BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VICTIM OF APPEARANCES.

"Injustice arises either from precipitation or indolence, or from a mixture of both; the rapid and the slow are seldom just; the unjust wait either not at all, or wait too long."—LAVATER.

IN glancing retrospectively at the past, the remark often hovers on the lip even of the most fortunate—"could the future have been guessed at—could I have surmised results—how differently should I have shaped my decisions; how carefully should I have guarded my conduct from misconstruction!"

"If," said one,* now at rest, after a most useful and self-denying career—creed and deeds beautifully harmonizing—"if one had *two* lives; and were able by the second to correct the errors of the first—what revised and improved editions would appear of the opinions, conversation, and career of many a perplexing fellow-pilgrim!"

Some impression akin to this might have forced itself on the younger Roddam, as in after hours he mused over his disastrous visit to "The Griffin." Having fulfilled his errand he retraced his steps, and in doing so pulled heedlessly from his pocket a paper of returns which he was about to fill up and forward to the Main Office in Lombard Street. Waving this document carelessly in his hand, he passed in front of the bar. There sat the landlord superlatively sulky. Irritable was he to the last degree from the smart of his swollen and blistered thumb; half suffocated with rage at the successful trick of the "Commercials;" disgusted with the trials incident to a licensed victualler; savage at the anomaly of a jocular Quaker; and at war with all the world!

"You look too angry to be jested with, and too saucy to be reasoned with," thought the young man as he glanced at Wauchope: "I had best leave you as I find you—absorbed in your own agreeable speculations."

His exit was made quickly and in silence. A fatal error! Five words of explanation might have obviated a cloud of undeserved suspicion and years of mental agony.

In a few moments Higman returned from his round of visits to his customers; and uneasy about an expected remittance made instant inquiries for his letter. No party had seen it. No search could discover it. The "Commercial" was on his legs and at Roddam's

* The late Miss D—by, of Prior Park, A.-de-la-Z.

in a few seconds. Roused by his continuous and no very gentle tappings at the office-window, the old postmaster became fevered by the Quaker's peremptory demand for "a letter already delivered." The son was hurriedly sought out.

"I myself laid the letter," was Jasper's calm statement, "on Mr. Higman's writing-case at 'The Griffin.' There it will be found."

"Ay! when the Jews go home. I tell thee it's purloined!" roared Broadbrim with greater vehemence than Quakers usually exhibit, save and except when the yellow metal is in jeopardy.

"I left it there much within the hour," persisted the younger party, with the self-possession which conscious innocence inspires.

The bagman's questions became in an instant pressing and personal.

"Who was present when this took place?"

"No one."

"Who occupied the room subsequently?"

"I cannot say: how should I?"

"Whom at the inn didst thou apprize where thou hadst placed my letter, and when?"

"No one."

"What witness hast thou?"

"None?"

"Didst thou *ever part with this packet at all?*" returned the Quaker, with a sneer: "it seems thou wast aware it contained enclosures of value. Bethink thee now, Jasper Roddam, are they not *still about thee?*"

It was not until this insulting inquiry grated on his ear that Roddam became aware of the peculiarity of his position, and of the perils which beset him.

His eye kindled and his colour rose as he replied, "Had you asked me that question on the green-sward instead of in my own dwelling, you should have been answered by deeds as well as words."

"Thou art fallible," said the Quaker, with vexatious calmness; "and thy memory, like that of another man, may at times play thee false."

"To-day, for the first time," said Jasper sturdily, "have my honesty and veracity been questioned. To your face, I pronounce your insinuation false: and I repeat, once for all, the letter is at 'The Griffin.' I left it there."

"Thou wilt have to make that very clear to the London authorities; or"——, and the Quaker filled up the pause with a very significant gesture.

Jasper, with no doubtful intent, strode towards the speaker: but Broadbrim was a man of peace. Words were his only weapons: and with anything but measured steps he whisked away.

But he was prompt and active.

He wrote to the Post-office officials; to his employers; to those correspondents who, he conceived, were likely to have made him a remittance; and to the lawyer of the firm which he represented.

A searching investigation was the result. The Surveyor of the Post-office came down. His first step was to suspend the elder Roddam: his next to place the son under surveillance.

"Appearances," said he with manly candour, "are against you:

do your best to remove them. We trace this document into your possession; but you fail wholly and entirely to discharge yourself of its custody. You leave, as you assert, this letter in a public room. Of your doing so there is no witness. You pass the bar on quitting the house; but you never tell the landlord, who is sitting there, that you have discharged your errand, and have left this important letter behind you. He notices your departure; and observes distinctly that you have *then* in your hand a letter. You meet his statement by saying that it is one of the official returns you are bound to make monthly to the main office. But of this there is no proof. The public room in question is entered in less than ten minutes after you have left it; and no letter is to be found! What result can follow this train of suspicious circumstances but one for which you yourself must be fully prepared—the dismissal of your father from his office, and your apprehension on a charge of felony?"

The menaced blows fell in quick succession. The father was dismissed, and the son capitally indicted. But Jasper had a friend. Bohun aided him with his private counsel, professional services, and ready purse. Mainly attributable to him was this result—that the grand jury threw out the bill. A second indictment was preferred with a similar issue: it was then intimated that no further step would for the present be adopted by the Post-office authorities.

But to the younger Roddam it mattered little. The bolt had been already sped. From the hour of his father's dismissal and his own apprehension for theft he was a dying man. He never looked up again.

To witness that venerable form bent with sorrow, not with years—his vacant eye and furrowed brow—the air of settled dejection with which he crept slowly and sadly about, having no longer a definite occupation to interest and engage him—agonized his son.

"Oh! that I could have foreseen events"—was the burden of his oft-repeated self-reproach—"what precautions would I not have taken? As it is; for what have I not to answer? My ill-judged haste and unmeaning silence have brought disgrace on an old man's name; diminished his income; abridged his comforts; and will lay his grey hairs speedily in the dust."

Poor fellow! he himself preceded him to the tomb brought thither by a heart bowed, and riven, and broken! From that hour his mother who so far had borne up bravely, shewed symptoms of unsettled reason. Always mild and gentle in manner, her malady assumed no violent or offensive form, but she would search for hours, earnestly and anxiously, in her little dwelling for some object which she could never find. After an entire morning thus spent she would pause; and (the habitual piety of her mind prompting and colouring her train of thought,) would exclaim, "Yes! in God's good time—in HIS—in HIS—Wait and Hope—Wait and Hope!" And then would start up and renew her search as earnestly and seriously as before. And though she very rarely mentioned her son, and never spoke of him but as "happy,"—and though her memory was a total blank as to many important events,—still, as the week-day came round on which he died, *she never failed,* exactly at the hour at which he drew his last death, to offer up a prayer to God for the repose of his soul.

