes of schools the teaching used to be limited to a certain maximum, which was higher for institutions than for pensions; if there was a college in the place the pupils were, until 1850, bound to follow its courses, for which the private schoolmaster was only allowed to prepare them. Many private schools still continue to send their pupils to the college courses, instead of keeping special masters for them.

The mistresses of private schools for girls must be twenty-five years old, and must possess a diploma, excepting always those who belong to religious orders. The only public secondary girls' school in France is the famous imperial foundation of St. Denis, where 800 girls, daughters of poor members of the Legion of Honour, receive gratuitously a most brilliant education, which is shared by 100 others, who pay their terms, but who must also be relatives of members of the order.

Of the 1081 private boys' schools which existed in 1854, 825 were directed by laymen, and 256 by ecclesiastics. But the junior religious seminaries (*petits séminaires*), which are under the control of the bishops, are not included in the latter total, though they also educate boys for the ordinary avocations of life. As there were 123 of these seminaries at the date in question, the total number of secondary schools in the hands of the clergy amounted to 379: 7 of these belonged to dissenting creeds.

The development of private secondary schools which has taken place since 1850 has occurred almost entirely among the religious schools, and, as in the primary schools, the number of pupils who attend them is proportionately higher than in the lay schools; the average of pupils in the former being 83, against 51 in the latter.

The charge for private schooling varies in the provinces from 12*l.* to 38*l.* a year in the boarding-schools, and from 10*s.* to 16*l.* a year in the day schools. In Paris the prices are higher, rising to 48*l.* in the boarding-schools. There is no difference of price worth noticing between lay and religious schools.

The upper ecclesiastical seminaries (*grands séminaires*) are bound to admit no pupils; but such as are destined to receive orders: they cannot be established without the consent of the government, but they are managed by the bishops alone. The total number of clerical students in France is limited by law to 20,000, which is considered to be a sufficient number to ensure the due recruiting of the clergy.

Superior education, as it is called, includes the five faculties of theology, law, medicine, sciences, and letters, with the special preparatory schools attached to them. The faculties are not confined to Paris; several of the large towns possess them. Their functions are to teach the higher branches of study by means of public lectures, and to examine candidates and grant diplomas for the various university degrees. A large number of the young

men of the middle and upper classes pass the examination of bachelor of law or letters. Liberal education is hardly considered to be complete without one of these diplomas; indeed, its possession is an absolute condition for a great number of positions.

France is rich in special schools, where scientific education, in each branch, is carried to great perfection. The principal establishments of this class, none of which are under academical control, are the College of France; the Museum of Natural History, at the Jardin des Plantes; the School of Fine Arts for the gratuitous teaching of painting, sculpture, and architecture, the best pupil of each of which divisions is sent annually to Rome to study for five years at the cost of the state; the schools of Rome and Athens, the latter being for archæological studies; the Ecole des Chartes, where students are taught to decipher old manuscripts, ancient documents, and historical monuments; the school of Oriental languages; the Conservatoire de Musique for the teaching of vocal and instrumental music and dramatic elocution; the school of Government Engineers (Ponts et Chaussées); the Mining School; the numerous schools of arts and manufactures; the Central School of Arts and Trades; the Commercial Schools; the Schools of Design; the Forest School for the education of the state forest-keepers; and the Agricultural and Veterinary Schools. There are many others of less importance.

Paris is admirably supplied with public libraries, and in the provinces there were, in 1854, 338 similar institutions, containing about 4,000,000 volumes. The average daily number of readers is 3648, or about 11 per day for each library.

Books are under severe control in France. No one can become a printer or bookseller without permission, to obtain which it is necessary to prove the capacity, honesty, and political loyalty of the candidate. No printer can print any document whatever without first communicating it to the government, nor sell or publish it till he has deposited two copies with the authorities. These formalities are executed in Paris at the Ministry of the Interior, and in the departments at the Prefecture.

There are in France	1032	letter-press printers
„	„	1588 lithographers
„	„	4388 booksellers.

The number of separate works of every kind published annually in France is rapidly increasing; it has risen from 7350, in 1851, to 13,331 in 1858.

The trade of hawking books for sale in the provinces (*colportage*) is most carefully watched by the state; it cannot be exercised without license; its importance is considerable, for the number of volumes sold in this way amounts to 1,400,000 a year.

Three general facts result from this description of the present state of education in France. Schools of all kinds are abundant and cheap; the average of national instruction is rising; and there is a perceptible and apparently growing tendency on the part of the people to transfer the education of their children to the hands of the clergy.

The fact of the abundance of schools speaks for itself; the mere existence of 65,000 primary and 1400 secondary schools for a population of 36,000,000 is proof enough that the means of instruction are not

wanting; and as the annual cost of schooling varies from 6s. 2d. in the primary schools to 48*l.* in the dearest Paris boarding-schools, it is certainly moderate enough.

The progress of knowledge, though evident, is difficult to exactly appreciate, because the simple extension of the power of reading and writing, though necessarily the first step towards the acquirement of knowledge, does not imply that it is really attained. It is possible that its diffusion among the labouring classes in France is still very limited; for though the proportion of young men able to read and write has risen in thirty years from 42 to 64 per cent., and though, consequently, their capacity of reading has augmented at the same rate, the jealous action of the laws on printing and publishing deprives the lower classes almost entirely of the power of possessing books, though their desire to acquire them is proved by the sale of 1,400,000 volumes a year by the country hawkers. Modifications of the present system of direction of the book-selling trade are constantly suggested to the government on the very ground that, until the poorer classes can get books as they want them, their instruction will remain limited to what they have learnt at the village school and forgotten afterwards. Of the 4388 French booksellers, 1034 are in Paris alone, and 3354 in the provinces; so that even including all the great towns for only one bookseller each, there are about 32,700 communes out of 36,000 without any bookshop at all. The public libraries are practically inaccessible to the agricultural and manufacturing classes; they can only read at home, and if they cannot get books their intellectual progress is almost impossible. Whether the discussion which is rising on the subject will produce an effect time will show; but as the intention of raising the standard of intelligence among the working classes is in the programme of the imperial government, it is possible that, encouraged by the rapid progress of rudimentary education, the state may decide to liberate the book trade from the difficult conditions which at present limit its action, and so render possible the sale of books and the consequent diffusion of knowledge, in the proper sense of the term, in all the villages of the country.

The progress of secondary education forms a totally separate subject. The figures quoted imply that it has largely extended since the last century, but it is difficult to form any but an individual appreciation of its results. It is not the want of books which affects the development of knowledge amongst the middle and upper classes, for they, of course, can buy as many as they please. Their course of instruction is generally the same as in England, excepting that it is less classical and more directed to what is understood by useful knowledge; but the consequences differ materially in the two countries.

The English, as a rule, from their habits of reading, learn far more after they leave school than before that date; but the great majority of the French, excepting, of course, those who pursue scientific careers, may be said to give up all study directly they are out of their college. And yet they impress foreigners with the idea that they possess an extensive and varied store of knowledge, for they talk on all sorts of subjects with fluency and ease. Living as they do, for the most part, in constant social communication with each other, they acquire by daily habit and practice remarkable dexterity in the manipulation of their language. The facility of conversation thus obtained is supported and brought into light by the

faculty of imitation and of absorption and assimilation of the ideas of others, which the whole nation possesses in so marked a degree; so that their fluent wording, united either to their real knowledge or to the appearances of it, which they pick up from their perpetual contact with each other, produces a result so striking and attractive, that an Englishman admitted for the first time into a French drawing-room is surprised at the animation and intelligence of a conversation which never flags, and in which all the talkers, men and women, seem thoroughly up to every subject which arises.

But these amusing and well-sustained discussions, and the varied information which they often reveal, do not really imply a solid or brilliant education any more than the melancholy tea-parties of England, where the conversation drops every five minutes, and where nobody seems to have a word to say, prove that the English middle classes are all ignorant. The English, with their heads full of facts, cannot get them out of their mouths, while the French, who generally do not take the trouble to learn, seem to know something about everything, simply because they are the best talkers in the world. However satisfactory it may be to the Englishman to acquire knowledge, which he keeps to himself for his personal pleasure or advantage, he certainly does not add as much to the common fund of life as the generally less well-read Frenchman, who gaily contributes all he knows himself, and all he so dexterously picks up from others, to the amusement of the society in which he lives.

The explanation of this radical intellectual distinction between the two nations can hardly be found in the differences between their respective courses of education, which, in fact, hardly differ at all; it is rather a question of national character and habits; but as the teaching received at school cannot fail to have some influence on the tendencies and capacity of the man, it may be supposed that one of the effects of French secondary education is to prepare the child for the conversational necessities which await him on his entry into life.

Facility of talking is common to the two sexes, but the education of the women of the middle and upper classes in France presents one special characteristic: it is particularly advanced in all that relates to the duties of every-day life, the details of housekeeping, and economical management. French girls of every class, up to the very highest, and with scarcely an exception, are able to cook well, do all sorts of needlework, including dressmaking, and keep accounts. They have no false pride about it, and they regard such knowledge as the simplest matter of course, though naturally they do not always exercise it. Such conditions of domestic education are, perhaps, not necessary in England, where the greater development of wealth amongst the upper classes allows the employment of a large number of servants; but they are none the less admirable in France.

It may generally be said that the secondary education of the French offers a very fair average as compared with that of other nations; that they know less of geography and history and more of sciences and physics than the English of corresponding classes; that they read less and talk better than any other people; and that the natural tendency of their intelligence is not only to shine in society, but to be practical at home.

The third educational result indicated by the figures just given is the

movement from the lay schools towards those directed by the clergy. This new feature reveals itself in schools of every class, but its appearance is still too recent, and its effects, though proportionately large, are still too limited on the whole, to allow of the formation of any present estimate of its probable consequences. It cannot be shown whether the augmentation of religious schools since 1850 results from a pre-existing want of confidence in the public schools, or from the active influence of the clergy since that date; the latter is, however, the more probable explanation. But the movement presents a character of serious importance, not only in a religious but also in a political point of view, for if it should continue to extend it may possibly produce important effects on the convictions and actions of the next generation. It has already been stated that the democratic party is violently attacking the principle of clerical education, and it cannot yet be said that the present law of liberty of teaching is beyond the reach of repeal, especially as the emperor has declared himself hostile to it. He says, in his published works, that "it is the duty of a government at the head of a nation which has just freed itself from the ideas of the past, not only to direct the present generation, but also to bring up the rising generation in the principles which have produced the triumph of this revolution;" and, again: "Unfortunately, the ministers of religion in France are generally opposed to democratic interests; to allow them to establish schools without control is to permit them to educate the people in hatred of the revolution and liberty." Under these circumstances, it is prudent to express no opinion as to what is likely to come of this great question.

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### ALPINE GRASS FARMS.

THOSE monarchs of mountains which we know under the name of the Alps are most prosaically called "hills" by the denizen of the district, for to him they are hills, and nothing more. While red-booked tourists gaze with admiration on the giants, and can glibly run off the name of each soaring pinnacle, it is rare for the peasant to possess any such knowledge, unless he has a desire to earn an honest penny by his visitors. The wondrous sheen of the ice-crowned crests, the majestic appearance of the Alps, and the dread secrets of their glaciers and caves, are matters of perfect indifference to the Swiss Peter Bell. His only regret is that the naked rock bears no vegetation: he would give for an acre of fertile soil square acres of glacier, and good fodder is dearer to him than the most enthralling landscape. By the term "Alps" he only comprehends the mountains in so far as they supply his cattle with pasturage; the "Alp" of the Swiss and the "Alm" of the Tyrolese is, therefore, only a grass farm. Those portions of the Alps on which nourishing fodder grows are called "matten," and they do not generally extend beyond seven thousand feet above the sea level. In the Grisons, however, some meadows are found at a height of ten thousand feet, and stand amid the eternal snows like the exquisite "gardens" seen on the glaciers, where sunny flowers exhale their perfume among the frowning ice. The Alps are divided by

the Swiss peasant into lower, central, and upper; the first is nearest to the habitations, and is frequented by all the domestic animals, including horses, which at times, however, accompany the kine to their true habitat, the central Alp; while the uppermost is left principally to the sheep and goats, the cattle only ascending to it during the hottest months.

The ingenuous reader has probably formed a very incorrect idea of the vegetation of the Alps, and fancies that only the sweetest and most odorous plants, like thyme and marjoram, grow on them, affording magnificent pasturage. Here and there, I grant, there are rich meadows, but they are exceptional, and in most cases the Alpine rocks are covered with scarce an inch of humus, on which a very scanty vegetation grows. Much of the grass is also unfit for pasturage, owing to the incessant wet; and many noxious plants grow there, which the cattle, however, have the sagacity to avoid. On the highest stages of the mountain the best sorts of fodder grass are generally found, the most highly esteemed among them being the Alpine clover (*Trifolium Alpinum*), the Alpine plantain (*Leontodon aureum*), the tragacanth (*Astragalus cicer* and *aristatus*), the fescue grass (*Festuca montana*), the milfoil (*Achillea millefolium*), the succory (*Hieracium pilosella*), yellow clover (*Medicago lupulina*), snail clover (*Medicago minima*), accompanied by spring grass, quaking grass, timothy grass, salsify, spikenard, &c. The most favourite growth with the neatherds is, however, the Alpine bear's-wort (*Meum mutellina*), with its graceful leaves and bright red sweet-smelling blossoms. The bear digs up its roots, and the marmot eagerly collects it for its winter stock of provender. The "*nardus stricta*," which is looked down upon in the plains, is also considered very excellent fodder, as it makes the milk rich; sheep are very fond of it also, and it forms the staple nourishment of the Bergamasque flocks. The nearer we arrive to the snow line, the more the vegetation changes; dwarf trees, among which the mountain pine occupies the chief place, grow more and more stunted; large surfaces are covered with the bright green leaves and pinky blossoms of the Alpine rose, among which flower the ranunculus, and red, blue, and yellow gentian, whose roots are eagerly sought by the digger, for the purpose of preparing a tonic spirit; then Alpine blue-bells, mountain asters, columbine, saxifrage, anemones, and a thousand other pretty children of Flora, which, however, gradually disappear as the Alp ascends. Their place is taken by moss, and last of all by lichens, which, as the last relic of vegetation, cover the highest peaks. Still, the summer tourist, in the midst of the snow, may come across a very garden of fair flowers in some sheltered nook.

The vegetation of the swampy Alpine meadows is similar to that in the plains: oat grass (*Melica nutans*) and cotton grass (*Eriophorum angustifolium*) are found in the lower stages, intermingled with Alpine sorrel (*Rumex Alpinus*) and guinea wheat (*Holcus lanatus*). Very curious here is the appearance of many poisonous plants, among which the foxglove is most striking. Untouched by cattle, even by the nibbling goat, it grows in thick patches, and to a great height, in the damp meadows, even as far as the snow line; it is found, too, very frequently round the milking huts, and is no slight ornament to the otherwise monotonous landscape. This is, however, the only value it possesses, except that, when dried, it can be employed for burning. Near it grows the white hellebore (*Veratum album*), often in incredible luxuriance, equally avoided



by cattle, and only welcome to the root digger. Mezereon, madworts, &c., are frequently found on the Alps, but no instance has been known of cattle injuring themselves by browsing on them. The most valuable growth of all is the true timothy grass (*Pleum appinum*), a very soft, juicy, and productive fodder, which frequently grows to a length of two feet, and hangs picturesquely over the rocks.

The summer trip of the cattle to the Alp usually lasts four or five months, though in rainy seasons it only extends to two. The ascent, as the departure of the cattle is called, generally takes place at the end of May or beginning of June, and is a scene of jollity to the whole village possessing the Alp. In front of the procession gravely marches the leading cow, wearing a red leathern collar, to which a bell often a foot in diameter is suspended; next comes the patriarchal bull, also wearing a bell; then follow the others carrying small bells, which now-a-days produce a species of Dutch concert, though formerly some attempt at harmony was made. The prettiest cows are generally decorated with flowers and streamers, and the milking-stools are fastened between their horns. As the procession passes those chalets where the kine are kept at home, a melancholy lowing greets it, for the cattle all know the season of liberty for which they long. As the summer advances the cows ascend higher up the Alps, and many a squabble takes place about straying cattle. In the olden times the farmers would defend the frontiers of their pasturage staff in hand, but now they content themselves with impounding the errant kine.

The cattle are generally waited on and looked after by a neatherd (the Senn) in Switzerland, by a milkmaid (Sennerin) in Bavaria and the Tyrol. As a general rule, however, men are considered preferable, for it has been found by experience that cheese, when made by women, is not so good, as the necessity of turning the millstone-like cheeses daily during the operation of salting, demands a considerable expenditure of strength. Curiously enough, though, in Switzerland the gravest charge brought against the milkmaids is a want of cleanliness. The hut in which the neatherd lives is usually built of coarsely sawn fir stumps, the interstices being filled up with moss; a chimney is a rarity, and the door serves the purpose of a window. When wood is difficult to obtain, the hut is built of unmortared stones, also covered with moss or earth, and generally stands in a pool of dirty water, where the cattle collect at night, and which is produced by the neatherd emptying the rincings of his milkpans before his door. The furniture principally consists of a cheese caldron, and the necessary articles for making that produce; now and then you may see a rickety chair, but the herd generally contents himself with his milking-stool. I need hardly say that the bed is distinguished by its absence, for the uncivilised fellow prefers sleeping on the hay he has cut for his cattle in the event of bad weather setting in.

The treatment of the cattle is generally kind, and if you can abstract the prevalent dirt, it is a pleasant sight to see them collect round the herd when he has put on his "licking-pouch." This is a large leathern bag in which he keeps salt, sometimes mixed with grasses, which the kine lick out of his hand; at times, however, he spreads it over the back of the cattle, so that they may lick one another. Another agreeable sight is the air of freedom the cattle gradually assume; they play about and indulge in all sorts of tricks, not unfrequently combining to attempt an

assault on the unsuspecting visitor. At times they are careless, and commit suicide by falling off the rocks: thus, in 1845, two cows that were settling a private dispute fell over a precipice near the Staub-bach, and were literally dashed to pieces. It could not have been worse had they met with an English railway accident. In less dangerous instances the neatherd is compelled to help them out of their difficulty by means of ropes; this is more frequently the case, however, with the curious goats, whose boldness impels them to take the most daring leaps, but they suddenly lose all their courage when they find that they cannot get back from their dizzy perch. Man, who imitates the chamois, and surpasses it in daring—else he would not kill it—is consequently obliged to go to the help of the better organised animal, and generally succeeds in rescuing it. The goat does not possess the courage of the chamois, which, when driven into a corner, will leap down a sheer fall of a thousand feet, for it prefers to die of hunger when not rescued from its awkward situation.

The danger to which Alpine cattle are exposed from predaceous animals has now greatly decreased. In Styria or Carnia a bear may still carry off a calf or a goat, but such a foray is the signal for immediate pursuit on the part of the neck-venturing hunters, and Bruin rarely carries his fur back to his lair. Still less frequently does the lynx emerge from its Alpine den, although it is a bloodthirsty and crafty foe of the sheep and goats; but the wolves at times prowl about and commit ravages among the flocks, the great preservation against them being found in the long shaggy Italian dog, which attacks them most furiously. The lambs and kids fall more frequently a prey to the Lämmer-geier, which either pounces down upon them, or drives them off a rock into an abyss with its huge wings. In times of starvation several of these birds will combine to attack a larger animal, but only succeed in overpowering an inexperienced creature, as the old hands remain perfectly passive, and wear out the patience of their assailants.