If she erred, and the destiny of the departed be, as we Protestants

hold, fixed and irreversible from the moment at which the spirit parts from its earthly prison-house, say would not the *boundless compassion* of the ALL-MERCIFUL obliterate all condemnatory record of a petition based on the quenchless and undying affection of a bereaved and mourning mother!

But the Roddams were not the only individuals whom the mischance connected with the missing letter materially affected. The employers of Mr. Obed Higman could never divest themselves of an impression, that with regard to that worthy there was something which they termed *collusion.* The head of the firm, a very elderly gentleman, who had "been in business a matter of fifty-five years and more, and could never call to mind a similar transaction," was peculiarly stolid and unpleasant upon the point. Had the Ho'sely boy enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, he would have called him *runty.* Failing that epithet, Mr. Pannifer was pronounced "an impracticable personage: morbidly suspicious in all matters where receipts and vouchers to the last farthing were not forthcoming."

After many weeks of deep deliberation, the elder gentleman proposed to the firm the dismissal of their traveller—Higman. His colleagues readily assented; and the suspected man was briefly apprized by the senior partner that the firm had no further occasion for his very valuable services.

Obed Higman, the cool, was somewhat fevered by this announcement, and his looks avowed it.

"It is not our wish to inflict on you pecuniary inconvenience, and therefore a cheque for three months' salary awaits you in the counting-house; but to-day your connection with our house terminates."

Obed ventured on a remonstrance.

"This decision," said he, "takes me by surprise: it is very sudden—"

"On the contrary, it has occupied my thoughts for weeks," returned the inflexible old merchant.

"It is connected, I am persuaded, with the missing remittance."

Mr. Pannifer was silent. Though he held that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, as fully was he persuaded that in a multitude of words there is peril.

The "Commercial" resumed.

"I never received that letter. I never handled its contents: the notes it contained were never in my possession—never—either at 'The Griffin' or elsewhere."

"I should hope not for your own sake," said the other, with emphasis; "for in that case your stay in this country would necessarily be brief."

"Why dost thou treat me as guilty?" exclaimed the Quaker. "Thou hast no proof of my misdoing! Payment of the missing notes is stopped in Threadneedle Street. They have never been presented there! Perchance they are destroyed: and of that, evidence may ere long be given thee."

"People are not given to destroy bank-notes, unless they happen to be either fools or madmen," returned the merchant, quietly. "Three notes for fifty each,—a five,—and a two,—make up an amount, sir—make up an amount—no—no—they are not destroyed: they are carefully housed by some knowing party."

"I protest most solemnly—" the Quaker began.

"I wish you well, sir," interrupted the senior partner, and waved him courteously towards the door.

"I protest in the most solemn manner—"

"The morning is fine: I have many engagements," and there was another courteous but intelligible motion of the wrinkled hand.

"If it was my last word on earth—"

"Mr. Higman, your connexion with this firm has ceased. You are now an intruder; and I must desire you will withdraw."

Obed obeyed. His commercial rounds were over. No other firm would adopt him. He was pronounced *unsafe*. The drab community declined all recognition of him *as a Friend*. He was not one of them. They knew him not. The distinction drawn between a thriving Quaker and a failing one is marvellously distinct and definite. Instinctively is it arrived at by that sagacious and *money-loving Fraternity*.

The host and hostess of "The Griffin" were scarcely more fortunate. The "Commercials" in a body forsook the house. "*They* could not tolerate such irregular proceedings! *They* could not continue their patronage to an inn where corespondence was not respected, and where their letters were not safe. *They* were not going to peril the property of their employers! Not they! A disgraceful affair! As for the 'Griffin' it was doomed."

The remark was prophetic. Within a year Wauchope's bankruptcy was announced and—sale.

It seemed, however, doubtful which of the two would be first stranded on the rugged shore of poverty, Roddam or Wauchope. The old man's affairs, either from apathy or negligence, seemed inextricably involved; and he suddenly proposed to his creditors to surrender to them all he had, and exist on what their bounty might be pleased to spare him. Bohun heard of it and at once interposed.

"Do nothing of the kind," said he. "Sell your little inheritance? No—no. Mortgage it! That were worse. What! Leave yourself in your old age at the mercy of a man or body of men! Pshaw! I'll assist you. Not that I'm a Rothschild. But I can help you. What sum do you require? You say you can't repay me? Well: and what then? I've a multitude of other clients troubled by no such scruples! You know my creed: 'never abandon a friend nor surrender a principle.' Stay where you are: watch events: and repose firmly on One who cannot mislead."

The old man gazed helplessly on his kind counsellor, but made no reply.

"Courage: 'tis always darkest just before break of day. Hope on: Hope ever."

"Hope? For what? Ah! if *his* memory could be but cleared! If what hangs over *his* name could be but set right! If *he* did but stand fair!"

"He does so before his God, that I firmly believe," returned Bohun, solemnly: "why not indulge the conviction that he may speedily do so before men?"

A few days subsequent to this conversation the sale at "The Griffin" took place. It commanded a large assemblage. The idle were there, who flock to a sale to pass away a vacant hour; and the spiteful, whose hearts expand during a close view of the miseries of others; and bargain-hunters, who brave dust, and heat, a reeking

atmosphere, and tight packing, for the chance of picking up "something remarkably cheap;" and gossips, who keenly watch wha their "improvident neighbours buy;" in truth, the auction-hunter in every variety was to be viewed on that morning. And Roddam among the rest. Mastered by some irresistible impulse he had wandered away from home, and had entered a house which for years he had carefully shunned, and there sat silent and abstracted. Stealthily, and almost unperceived, he had made his way to a quiet corner, and there mused solitary and sad amid the noisy scene around him. The sale had reached the Commercial Room, and the auctioneer's hammer was busy. The crimson curtains had passed to a new owner, "a most decided bargain." The deeply-indented dining-tables had fallen to a convivial gentleman "cheap as dirt." An antique mirror in an elaborately carved oak frame was the next lot. As for the mirror, those must have been marvellously keen-sighted who could have recognised their own features on its dull and blackened surface; but the setting in which this faithless glass was enshrined was superb. It portrayed the leading scenes in the life of Joseph, was said to have come originally from a church in Flanders, and bore a date of 1694. The competition for it was keen, and at last, at a fancy price, it passed to a London dealer.

As the hammer fell he advanced to claim and remove his treasure. The latter feat was not easy of accomplishment. The frame was tightly riveted to the wall, and it seemed a puzzle how the glass could be removed without extensive injury to the carving. At last —after much manœuvring, and tapping, and gentle though continuous pressure—the divorce between these old acquaintances is effected. The companionship of many long years terminates. The dusky mirror is dissevered from its elaborate frame-work, and in a few seconds both are safely landed on the floor. The old man sat near at hand,—listlessly watching the process—silent—and to all appearance absorbed in gloomy thought. None heeded him. Nor did he offer opinion or salutation to human being. On a sudden he darts forward. A bulky letter has dropped on the floor from behind the space which the glass covered. With a shrill shout, distinctly audible above the buzz and hum and clamour of that crowded room, he seizes it, buries it in his bosom, and shrieks delightedly, "Mine! Mine! *This belongs to me,* AND IT CLEARS HIM!"

The sensation which this interruption caused was general; nor was the confusion lessened when the Curiosity Dealer confronted the aged speaker, and in boisterous terms demanded the letter; alleging that it "was sold with the mirror; and that all behind the mirror, and about the mirror, and adhering to the mirror, was his by right of purchase,—and his alone."

"No! no!" shrieked the old man in a still shriller key—"it can't be your's—and it shan't be yours—I'll not resign it. It's mine for the present—*mine!* It's the missing letter,—the lost letter,—the money letter—it's found—*and it clears my poor boy.*"

The tone of wild delight with which the last words were uttered made many a heart throb, and dimmed the vision of many an eye in that motley assemblage.

Nothing moves the masses more than the exhibition of deep feeling. It speaks a language which the very humblest can understand, and challenges a response which not even the most callous are disposed to withhold.

One or two commiserating spectators with kind intentions now approached him; but he impetuously waived them aside, and with a speed, wonderful at his years, and which strong excitement could alone have supplied, rushed towards his home. There he summoned his clergyman; and to him told his tale, and displayed his treasure trove. Mr. Meyrick quickly mastered his agitated statement; and hastily assembling two or three leading men of the place as witnesses told them the course he was about to pursue. The letter lay before them yellow with age, soiled with dust and smoke, but with the seal entire. What years of sorrow—what protracted and agonising suspense had visited all those,—more or less interested in its contents,—since the hour it had been first thrust into its unsuspected resting place! The tears—the sighs—the reiterated regrets—the anxious days—the sleepless nights which that discoloured packet had occasioned! Another moment will confirm or falsify the day-dream of that tremulous old man who for years has hourly prayed that "poor Jasper's innocence might be made fully apparent, and his memory freed from stain."

In silence the seal is broken: and the enclosures are laid singly and separately on the table. There they challenge scrutiny. Three notes for fifty each: one for 5*l.*: another for 2*l.*: in all 157*l.*: the exact sum remitted, and for which "an *immediate* acknowledgment is requested, and indeed expected, as a matter of course!"

Alas! for human commands and human expectations, the hand which penned this injunction had been long motionless in the grave.

"Jasper's statement, then, was true"—said Mr. Meyrick sadly—"he had faithfully"—

A deep and choking sob interrupted the speaker. It rose from the further corner of the apartment. The thankful parent was on his knees; his head bowed in lowly guise upon his bosom; his withered hands raised joyfully heavenwards; while his eager thanksgivings were mingled with hot and fast falling tears. They told their own tale—a sudden gush of joy in an aged, crushed, and desolate heart;—springing from a pure and holy source—quenchless affection for a calumniated child; one *who to him had never died.*

"Ah!" was his all but inaudible exclamation, "if *he*—if *he* had but survived this day!"

Devoted and disinterested old man! His own reverses,—the slander and suspicions which had been heaped upon himself,—his reduced means,—his burdened patrimony,—his abrupt dismissal from office,—the scoff and the sneer which he had braved and borne,—these were all forgotten. He did not waste on them a thought. His son alone was present to him,—his unmerited sufferings, his tarnished name, his early death. Oh! wondrous power of parental love! How brightly does it burn even on the confines of eternity! Its lustre the rising mists of the grave cannot dim. Its energy the infirmities of age cannot quench. It defies the power of time and circumstances. Wealth, influence, station, scholarship, all may perish and pass away, but parental love survives—earnest, vigorous, indestructible, inexhaustible!

Evening verged on midnight, but Mr. Roddam's kind friends would not quit him. They feared the result. Nature's powers were over-tasked. He talked, and laughed, and wept by turns. At last they persuaded him to retire to rest.

"If you require it," said he eventually, "I will obey you. But

it is useless. *I am too happy to sleep.* No slumber at present will visit my eyelids. My heart is too light."

After he withdrew, those below mused over the next step to be taken, and debated how the letter could, in the first instance, have been secreted. It was suggested that mere carelessness might have caused the difficulty; that, very possibly, some inquisitive "Commercial" raised it from the table, read the address, and then stuck it carelessly between the wall and the carved framework of the mirror, a favourite *depôt* for correspondence in many a commercial-room,—dislodged from whence by the slamming of the door, or by some current of air, it had dropped so low down between mirror and wall as to be wholly out of sight.

But the more general impression was that it had been purposely hidden,—that it was one of the practical jokes perpetrated on that fatal St. Patrick's Day,—and that the hoaxer—the traveller in the doll's-eye line, by the way, was hugely suspected—finding the hubbub raised by his folly fraught with the most serious consequences, had not the manly courage or generous feeling to step forward and frankly avow the part he had acted, and thus at once clear the innocent.

Meanwhile the midnight hour pressed on, and an old and faithful servant, who had adhered to the Roddams in all their trials, went from time to time to her master's room and listened at his door. His looks had alarmed her. She "had had little liking," as she afterwards sorrowfully avowed, "for his flushed cheek and strangely bright eye." She heard him praising God fervently for "this great mercy,—for this late discovery which he had been spared to see,—for deigning to clear in HIS own time and in HIS own way his poor son's name,—none could call him fraudulent or dishonest NOW!"

Again and again were these earnest thanksgivings uttered. They were his last.

All was silent at daybreak on the following morning.

That happy spirit had soared away. That thankful, grateful heart had ceased to throb and suffer. Without a struggle he had passed away in sleep into the presence of The All-Merciful. Father and son were united. They were dwellers in a world where no calumny wounds and no separation severs.