As the main object of Alpine grass-farming is the production of cheese, I may be permitted to dwell a little longer on the process. In Switzerland various sorts of cheese are made, which, however, may be classified in two categories for my purpose, namely, Gruyère and herb, or green, cheese. The former is subdivided, according to quality, into extra rich, rich, half rich, and lean cheese. The first is rarely made, the last is consumed entirely on the Alp, while the two other sorts are introduced into trade. Their preparation only varies in the richness of the milk employed, and may be shortly described as follows: In the morning, so soon as the neatherd has milked the cows, he proceeds into the dairy, where the previous evening's milk is standing in pans, and the cream has already settled. If rich cheese is to be made, this is mixed, unskimmed, with the morning's milk; if it is to be extra rich, only the cream from it is employed; for half-rich cheese the cream is taken off the evening milk, and the morning milk is added to the residuum; while for thin cheese only the skimmed evening milk is employed. The whole is placed in a caldron, and warmed over a slow fire to between 25 deg. and 30 deg. Réaumur; but the richer the milk is the warmer it must be made. When the required temperature is attained the caldron is removed from the fire, the runnet put in, and the milk left to stand for a quarter of an hour. After the curd has set, the next process is to express the whey, which is effected by cutting the former into small pieces with

a wooden instrument called a sword: the smaller the pieces are the better the cheese will become, as the whey can be more thoroughly removed. When all this has been done the caldron is again placed over the fire, and the mass is heated to 40 deg. Réaumur: this is done not only to separate the whey from the curd, but also to render the latter more cohesive. When the mass has attained this heat the neatherd removes the caldron from the fire, and swings it round rapidly until the curd has formed a globular and compact mass, floating in the whey, along with which it is then placed in a flat milk-pan. After the greater portion of the whey has been clumsily squeezed out, the cheese is placed in the form, where it lies for an hour with a heavy stone upon it, which squeezes more and more whey out; at the expiration of that time it is placed in the cheese-press, where it remains some four-and-twenty hours. When there is no longer any fear of its losing its shape, the next process is salting, which takes place in the cheese-cellar; the rind is washed with a strong solution of brine, which is rubbed in with a clean rag, and fine salt strewn over the surface. In twenty-four hours the salt is brushed away, and the cheese turned to undergo the operation on the lower side: with large cheeses this has to be done daily for four months. The richer and larger the cheese is the longer it must lie—in some cases for a whole year—during which it has to be constantly turned. But this task does not devolve on the neatherd, for he either sells his cheeses when the salting is completed, or they are carried down into the valley to be stored. It is calculated that to make one pound of cheese twelve pounds of rich milk, fifteen of half-rich milk, or twenty of skim-milk, are required; and the cheese also loses from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of its weight while stored. The green cheese is made of the whey that remains over with an admixture of herbs, and, I may also mention here, that considerable quantities of goat's cheese are made on the Alps for home consumption.

For keeping the milk, flat wooden pans called "mulden" are in universal use, but the finest specimens may be seen in Switzerland. They are washed immediately after use in the whey, and a deposit gradually forms on the bottom of the pans, called "milk-stone," or a combination of saccharine matter with a few inorganic salts. As this prevents the acid contained in the milk from penetrating into the wood, no consideration would induce the Swiss farmer to remove it.

The neatherd rarely makes butter, save when specially ordered; but, if firewood be abundant, he produces a large quantity of sugar of milk by evaporating the whey, and this commands a ready sale. In his leisure hours he may make baskets, wooden spoons, and clothes-pegs—at times, too, he will be observed knitting stockings, like the German peasant. No more monotonous life can be conceived than that of the Swiss Senn: he has said good-by to all the comforts of existence, and has only what is absolutely necessary around him. His clothes are as simple and durable as possible; he usually wears a round leathern cap, which presently becomes quite greasy from leaning against the kine while milking, and short leathern trousers, footless stockings, and wooden shoes, complete his costume, though he is glad to kick the latter off. He does not trouble himself much about washing, or changing his linen, and his food mainly consists of dairy produce. He drinks cream instead of coffee, and whey as a substitute for water; fat cheese represents meat, and he eats goat's

cheese in lieu of bread; or, if he desire a dainty dish for a change, he will beat up cream into a species of syllabub. Even if he had meat and bread daily, he is much too lazy to cook, or entertains a prejudice against them, for he considers that the true neatherd ought only to live on the produce of his own hands. Recently, coffee has found its way into some of the huts, and nowhere in the world is cream so extravagantly drunk with it as there; plain milk is never used. But the tobacco-pipe is the Senn's great consolation, and the milkmaids even are partial to it. "Tübackle" represents to these hermits all the other enjoyments of civilisation. The neatherds, as a general rule, are a contemplative and indolent race of beings: they do their work, but nothing beyond. If they have to carry wood, for instance, they do not load on their shoulders one log more than is absolutely required for boiling the caldron. The herd who repairs his cabin, or cleans anything further than his milk vessels, is regarded as a phenomenon. On the higher Alps, the Senn sees but few human beings throughout the summer; at times, his sweetheart, or wife, or a friend may visit him; the owners of the cattle may come up once or twice to look after them; or a neighbouring mountaineer run across to smoke a pipe with him, that is all. He has, however, no craving for society, the place of which his cattle amply supply. If he be young and jolly, he may give a colleague on an adjoining Alp a shrill yell, but you never hear from his lips those bepraised Alpine *Lieder*, which have been fashionable ever since Rossini composed the *Ranz des Vaches* for "William Tell."

Owing to their mode of life, the herdsmen are generally powerful and healthy men, whose astonishing strength has become proverbial in Switzerland. They are mostly short, with a very large bust, and an extraordinary development of shoulders, the consequence of playing with hundred-weights of cheese daily, but their lower works are not so satisfactory, and the majority of them have bandy legs, which they ascribe to the milking-stool. The once widely celebrated hospitality of the Senn-huts is now-a-days only to be met with in those which are rarely visited, and the ordinary herdsmen generally expects hotel prices from mountain tourists for what he sets before them. If their liberality does not come up to his expectations of the right thing, he is apt to give them anything but a blessing on their journey.

When the Alpine meadows are close to the villages, the kine are driven up to them in the morning and home again at night: it is in many districts considered better, however, to leave them out all night, and the boys and girls go up at daybreak to milk them. The goats, in such cases, always return home at night, and it is a pretty sight to see them descending the mountain-slopes under the guidance of the goat-boy. Rich peasants also keep goats, employing their milk for the daily consumption of the family, while that of the cows is reserved exclusively for cheese-making. In many villages what is called a "cheese club" is formed, to which a party of peasants send their milk in common, keeping a man specially to make cheeses: in the larger villages, indeed, two or three such clubs exist, which carry on a profitable business. And this reminds me that Jeremiah Gotthelf has given a charming description of such a club in one of his village tales, which only deserve to be better known in this country to be preferred to Auerbach's peasant stories.

I may allude, in passing, to the Sheep Alps on the southern slopes of

Savoy, the Tyrol, and Lombardy. The mountains there are so extensive, and the population so sparse, that the parishes and landowners generally let a large portion of their Alp to foreign speculators, principally Italians from the province of Bergamo, though the collective name of "Bergamini" is not absolutely indicative of their fatherland. As a general rule, only the plateaux from six thousand to nine thousand feet above the level of the sea are let in Switzerland, and those chiefly in the Grisons, Tessin, and Vaudois. A speculator, generically known as the "pastore," hires a certain district, on to which he turns his sheep, rarely exceeding three hundred in number, under the sole charge of a man and a boy. Milking sheep is a far more difficult task than with cows, and demands practice and patience. The milk is usually mixed with that of cows: a portion of it, made into sweet cheese, produces the celebrated Stracchin, known as a dainty all over the world, while the other milk is curdled, and made into a cheese not known in trade. The Bergamasque sheep are shorn in autumn all on the same day, for which the sheep of an Alpine district are drawn to one spot. Each sheep produces, on the average, seven pounds of wool, sold at the rate of 4*l.* a hundred-weight. Of the system pursued in the Italian Alps, I borrow the following interesting account from Stefano Jacini:

"From the time when the snow begins to melt until autumn the solitude of the mountains is populated by wandering cattle-owners. Cut off from human society, they observe a purely patriarchal mode of life, and have no settled residence, putting up wherever they may be a species of hut, in which they make cheese. If the snow expel them from the Alp, they put their traps on the *bât-horse*, and drive their flocks before them into the plain, where they wander about till they find pasturage. Among this nomadic race the actual shepherds must not be confounded with the Malghesi, or cowkeepers: the former pass a wretched life of poverty, owing to their ignorance. When they come down into the plains they are a thorn in the flesh of the farmers, who follow them up as thieves, because their flocks on the long road down to the plain are not merely satisfied with the grass growing by the wayside or on the banks of torrents, but take tithe of the winter fields, and commit such damage in them that they are not permitted to pass through many parishes. The cowkeepers, as a rule, are much better off than might be supposed from their boorish attire and mode of life. The value of their herds is often considerable, and there are cowkeepers possessing a fortune of 100,000 lire, which does not prevent them, however, from milking their own kine. In autumn they come down from the Alp, and bargain with the farmers in the plain to keep their herds for them during the winter. Sheep-breeding is falling off greatly in Lombardy: banished almost entirely from the more southern mountains, it is now confined to the upper part of the Val Canonica and the Valtelline, where wretched flocks of sheep browse close to the eternal snow, as the shepherds are unable to pay a high rent. But even in these districts the number of the sheep is diminishing, and the breed deteriorating, from year to year; thus, the parish of Ponte di Legno, which only a short time back drove six thousand sheep on to the Alp, has scarce half that number now. All attempts made to promote sheep-breeding at the beginning of this century, when the price of wool and meat was so high, failed. Though the Alps may support sheep during the summer, the best pasturage is reserved for

cattle, and sheep are no longer tolerated in the plains, where they injure the growth of useful plants."

I may mention, in a parenthesis, that in the mountain ranges of Norway and Sweden the Alpine grass farms find a colourable imitation. There, also, the cattle, sheep, and goats, spend the summer on the mountains; and the manufacture of cheese is the great staple, though large quantities of butter are also made. The northern herdsmen, or Seter, are, moreover, expected to collect a sufficient quantity of fodder for the winter, though that rarely happens, and the cattle are compelled to put up with dried fish and other supplementary stock.

The return from the Swiss Alps usually takes place in September, the goats and sheep remaining on the mountain as the rear-guard, and being gradually driven down by the snow. The descent is similar to the ascent, with the exception that it is not so merry, for the men and girls are so attached to a vagabond life, in spite of its privations, that the winter appears to them as bad as imprisonment. During that period of the year they are indolent and obstinate, steal hay and corn whenever they can, and become a nuisance to everybody, not excepting themselves. Unfortunately, the manufacture of cheese in winter is exceptional; very foolishly so, I fancy, for there is no reason why it should not go on, were proper attention paid to the forage.

I have only a few words left to say about the cheese trade in the Alps. It is well known to be not merely a lucrative, but a large branch of commerce, for Gruyère cheeses may be found all over the habitable world. Of course the producer derives the smallest profit from it, and the "cheese gentlemen," or wholesale dealers, take advantage of all the chances of demand. As a rule, a cheese market is held in some central point of the Alpine districts, where buyers and sellers congregate; only those cheeses are offered for sale which will bear transport, and the sellers are bound to deliver the cheeses, free from charge, at the buyer's place of business. As I have stated, only the rich and half-rich cheeses are represented in trade: for instance, the Emmenthaler belongs to the former class, the Parmesan to the latter. When extra rich cheese is made, it is solely for home festivities; it is perfectly hard, yellow, and bears a close resemblance to frozen butter. If exquisite cheese is wanted for marriage feasts and similar occasions of rejoicing, it is wrapped in linen cloths, and sprinkled with wine daily.

A good cow will produce twelve hundred pounds of milk during the summer, and its value may be estimated at three pounds ten shillings. Deducting the wages of the man, salt, firing, the price of utensils, &c., each cow produces about a net profit of a pound for the summer. No wonder, then, that many Swiss economists set their faces against this system as unfitted for the age we live in, for not only is the manure of the entire summer lost, but the kine deteriorate alarmingly, through the in and in breeding. No German farmer thinks of buying an Alpine cow now-a-days, though formerly they commanded the market. The Swiss government has, however, taken the initiative, and I may venture to say that, what with increased attention to arboriculture on the Alps, and the gradual introduction of improved means of cultivation, Alpine grass farms will ere long become a thing of the past. It was this thought which induced me to trouble my readers with the present paper.

## THE HOUSE, BLASWICK.

(CONCLUSION.)

ALL was about to be found out, but not so quickly or so completely as Jack Crossman had settled it in his own mind.

Mary Douglas was actually the poor maniac confined in the loft over the ruined rooms of her own house, and Mrs. Martin's confession had described faithfully how it had all come to pass. She had been flattered by Mr. Branburn's attentions; she had forgotten that old women are seldom wooed save from sordid motives; and not being gifted with much common sense, she had allowed a spirit of romance to mislead her. Very bitterly had she paid for her folly, and it is easy to imagine how disappointment, self-reproach, and weariness, had preyed upon her mind, till at length it gave way under the torture her own thoughts inflicted on her, and she became a miserable maniac. We have little doubt but that this circumstance prolonged a life which might otherwise soon have succumbed under so much accumulated suffering.

Accident had now, as it were, delivered her from her tormentors, and brought her to the protecting roof of her own sister. The meeting must have been most painful to Mrs. Acton; we will not attempt to depict it. Alas, there was no recognition on one side—Mary Douglas had re-entered the world as a stranger. She knew nothing, noticed nothing; it was all unreal to her. She had sight without perception, hearing without retention. It was all a dream of shadowy indistinctness; a dream that conveyed nothing to her, which was present but for a moment, and forgotten as soon as formed.

We must now leave her, and return to facts which were of great importance to all parties concerned in the liberation of Miss Douglas.

My readers will remember that Mrs. Martin disappeared in a most extraordinary way from the rectory of Allandale. She never made her appearance there again, but she wrote to Mrs. Acton, declaring that as she had confessed all, she concluded there could be no necessity for her presence. She hated to eat the bread of those whom she had wronged, and dreading further detention, she thought fit to make her escape in the night. Mrs. Martin gave no address; the postmark on the letter was Liverpool; but on inquiries being made at the various hotels in the town, it did not appear that she had ever been there.

Very strenuous exertions were made to secure the person of Mr. Branburn; but he had evidently been warned of the danger, and had made good his retreat. No one knew where he was; or if they did know, they could not be persuaded to tell. Hugh Franklin had likewise attempted to take safety in flight, but he was not so successful as his master. He left "The House" on the evening after Miss Douglas's escape, but he was soon after discovered in London, and brought back to the north in custody of the police.

Finding that it would be impossible to shield her husband's reputation, and that all must come to light, Mrs. Branburn made a full confession of all she knew regarding the matter. It seemed that she had married him in ignorance of his character, and that it was not till two years afterwards that she discovered there was a person concealed in "The House." She was told at the time that it was Mr. Branburn's sister, but circumstances afterwards revealed the truth to her. She believed the servants were still under the impression that the unfortunate lunatic was her husband's sister.

Hugh Franklin's trial was the next important event. Mrs. Branburn had to appear as a witness at it, the servants were examined, Mrs. Martin's statement was produced and read in court, and the evidence was found to be so conclusive that the jury passed a unanimous verdict of guilty upon the prisoner as an accomplice, and he was condemned to imprisonment for a certain time, with hard labour.

When the whole diabolical plot was sifted to the bottom, many things were brought to light. It was discovered that Mr. Branburn had gone off with a large sum of money, and it was evident, therefore, that he had anticipated the possibility of what had come to pass when he quitted his home in search of Mrs. Martin. Having failed to discover her, and knowing from the anonymous letter she had written that she intended to confess her share in the plot, which would involve him, he had, doubtless, awaited the issue at a distance, and had given himself time to escape to the Continent, or whatever portion of the globe he had fixed upon as his retreat.

Mrs. Acton was made her poor sister's guardian. The property fell into the hands of Chancery till the rightful owners could be decided on, and young Mr. Acton had charge of the estate, being allowed a certain sum to keep it in good order. There was money enough now in the family to relieve Alfred immediately of his college debts, and the fortunes of all seemed brightening.

Miss Douglas's sad condition was alleviated as much as possible. She was placed in an excellent asylum, where her health rapidly improved. She grew stouter, less terrible in her aspect; and sanguine persons, when they saw this change, expressed hopes of her final recovery, which were never realised.

Mrs. Branburn and her children retired to a secluded village, as far away from the scene of their disgrace as possible; there they lived upon her small fortune, which had been settled on herself, and was, therefore, spared to them. She never ceased to pray that the property might not eventually fall into the hands of her son. "Better live in poverty than return to that place," she reasoned; and her wish was granted. After many years Mrs. Acton died one winter from the effects of a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and Miss Douglas was still living. The next heir to the property of "The House" was now young Acton, and no one could dispute his right. Old Mark Douglas's will, after bringing so much misery on all concerned in it, had now righted itself, and there seemed a fair prospect that "The House" would raise its head once more in the world under a new name.

We have been told that Mr. Branburn never communicated with his family, that they were entirely ignorant of his place of residence. It



was whispered at one time that he had got into some gaming quarrel in France, and had been shot in a duel, but the truth of this report was never ascertained. Mr. Branburn was living under an assumed name, and no one knew anything positively about him, either with regard to his life or the manner of his death, but we may justly fear that he came to no good.

His children soon lost that unnatural constraint of manner which had darkened their young lives at the gloomy old "House." They looked back on those days with something akin to awe, and their father's name was never mentioned by them except in their prayers. The little girl had once thrown her arms round her mother's neck, and had inquired in a whisper, "Where is papa?" Her question was answered by a flood of tears, and she never asked again.

We have been taking a great liberty with time, and have summed up events in a few pages which took years in being accomplished. Let us now retrace these vast strides for a moment, and take a glimpse at our old friends the Blaswick gossips.

Old John Hillingham had had no difficulty in supplying news whilst so many exciting occurrences were being enacted in and around "The House." Every day put fresh details into his hands, and he might have been seen on fine evenings, surrounded by a group of anxious listeners, sitting on the bench by the sea-shore, and certainly making the most of all he had heard and seen. Mystery after mystery unravelled itself, however, and the exciting story drew towards its close. The commodity for gossip was getting scarce again, and old John had talked the matter very stale.

"A wa' wrang," he said, one evening. "A thought thaat naa gude ward cum o' thaat letter, boot ye see it ha' brooght Miss Doouglas to life agin. She's ony half alive either, poor thin'!"

Our story must now likewise end, for we are as much at a loss for more to tell as old John used to be before all this took place at "The House;" but, as Mistress Jackson expressed it, "it haad been a fine time, sartinly."

Now it is all over, and we wish our readers a very good night, without asking for a mess of porridge and a pipe, as old John would have done, in return for the tale of "T' Hoose."

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## Mingle-Mangle by Monks'hood.

... but made a mingle-mangle and a hotch-potch of it—I cannot tell what.—  
 Bp. LATIMER'S *Sermons*.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## § 2.

OUR last section closed with Dr. Armstrong's summary benediction "on all the vegetable reign." Urban, if not urbane, wits might "thank thee for that word" vegetable, Doctor,—as suggestive of the vegetative existence they associate with a word they so absolutely decline, *rus*, *ruris*. They would rather not vegetate, they will tell you, even amid the scent of bean-fields, and within sight of turnip-tops and beetroot.

*On ne vit qu'à Paris, et l'on végète ailleurs,*

said Gresset\* (best known by his story of Pretty Poll and the Nuns), more than a hundred years since. If what he said was accounted true of the Paris of Louis the Fifteenth, it is only accounted a truism in the Paris of Napoleon the Third.