I had never seen Mr. Bohun so moved as on the day when the necessary inquest over Mr. Roddam was held. Fortunately, the evidence tendered was very brief. Unwonted exertion, on the previous day, had done its work, Strong excitement had, by some few weeks or months, precipitated the last summons; and the verdict returned was simply, "Died by the visitation of God."

But after the proceedings were terminated, the few remarks made by my able and fearless employer on the folly of adopting rash conclusions, and the sin of pronouncing uncharitable judgments, was in the highest degree dignified, just, and true.

"It's worth a dozen drowsy sermons on the guilt of evil speaking," said a juryman.

"And it falls," said another, "with admirable effect from his lips, who was never yet known to adopt an uncharitable version of any occurrence, or to join in an attempt to crush a falling man."

THE CALIPH'S DAUGHTER.

AN ADVENTURE IN MODERN BAGDAD.

"Sir, it is impossible. It cannot be true. Don't tell that story again. You cannot think how poor a figure you make in telling it."—DOCTOR JOHNSON.

THREE summer days the willing breeze blew on,
That swept us down the Tigris: on the fourth,
It fail'd at even. Slowly plunged the sun
Through golden sheets of calm; our pennon drcop'd
Low on the folded sail; the very sound
Of broken ripples paused, as twilight fell.

Then rose the buzz of converse, they who slept,
Languid and fainting through the fiery noon,
Awoke and lit their pipes. Some fondly gazed
On thy sweet uplands, glorious Laristan,
Hued with deep evening violet; and some
Discoursed of markets and of merchandise,
And the late rise in turbans. As for me,
I puff'd my pipe in silence.
"Can it be,"
I mutter'd—half in musing, half aloud—
"That yon tame town was the sublime Bagdad,
Of which I've dreamt since boyhood? Life! the man
Who penn'd the famous Nights of Araby
Was some untravell'd scribbler! not a crumb
Of the most faint adventure have I touch'd,
From first to last: I 've lost both toil and time!
Congenial spirits! are ye thus no more?
Where 's Cogia Hassan? Where 's the Barmecide?
Where 's Little Hunchback? Often have I ask'd,
And ask'd in vain. Things are not as they were.
I 'm sorry that I came!
Around me lay,
Stretch'd on the deck, my fellow-voyagers;
A motley lot: one straightway answer made,—
Shade of St. Vitus, what a man was he!
Uncouthly warp'd about, his twisted head
O'erlook'd his better shoulder, while around
His bare neck ran a flushing crimson streak,
As if he 'd 'scaped half hung. Thus he began,
His wild eye flashing brightly as he spoke;

"Rot all adventures! if you wish to learn
Of yon Bagdad my brief experience,
You 're welcome to the cursed narrative:
'Twill cure, I think, your blindfold hankering
For this infernal East!"

"It seems," said I,
"You 've met with something queer: begin, I beg,
I 've seen your head, so pray disclose your tale."
Hereat a whey-faced bagman gravely smiled,
And seconded my bidding. Thus adjured,
Spoke my distorted friend.
"As to my name,
It matters little; you may dub me Smith,
'Twill answer every purpose. Know then, first,
That I was born an English gentleman
Some twenty years ago. From earliest youth,
Vague dreams of travel seized me; nought would serve
My purpose but adventures; and when these
In town and college gradually pall'd,
Fleeced in the former—in the latter pluck'd,
I mizzled in disgust: the 'gorgeous East,'
Radiant with dreams of gilded palaces,
Of Caliphs and Sultanas, dark-eyed maids,
Romantic thieves, enchanters, Afrites, Ghouls,
Seraglios, sleeping beauties, and what not,
Seem'd a fair field of exploit. Off I shot,
Bound for Bagdad. The morning papers whined,
'Return, rash youth! and all shall be forgiven!'
Not quite so green; one balmy morning found
Me snugly lodged in Monkey-street, Bagdad.
Three days I spent adventureless; the next
Produced one with a vengeance,—you shall hear,—
Genie and all, I swear it happen'd thus:—

I sat beside the Tigris, where it flows
Through Bagdad's royal arches starr'd with gold,
From washing palace-walls and water-gates
Of terraced gardens, southward for the sea.
Above the city rose: the sunset fire
Fell grandly on its purple battlements,
On mosque and orb'd pavilion; dying down
Into a gorgeous twilight. Slowly drew
A river-mist around me; the low sound
Of distant music ceased, and all was still.

Then, through the gloom, a dark-brow'd Genie strode,
Ill-favour'd, swart and huge: his naked bulk
Roll'd, an uncouth colossus: heavily
He clapp'd me on the shoulder,—'Christian, rise,
And follow me.'"
"'And, who the devil are you?'
I answer'd him, quite startled, 'Whither, pray,
Am I to follow,—to some cavern hole,
And there get eaten up? I 'm not so green.'

"The monster grinn'd, and scratch'd its hideous head,
And laugh'd, and rubb'd its hands: it seems my fears
(For I, in truth, was in the sorest funk
That ever mortal felt—and shew'd it too)
Flatter'd it much. 'Pooh—pooh!' at length he said,

I 'm quite respectable,—neither Ghoul nor Jinn;
And, if I were, I 'd find me better grub
Than tucks your Christian ribs; come, follow me;
I do the bidding of the loveliest maid
In Bagdad's gardens blooming:—she requests
Your company to tea,—her taste no doubt
Is something strange,—but—'"

"'Oh, if that 's the case,
You might have told me so before,' said I:
"Lead on, old gentleman.

"Awhile we walk'd
Through groves and bower'd gardens, long arcades,
Darkened with swimming mist, where fragrance hung
Unstirred, the livelong night, and then again
Emerged upon an open terrace-range
Beside the river. Brightly danced the moon
On the deep waters by the marble arch,
As rapidly we cross'd. Through cloisters long,
And sounding galleries, with gleaming flights
Of never-ending stairs, half-seen, half-hid,
Branching on either hand, we kept our way.
At length we stopped. The Genie waved his hand,
And inward yawned enormous folding-doors,
That barred an inner vestibule; within,
Stretch'd on the marble pavement, slumbered guards,
Solemnly snoring, while, through pictured glass
Rain'd the clear moonlight on their burnish'd mail.
'I say, old gentleman, remember now,
No humbug!—honour bright?'

"'Pray, hold your tongue,'
Answered my guide, 'and look out where you step;
It 's death to tread on a Believer's nose.'

"Before an inner door again we stayed,
Grated with golden bars: the Genie turned,
And whispering spoke:—'Within this chamber lies
The Caliph's peerless daughter: I have done
Her bidding, and must leave you. Enter in!
Allah be with you!"

"'Fare thee well,' said I,
'I 'm grateful!' So my guide the door unlocked,
And then, with swarthy palm outstretch'd, replied,—
'I 'd thank your honour for a drop of beer.
Pray think on a poor devil,—'tisn't much
For a good hour of walking,—drink your health.'
I gave a piece of gold, and entered in.

"It was a sumptuous chamber, fitted up
'Regardless of expense;' the moonlight fell
Through stately windows, opening on a grove
Of Eastern fragrance: bower and waterfall
Flung perfume winged with music. There she sat
Fairer than all beside! How should I mark
The jewelled splendour of that rich saloon:

The arras velvet, flower'd thick with gold;
The softened lustre light, the carpets traced
In the rich looms of Persia, folding dark
O'er sofa and luxurious ottoman!
I saw but her,—her royal loveliness,
Mingling with winning girlhood, as she smiled,
And bade me sit beside her. Downward rolled
Her soft dark hair beyond the caftan fringe
Of silver velvet. Easternwise her arms
And ankles glanced uncovered. By Saint George!
Love at first sight made easy,—such a girl!
Then, with a smile, 'And Christian,' she began,
Driving a triple current through my veins,
While my thrill'd heart beat madly, 'canst thou cheer
A lonely maiden?—really it's too bad
Of my papa, the Caliph—out he goes,
At dusk, to his divan, and here I'm left,
To feed my birds, drink tea, and go to bed!
I'm glad you're come! I saw you in the street,
Riding a chestnut; now we'll have a chat.
Pray make yourself at home! oh—by the bye!
What thought you of your guide? the faithful soul!
Papa declares he drinks!'

"By jingo, sir,
My pulses ran champagne!—my very tongue,
Spurr'd into most unwonted fluency,
Caught up my thoughts in short-hand! never yet,
Went such an evening since the world was new;
So like a chime of happy birthday bells
Flitted those rapturous moments! Who would pause,
For rounds of starch'd and varnish'd compliment,
And solemn introduction framed? not we!
For, like two lonely rivers launch'd afar,
On distant mountain-tops, that wander on,
Through broad champaign and forest, till at length,
Whirl'd in the foam of some great estuar,
They mix their loving torrents, so our souls
Touch'd, fired, and mingled!—nor did she disdain
To crown her easy conquest: now she sang,
Wreathing a closer thrall; and then again
Call'd up the wondrous tales of eld that fill
Yon land with deep enchantment,—of the seal
Of devil-bottling Solomon,—the strife
Of earth-sprung Genii,—and of Peri bowers,
Twined under summer skies.

"Then I, in turn,
Full flush'd with love's hot rivalry began:
Spoke of my country,—of the golden prime
Of royal Arthur and his table-knights:
Of laurels reap'd in field and tournament;
Discoursed of London,—and of Regent-street;
Myself its lion-lounger;—then digress'd
On many a rich adventure—mostly lies—

On travels, land and sea: with much beside,
Needless to mention here. So sped the night;
Naught cross'd our rapture, and we heard without
The Caliph, half-seas with his evening cheer,
Tumble upstairs to bed.
"Day dawn'd apace:
We couldn't part. 'Tell me again,' said she,
'About your English beauties;—is it true
They don't wear trousers? Are they really fair—
Fair as myself for instance? tell me all!
I'm sure a man as handsome and gallant
As you must know their ways: pray let me hear!'

"Fool that I was! oh, curse my vanity!
How many a tale I told,—how much untrue
Of my resistless charms! Too late, alas!
I loathe my lying folly; yet I thought
In vanity to please: that she would smile
To hear me tell how I, the conqueror,
Bow'd at *her* feet, as overcome at last
By beauty yet more beautiful,—her name
Link'd with perfection, link'd with constancy!
Such was my thought.
"'Indeed,' she said, 'you seem
Most great in Fortune's favour.—I suppose
My name will now be knotted on your list:
To-morrow, perhaps, the purlieus of Bagdad
Will hear you boast, to some deluded girl,
Of this night's frolic. Well! I hope you'll add,
That the poor heart beneath this muslin beating
Waits your sublime acceptance! Pray observe
That in these cheeks, erst crimson'd at the praise
Of that resistless tongue, now duly stand
Lilies of hopeless love!'
"'By Heaven, I swear,
Your name shall never pass these lips of mine!
Never!'
"'Well sworn and purposed!' she replied;
"But I must have some pledge,—I really must.'

"'Take it!' cried I, 'the dearest, holiest pledge,—
Take, take my heart, I ask no duplicate;
Take it and smile!' Her queenly brow grew dark,
With scornful blood. 'I do not want your heart;'
She answer'd gravely; '*That* I can't believe
Is quite your own to give: if all be true
You told me just this moment: I must have
What never yet you gave to mortal fair:
Some still more costly gage; this very night:
Worthy the child of Caliph Alamin!—'

"Cursing my reckless tongue, I paused: 'What else
More costly can I give? and yet it was
Your own before!'

"'I shall not need it long,'
Said she, half laughing, 'I MUST HAVE YOUR HEAD!
That's only fair!' With that she clapp'd her hands:
In strode three brawny eunuchs, arm'd and mail'd.
'Pray lead this Christian gentleman down stairs,
With all due honour, and escort him home:
But—keep his head for me. Farewell, and thanks
For all your goodness; I shall keep the pledge
You leave me with the greatest confidence!
Stay! take another glass of that sherbet
Before you start; well, if you really wont,
Good night again; good night, and many thanks!

"I could not speak.—Love, Anger, Agony
Choked my thick breath. I could not even strive
To dash them backward.—Like a fiendish dream,
Nursed by prelusive lobsters, seem'd it all!
They dragg'd me off.—Down a steep winding stair
We went—we reach'd a corridor below:
Strength—sense return'd,—I hit out right and left,
And hurl'd them from me; more than maniac force
Nerving my desperate arm: three noses bled.
The rascals, rot 'em! hollo'd 'murder—ho!'
Through ringing galleries—through cloisters lit
With glimmering lamps I ran. Hope gleam'd afresh,
In the cool breeze of morn, that softly blew
Through a low garden portal. It is gain'd!
One minute more and freedom!