Not but that a distinguished name in French literature may here and there be found, in the opposition ranks, or agricultural interest. Huet speaks with evident sincerity of the *plaisir indicible* he enjoyed at his *maison de campagne*. "In this sweet retreat," he says, "I got on well in summer-time without town and town-house, and it was only in my own despite that I forsook my beloved solitude, and returned to Caen to confront the tumult of the crowd."† The learned prelate liked and cultivated—in season, not out of season, it would appear,—

That life—the flowery path that winds by stealth—  
 Which Horace needed for his spirit's health;  
 Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome  
 By noise and strife, and questions wearisome,  
 And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome.‡

Rousseau's impassioned love of nature we need not dwell upon. *Quand vous me verrez prêt à mourir*, he often said, § *portez-moi à l'ombre d'un chêne, je vous promets que j'en reviendrai*. He never had any serious illness, he said, so long as he lived in the country, and he seemed to think it out of all reason that he *could* die there.

M. Philarète Chasles professes to have invariably observed—*j'ai toujours remarqué*—that a man's place of abode has a singular and inevitable analogy with his character and disposition. One must be a philosopher or a mystic, he affirms, to be able to like extended horizons, and landscapes of greenwood and meadow and garden ground: "such views have

\* In his comedy of *Le Méchant*.

† *Mémoires de Daniel Huet*.

‡ Wordsworth, *Liberty*.

§ *Les Confessions*, I<sup>re</sup> Partie, livre vi.

an especial charm for meditative minds, which are harassed and wearied by great towns and their eternal clatter."\* But, as Wordsworth asks,†

Lives there a man whose sole delights  
Arc trivial pomp and city noise,  
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights  
What every natural heart enjoys?  
Who never caught a noontide dream  
From murmur of a running stream;  
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields  
To him, their verdure from the fields;  
And take the radiance from the clouds  
In which the sun his setting shrouds?

In an age which "sang of the country, but avoided going into it," and among men who belonged to the drawing-rooms of Paris, Voltaire, as an English critic remarks, shared with Rousseau the happiness of a true love of nature, although he never made an idol of scenery, as Rousseau did, nor expatiated on the pleasures of the country to the express disadvantage of those of the town. "How do you suppose I was to go to Paris in the spring?" Voltaire writes to M. de Chenevières, in 1763: "I should think myself the most wretched of men if I saw the spring anywhere else than in my own domain. I pity those who do not enjoy nature, and who live without seeing her."‡ *Je veux mourir laboureur et berger*, he said, on another occasion; and he is allowed to have meant it, as much as any one could mean it who had been the favourite of a metropolis.

*Adieu Paris*, is the subject and title of one of Béranger's last lays. He is living *en ermite*, away from all the din and strife of the capital, and he is summoned back thither by reiterated cries of *Reviens vite!* But he is not of Gresset's mind, as to all life out of Paris being sheer vegetation. He communes with his own heart, and that bids him stay where he is. He takes counsel of the birds that chirp on his window-sill, and they too are against the capital, and chorus forth a *Vive le village!*

Qu'en dites-vous, dans ce feuillage,  
Oiseaux qu'aux temps froids je nourris?  
— Nous disons: Vive le village!  
Connait-on l'aurore à Paris?  
Elle entr'ouvre ici tes paupières,  
Au chant des linots, des pinsons.  
A nous tes dernières chansons;  
A toi nos chansons printanières.  
Et puis l'écho redit tout bas:  
Ne t'en va pas.§

And then, of course, by the law (in general) of the Béranger *bis*, and (in particular) of the echo here referred to, the *Ne t'en va pas* is emphatically and expressively repeated.

The famous line of Gresset's, about life being life nowhere but in

\* Philarète Chasles, *Etudes sur les Hommes*.

† *Miscellaneous Poems*, XII.

‡ *Lettres inédites de Voltaire*, 1856.

§ *Dernières Chansons de Béranger*.

Paris, and mere vegetation anywhere else, went so directly home to the bosoms of Frenchmen, and hit so exactly their sense of the metropolitan perfections, that it very soon became a line as familiar and hackneyed in France, as, among ourselves, is, "Like angels' visits, few and far between," or, "Man never is, but always to be, blest." Montaigne had said of Paris, nearly two centuries before *Ver-Vert* Gresset drew that *line* of demarcation between it and the vegetable world,—“Je l'aime tendrement, jusque à ses verrues et à ses taches. Je ne suis François que par cette grande cité, grande en peuples, grande en félicité de son assiette, mais surtout grande et incomparable en variété et diversité des commoditez : la gloire de la France, et l'un des plus nobles ornemens du monde.”\* Madame de Staël was but a type of the nation at large, when she found such intolerable ennui in residing at Coppet, or

anywhere, anywhere out of the world

of Paris. She could not live away from the Rue du Bac, she could only vegetate. A century before her time, the precursor of Voltaire, Bayle, had very much the same feelings, and on the same grounds. He *s'ennuya beaucoup*, we are told, *durant son séjour à Coppet*, where he was preceptor to the sons of the Comte de Dhona. The fact is, says M. Sainte-Beuve, “Bayle had no love for green fields.” He found something weary, stale, and flat, but nothing profitable, in a quiet commerce with Nature. “Son désir de Paris et de tout ce qui l'en pourrait rapprocher était grand.”† It was his doom, however, to be kept at a distance from the object of his desire—like the female genius that was afterwards to make Coppet an illustrious name. Of Madame Geoffrin we are told that whenever she went into the country to pay some friend a visit, she invariably returned home to sleep : she was of opinion that “there is no better air to be had than that of Paris,” and, whatever the place she might happen to be in, she would always give the preference to her kennel (*ruisseau*) of the Rue Saint-Honoré, just as Madame de Staël pined for that of the Rue du Bac.‡ Madame Dudevant gives us her mother's words of preference for Paris before and beyond any other spot—and they are words which express the almost national feeling. “I am Parisian,” she used to say, “to my very soul; all that to others is repulsive about Paris, pleases me, is a necessity to me. I am never either too warm or too cold, there. I like the dusty trees of the boulevard and the black streams that water them, far better than all your forests,—places that put you in bodily fear,—and all your rivers, in which you run the risk of getting drowned. Paris has to me the look of being always keeping holiday (*en fête*), and this constant movement, which I take for gaiety, carries me out of myself”§—an immense thing for a Frenchwoman, this *m'arrachant à moi-même*—it being this particular Frenchwoman's entire and well-founded persuasion that the day it became necessary for her to reflect, would be the day of her death.

Mr. Browning gives an Italian version of this feeling, in his verses entitled “Up at a Villa—down in the City,” as distinguished by an

\* *Essais de Montaigne, Sur la Vanité.*

† Sainte-Beuve, *Portraits Littéraires*, t. i.

‡ *Causeries de Lundi*, t. ii. “Madame Geoffrin.”

§ George Sand, *Histoire de ma Vie.*

Italian Person of Quality. The villa, in Italy, we need not remind the reader, is not quite the same sort of thing in meaning or appearance, as it is in Dalston, or Notting-hill, or St. John's-wood.

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,  
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square.  
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there !  
Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least !  
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast ;  
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

\* \* \* \* \*  
All the year long at the villa, nothing's to see though you linger,  
Except yon cypress that points like Death's lean lifted forefinger.  
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix in the corn and mingle,  
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.  
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,  
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.  
Enough of the seasons—I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ever opening your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin :  
No sooner the bells leave off, than the diligence rattles in :  
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.  
By-and-by there's the travelling doctor, gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth ;  
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.  
At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping hot !  
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Noon strikes—here sweeps the procession ! our Lady borne smiling and smart  
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart !  
*Bang, whang, whang*, goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife ;  
No keeping one's haunches still : it's the greatest pleasure in life.\*

This poor Italian gentleman's regret at being unable to afford this greatest pleasure in life, is matched by the regret of our old poet, Nicholas Breton (Shakspeare's senior by a decade of years), at having to quit these town delights, especially the *bang, whang, whang* and *tootle-te-tootle* department, for scranell straw pastoralism :

And now farewell thou gallant lute,  
With instruments of music's sounds !  
Recorder, cittern, harp, and flute,  
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds,  
I now must leave you all, indeed,  
And make some music on a reed !

or, as he expresses it in the close of another stanza, " I must go live, I wot not where, Nor how to live when I come there,"—or, more racy, in another,

And, in your stead, against my will,  
I must go live with country Jill.†

There is no sense in living but in a great capital, Horace Walpole declares ; one can choose one's way of life, and what sort of company one chooses. " There is more variety of sense, and fewer prejudices : I am sure from my own practice one can live as retiredly as one chooses, and do more what one will than at any other place, without any ennuï.

\* Men and Women, by Robert Browning, vol. i.

† Farewell to Town, by Nicholas Breton.

Pray what is one to do in the country, if so unfortunate as to grow tired of one's first favourite, self? What! have recourse to one's neighbours? oh, they are charming company! They tell you some antiquated lie out of the newspapers, that in London did not gain credit in the steward's parlour even on its birthday. No, I have no patience with your living amongst Country Squires, instead of living amongst men.\*

We have already touched upon Johnson's town-taste; but something more must be cited in illustration of the strong feelings of so determined a townsman. Soon after Boswell's introduction to the Doctor, they walked together one evening in Greenwich Park. "He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with the 'busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet-street.' JOHNSON: 'You are right, sir.'"<sup>†</sup> Boswell was well up in his great friend's predilections, and had already heard him over and over again dilate on the superiority of the metropolis; and maintain that the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it; and "venture to say" that there was more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from the Mitre Tavern, than in all the rest of the kingdom; that a man stored his mind better in London than anywhere else; and that in remote situations a man's body might be feasted, but his mind was starved, and his faculties apt to degenerate, from want of exercise and competition.

A more recent philosopher, cast in quite another mould than Johnson, — Samuel Taylor Coleridge, — has some remarks with the same tendency in one of his discursive essays. He expresses his conviction, that, for the human soul to prosper in rustic life, a certain vantage-ground is pre-requisite. It is not every man, he asserts, that is likely to be improved by a country-life or by country-labours. "Education, or original sensibility, or both, must pre-exist, if the changes, forms, and incidents of nature are to prove a sufficient stimulant. And where these are not sufficient, the mind contracts and hardens by want of stimulants, and the man becomes selfish, sensual, gross, and hard-hearted."<sup>‡</sup>

Then again Johnson laid stress on London's being the best place in the world to cure a man's vanity or arrogance; for as no man, he argued, was either great or good *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he was sure to find in the metropolis many his equals, and some his superiors. The Doctor also contended, that a man in London was in less danger of falling in love indiscreetly, than anywhere else; for there the difficulty of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of a vast variety of objects, kept him safe.

He once told Boswell that he had frequently been offered country preferment, if he would consent to take orders; but "he would not consent to leave the improved society of the capital, or consent to exchange the exhilarating joys and splendid decorations of public life, for the obscurity, insipidity, and uniformity of remote situations."<sup>§</sup>

He nevertheless discouraged Boswell's scheme of transplanting himself

\* Walpole to Mason, May 31, 1783.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub anno*, 1763.

‡ Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. ch. iv.

§ Boswell, 1770.

to London, and so giving up the prospect of residing, as laird of Auchinleck, on the family estate. Boswell had long complained to him of feeling discontented in Scotland, as too narrow a sphere, and confided his wish to take up his abode in London, "the great scene of ambition, instruction, and amusement: a scene which was to me, comparatively speaking, a heaven upon earth. JOHNSON: 'Why, sir, I never knew any one who had such a *gust* for London as you have: and I cannot blame you for your wish to live there: yet,'"<sup>\*</sup>—and then follow the dissuading argument and restraining clauses to which we have referred. It is highly characteristic of both speakers—fickle, feather-brained Jemmy, and staunch, steadfast old Samuel,—that the former should, after a while, suggest a doubt, whether, if he *were* to permanently reside in London, the exquisite zest with which he relished it in occasional visits, might not go off, and he grow tired of it. "Why, sir," answers Johnson, to *that*, "you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Cowper, devotee as he was to the agricultural interest, could and would give emphasis to London's comprehensive excellence in this respect. In his verses to Catharina he computes the *deliciæ* of the capital at upwards of three hundred and sixty-five—for he says that

—the pleasures of London exceed  
In number the days of the year.

And in his pro-Country, anti-Town contention, in "The Sofa," he elaborates the claims of the metropolis to distinction in the arts and sciences, and every province, indeed, of human interest and intelligent research:

Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,  
With which she gazes at yon burning disk  
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?  
In London. Where her implements exact,  
With which she calculates, computes, and scans  
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now  
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?  
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,  
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied  
As London, opulent, enlarged, and still  
Increasing London? Babylon of old  
Not more the glory of the earth, than she  
A more accomplished world's chief glory now.†

During the progress of his last illness, Johnson's affection for the capital appears on repeated occasions. He writes from Lichfield to his physician, that he is not afraid either of a journey to London, or a residence in it. "In the smoky atmosphere I was delivered from the dropsy, which I consider as the original and radical disease. The town is my element."<sup>†</sup> He languished in Lichfield, amid all the tender attentions and watchful respect of an attached circle of friends,—languished for the old noise, and stir, and bustle, of the great metropolis. He must get back, if it was only to die there. Die there he might, and soon must; but nowhere else could he live.

<sup>\*</sup> Boswell, 1777.

† The Task, book i.

† Johnson to Dr. Brocklesby, 25th Oct., 1784.

Let us glance awhile at the late Rev. Sydney Smith, as another example of urban predilections. His letters abound in tributes to mighty London, and confessions of her supremacy in all that charmed and interested him. To Mrs. Apreece (afterwards Lady Davy) he writes, in 1811, from his Yorkshire parsonage: "I have been following the plough. My talk has been of oxen, and I have gloried in the goad.—Your letter operated as a charm. I remembered that there were better things than these;—that there was a Metropolis; that there were wits, chemists, poets, splendid feasts, and captivating women. Why remind a Yorkshire resident clergyman of these things, and put him to recollect human beings at Rome, when he is fattening beasts at Ephesus?" To Miss Berry he writes, in February, 1820: "I have hardly slept out of Foston since I saw you. God send I may be still an animal, and not a vegetable! but I am a little uneasy at this season for sprouting and rural increase, for fear I should have undergone the metamorphose so common in country livings." A letter from him while in Paris, in 1835, has this passage: "Paris is very full. I look at it with some attention, as I am not sure I may not end my days in it. I suspect the fifth act of life should be in great cities; it is there, in the long death of old-age, that a man most forgets himself and his infirmities; receives the greatest consolation from the attention of friends, and the greatest diversion from external circumstances." To Sir George Philips, in the first month of 1836: "Not having your cheerfulness, the country ennuies me at this season of the year." This is the frame of mind complained of by Cowper, when he says of Nature, in her winter dress, or undress, that

Stripped of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers,  
She loses all her influence. Cities then  
Attract us, and neglected nature pines,  
Abandoned, as unworthy of our love.

Otherwise minded, we may be sure, was the Bard of Olney, who would be loyal to Nature in her most desolate season, true as the dial to the sun, although it be not shone upon. For, even then, even at her barest and poorest, are not "wholesome airs," he asks,

—though unperfumed  
By roses, and clear suns though scarcely felt,  
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure  
From clamour, and whose very silence charms,  
To be preferred to smoke, to the eclipse  
That metropolitan volcanoes make,  
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long,  
And to the stir of commerce, driving slow,  
And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels?\*

Sydney Smith, for one, would not have said Aye to Cowper's question: he liked the vicinity of metropolitan volcanoes too well for that, and was not much put about by any amount or density of dark breath from the Stygian throats aforesaid. He tells Lady Gray, in February, 1836, that "Mrs. Sydney and I have been leading a Darby-and-Joan life for these last two months, without children. This kind of life might have done very well for Adam and Eve in Paradise, where the weather was fine, and

\* The Task, book iii.: "The Garden."



the beasts as numerous as in the Zoological Gardens, and the plants equal to anything in the gardens about London; but I like a greater variety." In 1837: "You may depend upon it, all lives out of London are mistakes, more or less grievous;—but mistakes." In 1839, from Combe Florey: "I shall not be sorry to be in town. I am rather tired of simple pleasures, bad reasoning, and worse cookery." In 1840 he indites a parody on Milton's glorious lines—

As one who, long in populous cities pent, &c.,

which he calls "very unjust to London," and therefore proposes to amend, in the manner following:

As one who, long in rural hamlets pent,  
Where squires and parsons deep potatoes make,  
With lengthened tale of fox, or timid hare,  
Or antler'd stag, sore vext by hound and horn,  
Forth issuing on a winter's morn, to reach  
In chaise or coach the London Babylon  
Remote, from each thing met conceives delight;  
Or cab, or car, or evening muffin-bell,  
Or lamps: each city sight, each city sound.

In 1840 he writes to the Countess of Morley: "I am always glad when London time arrives; it always seems in the country as if Joshua were at work, and had stopped the sun." The same year, his wife's illness compelled him to take her to Dover, for change of air, and he thus answers an invitation from Lord Hatherton: "I wish I could accept it; but about forty years ago I contracted an obligation to cherish my wife, and I have been obliged to bring her here; not that I am gulled by the sight of green fields and the sound of singing-birds,—I am too old for that. To my mind there is no verdure in the creation like the green of —'s face, and Luttrell talks more sweetly than birds can sing." And again, to Mrs. Meynell, in 1841: "I am glad your girl likes me. Give my love to her. I do not despair one day of convincing her of the superiority of the pavement over grass." This is like Mr. Pepys in "Sir H. Finche's garden" (now Kensington Gardens), "seeing the fountayne," and, with "much mirth, discoursing to the ladies"—"very fine young lasses," he had previously called them—"in defence of the city against the country"\*—which the tailor's son would do *con amore*; for Secretary Samuel only liked green things after they were cooked, or when inwrought into a waistcoat pattern, or in the tablecloth of an Admiralty board.

It is pleasant, by the way, to see Mr. Pepys out for a day's rustication, in a hired coach and four horses, with his wife and Mrs. Turner—with "some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowle with us"—off at five in the morning, and "a very fine day, and so towards Epsom," and "the country very fine, only the way very dusty," and the time spent at meals in inns, and the interview with a shepherd and his little boy "on the Downes," and Mrs. Turner's gathering, "in the common fields here," "one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life,"—and so over the common, and to the inn again, "and so paid our reckoning and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people

\* Diary of Samuel Pepys, 14 June, 1664.

walking with their wives and children to take the ayre, and we set out for home, the sun by-and-by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasure of this day's work." Would it not be delightful then to reside in the country? Not a bit of it. At any rate, would it not be nice to have a country-house, to retire to now and then, without giving up the town one? No. Mr. Pepys has a better plan than that. What, after this day's experience—such a white day in his calendar—is our Samuel's recorded notion of rural felicity? Hear him, and his deliberate, discreet resolve: "Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on a Saturday [not Mrs. Turner as well?] to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety, and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house."\* Mr. Pepys's interpretation of genuine rural felicity,—that it means, to keep a coach,—is well-nigh as good as the witness's definition of respectability, at Thurtell's trial,—that it means, keeping a gig.

While treating of out-and-out Londoners, confessed champions of Cockaigne, avowed apologists of the City, it were monstrous to omit the name and faithful testimony of Charles Lamb. He declares London to be a more than Mahometan paradise, "whose dirtiest drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman," he would not exchange for Skiddaw and Helvellyn. "O! her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastrycooks! . . . All the streets and pavements are pure gold, I warrant you. At least, I know an alchemy that turns her mud into that metal,—a mind that loves to be at home in crowds!"† He answers an invitation of Wordsworth's to visit Cumberland by saying that, "Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet-street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers; coaches, waggons, playhouses . . . the impossibility of being dull in Fleet-street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?"‡

When Balzac made known his wish to retire from busy life, and proposed fixing on the solitude of the Chartreux, or some beautiful spot in Italy's choicest recesses, that hard student and recluse thinker, Des-

\* Diary of Samuel Pepys, 14 July, 1667.

† Lamb to Manning, 1800.

‡ Lamb to Wordsworth, Jan., 1801.

cartes, wrote and advised his friend to renounce these schemes, and join him in Amsterdam. "I prefer this situation," the abstruse philosopher tells him, "to that even of your delicious villa, where I spent so great a part of the last year; for, however agreeable a country-house may be, a thousand little conveniences are wanted, which can only be found in a city. . . . Here, as everybody but myself is occupied in commerce, it depends merely on myself to live unknown to the world. I walk every day amongst immense ranks of people, with as much tranquillity as you do in your green alleys. . . . The busy hum of these merchants does not disturb one more than the purling of your brooks. . . . If you contemplate with delight the fruits of your orchards, with all the rich promises of abundance, do you think I feel less in observing so many fleets that convey to me the productions of either India? What spot on earth could you find, which, like this, can so interest your vanity and gratify your taste?"\* There is something noticeable of analogy between the views and likings of Descartes writing to Balzac from Amsterdam, and those of (what a different manner of man!) Elia the Essayist, writing to Wordsworth from the purlieu of Fleet-street.

However, Lamb did visit the Lakes in the ensuing year; and that he made some advances towards fellowship with the hills we have seen him treat so cavalierly, his subsequent letters show, as Justice Talfourd remarks,—who nevertheless adds, that Lamb's feelings never heartily associated with "the bare earth, and mountains bare," which sufficed Wordsworth, and that he clung rather to the little hints and suggestions of nature in the midst of crowded cities. In his latter years, Talfourd heard him, when longing after London among the pleasant fields of Enfield, declare that his love of natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass, and the stunted trees, that blacken in the old churchyard nooks yet to be found bordering on Thames-street.

When he got back from the Lakes, he wrote to Manning praising Skiddaw sky-high. But after all, he said, Fleet-street and the Strand were better places to live in "for good and all" than anywhere near that mountain. He could not *live* in the Skiddaw region. He could spend a year, two, three years, among the Cumberland hills, but he must have a prospect of seeing Fleet-street at the end of that time, or he should mope and pine away, he knew.†

Not Sir Walter himself was more touchingly in earnest when he told Mr. Washington Irving,‡ that, after being some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, "which is like ornamented garden land," he always began to wish himself back among his own honest grey hills: "And if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die!*" Which last words, we are told, Scott uttered with a cordial warmth, accompanied with a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in his speech. We have little doubt that could any one have overlooked Charles Lamb, when writing down the converse yet corresponding sentiment, some equivalent emphasis with

\* See the letter in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature. First Series.* "The Student in the Metropolis."

† Lamb to Manning, 24 Sept., 1802.

‡ Crayon Miscellany, "Abbotsford."

the manipulation of his pen, digging itself with extra decision into the substance of the paper,—or perchance tearful eyes and a quivering wrist—would have been similarly manifest. Not dearer were heather-bells to Sir Walter, than Bow bells to Charles Lamb.

He was born, this gentle Carlagulus, as he tells *Mr. Reflector*, under the shadow of St. Dunstan's steeple, just where the conflux of the eastern and western inhabitants of this twofold city meet and jostle in friendly opposition at Temple-bar. He was therefore born in a crowd. This, he considers, begot in him an entire affection for crowded life, amounting to an almost insurmountable aversion from solitude and rural scenes. A mob of happy faces thronging up at the pit door of Drury Lane Theatre, just at the hour of six, gave him, he declared, ten thousand sincerer pleasures, than he could ever receive from all the flocks of (notwithstanding his name) "silly sheep" that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs.

The very deformities of London, he goes on to say,\* which give distaste to others, from habit did not displease him. "From habit I perceive nothing but urbanity, where other men, more refined, discover meanness: I love the very smoke of London, because it has been the medium most familiar to my vision." He would have sympathised faintly with Thomas Hood's repining stanza,

Sweet are the little brooks that run  
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,  
Singing in soothing tones:  
Not thus the city streamlets flow;  
They make no music as they go,  
Though never "off the stones."†

On the contrary, Lamb could, like the Foresters of Arden, find "books in the running brooks" even of Holborn and the Fleet, and "sermons in stones" such as Hood makes good for nothing, and in short "good in everything" that is of the city, cittyish.

The time came when Elia, a Superannuated Man, found it expedient, for his own and his sister's sake, to remove to Enfield. But he could never subside into peace of mind there. In the "self-condemned obliviousness," as he calls it, when writing to Wordsworth early in 1830, in the stagnation of that little teasing image of a town, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, would keep rising, prompting him that there was a London, and that he was of that old Jerusalem. "In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eliosa in this detestable Paraclete. . . Among one's books at one's fire by candle, one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not (?) in the country; but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into St. Giles's. O! let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable."

Then follows that famous bit of characteristic audacity, which only Lamb was capable of, in its compound strength of extravagance, humour,

\* Letter to the Editor of *The Reflector*, signed A Londoner.

† Hood's "Town and Country."

and paradox profane—the quiet assertion, namely, that a garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. “Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns”<sup>\*</sup>—these all, he thankfully adds, came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence. Precisians often avow themselves shocked at Charles Lamb’s daring *tours de force*, in feats of whim and oddity. Let them not forget that so grave and orthodox an authority as Wordsworth—the very person to whom this epistolary extravaganza was addressed—bore deliberate witness of him, four years later, when his last home was taken up (not in London but) in Edmonton churchyard,

O, he was good, if e’er a good man lived !

By way of contrast to Charles Lamb—not in goodness, but in the town-and-country question,—take his old friend and correspondent, Robert Southey. *He* not merely prefers the country. He has a sheer hatred of the town. It is not a case of comparative dislike ; but one of positive aversion. As early as 1796, when his plans were yet unsettled, and he was casting about for a profession, as well as a local habitation, wherein to make a name, we find him writing to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford: “London is not the only place for me : I have an unspeakable loathing for that huge city. ‘God made the country, and man made the town.’ Now, as God made me likewise, I love the country.” In another letter: “I ardently wish for children ; yet, if God should bless me with any, I shall be unhappy to see them poisoned by the air of London.

Sir,—I do thank God for it,—I do hate  
Most heartily that city.

So said John Donne; ’tis a favourite quotation of mine. My spirits always sink when I approach it. Green fields are my delight. I am not only better in health, but even in heart, in the country. A fine day exhilarates my heart ; if it rains, I behold the grass assume a richer verdure as it drinks the moisture : everything that I behold is very good, except man ; and in London I see nothing but man and his works.” In another, after the hateful metropolis had yet been fixed upon for his place of abode : “However, I expect to be as comfortable as it is possible to be in that cursed city, ‘that huge and hateful sepulchre of men.’ I detest cities, and had rather live in the fens of Lincolnshire or on Salisbury Plain than in the best situation London could furnish. . . It is not talking nonsense when I say that the London air is as bad for the mind as for the body, for the mind is a chameleon that receives its colours from surrounding objects,”—the differential character of which we have seen set down, by Southey’s differential calculus, in the previous quotation. In another he says—what looks almost like some sentence of Lamb’s read the wrong way—“a field thistle is to me worth all the flowers of Covent Garden.” “I hate the journey,” he writes, from Bath, in 1797 ; “and yet going to London I may say, with Quarles,

My journey’s better than my journey’s end.”

In 1798 he writes to Mrs. Southey in blank verse instead of plain prose—and here is a fragment from the metrical epistle:

<sup>\*</sup> Lamb to Wordsworth, Jan. 22, 1830.

To dwell in that foul city,—to endure  
 The common, hollow, cold lip-intercourse  
 Of life; to walk abroad and never see  
 Green field, or running brook, or setting sun!  
 Will it not wither up my faculties,  
 Like some poor myrtle that in the town air  
 Pines in the parlour window?

In 1800 he tells Mr. Rickman that, should he, Southey, recover his health, London must be his place of residence; but that, much as he enjoys society, rather than purchase it by residing in "that huge denaturalised city," he would prefer dwelling on Poole Heath. In 1803 he writes Mr. Bedford that the prospect of a journey to London, and the unavoidable weariness of tramping over that overgrown metropolis, half terrifies him. In 1806 he describes his feelings when in London, ever the same, to Mr. Charles Wynn: "always weary, always in haste, always restless, and with a sense of discomfort produced by the detestable composition of fog, smoke, and pulverised horse-dung, which serves the Londoners for an atmosphere." He could truly say that the pleasantest minute he passed in the capital was when he seated himself in the stage-coach to depart from it.

And once more, in 1817, we have him telling Mr. Chauncey H. Townsend, apropos of living amid Norfolk scenery, or the levels of Picardy, "Anywhere I could find food for the heart and the imagination, at those times when we are open to outward influences, except in great cities. If I were confined in them, I should wither away like a flower in a parlour window."\* He had neither outlived the feelings, nor forgotten the simile, of his metrical letter to Mrs. Southey, nineteen years before.

His poetical Epistle to Allan Cunningham includes the assurance (1828),

Needless it were to say how willingly  
 I bade the huge metropolis farewell,  
 Its din, and dust, and dirt, and smoke, and smut,  
 Thames' water, paviour's ground, and London sky.  
 . . . . . Donne did not hate  
 More perfectly, that city. Not for all  
 Its social, all its intellectual joys, . . .  
 Would I renounce the genial influences  
 And thoughts and feelings to be found where'er  
 We breathe beneath the open sky, and see  
 Earth's liberal bosom.†

Southey, then, it will be owned, was a good hater of the city which had so good a lover in Charles Lamb. Both these men, too, were constant in their likes and dislikes city-wards. Their preference, respectively, was not a varying, but a constant quantity. Many people fluctuate notoriously in this respect. They fancy the country till they get there, and pine for the city as soon as they are away from it. Or *vice versa*; like Robert Greene's Shepherd, who

—left the fields and took him to the town,  
 Fold sheep who list, the hook *he* cast away;

\* Life and Letters of Robert Southey, vol. i. pp. 277, 293, 295, 299, 323, 336; vol. ii. pp. 45, 207; vol. iii. pp. 4, 239; vol. iv. p. 283. Also, Selections (Mr. Wood Warter's) from Southey's Letters, vol. i. pp. 71, 153, 372; vol. ii. p. 80, &c.

† Poetical Works of Robert Southey, vol. iii. (edit. 1837). Epistle to Allan Cunningham.

Menalcas would not be a country clown,  
Nor shepherd's weeds, but garments far more gay,—

but whose resolve, after a half-dozen intermediate stanzas, of civic experience and disappointment, is,

To flocks again; away the wanton town,  
Fond pride avant; give me the shepherd's hook,  
A coat of gray, I'll be a country clown,\* &c.

Tremaine's morning in the alcove terminates with this bit of self-questioning: "Whence is it that in London, surrounded by a vexatious crowd, I sighed for such a retreat as this, where I might suspect no man's sincerity, and study nature in her most pleasing attire; and here, where I have her, and can compare the delightful original with the copy, that the banquet should fail?"† Mr. Hawthorne's Blithedale Romancer acknowledges, as the romance gets more than half way over, that whatever had been his taste for solitude and natural scenery, yet the "thick, foggy, stifled elements of cities, the entangled life of many men together, sordid as it was, and empty of the beautiful, took quite as strenuous a hold" upon his mind.‡ "How often, my dear Bob," sighs one of Mrs. Gore's fashionable Londoners, to his brother-in-law, at Eden Castle, "did we sigh in London, last year, for the quiet of the country!"—whereas *now* the cry is, "away with buttercups and daisies! Who would not rather hear Sheridan speak than the brooks bubble? Who would not rather dine at Carlton House, than watch yonder oxen grazing—like beasts as they are?"§ But Pope had pointed the same moral ages ago:

Papilia, wedded to her amorous spark,  
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a Park!"  
A Park is purchased, but the fair he sees  
All bathed in tears—"Oh odious, odious Treas!"||

Even those who will not confess to any such violent reaction as this, hum and haw equivocally about country pleasures when they get into them. They acquiesce with a qualification, and assent with a demur. They modify, and fence, and tergiversate, much in the style of Shakespeare's jester in the Forest of Arden. "And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?" Corin asks that most delectable of motley fools. "Truly, shepherd," is Touchstone's answer (or no answer), "in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the field, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious." And so, like Mr. Burke in St. Stephen's, he goes on refining, to an extent that should have made a preliminary of what he makes the sequel of his dissertation—the query, namely, "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"¶ Unconsciously, Corin *had*; but not of a kind to follow the subtle windings of Touchstone's degrees of comparison, or

\* Poems of Robert Greene: The Song of a Country Swain.

† Tremaine; or, The Man of Refinement, ch. x.

‡ The Blithedale Romance, § xvii.

§ Self; or, The Narrow, Narrow World, ch. xv.

|| Pope's Moral Essays, ep. ii.

¶ As You Like It, Act III. Sc. 2.

suspect anything but mystification prepenne in all that labyrinth of clauses.

It is the vacillating preference, now of country, now of town—the fluctuating desire, now of rural associations, and now of city scenes—that makes residence in suburban districts so agreeable to many. Not having, on the other hand, the pronounced and unchangeable affection of Charles Lamb for metropolitan characteristics, including even (for he would not have excluded)

The cabman's cry to get out of the way,  
The dustman's call down the arca-grate,  
The young maid's jest, and the old wife's scold,  
The haggling talk of the boys at a stall,  
The fight in the street which is backed for gold—  
The plea of the lawyers in Westminster Hall;  
The drop on the stones of the blind man's staff,  
As he trades in his own grief's sacredness—\*

nor having, on the other hand, Southey's uncompromising and indefeasible loyalty to rural quiet—they gladly pitch their tent within reach both of city squares and of hedgerow lanes, and congratulate themselves on securing ready access to either, according as the taste for either may prevail. Christopher North professes to love "suburban retirement" even more than the remotest rural solitude. In old age, one needs, he says, to have the neighbourhood of human beings to lean upon—"and in the stillness of awakening morn or hushing eve, my spirit yearns towards the hum of the city, and finds a relief from all o'er-mastering thoughts, in its fellowship with the busy multitudes sailing along the many streams of life, too near to be wholly forgotten, and yet far enough off not to harass or disturb. In my most world-sick dreams, I never longed to be a hermit in his cave. Mine eyes have still loved the smoke of human dwellings—and when my infirmities keep me from church, sitting here in this arbour, with Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, perhaps, on the table before me, how solemn, how sublime, the sound of Sabbath-bells—whether the towers and spires are shining in the sunlight, or heard each in its own region of the consecrated city, through a softening weight of mist or clouds from the windy sea!"† John Wilson was in the prime of life when he described these, an old man's feelings. A quarter of a century later, he was an old man himself; and it was then his lot to be tended and cherished in a suburban home, such as he had idealised in his Buchanan Lodge—there to eke out the infirm remainder of his once exuberant strength, and there to close his eyes at last, almost within sound of the Tron Church and St. Giles's chimes, and within sight, in grey, grand outline, of Arthur's Seat.

\* Mrs. Browning's Poems, vol. ii.: "The Soul's Travelling."

† Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. xliii. (May, 1829.)



## BEATRICE BOVILLE; OR, PRIDE VERSUS PRIDE.

BY OUIDA.

## I.

## OF EARLSCOURT'S FIANCÉE.

To compass her with sweet observances,  
To dress her beautifully and keep her true.

That, according to Mr. Tennyson's lately-published opinion, is the devoir of that deeply-to-be-pitied individual, l'homme marié. Possibly in the times of which the Idylls treat, Launcelot and Guenevere *might* have been the sole, exceptional mauvais sujets in the land, and woad, being the chief ingredient in the toilette-dress, mightn't come quite so expensive. But now-a-days "sweet observances," rendered, I presume, by gifts from Hunt and Roskell's and boxes in the grand tier, tell on a cheque-book so severely; "keeping her true" is such an exceedingly problematical performance, to judge by Sir C. C.'s breathless work, and "dressing her beautifully" comes so awfully expensive, with crinoline and cashmeres, pink pearls, and Mechlin, and the beau sexe's scornful repudiation, not alone of a faded silk, like poor Enid's, but of the handsomest dress going, if it's damned by being "seen twice," that I have ever vowed that, plaise à Dieu, I will never marry, and with Heaven's help will keep the vow better than I might most probably keep the matrimonial ones if I took them. Yet if ever I saw a woman for whom I could have fancied a man's committing that semi-suicidal act, that woman was Beatrice Boville. Not for her beauty, for, except one of the loveliest figures and a pair of the most glorious eyes, she did not claim much; not for her money, for she had none; not for her birth, for on one side that was somewhat obscure; but for *herself*: and had I ever tried the herculean task of dressing anybody beautifully and keeping anybody true, it should have been she, but for the fact that when I knew her first she was engaged to my cousin Earls court. We had none of us ever dreamt he would marry, for he had been sworn to political life so long, given over so utterly to the battle-ground of St. Stephen's and the intrigues of Downing-street that the ladies of our house were sorely wrathful when they heard that he had at last fallen in love and proposed to Beatrice Boville, who, though she was Lady Mechlin's niece, was the daughter of a West Indian who had married her mother, broken her heart, spent her money, deserted her, and never been heard of since; the more wrathful as they had no help for themselves, and were obliged to be contented with distinguishing her with refreshing appellations of a "very clever schemer," evidently a "perfect intrigante," and similar epithets with which their sex is driven for consolation under such trying circumstances. It's a certain amount of relief to us to call a man who has cut us down in a race "a stupid owl; very little in him!" but it is mild gratification to that enjoyed by ladies when they retaliate for injury done them by that delightful bonbon of a sentence, "No doubt a most artful person!" You

see it conveys so much, and proves three things in one—their own artlessness, their enemy's worthlessness, and their victim's folly. Being with Earls court at the time of his "singularly unwise step," as they phrased it, I knew that he wasn't trapped in any way, and that he was loved irrespectively of his social rank; but where was the good of telling that to deeply-injured and perforce silenced ladies? "They knew better;" and when a woman says that, always bow to her superior judgment, my good fellow, even when she knows better than you what you did with yourself last evening, and informs you positively you were at that odious Mrs. Vanille's opera supper, though, to the best of your belief, you never stirred from the U. S. card-room; or you will be voted a Goth, and make an enemy for the rest of your natural life.

In opposition to the rest of the family, I thought (and you must know by this time, *amis lecteurs*, that I hardly think marriage so enjoyable an institution as some writers do, but perhaps a little like a pipe of opium, of which the dreams are better than the awakening)—I thought that he could hardly have done better, as far as his own happiness went, as I saw her standing by him one evening in the window of Lady Mechlin's rooms at Lemongenseidnitz, where we all were that August, a brilliant, fascinating woman already, though then but nineteen, noble-hearted, frank, impetuous, with something in the turn of her head and the proud glance of her eyes that told you you might trust her; that she was of the stuff to keep her word even to her own hindrance; that neither would she tell a lie nor brook one imputed to her; that she might err on the side of pride, on the side of meanness never; that she might have plenty of failings, but not anything petty, low, or ungenerous among them. The evening sun fell on them as they stood, on her high white forehead, with its chestnut hair turned off it as you see it in old pictures, which Earls court was touching caressingly with his hand as he talked to her. They seemed well suited, and yet—his fault was pride, an unassailable, unyielding pride; hers was pride too, pride in her own truth and honour, which would send you to the deuce if you ever presumed to doubt either; and I wondered idly as I looked at them whether those two prides would ever come in conflict, and if so, whether either of them would give in in such a case, whether there would be submission on one side or on both, or on neither? Such metaphysical and romantic calculations are not often my line; but as they stood together the sun faded off, and a cold stormy wind blew up in its stead, which perhaps metaphorically suggested the problem to me. As one goes through life one gets up to so many sunny, balmy, cloudless days, and so often before the night is down gets wetted to the skin by a drenching shower, that one contracts an uncomfortable habit, when the sun *does* shine, of looking out for squalls, a fear that, sans doute, considerably damps the pleasures of the noon. But the fear is natural, isn't it, more's the pity, when one has been often caught?