"Gad! the shock,
The horrid heart-thrill, as a giant grasp
Clutch'd at my throat! the drunken laughter-peal
That echoed back my shriek, 'Hoy—master! stop!
Don't cut an old acquaintance! ho—ho—ho!
Why run so fast? Come—come! you surely know
Your best of friends, the Genie.'

"'Let me go!'
Scream'd I, 'they 'll catch me! Do—for Heaven's sake!
I hear them running!'

"'So do I,' rejoin'd
The jovial brute, 'ha—ha! but what of that?
You 've spent a pleasant evening. Allah knows
I 've had another. Lord! your bit of gold
Did wonders at the tavern. Baba's best
Was all my tipple: nothing in Bagdad
Comes near it.'

"'Curses on you! let me go,'
I roar'd, 'your lady wants my head—my head!
Here! take my purse, but loose me!'"

"'No, indeed,'
Hiccup'd the wretch, 'you probably have done
Something to need such gentle chastisement!
Come! tell me all about it. Certainly,
I warn'd you to be prudent. Don't I serve
Our Caliph's matchless daughter? Ain't I sure

You love her far too well thus to deny
Her first request—ha—ha! Come, let me hear,
How passed the time since nightfall?'
"All was vain
Bootless my kicks (for I, alas, had changed
Hobnails for velvet slippers), vain my prayers,
Struggle, reproach, and threat,—a dozen blacks
Rush'd in upon me,—bound me hand and foot,
And lugg'd me back; the Genie's drunken laugh
Still ringing in my ears. They led me down,
Torch-lighted to a dungeon, where the block
Stood handy. There, amid vindictive sneers,
They bade me lay my neck; and with much glee
Chopp'd off my head, and left me!
"'What! your *head?*'
Gasp'd the shock'd bagman, 'Well I never!—pooh!
It can't be true!'

"'It is, though,' said my friend;
'Had I not *felt* it, *I* had not believed:
That I admit.'
"'Then I,' the first rejoin'd,
Must ask the same indulgence. Blaze away!
I'll swallow what I can.'
"Well, then, it was
A vile sensation—dismal, horrible,
And strangely twofold; now, the spark of life
Seem'd in my corse; convulsively I clutch'd
My severed neck, or groped along the ground,
Seeking the head it wore: anon 't would flit
Into that brain, unfilming the fix'd eye
To gaze upon my own, my quivering limbs,
Contorted in slow dying! thus I lay,—
How long, I cannot tell; but, once again
Revolved the door, and in the Genie strode.

"'What—what?—poor fellow! shame to serve him so!
Lord! how he winks! Cheer up, my lad, there 's not
Much mischief done as yet: I'll put you straight!'
With that he pick'd my head up (drunken fool!
He dropp'd it twice): and, fumbling in his vest,
Drew out a pot of that enchanted salve
Distill'd in Cairo, and long since retail'd
In Christian mart by far-famed HOLLOWAY
(Such is the breadth of British enterprise).
With this he rubb'd my neck; replaced my skull
Full on its bloody socket; slapp'd my back,
And ask'd me how I felt?
"Laugh as you will,
The cure was perfect. Save this crab-like twitch,
Athwart my shoulder, which the clumsy hound
Left through neglect or spite, or some rude joke,
More practical than pleasant, there I stood,
As good a man as ever! Once again,

He swagger'd as my guide. Again we sought
The garden-gate; recross'd the fatal arch,
Now shining in the golden glimpse of morn,
And reach'd the city portals. 'Fare thee well!'
He said, 'and, master, should you wish to pass
Another night in yon seraglio,
Wait by the river; trust me, I 'm your guide.'
I thank'd him: from his proffer'd services
Pray'd Heaven might guard me well; and, ere the sun
O'er-sloped the city walls, had wildly rush'd
On board this bark then weighing, and, ere night,
Was half-way down the Tigris."

* * * * *

Closing slow
A mouth that wide agape with wonderment
Had long remain'd, the whey-faced bagman spoke:
Whilst I in silence ponder'd o'er the tale.
"I 'm plain John Duck—John Duck of Ludgate Hill,
It sounds almighty funny. Strange, if true,
(Excuse my freedom) as the papers say.
Read the 'Night-side of Nature.' Don't believe
In Ghosts and Genii. Do for the marines.
Look rummy in the day-book. As for me;
It 's my opinion you 've been simply scragg'd,
Cut down and 'lectrified—eh? Plain John Duck
Knows what 's o'clock, sir!"

Unperceived by both,
The breeze had freshened, and the buoyant waves
Rose gladly at its coming. Plain John Duck
Sought the lee-scuppers, follow'd by his friend,
And, for the night, our converse ended here.

POETRY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

A MAN who lives in his understanding alone, but *without poetry*, however brilliant his outward fate may be, and whatever his other endowments, must always retain a barren and empty existence. His life passes away like an autumn, abounding perhaps in fruits, but wanting the enchantment of sunshine and song; or like the dead and gloomy forests of the north—silent and still—where the voice of the singing bird never resounded. But let a *poetic spirit* animate thee —that spirit which can mould even realities anew—not with the pen *for others*, but *in thine own heart*—then hast thou in thy world of life, an everlasting spring, sunshine in the valley, and from every summit and cloud thou hearest a song. Nay, even should the winds of life blow roughly, and whirl away the leaves, there is still within thee a calm rapture; albeit, thou perhaps knowest not whence it cometh. It proceeds, however, like the only enjoyment found in a somewhat chill and leafless spring—*from the songs in heaven.*

CLEOMENES THE GREEK.

A TALE OF THE PERSECUTION UNDER DIOCLESIAN.

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

EVENING was darkening over the city which may well be called "eternal," the city which has been mother, mistress, or tyrant of Europe, from the day when the blood of its twin founder was poured out upon the walls he had despised, through ages of kingdoms, commonwealths, empires, hierarchies, down to our own days, when a wronged and insulted nun claims protection within its walls from northern tyranny, and the heart of the departed leader of a nation is brought as a sacred relic to its shrine. Rome it is—the same Rome, the mother of the world—but oh! how changed!