I chanced to ask her that night what made her so fond of Earls court. She turned her fearless, flashing eyes half laughingly, half haughtily on me, the colour brighter in her face:

"I should have thought you would rather have asked how could I, or any other woman whom he stooped to notice, fail to love him? There are few hearts and intellects so noble; he is as superior to you ball-room loungers, you butterfly flutterers, as the stars to that chandelier."

"Bien obligé!" laughed I. "But that is just what I meant. Most young ladies are afraid of him; you never were?" She laughed contemptuously.

"Afraid? You do not know much of me. It is precisely his giant intellect that first drew me to him, when I heard his speech on the Austrian question. Do you remember how the Lords listened to him so quietly that you could have heard a feather fall? I like that silence of theirs when they hear what they admire, better than I do the cheers of the other House. Afraid of him? What a ludicrous idea! Do you suppose I should be afraid of any one? It is only those who are conceited, or cowardly, who are timid. If you have nothing to assume, or to conceal, what cause have you to fear? I love, honour, reverence Lord Earls court, God knows; but fear him—never!"

"Nor even his anger, if you ever incurred it?" I asked her, amused with her haughty indignation.

"Certainly not. Did I merit it, I would come to him frankly and ask his pardon, and he would give it; if I did not deserve it, *he* would be the one to repent."

She looked far more attractive than many a handsomer woman, and infinitely more noble than a more tractable one. She was admirably fitted for Earls court if he trusted and understood her; but it was just possible he might some day *mistrust* and *misunderstand* her, and then there might be the devil to pay!

## II.

### THE FIRST SHADOW.

LEMONGENSEIDLITZ was a charming little Bad. Beatrice Boville and her aunt Lady Mechlin, Earls court and I, had been there six weeks. His brother peers—of whom there were scores at Lemongenseidlitz—complimented Earls court on his fiancée.

"So you're caught at last?" said an octogenarian minister, who was as sprightly as a schoolboy. "Well, my dear fellow, you might have gone higher, *sans doute*, but on my honour I don't think you could have done better."

It was the universal opinion. Beatrice was not the belle of the Bad, because there were dozens of beautiful women, and beautiful she was not; but she was more admired than any of them, and had Earls court wanted voices to justify his choice he would have had them, but he didn't; he was entirely independent of the opinions of others, and had he chosen to set his coronet on the brows of a peasant girl, would have cared little what any one thought or said. We all of us enjoyed that six weeks. Lady Mechlin lost to her heart's content at roulette, and was as complacent over her losses as any old dowager could be. Beatrice Boville shone best, as nice natures ever do, in a sunny atmosphere; and if she had any faults of impatient temper or pride, there was nothing to call them forth. Earls court, cold politician though he'd been, gave himself up entirely to the warmer, brighter existence, which he found in his new passion; and I, not being in love with anybody, made the pleasantest love possible wherever I liked. We all of us found a *couleur de rose tint*

in the air of little Lemongenseidnitz, and I'd quite forgotten my presentiment, when, one night at the Kursaal, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand came up on their sunny horizon, and put me in mind of it.

Earlscourt came into the ball-room rather late; he had been talking with some French ministers on some international project which he was anxious to effect, and asked Lady Mechlin where Beatrice was.

"She was with me a moment ago; she is waltzing, I dare say," said the old lady, whose soul was hankering after the ivory ball.

"Very likely," he answered, as he looked among the dancers for her: he was restless without her, though he would have liked none to see the weakness, for he was a man who felt more than he told. He could not see her, and went through the rooms till he found her, which was in a small ante-room, alone. She started as he spoke to her, and a start being a timorous and nervous thing of which Beatrice Boville was never guilty, he drew her to him anxiously.

"My darling, has anything annoyed you?"

She answered him with her habitual candour:

"Yes; but I cannot tell you what, just now."

"Cannot tell me! and why?"

"Because I cannot. I can give no other reason. It is nothing of import to you, or you are sure I should not keep it from you."

"Yes; but I am equally sure that anything that concerns you is of import to me. To whom should you tell anything, if not to me? I do not like concealment, Beatrice."

His tone was grave; indeed, too much like reproof to a fractious child to suit Beatrice's pride. She drew away from him.

"Nor I. You must think but meanly of me if you can impute anything like concealment to me."

"How can I do otherwise? You tell me you have been annoyed, and refuse to say how, and by whom. Is that anything but concealment? If any one has offended or insulted you, I ought to be the first you came to. A woman, Beatrice, should have nothing hidden from the man who is, or will be, her husband."

She threw her arms round him. Her moods were variable as a child's. Perhaps this very variability Earlscourt hardly understood, for it was utterly opposed to his own character: you always found him the same; *she* would be all storm one moment, all sunshine the next.

"Do you suppose I would hide anything from you? Do you think for a moment I would hold back anything you had a right to know? You might look into my heart; there would be no thought or feeling there I should wish to keep from you. But if you exact confidence, so do I. Would you think of taking as your wife one you could not trust?"

He answered her a little sternly:

"No; if I once ceased to believe in your truth or honour, as I believe in my own, I should part from you for ever, though God knows what it would cost me!"

"God knows what it would cost *me*! But I give you free leave. The instant you find a flaw in either, I am no longer worthy of your love; withdraw it, and I will never complain. But trust me you must and will; I merit your confidence, and I exact it. Look at me, Ernest. Do you believe I could ever deceive you?"

He looked into her eyes long and earnestly.

"No. When you do, your eyes will droop before mine. I trust you, Beatrice, fully, and I know you will never wrong it."

She clung to him with caressant softness, softer in her than in a meeker-spirited woman, as she whispered, "Never!" and a man would need have been obtuse and sceptical, indeed, who could then have doubted her. And so that cloud blew over, for a time, at the least—trusted, Beatrice Boville was soft and gentle as a lamb; mistrusted or misjudged, she was fiery as a young lioness, and Earls court, I thought, though originally won by her intellect, held her too much as a child to fully understand her character, and to see that, though she was his darling and plaything, she was also a passionate, ardent, proud-spirited woman, stung by injustice and impatient of doubt. No two people could be more fitted to make each other's happiness, yet it struck me that it was just possible they might make each other's misery very completely, through want of comprehension on the one side, through want of explanation on the other.

"Your marriage is fixed, isn't it, Earls court?" asked his sister, Lady Clive Edghill, who had come to Lemongenseidnitz; and though compelled by him, as he compelled all the rest of the family, to show Beatrice strict courtesy, disliked her, because she was not an advantageous match, was much too young in their opinion, and had no money—the gravest crimes a woman can have in the eyes of any man's relatives. "The 14th! Indeed! yours is a very short engagement!"

"Is there any reason why it should be longer?"

"Oh dear, no! none that I am aware of. I wish earnestly, my dear Earls court, I could congratulate you more warmly; but I can never say what I do not feel, and I had so much hoped——"

"My dear Helena, as long as I have so much reason to congratulate myself, it matters very little whether you do or do not," smiled Earls court. He was too much of a lion to be stung by gnats.

"I dare say. I sincerely trust you may ever have reason. But I heard some very disagreeable things about that Mr. Boville, Beatrice's father. Do you know that he was in a West India regiment, but was deprived of his commission even there—a perfect blackleg and sharper, I understand. I suppose she has never mentioned him to you?"

"You are very much mistaken; all that Beatrice knows of him I know; that is but little, for Lady Mechlin took her long ago, when her mother died, from such unfit guardianship. Beatrice is as open as the day——"

"Indeed! A little too frank, perhaps?"

"Too frank? That is a paradox. No one can have too much candour. It is not a virtue of your sex, but it is one, thank God! which she possesses in a rare degree, though possibly it gains her enemies where it should gain her friends."

"Still frankness *may* merge into indiscretion," said Helena, musingly.

"I doubt it. An indiscreet woman is never frank, for she has always the memory of silly things said and done which require concealment."

"I was merely thinking," Helena went on, regardless of a speech which she did not perhaps relish, pour cause, "merely from my deep interest in you and my knowledge of all you will wish your wife to be, that perhaps Beatrice might be, in pure insouciance, a little too careless,

a little too candid for so prominent a position as she will occupy. Last night, in passing a little ante-room in the Redoute, I saw her in such extremely earnest conversation with a man, a handsome man, about your height and age, and——”

The ante-room! Earls court thought, with a pang, of the start she had given when he entered it the previous night. But he was not of a jealous temperament, nor a curious one; his mind was too constantly occupied with great projects and ambitions to be capable of joining petty things together into an elaborate mosaic; he had no pettinesses himself, and trifles passed unheeded. He interrupted her decidedly.

“What is there in that to build a pyramid of censure from? Doubtless it was one of her acquaintance—probably one of mine also. I should have thought you knew me better, Helena, than to attempt this gossiping nonsense with me.”

“Oh! I say no more. I only thought you, of all men, would wish Cæsar’s wife to be above——”

The gnat-stings had been too insignificant to rouse him before, but at this one his eyebrows contracted, and he rose.

“Silence! Never venture to make such a speech as that to me again. In insulting Beatrice you insult me. Unless you can mention her in terms of proper respect and reverence, never presume to speak her name to me again. Her enemies are my enemies, and, whoever they be, I shall treat them as such.”

Helena was sorely frightened; if she held anybody in veneration it was Earls court, and she would never have ventured so far with him but for the causeless hate she had taken to Beatrice, simply because Lady Clive had decided long ago that her brother was too voué to public life ever to marry, and that her son would succeed to his title. She was sorely frightened, but she comforted herself—the little thorn she had thrust in might rankle after a while: as pleasant a consolation under failure as any lady could desire.

Beatrice was coming along the corridor as Earls court left Helena’s rooms, which were in the same hotel as Lady Mechlin’s. She was stopping to look out of one of the windows at the sunset; she did not see him at first, and he watched her unobserved, and smiled at the idea of associating anything deceitful with her—smiled still more at the idea when she came up to him, with her frank, bright regard, lifting her face for a caress, and putting both her hands through his arm. Accustomed to chill and reserved women in his own family, her abandon had a great charm for him; but perhaps it led him into his error in holding her still as half a child.

“You have been seeing my enemy?” she said, laughingly. “Your sister does not like me, does she?”

“Not like you! Why should you think so? She may not like my marrying, perhaps, because she had decided for me that I should never do so; and no woman can bear any prophecies she makes to prove wrong.”

“Very possibly that may be one reason; but she does not think me good enough for you.”

Her lips curved disdainfully, and Earls court caught a glimpse of her in her fiery mood. He laughed at her where, with her, he had better have

admitted the truth. Beatrice had too much pride to be wounded by it, and far too much good sense to measure herself by money and station.

"Nonsense, Beatrice; I should have thought you too proud to suppose such a thing," he said, carelessly.

"It is the truth, nevertheless."

"More foolish she, then; but if you and I do not, what can it signify?"

"Nothing. As long as I am worthy of you in your eyes, what others think or say is nothing to me. I honour you too much to make the gauge between us a third person's opinion, or measure you or myself by a few steps higher or lower in the social ladder. Your sister thinks me below you in rank, so it! She is right: I am quite ready to admit it; but that I am your equal in all that makes men and women equal in the sight of Heaven, I know. When she finds me unworthy of you in thought or deed, then she may call me beneath you—not till then!"

Her cheeks were flushed; he could hear her quick breathings, and in her vehemence and haughty indignation she picked the petals of her bouquet de corsage to pieces and flung them away. Another time he would have thought how well her pride became her, and given her some fond reply. Just now the thorn rankled as Lady Clive had hoped, and he answered her gravely, in the tone which it was as unwise to use to her as to prick a thorough-bred colt with both spurs:

"You are quite right. Were I a king, you would be my equal as long as your heart was mine, your mind as noble, and your character as unsullied as I hope them to be now."

She turned on him rapidly with the first indignant look she had ever given to him.

"*Hope!* You might say *know*, I think!"

"I would have said 'know,' and meant it, too, yesterday."

"Yesterday? What do you mean? Why am I less worthy your confidence to-day than yesterday?"

She looked wonderingly at him, her eyes full of inquiry and bewilderment. It was marvellous acting, if it *was* acting; yet he thought she could scarcely have so soon forgotten their scene in the ante-room the previous night. They had now come into the salon; he left her side and walked to the mantelpiece, leaning his arm on it, and speaking coldly, as he had never done to her since they first met.

"Beatrice, do not attempt to act with me. You cannot have forgotten what we said in the ante-room last night. Nothing assumed ever deceives me, and you only lower yourself in my estimation."

She clenched her hands till the rings he had given her crushed together.

"Act! assume! Great Heaven, how dare you speak such words to me?"

"Dare! You speak like an angry child, Beatrice. When you are reasonable I will answer you."

The tears welled into her eyes, but she would not let them fall.

"Reasonable? Is there anything unreasonable in resenting words utterly undeserved? Would you be calm under them yourself, Lord Earls court? I remember now what you mean by yesterday; I did not

remember when I asked you. Had I done so, I should never have simulated ignorance and surprise. Only last night you promised to trust me. Is this your trust, to accuse me of artifice, of acting, of falsehood? I would bear no such imputation from any one, still less from you, who ought to know me so well. What happiness can we have if you——”

She stopped, the tears choking her voice, but he did not see them; he only saw her indignant attitude, her flushed cheeks, her flashing eyes, and put them down to girlish passion.

“Calm yourself, Beatrice, I beg. This sort of scene is very distasteful to me; to figure in a lovers’ quarrel hardly suits me. I am not young enough to find amusement in disputation and reconciliation, sparring one moment and caresses the next. My life is one of grave pursuits and feverish ambitions; I am often harassed, annoyed, worn out in body and mind. What I hoped for from you was, to borrow the gaiety and brightness of your own youth, to find rest, and happiness, and distraction. A life of disputes, reproaches, and misconstruction, would be what I would never endure.”

Beatrice was silent; she leant her forehead on her arms and did not answer him. His tone stung her pride, but his words touched her heart. Her passion was always short-lived, and no evil spirit possessed her long. She rebelled against the first part of his speech with all her might, but she softened to the last. She came up to him with her hands out.

“I had no right to speak so impatiently to you. God knows, to make your life happy will be my only thought, and care, and wish. If I spoke angrily, forgive me!”

Earlscourt knew that the nature so quick to acknowledge error was worth fifty unerring and unruffled ones, still he sighed as he answered her,

“My dear child, I forgive you. But, Beatrice, there is no foe to love so sure and deadly as dissension!” And as he drew her to him and felt her soft warm lips on his, he thought, half uneasily yet, “She has never told me who annoyed her—never mentioned her companion in the ante-room last night.”

Lady Clive had her wish; the thorn festered as promisingly as she could have desired. *Ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte* in quarrels as in all else. Dispute once, you are very sure to dispute again, whether with the man you hate or the woman you love.

### III.

#### HOW PRIDE SOWED AND REAPED.

It only wanted three weeks to Beatrice Boville’s marriage. We were all to leave Lemongensclitz together in a fortnight’s time for old Lady Mechlin’s house in Berks, where the ceremony was to take place.

“Earlscourt is quite infatuated,” said Lady Clive to me one evening. “Beatrice is very charming, of course, but she is not at all suited to him, she is so fiery, so impetuous, so self-reliant.”

“I think you are mistaken,” said I. I admired Beatrice Boville, *comme je vous ai dit*, and I didn’t like our family’s snaps and snarls at her. “She may be impetuous, but, as her impulses are always generous, that doesn’t matter much. She is only fiery at injustice, and, for myself,



I prefer a woman who can stand up for her own rights and her friends' to one who'll sit by in—you'll call it meekness, I suppose? I call it cowardice and hypocrisy—to hear herself or them abused."

"Thank you, mon ami," said Beatrice's voice at my elbow, as Lady Clive rose and crossed the room. "I am much obliged for your defence; I couldn't help hearing it as I stood in the balcony, and I wish very much I deserved it. I am afraid, though, I cannot dispute Helena's verdict of 'fiery,' 'impetuous'——"

"And self-reliant?" I asked her. She laughed softly, and her eyes unconsciously sought Earls court, who was talking to Lady Mechlin.

"Well? Not quite, now! But, by the way, why should people charge self-reliance on to one as something reprehensible and undesirable? A proper self-reliance is an indispensable groundwork to any success. If you cannot rely upon yourself, upon your power to judge and to act, you must rely upon some other person, possibly upon many people, and you become, perforce, vacillating and unstable.

To thine own self be true,  
And it shall follow as the day the night,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

As she spoke, a servant brought a note to her, and I noticed her cheeks grow pale as she saw the handwriting upon it. She broke it open, and read it hastily, an oddly troubled, worried look coming over her face, a look that Earls court could not help but notice as he stood beside her.

"Is there anything in that letter to annoy you, Beatrice?" he asked, very naturally.

She started—rather guiltily, I thought—and crushed the note in her hand.

"Who is it from? It troubles you, I think. Tell me, my darling, is it anything that vexes or offends you?" he whispered, bending down to her.

She laughed, a little nervously for her, and tore the note into tiny pieces.

"Why do you not tell me, Beatrice?" he said again, with a shade of annoyance on his face.

"Because I would rather not," she said, frankly enough, letting the pieces float out of the window into the street below. The shadow grew darker in his face; he bent his head in acquiescence, and said no more, but I don't think he forgot either the note or her destroyal of it.

"I thought there was implicit confidence *before* marriage, whatever there is after," sneered his sister, as she passed him. He answered her calmly:

"I should say, Helena, that neither before nor after marriage would any man who respected his wife suffer curiosity or suspicion to enter into him. If he do, he has no right to expect happiness, and he will certainly not go the way to get it."

That was the only reply he gave Lady Clive, but her thorn No. 2 festered in him, and when he bid Beatrice good night, standing alone with her in the little drawing-room, he took both her hands in his, and looked straight into her eyes.

"Beatrice, why would you not let me see that note this evening?"

She looked up at him as fearlessly and clearly.

"If I tell you why, I must tell you whom the note was from, and what it was about, and I would much rather do neither as yet."

"That is very strange. I dislike concealment of all kind, especially from you who so soon will be my wife. It is inconceivable to me why you should need or desire any. I thought your life was a fair open book, every line of which I might read if I desired."

Beatrice looked at him in amazement.

"So you may. Do you suppose, if I had any secret from you that I feared you should know, I could have a moment's peace in your society, or look at you for an instant as I do now? I give you my word of honour that there was nothing either in the note that concerns you, or that you would wish me to tell you. In a few days you shall know all that was in it, but I ask you as a kindness not to press me now. Surely, you do not think me such a child but that you can trust me in so small a trifle. If you say I am not worthy of your confidence, you imply that I am not worthy of your love. You spoke nobly to your sister just now, Ernest, do not act less nobly to me."

He could not but admire her as she looked at him, with her fearless, unshadowed regard, her head thrown a little back, and her attitude half-commanding, half-entreating. He smiled in spite of himself.

"You are a wayward, spoiled child, Beatrice. You must have your own way!"

She gave a little stamp of her foot. She hated being called a spoiled child, specially by him, and in a serious moment.

"If I have my own way, have I your full confidence too?"

"Yes; but, my dear Beatrice, the only way to gain confidence is never to excite suspicion!" And Lady Clive's thorn rankled à ravir, for even as he pressed his good night kisses on her lips, he thought, restlessly, "Shall we make each other happy?—am I too grave for her?—and is she too wilful for me? I want rest, not contention."

The night after that there was a bal masqué at the Redoute. I was just coming out of my room as Beatrice came down the corridor; she had her mask in her hand, her dress was something white and starred with gold, and round her hair she had a little band of pearls of Earls-court's gift. I never saw her look better, specially when her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened as Earls-court opened his door next mine, and met her. He did not see me, the corridor was empty, and he bent down to her with fond words and caresses.

"Do I look well?" she said, with child-like delight. "I am so glad, Ernest! I want to do you honour."

In that mood he understood her well enough, and he pressed her against his heart with the passion that was in him, whose strength he so rarely let her see. Then he drew her hand through his arm, and led her down the stairs; and, as I laughed to find to what lengths our cold statesman could come at last, I thought Lady Clive's thorns would be innocuous, however well planted.

Earls-court never danced; nothing but what was calm and stately could possibly have suited him; but Beatrice did, and waltzed like a Willis (though she liked even better than that standing on his arm and talking with his friends—diplomatic, military, and ministerial—on all sorts of questions, most of which she could handle nearly as well as they); and

about the middle of the evening, while she was waltzing with some man or other who had begged to be introduced to her, Earls court left the ball-room for ten minutes in earnest conversation with one of the French ministers, who was leaving the next morning. As he came back again, I asked him where Beatrice was, because Powell, of the Bays, was bothering my life out to introduce him to her.

"In the ball-room, isn't she? She is with Lady Mechlin, of course, if the waltz is over."

A familiar voice stopped him :

"She is not in the ball-room. Go where you found her the other night, and see if *Cæsar's* promised wife be above suspicion!"

I could have sworn the voice was Lady Clive's ; a pink domino passed us too fast for detention, but Earls court's lips turned white at the subtle whisper, and he muttered a fierce oath—fiercer from him, because he's never stirred into fiery expletives. "There is some vile plot against her. I must sift it to the bottom;" and, pushing past me, he entered the ball-room. Beatrice was not there ; and wending his way through the crowd, he went in through several other apartments leading off to the right, and involuntarily I followed him, to see what the malicious whisper of the pink domino had meant. Earls court lifted the curtain that parted the ante-room from the other chamber—lifted it to see Beatrice Boville, as the pink domino had prophesied, and not alone! With her was a man, masked, but about Earls court's height, and seemingly about his age, who, as he saw us, let go her hand with a laugh, turned on to a balcony, which was but a yard or so from the street, and dropped on to the pavé below. Beatrice started and coloured, but I thought she must be the most desperate actress going, for she came up to Earls court with a smile, and was about to put her hand through his arm, but he signed her away from him.

"Your acting is quite useless with me. I am not to be blinded by it again. I have believed in your truth as in my own——"

"So you may still. Listen to me, Ernest!"

"Hush! do not add falsehood to falsehood."

He spoke sternly and coldly ; his pride, which was as strong as his love for her, would not gratify her by a sign of the torture within him, and even in his bitterest anger Earls court would never have been ungentle to a woman. That word acted like an incantation on her, the blood crimsoned her temples, her eyes literally flashed fire, and she threw back her head with the haughty, impatient gesture habitual to her.

"Falsehood? Three times of late you have used that word to me."

"And why? Because you merited it."

She stood before him, the indignant flush hotter still upon her cheeks, her lips curved into scornful anger. If she *was* an actress, she knew her rôle to perfection.

"Do you speak that seriously, Lord Earls court? Do you believe that I have lied to you?"

"God help me! What else can I believe?" he muttered, too low for her to hear it.

She asked him the question again, fiercely, and he answered her briefly and sternly :

"I believe that all your life with me has been a lie. I trusted you implicitly, and how do you return it? By carrying on clandestine

intercourse with another man, giving him interviews that you conceal from me, having letters that you destroy, doubtless receiving caresses that you take care are unwitnessed, while you dare to smile in my face, and to dupe me with child-like tenderness, and to bid me 'trust' you and believe in you! Love shared to me is worthless, and on my wife, Beatrice, no stain must rest!"

As he spoke, a dark shadow spread over her countenance, her evil spirit rose up in her, and her bright, frank, fearless face grew almost as hard and cold as his, while her teeth were set together, till her lips, usually soft and laughing, were pressed into one straight, haughty line.

"Since you give me up so easily, far be it from me to dispute your will. We part from this hour, if you desire it. My honour is as dear to me as yours to you, and to those who dare to suspect it I never stoop to defend it!"

"But, my God! Beatrice, what *am* I to believe?"

"Whatever you please!"

"What I please! Child, you must be mad. What *can* I believe, but that you are the most perfect of all actresses, that your art is the greatest of all sins, the art that clothes itself in innocence, and carries would-be truth upon its lips. Prove to me that I wrong you!"

She shook her head; the devil in her had still the victory; her eyes glittered, and her little teeth were clenched together.

"What I exact is trust without proof. I am not your prisoner, Lord Earls court, to be tried coldly, and acquitted if you find legal evidence of innocence; convicted, if there be a link wanting. If you choose to trust me, I have told you often your trust will never be wronged; if you choose to condemn me, do. I shall not stoop to show you your injustice."

Earls court's face grew dark and hard as hers, but it was wonderful how well his pride chained down all evidence of suffering; the only sign was in the hoarseness of, and quiver in, his voice.

"Say nothing more—prevarication is guilt! God forgive you, Beatrice Boville! If you loved me, and knelt at my feet, I would not make you my wife after the art and the lies with which you have repaid my trust. Thank God, you do not already bear my name and my honour in your hands!"

With those words he left her. Beatrice stood still in the same place, her lips set in one scornful line, her eyes glittering, her brow crimson, her whole attitude defiant, wronged, and unyielding. Earls court passed me, his face white as death, and was out of sight in a second. I waited a moment, then I followed my impulse, and went up to her.

"Beatrice, for Heaven's sake, what is all this?"

She turned her large eyes on me haughtily.

"Do *you* believe what your cousin does?"

I answered her as briefly:

"No, I do not. There is some mistake here."

She seized my arm impetuously:

"Promise me, on your honour, never to tell what I tell to you while I live. Promise me, on your faith as a gentleman."

"On my honour, I promise. Well?"

"The man whom you saw with me to-night is my father. Lord

Earlscourt chose to condemn me without inquiry, so let him! But I tell you, that you may tell him if I die before him, that he wronged me. You know, Mr. Boville's—my father's—character. I had not seen him since I was a child, but when he heard of my engagement to Lord Earlscourt he found me out, and wanted to force himself on him, and borrow money of him, and——” She stopped, her face was crimson, but she went on, passionately: “All my efforts, of course, were to keep them apart, to spare my father such degradation, and your cousin such an application. I could not tell Lord Earlscourt, for he is generous as the winds, and I knew what he would have done. My note was from my father; he wanted to frighten me into introducing him to Lord Earlscourt, but he did not succeed. I would not have your cousin disgraced or pained by——Arthur, that is all my crime! No very great one, is it?” And she laughed a loud bitter laugh, as unlike her own as the stormy shadow on her face was like the usual sunshine.

“But, great Heaven! why not have told this to Earlscourt?”

She signed me to silence with a passionate gesture.

“No! He dishonoured me with suspicion; let him go. I forbid you ever to breathe a word of what I have told you to him. If he has pride, so have I. He would hold no dishonour greater than for another man to charge him with a lie. My truth is as untainted as his, and my honour as dear to me. He accused me wrongly; let him repent. I would have loved and revered him as never any woman yet could do; but once suspected, I could find no happiness with him. His bitter words are stamped into my heart. I shall never forget—I doubt if I shall ever forgive—them. I can bear anything but injustice or misconception. If any doubt me, they are free to do so; theirs is the sin, not mine. As he has sown so must he reap, and so must I!” A low gasping sob choked her voice, but she stood like a little Pythoness, the pearls gleaming above her brow, her eyes unnaturally bright, the colour burning in her face, her attitude what it was when he left her, defiant, wronged, unyielding. She swept away from me to a man who was coming through the other room, and he stared at her set lips and her gleaming eyes as she asked him, carelessly, “Count Avonyi, will you have the kindness to take me to Lady Mechlin?”

That was the last I saw of her. She left the Bad with her aunt as soon as the day dawned, and when I went to our hotel, I found that Earlscourt had ordered post-horses immediately he quitted the ball-room, and gone—where, he did not leave word. So my presentiment was verified: the pride of both *had* come in conflict, and the pride of neither had succumbed. How long it would sustain and satisfy them, I could not guess; but Lady Clive smiled again, as sweetly as ladies ever do when their thorns have thriven and brought forth abundant fruit. Some other time I will tell you how I saw BEATRICE BOVILLE again; but I often thought of

Pauline, by pride  
Angels have fallen ere thy time!

when I recalled her with the pearls above her brow, and her passionate, gleaming eyes, and her fearless, scornful, haughty anguish, as she had stood before me that night when PRIDE *v.* PRIDE caused the wreck of both their lives.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FEDERAL CITY OF  
WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

DEAR, pleasant Washington! When I remember the happy days I spent there, now many years ago, with kind, hospitable friends, I grieve to think of the sad change which has so recently taken place in it, and the still worse calamities which may befall it, if it should unhappily become the theatre of civil war. Alas, that the raging passions of man—the tenant of this earth but for a brief space—should overwhelm the good sense and good feeling of the multitudes of beings whose unity has presented so wonderful a spectacle to the rest of the world! Alas, that the Angels of Discord and Destruction should have swept with their dusky and poison-dropping wings over that vast land where peace and prosperity had so long smiled!

Where now is the patriotism of which the Americans boasted so loudly? Where now the grateful allegiance to the memory of that Washington, whose honoured and heroic name seemed, like a necromantic spell, to unite in one gigantic bond the inhabitants of the rugged snow-clad hills of the North, and of the burning plains of the South?

The spell is broken, and the North and the South have thrown off the ties of brotherhood, and assumed the attitude of foes. Yet this political convulsion has not been the work of a moral volcanic eruption, or unexpected conflagration. It has been silently creeping on, instigated by an overbearing spirit of interference on the one side, and a sore spirit of jealousy at such interference on the other. It was impossible that this meddling and repelling of meddling could go on amicably, and now the pent-up storm has burst, and the great Transatlantic republic is in the agonies of dissolution! Yet this crisis was not wholly unforeseen; it was prophesied, among others, by an old Indian seer some years ago, when all was smooth to the eye and to the ear.

I visited the United States and Canada during my youthful days, in company with some near relations, and our party made the longest halts at New York and at Washington. We also penetrated some way into the then wild interior, and had the pleasure, or rather the misery, of travelling over what used to be called "corduroy roads"—viz. trees felled on each side of a swamp of thick mud, and thrown across it in their rough native state. Pains were seldom taken to fill up the hollows formed by the curvatures of these mighty trees so large in their circumference; therefore it may be imagined how disagreeable was the sensation, and how fatiguing the exercise of bumping over these log roads.

Thoroughly exhausted, we reached one evening a rude inn, situated in a small clearance by the roadside. It was nothing better than a log-hut, yet the prospect of rest even under so humble a roof was hailed with satisfaction. The evening was chilly, and almost an entire tree was stuffed into the wide chimney, piled upon the ample hearth, and crackled

and blazed to the imminent danger, one would have thought, of the slightly-framed domicile.

On our way thither we had passed close by a forest where there had recently been a fire. In the pale moonlight the scorched and blackened stumps of the trees, standing each clear of the other, for the tall grass and the thick bushy underwood, which had, as it were, connected tree to tree, had been burned down, looked like a grim array of dark spectres frowning on the intruders into that cheerless solitude. Strange forms to the eye of the least imaginative these mutilated stems assumed! And the solemnity of the scene was enhanced by the deep silence around, for there was not a leaf stirring in the air; the devouring element had consumed them all!

Much cannot be said for our accommodation during the night, all travellers occupying one and the same room, though, happily, not one and the same couch. But the weary can sleep anywhere, even on the bare boards of the open deck of a ship at sea, lulled to repose by the murmurs of the dashing waves. The next morning, after a very tolerable breakfast of tea with maple sugar, pumpkin and corn-cakes, honeycomb, and venison steaks for those who liked them, we prepared to explore the locality. There had been discovered at some little distance from this place a high mound filled with bones—an Indian grave, where, probably, the remains of those who had fallen on some ancient battle-field had been deposited—and the rest of my party had gone to see it, and to wonder, from the enormous size of most of the whitened bones, if the aborigines of that part of the country had been giants. But I, not being much given even then to taking long walks, had strolled into a neighbouring forest, which, unscathed by fire or the hatchet, stood in its pristine magnificence. I did not venture there, however, until I had been assured that there were no wild beasts or wild Indians lurking in it. After sauntering on a little, I entered a rather wide path, strewn with fallen leaves, while the well-covered branches of the lofty trees met far, far above my head, forming a verdant roof to this long and almost straight alley. I had taken with me my sketch-book and camp-stool, and was looking forward to a morning of quiet enjoyment, studying the trees and admiring the varied foliage, richer in its autumnal tints than any I had ever seen in England or Scotland.

Just branching off from the spot where I had sat down to sketch, there was a narrow forest glade, at the extremity of which the trees seemed to mingle in one dense mass. Was it a shadow or a figure that I suddenly perceived in that leafy alley? I looked at first carelessly, and then with some anxiety, as I observed that it was a tall figure slowly advancing. Every moment the form became more distinct, and I speedily saw that it was that of an Indian. My first idea was to catch up my camp-stool and run as fast as I could back to the entrance of the forest, but I remembered how fleet of foot the Indians are, and that I would be easily overtaken if the advancing figure thought fit to exercise his tomahawk upon my unlucky caput, so I bravely remained to face the foe. The Indian slowly approached, and I perceived that the figure was that of an old man, with sharp, death-like features, and almost a skeleton, though the breadth across the shoulders told how powerful had been his frame when in the prime of life. He had the dignified bearing so often seen among the Red Indian chiefs, and the expression of his wan countenance

was that of deep melancholy. He walked steadily forward, and I rose from my camp-stool, and bowed my head respectfully to him as he came nearer. He stopped, and I looked narrowly at him to see if the dreaded tomahawk were forthcoming, but none was visible. His fleshless hands hung loosely by his sides, and there did not appear to be any weapon concealed in the folds of the blanket which was thrown so gracefully over one shoulder.

"Young pale face," he said—and his voice sounded as hollow as if it had come from the bowels of the earth, "what seek you here?"

"I am a stranger," I replied, "come to visit your superb country, and I was admiring this beautiful wood."

"The name of *stranger* was once a claim upon the hospitality of our tribes," he said. "But now it can only awaken hatred in our minds. What have we not suffered from your race? They have robbed us of the land that the Great Spirit bestowed on us—they have driven us from our homes and our hunting-grounds—they have massacred us in their wanton cruelty, and annihilated whole tribes of our people; and the remnant whom their cupidity spared they are destroying with their fire-water poison. Could they not have lived in their own lands beyond the blue seas, and left to us our ancient soil?"

"They certainly had no right to usurp your country," I replied. "And on this vast continent there was room enough for them without disturbing you, since they found it needful to traverse oceans in search of gain or space which their own smaller countries denied to them."

The Indian was silent for a few moments, then he exclaimed, as he lifted one shrivelled arm and pointed upwards to the skies:

"Pale face! Yonder the Great Spirit dwells, and he has marked the wrongs that his people have suffered. Yonder the spirits of the dead can hear the groans wrung from the hearts of their persecuted brethren—they can hear, and they can revenge! Stranger—mark my words!—you will live to see these multitudes of grasping whites, who have spread like wildfire over our once tranquil land, turn in wrath against each other; envy, and jealousy, and hatred, will spring up among them, and the tie that holds together that mighty nation, who are building their proud cities where the Red men chased the wild deer in freedom, and who are covering with their big canoes the deep lakes and broad rivers of our country, will burst like a bubble on the stream, the sway of their *one great Father* will be cast off, and, like the savage beasts of the forest, they will seek to prey upon each other. Pale face! The Indian prophet does not speak foolishly—he sees into the far future, and his words are true!"

A bird of bright plumage flew past at that moment, and I moved half round to look at it; when I turned back towards the Indian seer he was gone. How had he so suddenly disappeared? There was no sound of his footsteps on the crisp leaves beneath—there was no vestige of his receding figure anywhere around. Was he a creature of flesh and blood; or had a spirit who haunted the woods that had belonged to his Indian sires appeared before me? Whatever the apparition had been, I felt exceedingly awe-struck, and the loneliness around became so oppressive, that I hastened back to the busy interior of the log-house inn. I could hear nothing of any aged Indian who frequented that neighbourhood,



and the mistress of the hostelry did her utmost to convince me that I must certainly have seen a spectre, though I stoutly maintained that ghosts only walked by night. It was one of her arguments in favour of the *revenant* view of the matter, that there was no church within many miles of the place, that the word of God was seldom heard there, and that she herself sometimes forgot which was Sunday. It was probable, she thought, that such unhallowed ground might be haunted by evil spirits from another world. She would speak to one of the missionary preachers about it the next time that a love-feast was held in their vicinity. I, of course, never had the benefit of the missionary's opinion.

Shortly after Congress had met we went to Washington. It was the most stirring season there then—that is, while Congress was sitting. There were no end of evening parties, besides the receptions at the President's house; and in the mornings it was the fashion to go to the Capitol to listen to the speeches, either in the Chamber of Representatives or the Senate House. I do not know whether American liberty sanctioned the admission of anybody and everybody to these political s<sup>é</sup>ances, but as we had influential friends we found no difficulty in getting in.

There, Webster—one of the most vehement orators of the day—used to thunder against Great Britain, and denounce the English in no mild terms; there, Mr. Calhoun, always sensible and gentlemanly, used to deliver his calmer speeches; and Henry Clay—ah! *he* was the ornament of the Congress Hall!—it was delightful to listen to his eloquence, and equally delightful to converse with him in private society, and to watch the play of his animated, intellectual countenance, with its deep-set, penetrating eyes! There was a very pleasant circle in Washington that winter, and the *élite* of them used to meet at the *private soirées* of Mrs. Adams, the wife of the celebrated John Quincy Adams. She was a woman of very polished and elegant manners, highly accomplished, and also extremely amiable. Mr. Adams, whose broad, massive forehead was very expressive of talent, spoke but little in general society, though he was always courteous to his guests.

The receptions at the presidential abode were amusing, owing to the variety of people who thronged the handsome saloons. There were the belles of Washington; among whom one of the prettiest was Miss America Peters, whose mother, the beautiful and kind-hearted Mrs. Peters, was a niece of General Washington; there were delegates from the Southern states, gentlemanly and clever men; there were Kentuckians, clever too, but very rough, and utterly despising all attention to evening costume; conceited Bostonians, bustling New Yorkers, and Indian chiefs, with their quiet, grave dignity, equipped in their richly embroidered moccasins and belts, their blankets of different colours, and some with, and some without, their coronets of feathers. A young Cherokee chief was the handsomest among them; he had a fine stately figure, and well-formed features. He spoke English well for an Indian, and even wrote verses in that language. A little poem, highly complimentary, was addressed by him to a young lady of our party; but his admiration was somewhat damped, subsequently, by seeing the said damsel waltz (a dance of which he did not approve) one evening at a party at the house of Dr. Thornton, who was at the head of the Patent Office, and who had been an intimate friend of Washington. A grand-

nephew of Dr. Thornton, Lieutenant—now Captain—Theodore Talbot, was one among the gallant officers shut up so long at Fort Sumter lately, with Major Anderson; one of that brave little band who endured so many privations and hardships, in a place which ought to have been garrisoned by eight hundred men, but had only seventy within its island walls!