The date of our story is neither in the ancient days of republican glory, nor in the modern times of papal dignity. We must speak of the city of Seven Hills as she was in the waning days of her splendour, when the Augustan age had passed away, and had left her like a woman whose magnificent beauty is fading fast, and who seeks by meretricious adornments to hide that evident decay, lest men should see that her glory and loveliness are fleeting together. Yet amidst all the internal wreck which had been caused by centuries of dissension between rapacious senates, savage generals, and tyrannical or licentious emperors, the eternal city still looked most beautiful. The politic sway of Dioclesian had restored outward tranquillity, and, save the persecuted Christians, all the subject citizens of Rome enjoyed prosperity. We must carry our readers to the inner court of a Roman dwelling, such the resurrection of the lava-buried cities have lately exposed to curious modern eyes. It was open to the clear evening sky, towards which the fountain in its centre rose to a height of many feet, giving forth a constant and thrilling melody of waters. On three sides of the court extended the domestic apartments, the fourth was bounded by a flight of marble steps, which led into a garden, from whence came sweet perfumes of many southern flowers, where the orange shone like gold amidst its leaves, and the olives were laden with rich fruit. Birds sang in the trees until one by one they ceased, and the nightingale was left alone to mingle her strains with the continual murmuring of the fountain.

When the dusky clouds had gathered half over the sky, and evening was insensibly melting into night, a young girl came from the house and stood alone beside the fountain. She lifted up her face anxiously to the west, when the evening star was already bright. Her clearly-defined and yet delicate features bespoke the Roman virgin; her attire, entirely of white, was such as maidens of patrician birth alone were entitled to wear; and as her veil fell from her finely-turned head, it exposed her hair knotted up behind with golden bodkins. She looked once more at the sky, then walked quickly to the door from whence she had entered, and said in a clear but whispering tone, "Father, the star is nigh setting—it is time."

As she spoke, a man came forth, of years which shewed that she

who called him father must have been the child of his old age; his grey head was bare, and his erect and somewhat gaunt figure was wrapped in a toga of dark colour and homely texture. After him came two females, one bearing a lamp, whose light fell strongly on her person. She was in the prime of womanhood; every feature of her face every glance of her proud eye, every movement of her stately form spoke majestic and dazzling beauty. The other female seemed a Roman matron of declining years. The attire of both formed a strong contrast to the maiden who had stood by the fountain, whose garments of pure white were entirely without ornament, while theirs were many-coloured, and the arms and neck of the younger lady glittered with jewels.

The matron went timidly up to him who was evidently her husband, and said, "Irenæus, wilt thou then go? when thou knowest the danger to thee and the child."

He turned from her and took hold of his daughter's hand. "Come, Mæsa, let us go."

Once more the wife appealed: "Irenæus, if there be danger tell me the whole. Thy gods are not mine, but I am still thy wife, and the mother of thy child. Mæsa, tell me where thou and thy father are going?"

The young girl's lips moved, but a sign from Irenæus stayed her speech. The mother began to weep; and the stern old man seemed softened by her tears, for he went towards her and said kindly, "Domitilla mine, thou hast been ever faithful—I might trust the wife of my bosom, even though she is a worshipper of idols; but—" and he glanced towards the young female who bore the lamp.

She saw his look, and casting down the light, threw both her arms in the air with wild energy, crying, "Dost thou then suspect *me*, O father? Is it I whom thou doubtest would betray thee. I whom thou hast brought up these eighteen years with love and care, even as though I had been a child of thine own blood? And have I not loved thee as such, even since the day when the weeping Greek slave followed thee from the market to be cherished in thy childless home. Oh, father, father! thou hast sorely misjudged Stratonice!"

Her tones and gestures sank from indignation into low complaining; she bowed her head, and seemed absorbed in wounded feeling.

"I do thee no wrong, Stratonice," said Irenæus, calmly; "but in these troublous times which set household against household, and parent against child, it behoves us to trust none with a secret on which the life not of one but of many depends. It is enough for thee and thy mother to know that I and Mæsa go this night to the solemn assembly of our brethren, where, I must not and will not reveal. Come, my daughter."

Mæsa, who all this time had stood silent by her father's side, now drew her veil closely round her, kissed the hand of her mother, with the distant respect which was ever inculcated on the Roman youth, and with a gentle "Farewell, Stratonice," she followed Irenæus as he passed down the marble steps. When the last glimmer of Mæsa's white veil disappeared among the orange trees, Domitilla and her adopted daughter returned to the house.

They passed through many apartments, whose richness shewed that it was the dwelling of opulence. The gorgeous fabrics of the East, which commerce and victory had brought to Rome, were lavished on

every side: the tesselated floors and the painted walls bore witness that taste had gone hand in hand with luxury. Only this one circumstance was remarkable, that in all the adornments there was no representation of the human figure; no groups of dancing nymphs were delineated in the compartments of the walls; there were no statues of divinities, considered partly as domestic adornments, partly as objects of worship, with which the Romans, in the decline of their empire, loved to ornament their dwellings. Save for this, the house of Irenæus was a fit abode for a man of rank and wealth, in the times when the simplicity of ancient Rome had been succeeded by the magnificence of the emperors.

Stratonice and Domitilla came at last to their own portion of the dwelling. Here no restriction was imposed on the adornments, and here were all the outward emblems of the worship of the gods of Rome. The small statues of the household divinities occupied their accustomed shrine, before which lay incense and garlands of flowers. From the walls looked the images of the huntress-queen, and the god of day; Juno, the worshipped of the Roman matrons, was there pictured, and all the lesser deities of Greece and Rome. Every thing that was beautiful, everything that contributed to art, religion, or female luxury, was here combined. Stratonice and her mother reclined on one of the purple couches that occupied the centre of the room, and remained long in silence, each engrossed with her own meditations. But at length Domitilla said, as if giving unconscious utterance to the train of her thoughts, "Would that Cleomenes were here! he might tell us somewhat that would allay our fears about them. Will he come, thinkest thou, Stratonice?"

The Greek maiden stooped over her embroidery, but even then she could not hide the deep flush which that name brought to her cheek, and the trembling of her voice, as she answered, "I know not, mother, wherefore should I?"

Domitilla bent over her and kissed her brow. "Thou canst not deceive me, child of my heart; as dear to me as my own Mæsa,—nay, more, for she has left her mother's faith for another new and strange. My Stratonice, I know how well thou lovest this young Greek."

"And need I blush for it, mother?" said the girl, drawing up her noble stature to its full height, while her features gleamed with enthusiasm. "Is he not noble, brave, and worthy; has he not been the light of my eyes, my guide to all that was good and beautiful, these many years? Did I not love him when I was a child, because he spoke the tongue of my fathers, and talked to me of Greece. And need I feel shame that this love has strengthened until it has become part of my being; since in loving Cleomenes I love all that can ennoble man? Oh, mother, need I blush for this?"