One evening we had been at a party where all the notorieties of Washington were assembled, and, among the number, General Jackson, who looked exactly like an old Methodist parson; the Russian *chargé d'affaires*, an exceedingly talented, agreeable man, and a first-rate linguist—he had translated from French into English that beautiful tale "The Leper of Aost;" and Mr. Randolph, who was so vain of his Indian descent. His forefathers had been chiefs of their tribe, and renowned warriors from time immemorial; and Mr. Randolph considered his ancestry quite as aristocratic and noble as that of any duke in Christendom. He was a staunch friend to England, and always spoke warmly in favour of the English at the Congress Hall. It must be owned there were very few on his side of the question.

It was a bitterly cold night, the ground was covered with ice, and very slippery in consequence. On leaving the party, and about to descend the steps to go to our carriage, the gentleman whose arm I had suddenly lost his footing, and slipped down the steps and across the pavement, dragging me with him. It was rather a perilous moment, for the carriage was just coming up, and we should inevitably have fallen among the horses' feet had not General Houston, who had been escorting a lady to her house almost next door, perceived the predicament we were in, and, hurrying forward, planted his foot firmly on the snowy ground just between us and the horses, and, extending his sinewy arms, received the ex-consul from Tunis and myself against his ample chest, and, closing his arms around us both, held us in a tight embrace. Fortunate it was for us that General Houston, a man of uncommon height, was so strong and so good natured!

We had to drive round by the Capitol in order to take a lady of our party to her hotel. It was a bright moonlight night. As we passed near the Capitol, I perceived a figure standing at the head of its marble steps, with one arm stretched out in a threatening attitude, as if denouncing evil on the sleeping city beneath. My eyes were riveted on the imposing figure, and I discerned, to my great surprise, that it was my Indian acquaintance of the forest in the interior: there was no mistaking that wild figure and that peculiar countenance, which looked like that of an animated corpse. My first impulse was to get out of the carriage, ascend the Capitol steps, and accost him; but I remembered that I had on a ball-dress and thin satin shoes. I could not well have waded in these through the snow, so I was obliged to give up the hope of ascertaining whether my forest apparition were substance or shadow.

When we drove homewards, after depositing our friend at her hotel, the figure was no longer to be seen.

When the weather became somewhat milder, we fixed a day to visit Mount Vernon, the residence in life, the resting-place in death, of one of the greatest men the world ever saw—George Washington. The hero's home was in keeping with the simplicity of his character. It was

a plain structure, comfortable, but without any attempt at state, show, or ornament. We went all over the house: the chamber he died in was extremely interesting, but still more so was the room in which he habitually sat—the room where he read, and wrote, and *thought*. You felt in that quiet room as if it were hallowed by the presence of some invisible being, good and holy: it was the remembrance of Washington that pervaded all. His favourite arm-chair—then, when I saw it, not wormeaten—was placed, as it used to be in his life, near a window down to the ground, or rather a door, which opened upon a lawn, not extensive, but, with its soft green carpet, soothing to the eye, and upon which *that* eagle eye must so often have rested. There was but little furniture in the rooms, and that of the plainest description. In one apartment was an old harpsichord—Washington was fond of music—and its tones, faint and hollow, were in accordance with the death-like air of everything around.

We crossed the lawn, and after passing through some neglected tangled paths, we stood before the simple tomb of the mighty dead! It is enclosed by a brick wall, if I remember aright, and there are iron railings in front, through which you see the white marble sarcophagus, bearing, as its inscription, the one name, "WASHINGTON."

Some unpruned trees and bushes, rank from neglect, partly surrounded the small space in which the tomb is enclosed. The majesty of his name, the glory of his memory, are there, but his country has done nothing to show honour to the remains of its departed hero. Yet, as long as the broad Potomac flows beneath—though the "star-spangled banner" may be trampled in the dust—that name will live, bright as the sun that shines on the Western World.

We were all absorbed in contemplation of the sacred spot, when I heard a slight rustling among the bushes near, and beheld a figure suddenly growing up, as it were, from among them. To my great surprise, it was my ancient friend of the forest! No spirit, goblin, or magician, but a *bonâ fide* old Indian! He recognised me also, for, ignoring the presence of my party, he exclaimed:

"Hail, stranger, again! You are looking on the great white man's grave!" Then pointing with his shrivelled finger to the name of Washington, he added: "*He* dreamed that the power he had raised would last for countless millions of moons, for as long as the distant stars sparkle in the heavens, and the vast waters glisten in their course on earth; but it will rot like yonder decaying tree; it will crumble away like yonder mouldering stone! The Indian prophet speaks not idly—he sees into the far future, and his words are true!"

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## CROOKED USAGE ;

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES OF LORN LORIOT.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## CHAPTER XV.

## SOMETHING SERIOUS.

VAGUE as the inference was which Lorn drew from Smudge's revelation, it sufficed to fill him with uneasiness. He could not help fearing that he had rashly taken service with a person whose present course of life was not reputable, and whose past, perhaps, would bear still less to be inquired into. As yet there had been no overt act on the Count's part to identify him with anything wrong, but he took so decided an interest in Mr. Drakeford's proceedings, and appeared so intimately connected with all his affairs, that Lorn felt perfectly convinced a partnership existed between them, and, from what he had just learned, he rightly supposed it did not exist for strictly honest purposes. In a material point of view, Lorn had profited greatly by the change in his circumstances since he consented to leave Mr. Squirrel: his work was comparatively light, he was well dressed, well fed, and had even money in his pocket ; but these advantages were counterbalanced by the consciousness that he was not doing the right thing to deserve them. His life at the pawnbroker's had been plain, direct, and noticeable by all the world—he did not care a pin who knew it ! Now, on the contrary, he was closely shut up, and secretly engaged in pursuits which, since he came to understand their nature, were more than questionable: so unworthy, indeed, that even a poor common drudge like the maid-of-all-work, with little nicety of moral perception, could not contain her scorn in speaking of them. Lorn made up his mind, therefore, to remonstrate with his employers the next time he was set to his accustomed task. What might be the result of his remonstrance ? Could they force him to do what he disliked, or would they turn him into the street if he refused ? That was the worst which could happen. No ! To be cast out was not, in itself, the worst. There was something more than the punishment of being sent adrift, something lost by the act which nothing could replace. He might never see Esther again, and that thought pained him as much, though in a different way, as when a few years before death had deprived him in Mrs. Squirrel of his only friend.

How did it come to pass that a feeling like this had taken possession of one so young ?

The words spoken to Lorn by Esther on the night he saw her first were always present to his memory ; it is on such words that the young heart dwells when once it has been deeply moved.

"Foolish boy," she had said, in a tone unheard by him before, "I must not sing to you again : it will do you harm." And he had told her

in reply that nothing could do him so much good; and not on that night only, but often afterwards, she had sung to give him pleasure.

Was this in Esther a simple act of kindness? It is we who ask the question.

A beautiful girl like Esther, conscious of her beauty—as what girl possessing it is not?—conscious of her talents, which were being cultivated for an especial purpose, could scarcely mean more than kindness in giving pleasure to a boy like Lorn. And yet a girl of nearly eighteen, and a boy of about the same age, are in their relation to each other two very different beings. The first, already in feeling a woman, knows the nature of her power, and is seldom indisposed to exercise it; while the last, with years to wait before experience teaches him the knowledge which in her is intuitive, is in her hands anything she pleases. There comes a time when their mutual positions are reversed, but the advantage, in the first instance, is always with the sex which it is courtesy at that period of life to call the softer. If Lorn, then, was ignorant of the meaning of his reply to Esther, do not suppose that she was unable to appreciate it. The tears that swam in his eyes had told her that his heart was touched, and the eagerness of his speech only added confirmation to the fact she so quickly discovered. Compassion for one situated as Lorn was might have influenced Esther in some degree, but to sway him according to her every mood, to make him joyous and sad by turns, to gladden him by a glance, to govern him by a single gesture, was a sweet authority which she could not refrain from using. If Lorn had dared to tell her that he loved her, she would have laughed at him, and once more called him a foolish boy; but yet it secretly gratified her to feel that he did love her. She had no thought of returning his passion, avowed or undeclared, for a girl of eighteen—or any woman till she reaches the *ætas innominata*—thinks it a derogation to love one younger than herself; but this consideration did not prevent her from suffering, if she did not actually encourage, his love. As to Lorn, he had no thought of happiness but in being near Esther, and hence that apprehension worse than the struggle for existence, if it so happened that he was left to shift for himself.

Frankness was the basis of Lorn's character, and in the sincerity of his heart he resolved to ask Esther whether the suspicions instilled into him were with or without foundation, abstaining, as a natural sense of honour prompted him, from saying by whom those suspicions had been strengthened.

However willing to profit by the exertions of others, Mrs. Drakeford was not one who passed her time in eating the bread of graceful idleness. Novel-reading and parrot-feeding were relaxations in which she indulged when there was nothing else for her to do; but the firm of which she was a member did not admit of sleeping partners, and, like the rest, she had pursuits which gave her a very fair share of work, though what they were Lorn could not even guess at. The ingenuous Smudge had promised him some explanation respecting Mrs. Drakeford, but her latest discovery in all probability absorbed her so entirely as to drive away every other thought, and what she suspected of her mistress remained untold. It was not easy, indeed, for even so determined a ferret as Smudge to pluck out the heart of Mrs. Drakeford's mystery, for hers was not an occupation

that could be watched through a keyhole, seeing that it was something which took her constantly from home. This last fact, combined with the occasional absence of Mr. Drakeford and the Count, had given Lorn more than one of the opportunities in which he delighted of seeking out Esther, and afforded him the means of approaching her after hearing the strange story of the branded shoulder.

Esther, who was, as usual, at her piano when Lorn knocked for admission, instantly perceived that something troubled him.

"What is the matter?" she said, smiling—"you look gloomy and uncomfortable. Do you come for music to cheer you, or my peacock's voice?"

"Ah!" replied Lorn, yielding to the fascination of her smile, and striving to clear his brow, "you laugh at me, Miss Esther; but I had really a serious matter to speak to you about."

"It is serious, then, no longer, since I have laughed at it. That is exactly what ought to be, and you shall have your reward. Come here and turn the page; I will sing you one of my newest songs!"

For the next ten minutes Lorn was lost in rapture, and quite forgot his late cause of discomfort. But he was reminded of it by Esther herself.

"Now," she said, stopping suddenly, "my curiosity must be satisfied! What have you got to say?"

"Only to ask you not to leave off."

"You are insatiable. But I am tired of singing. I would much rather talk."

"It shall be as you wish; yet now I do not like to begin."

"Oh, have courage," she said, her eyes dancing with anticipated triumph. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte."

"That is French," said Lorn, "I know by the sound. I wish I understood it!"

"Quite easy to learn. I will teach you—perhaps," returned Esther. "For the opening lesson, I will tell you what that phrase signifies: 'the first step is the only difficult one'—in other words, as I said before, have courage."

"I ought to have courage, Miss Esther, for I am going to say—to—speak of—something that may give you pain—that you may not like to hear."

"Pain! You mistake, poor fellow! And yet it might pain me—a little—just a very little. Who knows! As to my not liking to hear it, c'est une autre affaire. Speak, doleful! You want to tell me—what? It concerns yourself, I suppose!"

"Yes," said Lorn, still hesitating; "me—and several more."

Esther's countenance changed, and Lorn's changed with it. She looked steadfastly in his face, saw what she knew was in his heart, but saw that love was not upon his lips. Her gaiety then entirely disappeared. She grew pale, and merely said, "Go on!"

"It is of—the Count, and—and—your father," said Lorn, "that I wished to speak."

Esther knit her brows, and nodded.

"I do not like," he continued, "the kind of work they make me do."

"Indeed!" she said, faintly. "What is it?"

"I am always writing letters," returned Lorn, "and I think—I am nearly sure—the contents are not true."

From very pale Esther's cheek became bright red.

"Not true!" she echoed.

"No, Miss Esther. Day after day fresh stories of distress, all told in nearly the same words, except as to the persons mentioned in them, are put down in writing, and sent by post to rich people."

"And why," said Esther, "should you think these tales of distress untrue?"

"Because," replied Lorn—"forgive me, Miss Esther, for saying so—because your father and the Count sometimes joke about them. They say, 'That will fetch it out of them'—'I think we have him there'—'Such a one is sure to bleed'—'She can't help coming down handsomely,'—and things like that; and then they laugh, and nudge one another. So that I believe, Miss Esther, I am made a cat's-paw of, only to write a parcel of—of—begging-letters, all of them wicked, wicked lies."

The truth was out, and Lorn, whose emotion had been great all the time he was speaking, gave way at last to a burst of tears, and hid his face in his hands.

"It is not you who should cry," said Esther, in a firm voice. "Look up, Lorn!"

He turned, and saw indignation sparkling in her eyes. She had risen from her seat, and stood with clenched hands.

"It is a shame!" she exclaimed—"a shame and a sin to live by such base means! You are right, Lorn, to feel as you do—quite right to tell me of it. As for me, I will bear this kind of life no longer! It is false from beginning to end, and evil must come of it! But it is my own fault—I have brought it all upon myself. I ought never to have consented to their proposals. They praised my voice, my face, my figure, gave me the best masters, encouraged me to learn *her* profession, fed me with promises, and, I doubt not, mean to keep them for their own advantage. No! If such is their mode of existence, if they practise acts so low as those which you describe, I will not be a sharer in their paltry gains, I will not lend myself to their wretched devices, but break with them at once and for ever!"

Esther no longer stood still, but paced the room in the greatest agitation, pouring forth broken sentences whose purport Lorn was totally unable to comprehend. He had feared that her anger might have been turned against himself, but his fear was greater when he witnessed the direction it had taken.

At length she checked her rapid course, and seizing Lorn by the hand, wrung it hard.

"There," she said; "leave me now! You are honest, you are true. We may yet have need of each other. But do nothing, say nothing, till we have spoken together again. Your part will not be the hardest to bear. Remember that you and I are friends. Now go!"

It was time for Lorn to obey: the Count, who had just let himself in, was calling to him from below.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## CHANGE FOR A CHEQUE.

"My dear boy," cried the Count, when Lorn appeared in sight, "I want you. Come here."

Lorn followed into the room where he performed his usual daily work.

"Sit down," said the Count, taking a seat himself. "I have something for you to write."

"I hope, sir," said Lorn, still standing at the table, "it is not another of those letters."

"Those letters!" repeated the Count, in a tone of surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Such as I write so often, sir, for Mr. Drakeford."

"And what reason have you," asked the Count, quietly, "for not wishing to write them?"

"Because I believe they are not true, sir," replied Lorn, resolutely.

"Bah!" said the Count, with a dry laugh. "What difference does that make?"

"A great deal, sir! It makes me feel like a liar. I have no more business to write what is not true than not to speak the truth."

"Ah! that is your code of morals, then! And yet you were brought up in a pawnbroker's shop! Very good! You are not quite so wise as I supposed. But, in the first instance, how do you know that the things you write about are not true?"

As Lorn had no proof to offer, he could only say he did not think they were.

"Your thoughts on the subject," observed the Count, gravely, "are of great importance, no doubt; but—to continue—supposing every word set down were as you suppose, in what way can that circumstance affect you? You do not vouch for the facts. Your name is not to the statements."

"It is through me, sir, they are made, though," was Lorn's prompt reply.

"Ah, you are logical in your conclusions," returned the Count, with a sneer. "It is a great thing to meet with a philosopher! Enough, however of this. Take your place. I have other work for you."

Lorn reluctantly sat down. He wished to have said more, but the Count's cynical manner kept him under.

As for the Count himself, though he had summoned Lorn to his post, apparently in a great hurry, he did not give him immediate occupation, but, taking out a letter, seemed quite absorbed in its contents; while Lorn, for want of something better to do, idly traced marks with his pen on the blotting-paper before him. Had any third person been present, observing those two, he might have remarked that the Count was less engrossed by what he read than he appeared to be, for every now and then he turned his quick eye on Lorn as if some newly-awakened motive caused the scrutiny; and it might have struck that third person as curious, that though Lorn's hand was moving mechanically, the same two letters, in different forms, were being continually produced.

Presently the Count broke silence.



"What are you doing?" he inquired.

"Nothing, sir," said Lorn, colouring; "I was waiting till you wanted me."

And, so speaking, he scribbled hastily over the letters he had been shaping, as if desirous of effacing them.

"Since I have read this over again," said the Count, putting away the paper he held, "I find it does not require an immediate answer, and, therefore, I shall not trouble you in the way I proposed. Get your hat, and come out with me. We will take a walk together."

The proposal was a great relief to Lorn, and he hastened to do as he had been told.

When he was gone, the Count gave utterance to the ideas which had first possessed him.

"I have been mistaken in that boy," he said. "I fancied him easy enough for anything. But he has principle, it seems. Luckily, it does not greatly matter. We have worked that line sufficiently. Inquiry is to be feared which would make it cease to be profitable. I did not intend to employ him so soon on the more dangerous business, but I must make hay while the sun shines. Ah! what is this I see here?" he added, as his glance fell on the bit of scribbled blotting-paper. "T. F.—T. F. Why those letters so often repeated? This fellow wrote them, and then tried to scratch them out. What does he know about T. F.? Who can have told him, or any one? Yet they are not there without intention! If he should have learned my secret! But that is impossible. No person living has seen my naked body since—ah!—since I left Toulon that fine morning without taking leave. After all, it may be accidental! But, whether or not, they shall not remain here. Cursed letters, be gone!"

The Count crumpled the paper into a ball and threw it into the fire: as he did so, Lorn reappeared.

"You are ready, I see," said the Count, smiling. "Let us go!"

They issued forth accordingly, winding through a number of narrow streets which seemed perfectly familiar to the Count, till they came out into Holborn, which they crossed, and, avoiding the principal thoroughfares, proceeded westward as far as the Haymarket. The Count was in the highest spirits, and talked all the way. After calling for some money at his banker's, he would, he said, show Lorn the part of the town where he thought of taking a new house—not a poking sort of place like Drakeford's, which he had only put up with as a temporary convenience for certain private reasons—but one fit for a nobleman of fortune to live in, and then Lorn should see what London life really was; he should give large dinner-parties, and invite his friends—enter into all the amusements of the approaching season—indulge, in short, in every pleasure the town afforded, and when the summer was over he would take a trip with Lorn to the Continent, go to Paris, Switzerland, Italy, everywhere—ah, wouldn't they have a pleasant time of it! The Count's buoyancy, and the lively picture he drew, completely succeeded for the moment in turning Lorn's thoughts from less agreeable subjects; but though he listened with pleasure to what was promised him, he could not help forming one wish in the midst of it all—that Esther might be invited to share in his enjoyments. Of her, personally, the Count said nothing, but as he spoke of the Drakefords, she could not, of course, be omitted.

Suddenly, while in his gayest mood—he was directing Lorn's attention to some amusing object—the Count stopped.

"My God!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand on his side, "what is this? One of my old attacks! I shall faint? Take me into the nearest house! Here! Here!"

It so happened that, at the moment of this seizure, they were close to one of the numerous places of refreshment that line the Haymarket—a sort of French *restaurant*, up the steps of which Lorn supported the staggering Count, who, as soon as he entered the coffee-room, sank into a chair and closed his eyes, his head falling helplessly on his shoulder. Lorn called for water, sprinkled his master's face, loosened his neckcloth, and was about to tear open his shirt, when a convulsive grasp arrested the young man's hand.

"Leave me alone," said the Count, in a faint voice; "stand back and give me air. I shall be better presently."

He remained, however, for several minutes in the same attitude, nor was it till Lorn, in his fear, suggested a doctor, that he showed signs of recovering. Then he gradually drew himself together, opened his eyes, and looked about him. The waiter advised the usual bar-appliances—sherry, brandy, and so forth—but the Count rejected his advice, and he withdrew.

"It was spasm of the heart," he said to Lorn—"a complaint I am subject to. It comes in an instant; and though the pain is of short duration, it leaves me, as you see, quite exhausted. Rest is the best remedy after these attacks; indeed, exertion is out of the question. It is most unfortunate to have been seized just now—ah! there is another twinge, the enemy is not yet subdued—for I wanted to get as far as my banker's. But, now I think of it, you can do my business there as well as myself. It is only to get the money for a cheque which is ready written. The bank is close by, and I will stay here till you return.

The Count feebly felt for his pocket-book, from which, with a shaking hand, he took a folded paper, opened and looked at it, and then gave it to Lorn.

"Fifty pounds is the amount. Take it in gold! No notes. Here is a small bag for the purpose! When you get to the bottom of this street, turn to your left, and take the second door from the corner. Mind—all gold. Remember that! And be quick."

Lorn carefully buttoned up the cheque and small bag and departed. While he was yet in the passage, the Count called to the waiter, and saying he thought he had better take something, asked for a glass of brandy, which he quickly swallowed.

"What a wonderful thing!" he said, setting down the glass. "It has done me good already. I feel quite well again." Then, turning towards the window: "That stupid boy has gone wrong, I think. I must see after him. No matter! I can walk now. How much to pay? There is a shilling! Keep the change!" And, as if no spasm had ever shaken his frame, the Count walked briskly out of the coffee-room and reached the street in time to see that Lorn was going in the right direction. He followed him till he turned the corner, watched him into the bank, and then took up a position behind one of the pillars of the Opera Colonnade, where he waited. To account for this proceeding on the Count's part, one can only suppose that he was nervous on the subject of

Lorn's honesty. At the end, however, of five minutes—which seemed twenty to the Count—his messenger reappeared.

The delay which had occurred arose in this manner :

When Lorn entered the bank it was about the clerks' dinner-hour, business was slack, only one cashier was at his desk, and he was particularly engaged, not exactly in accounts, but in conversation too pleasant to admit of interruption.

"If you please, sir," said Lorn, unbuttoning his coat, and holding his hand tight over the pocket in which he had put the cheque—"if you please, sir, can you tell me——"

But the clerk paid no attention to him.

"That's deuced good," he said, with a broad grin on his face, speaking to a stout, jolly-looking man, who was leaning over the counter. "I didn't fancy Brumby up to anything half so spicy!"

"Oh, but he is, though," was the answer; "and I can tell you another capital joke about him. He had been over to Chester races—by-the-by, had you anything on the Cup?"

"Only a pony, which I lost," said the clerk.

"Ah, Brumby had a good many ponies, and stabled them all," returned the jolly-looking man.

"His luck!" apostrophised the clerk.

"That—and something else, you know," replied the other. "Brumby's pretty well up to the time of day. Well, as I was saying: he'd been over to the races, and was driving back in his dog-cart, all alone, to a little box of his not far from Pulford, and just as he got to Doddleston-common, what should he see but an old ooman driving a pig——"

"If you please, sir," interrupted Lorn.

"I'm engaged with this gent," said the clerk; "you must wait.—Well, 'driving a pig——?'"

"Yes," pursued the clerk's interlocutor, "she'd a cord round one of the pig's hind-legs, and was laying on to his back with a long whip, double-thonging him like four o'clock, but devil a bit would grunter stir."

"Capital!" said the clerk, rubbing his hands.

"Well, Brumby no sooner saw what was going on, than he made up his mind to a lark. 'Missis,' says he, 'something's the matter, I reckon, with that there pig?' 'He's a beast,' says the old ooman, in a rage; 'but I'll give it him!' 'He won't stir!' says Brumby. 'Drat un, no!' says the old ooman, laying on again. 'When pigs is obstinate,' says Brumby, 'there's no beating it out of 'em. Have you far to go?' 'A matter of five mile,' says the old ooman. 'Which way?' asks Brumby. 'T'other side of Pulford,' says the old ooman. 'That's my way,' says Brumby. 'Now, I'll tell you what—if you've a mind, I'll drive you and the pig home together.'"

"If you please, sir," said Lorn, for the third time.

"Oh, bother!" said the clerk. "What do you want?—wait a moment, Sparkler—what have you got there? Can't you speak?"

"A cheque, sir," said Lorn, "for fifty pounds."

"Give it me," said the clerk, almost snatching it out of Lorn's hand, in such a hurry was he to hear the rest of his friend's story. "Go on, Sparkler! 'You and the pig home together'——?"

"'I'm sure,' says the old ooman, 'I've no objection if the pig hasn't;

but how's it to be done?' 'I'll show you,' says Brumby. 'You just go to my hoss's head and make him stand.' So out jumps Brumby, and whips up the pig in his arms—he's a strong chap, Brumby—and before the pig know'd where he was, he had him safe under hatches in the dog-cart. Brumby was in his seat again in no time. 'Now,' says he, to the old ooman——"

"Please to give me the money, sir," said Lorn, once more interposing.

"How'll you have it?" said the clerk, angrily. "Short?"

"In gold, sir," replied Lorn.

The clerk gave a hasty glance at the cheque, stuck it on a file, and began to count out the gold, while his friend went on.

"'Now,' says Brumby, 'come away from that hoss's head, put your foot on this step, and up with you.' You'll scarcely credit what I'm going to tell you, but it's as true as truth—the old ooman set one foot on the step as she was bid, and just as she was a lifting of herself to clamber into the dog-cart, Brumby he gives the reins a shake——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" burst out the clerk—"forty-eight, forty-nine—ha! ha! ha!—fifty! There, young man—ha! ha! ha!—'Reins a shake'——?"

"Over went the old ooman into the ditch, away went Brumby with the pig——"

What further happened to Brumby and the pig failed to reach Lorn's ears, but the clerk's obstreperous laughter, and that of his jovial companion, followed him into the street.

The Count's eyes shot forth a gleam of satisfaction as he saw his unsuspecting emissary come out of the Bank. All was right then! The cheque had not been questioned; but what had kept him there so long? A press of business, probably. That, however, was the Bank's affair, not his. But he must not appear to have watched Lorn, who, he perceived, was turning his steps towards the *restaurant*. The colonnade afforded the means of concealment, and, running as fast as he could, the Count was safe in his old quarters before Lorn had got half way up the Hay-market. It would not do, however, for them to meet in the coffee-room—what he intended to say to Lorn might be overheard, and give rise to suspicion—so he stopped in the passage and turned round, moving slowly towards the door. He met Lorn just as he was entering.

"I was afraid," said the Count, "from the time you were gone, that you might have missed your way, or forgotten the house, and I crawled here to see. You have got the money?"

"Yes, sir," replied Lorn; "here it is. A stupid clerk kept me waiting for his amusement."

The Count clutched the little yellow canvas bag and thrust it in his pocket.

"Do you feel better, sir?" asked Lorn.

"A great deal," returned the Count, "but not able to walk far at present. We will take a cab—a Hansom."

Lorn called one, and the Count having given orders to be set down at Hyde Park-corner, they drove off rapidly in that direction.

# INDEX

## TO THE FORTY-NINTH VOLUME.

A.

ACROSTIC on Dundonald. By Dr. Holloway, 173

Ainsworth, William Harrison. The Constable of the Tower. An Historical Romance, By. Illustrated by John Gilbert. Prologue. The Will of Henry the Eighth. Chap. I.—How the Right High and Renowned King Henry the Eighth waxed grievously sick, and was like to die. II.—Of the Snare laid by her Enemies for Queen Catherine Parr; and how she fell into it. III.—Of the means of avoiding the Peril proposed by Sir Thomas Seymour to the Queen. IV.—How the Designs of Wriothsley and Gardiner were foiled by the Queen's Wit. V.—Of the Interview between the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Seymour in the Bowyer Tower. VI.—How the King, finding his end approach, took a last leave of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and of the Prince Edward; and of the Counsel he gave them, 1. VII.—Of the awful Summons received by the King. VIII.—In what Manner the King's Will was signed. Book I. The Lord Protector. Chap. I.—How the Earl of Hertford and Sir Anthony Brown announced his Father's Death to Prince Edward. II.—How King Edward VI. was proclaimed at Westminster; how he rode from Enfield to the Tower of London; and how the Keys of the Tower were delivered by him to the Constable. III.—How the Earl of Hertford was made Lord Protector of the Realm VOL. XLIX.

and Governor of the King's Person during his Nonage. IV.—How the youthful King was Knighted by the Lord Protector; and how the Lord Mayor of London was Knighted by the King, 127. V.—How King Edward VI. went forth betimes into the Privy-Garden of the Tower; how he there encountered the youthful Lady Jane Grey, and of the profitable Discourse that ensued between them. VI.—Of the Difference between the Lord Protector and Sir Thomas Seymour, and how it was adjusted. VII.—Of the Affront offered by Queen Catherine Parr to the Countess of Hertford, and how Ugo Harrington was sent to conduct the Princess Elizabeth to the Tower. VIII.—How Xit was appointed the King's Dwarf; and how Og, Gog, and Magog craved a Boon of the King. IX.—In what Manner Manger, the Headsmen, foretold that certain Lords should die by his Hand. X.—How King Edward visited the Duke of Norfolk in the Beauchamp Tower. XI.—Showing how Sir Thomas Seymour prospered in his Suit, 237. XII.—Of the Interview between Sir Thomas Seymour and the Princess Elizabeth; and how it was interrupted. XIII.—How the Countess of Hertford was balked of her Revenge; and in what Manner Xit sought to divert the King. XIV.—Showing how Ugo Harrington was admitted into Sir Thomas Seymour's Confidence. XV.—Of Xit's perilous Flight across the Tower Moat on Paolet's Horse. XVI.—In what

- Manner the Obsequies of King Henry VIII. were celebrated.—Showing how the funeral Procession set forth from the Palace at Westminster. XVII.—What was seen and heard at Midnight by the Watchers in the Conventual Church at Sion. XVIII.—How the Royal Corpse was brought to Saint George's Chapel. XIX.—Pulvis Pulveri, Cinis Cineri, 347. Book II. The Lord High Admiral of England. Chap. I.—How Edward passed his Time while left to himself within the Tower. II.—From which it will be seen that the Princess Elizabeth was not entirely cured of her Passion. III.—How the Earl of Hertford was made Duke of Somerset; and how Sir Thomas Seymour was ennobled. IV.—How Lord Seymour of Sudley was clandestinely married to Queen Catherine Parr in Saint Peter's Chapel in the Tower. V.—How King Edward rode from the Tower to the Palace of Whitehall. VI.—How King Edward VI. was crowned in Westminster Abbey. VII.—Of the Royal Banquet in Westminster Hall. How the King's Champion made his Challenge thereat; and how Kit fought with a Wild Man. VIII.—How the Lord Chancellor was disgraced. IX.—In what Manner the Lord High Admiral discharged the Duties of his Office, 457. X.—How Queen Catherine Parr passed her Time at Chelsea Manor-House. XI.—Of the Fête given at Seymour House by the Lord Admiral. XII.—In what Manner the Lord Admiral's Marriage with the Queen was announced. XIII.—How the Admiral's Passion for the Princess Elizabeth was revived. XIV.—How the Lord Admiral supplied his royal Nephew with Money. XV.—How the Admiral proposed to lay the King's Grievances before Parliament. XVI.—How the Admiral's Letter was copied by the King. XVII.—How the Protector and the Admiral were again reconciled, 567
- Alpine Grass Farms, 615  
 An Easter-day at Rome, and its Contrasts, 174  
 Augustus Cæsar: his Court and Companions, 84
- B.
- Beatrice Boville; or, Pride *versus* Pride. By Ouida. I.—Of Earls-court's Fiancée. II.—The First Shadow. III.—How Pride Sowed and Reaped, 641  
 Blaswick, the House. Part the Fourth, 204. Part the Fifth, 330. Part the Sixth, 496. Conclusion, 623  
 Bowring, E. A. Ode of Callistratus to Harmodius and Aristogeiton, By, 204  
 Bushby, Mrs. Holger Danske and Stærk Diderik, Translated from the Danish, By, 53. Reminiscences of the Federal City of Washington, By, 654
- C.
- Canterbury and its Archbishops, 205  
 Card-sharpping, the Science of, 513  
 Constable of the Tower, The. An Historical Romance. By William Harrison Ainsworth. Illustrated by John Gilbert. Prologue. Chaps. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., 1. VII. and VIII., 127. Book I. The Lord Protector. Chaps. I., II., III., and IV., 127. V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., and XI., 237. XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and XIX., 347. Book II. The Lord High Admiral of England. Chaps. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., and IX., 457. X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI., and XVII., 567  
 Costello, Dudley. The Fate of Fauriel, By. Chap. I.—The Rose-picker of Provins. II.—The Return of Fauriel's Dream. III.—The Unseen Visitant. IV.—The Flood of Fortune. V.—The Apparition. VI.—The Fate of Fauriel, 111. Crooked Usage; or, the Adventures of Lorn Loriot, By. Chap. I.—The Pledge. II.—The Oracle consulted. III.—An Interior. IV.—Mr. Cramp's Advice. V.—The Strange Visitor, 221. VI.—Exchange no Robbery. VII.—One Pound Reward. VIII.—Patronage, 334. IX.—A Peep behind the Curtain. X.—Letter-writing. XI.—Expectation, 444. XII.—The Dinner at Drakeford's. XIII.—Monsieur Coupendeux. XIV.—Smudge's Secret, 553. XV.—Something Serious. XVI.—Change for a Cheque, 660

Crooked Usage; or, the Adventures of Lorn Lorient. By Dudley Costello. Chap. I.—The Pledge. II.—The Oracle Consulted. III.—An Interior. IV.—Mr. Cramp's Advice. V.—The Strange Visitor, 221. VI.—Exchange no Robbery. VII.—One Pound Reward. VIII.—Patronage, 334. IX.—A Peep behind the Curtain. X.—Letter-writing. XI.—Expectation, 444. XII.—The Dinner at Drakeford's. XIII.—Monsieur Coupdeux. XIV.—Smudge's Secret, 553. XV.—Something Serious. XVI.—Change for a Cheque, 660

## D.

Delany, Mrs. (Life and Letters of Mary Granville), 436

Dundonald, Acrostic on. By Dr. Holloway, 173

## E.

Easter-day, An, at Rome, and its Contrasts, 174

## F.

Farms, Alpine Grass, 615

Fate of Fauriel, The. By Dudley Costello. Chap. I.—The Rose-picker of Provinces. II.—The Return of Fauriel's Dream. III.—The Unseen Visitant. IV.—The Flood of Fortune. V.—The Apparition. VI.—The Fate of Fauriel, 111

Federal City of Washington, Reminiscences of the. By Mrs. Bushby, 654

Fee, The Parting (a Medical Mem. of the last Half-Century), 302

## G.

Goethe and Mendelssohn, 68

Governess, Trials of a, 107

Granville, Mary (Mrs. Delany), Life and Letters of, 436

Grass Farms, Alpine, 615

Gustave Aimard, 100

## H.

Hailstorms and their Phenomena, 536

Holger Danske and Stærk Diderik. Translated from the Danish. By Mrs. Bushby, 53

Holloway, Dr. Acrostic on Dundonald, By, 173

How I was tracked by Trappers; or,

The Evils that came from a Maude and a Meerschau. By Ouida. I.—The Acquaintance I made on board the *Lord Warden*. II.—How, not owing a Centime, I was plunged into Debt. III.—How I fell among Thieves, 521

## I.

In Memoriam, Brabazon—De Norman—Bowlby. By J. B. Shaw, 220

## L.

Life and Letters of Mary Granville (Mrs. Delany), 436

Life, The, of the Sea, and Life in the Sea, 323

Literature, the Present State of, 215

## M.

Macmahon, Duke of Magenta, 293

Marshall, Frederick. Population and Trade in France, By. No. I.—Population, 393. No. II.—Land, 503. No. III.—Education, 605

Marshal Niel, 428

Mendelssohn and Goethe, 68

Mimetic Music. Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood, 55

Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood. Mimetic Music, 55. Of Storm-brewing and Skye Influences. Part I., 160. Part II., 283. Town and Country, 404, 626

Monkshood, Mingle-Mangle by. Mimetic Music, 55. Of Storm-brewing and Skye Influences. Part I., 160. Part II., 283. Town and Country, 404, 626

Munich, Society at, 544

Münster, Mary C. F. Waiting till my Ship comes Home, By, 219

## O.

Ode of Callistratus to Harmodius and Aristogeiton. By E. A. Bowring, 204

Ouida. Our Corps' Friends and Foes; or, How Randolph trapped a Sunbeam, and I turned a Medium, By. Part the First. Chap. I.—Our Corps, and who composed it. II.—How Sunshine, Pearl, and Rosebud shot at Bulls' eyes, and hit other Marks, 72. Part the Second. I.—How a Silver Bugle sounded different Notes, and Randolph lost a

- Pony-race, 183. Part the Third. I.—How Randolph and I sinned and confessed it, and how we got Pardon and Penance. II.—How spiritualistic Agency was brought in for material Purposes, 308. Trente-et-Un; or, Two Rivals, By. I.—The Acquaintance I made in the Train to Baden. II.—How the two Rivals fought for Empire. III.—How Circe conquered, 417. How I was tracked by Trappers; or, The Evils that came from a Maude and a Meerschau, By. I.—The Acquaintance I made on board the *Lord Warden*. II.—How, not owing a Centime, I was plunged into Debt. III.—How I fell among Thieves, 521. Beatrice Boville; or, *Pride versus Pride*, By. I.—Of Earls-court's Fiancée. II.—The First Shadow. III.—How Pride Sowed and Reaped, 641
- Our Corps' Friends and Foes; or, How Randolph trapped a Sunbeam, and I turned a Medium. By Ouida. Part the First. Chap. I.—Our Corps, and who composed it. II.—How Sunshine, Pearl, and Rosebud shot at Bulls'-eyes, and hit other Marks, 72. Part the Second. I.—How a Silver Bagle sounded different Notes, and Randolph lost a Pony-race, 183. Part the Third. I.—How Randolph and I sinned and confessed it, and how we got Pardon and Penance. II.—How spiritualistic Agency was brought in for material Purposes, 308
- P.
- Paris of To-Day, 41
- Population and Trade in France. By Frederiek Marshall. No. I.—Population, 393. No. II.—Land, 503. No. III.—Education, 605
- R.
- Reminiscences of the Federal City of Washington. By Mrs. Bushby, 554
- Rome, An Easter-day at, and its Contrasts, 174
- S.
- Science, The, of Card-sharping, 513
- Sea, Life of the, and Life in the Sea, 322
- Shaw, J. B. In Memoriam. Brabazon—De Norman—Bowly, By, 220
- Society at Munich, 544
- Sparkling Moselle. A Legend, 40
- Stamboul for Italy, 105
- Storm-brewing and Skye Influences. Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood. Part I., 160. Part II., 283
- T.
- The House, Blaswick. Part the Fourth, 204. Part the Fifth, 330. Part the Sixth, 496. Conclusion, 623
- The Life of the Sea, and Life in the Sea, 322
- The Parting Fee (a Medical Mem. of the last Half-Century), 302
- The Present State of Literature, 215
- The Science of Card-sharping, 513
- Town and Country. Mingle-Mangle by Monkshood, 404, 626
- Trente-et-Un; or, Two Rivals. By Ouida. I.—The Acquaintance I made in the Train to Baden. II.—How the two Rivals fought for Empire. III.—How Circe conquered, 417
- Trials of a Governess, 107
- W.
- Waiting till my Ship comes Home. By Mary C. F. Münster, 219

END OF THE FORTY-NINTH VOLUME.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.