"May Juno grant that he love thee as thou lovest him," said the mother, softly; but the words had reached to the ears of Stratonice; and her excitement passed away into dejection; her frame seemed shrinking from its proud dignity into abasement and despair.

"I said not that he loved thee not," added Domitilla, "but only—"

"Only that it is not for me that his footsteps haunt the dwelling of Irenæus; that it is on the sweet young face of Mæsa that his eyes rest. Is not this what thou would'st tell me, mother?" said Stratonice, mournfully.

"I said not so, my child," answered Domitilla. "Why should he

not love thee? Thou art a fit mate for him,—the same in country, in religion; while Mæsa—"

"But she is younger and fairer than I," interrupted the maiden passionately. "Hush! say not this is false—it is true; whatsoever he loves best *must* be beautiful. And yet I loved him when she was a child, and he, too, loved me then—or I believed so—with his kind words and his tender looks. "Oh, light of my soul, why hast thou left me!" cried Stratonice, with wild vehemence.

The mother calmed her strong excitement, until Stratonice knelt at her feet, and leaned upon her bosom, trembling like an infant, but composed.

"Even if it be as thou sayest," said the serene voice of the wife of Irenæus, "there may still be peace for thee. Thy secret is known only to thine own heart and to thy mother's,—neither will betray thee. Stratonice, even should Cleomenes love thee not, should he wed Mæsa—"

"I should die."

"Not so: death comes not so easily, even after anguish deep as this. Thou art young, my daughter; thou knowest not how much we can bear and live; I have known this." There was a tremulousness in the matron's tone which made Stratonice lift up her eyes inquiringly.

Domitilla continued. "Twenty years have I been the wife of Irenæus, honoured, regarded; in many things most happy, yet thinkest thou that my husband was the love of my youth, Stratonice? I once loved even as thou; even in my age, with my grey hairs and my withered bloom. I remember him—his sweet and loving eyes,—his voice low and musical, which I hear in my heart this hour. He did love me once—I know it; there could be no falsehood in those eyes and those tones: but his love changed, as love will do, sometimes, and perhaps she whom he next sought knew how to enchain him better than I."

"But the gods punished her for that wicked deed?" impetuously cried the maiden.

"Hush! Stratonice. *Thou* oughtest not to say such words, for she was the mother of Cleomenes."

"False father, false son," muttered Stratonice; and then throwing herself on the bosom of Domitilla, the whole frame of the proud and beautiful maiden shook with an agony of tears.

"Thou dost not yet know that he loves thy sister, or that she loves him," said the mother, soothingly.

"She could not but love him if he wooed her."

Domitilla smiled sadly. "All maidens think thus; but come, my child, we will talk no more of this; the gods may make my Stratonice happy yet."

The mother and daughter spoke no more, but lay on the couch in silence, while the flickering lamps showed the grace of an attitude which custom and the indolence of their clime taught the Roman women. The light fell full on Stratonice, exhibiting every curve of her exquisitely modelled form, the delicate hands, the rounded arms, the white sandalled feet; but she lay in utter abandonment of soul, and heeded not the beauty which had failed to win Cleomenes.

It was not long before he of whom her heart was full stood before Stratonice. One look at the young Greek and who would marvel at

the girl's love. It was not that he bore in his face and form the beauty of that land whose men were heroes—whose heroes were gods, but it was an inexpressible charm in his look—in his tone, so different from all other men. A stranger gazing on Cleomenes, or listening to his words, would have felt that he was in the presence of one who had received that spark of immortal fire—glorious genius!

Domitilla received Cleomenes with a kindly greeting. She had ever loved him; for though he bore his mother's face, he spoke with his father's voice; and woman ever remembers the tones of her first love. Stratonice gave him her white cold hand: her cheek changed not, and her voice was firm, as she said, "Thou art welcome, Cleomenes."

How little he knew that she who looked thus calm would have laid her life down at his feet, that he might say one tender word as of old; how that the lips which uttered that cold greeting, would have cried, "Let me die—let me die content, since thou lovest me, O Cleomenes!"

But Cleomenes knew not this; his glance wandered carelessly over her magnificent beauty, for he saw it not with the eyes of love—love which makes the meanest form divine! He spoke courteously, friendly, to both ladies, and then looked eagerly round for another, who was not there.

"I met not Irenæus as I came, noble lady Domitilla," he said, using the respectful *domina*, the favourite title of the patrician women of Rome. "And Mæsa is not with thee, I see. Are both well?"

A shade of anxiety passed over the matron's face. "As an old and tried friend thou knowest all the secrets of our household, Cleomenes. Therefore I dare tell thee that my husband and child are gone to their secret worship."

"At this hour an old man and a girl, to be unprotected in the streets of Rome!" cried Cleomenes. "Lady, it was madness! and when the city is full of revelling in honour of the victory of Gallienus, and the very name of Christian is a mock and a byeword. They will be discovered."

"The gods forbid!" shrieked the mother; but Stratonice did not utter a sound.

"And Mæsa wore the white garments of her vow, while all the Roman women flaunt in crimson and gold! it will betray at once that she is a Christian," and the young man's face grew deadly pale; but he saw the mother's agonized and imploring look, and said no more, except to ask the place where Irenæus and his daughter had gone.

"I know not: he would not say!" moaned Domitilla. "Alas! it is a fearful thing to be wedded to a Christian!"

"Do not say so," Cleomenes answered,—for her words struck like ice into his own conscious heart. "But I cannot stay here: I must go in search of them. Be comforted, lady; I will die rather than any harm should come to Mæsa." And in a moment he was gone.

Stratonice followed him with her eyes, and then turned them on Domitilla, who, amidst all her grief, shuddered at their expression of utter despair.

"Mother," she said, in accents terribly calm, "canst thou doubt who Cleomenes loves *now*?"

II.

In one of the most secret windings of the catacombs which extended under the capital,—another city of the dead beneath that of the living,—was gathered a little band of worshippers, the persecuted Christians of Rome. Among them were all ranks, all ages, from the noble patrician lady, who would not so much as have ventured her jewelled sandal across the common street, down to the blind and aged beggar, who existed, rather than could be said to live. Young and old, patrician and plebeian, rich and poor, mingled their voices in the psalm, knelt together, and broke the mystic bread of universal love and brotherly union. Around them lay the bones of the departed,—a mute warning that all must become one day equal in the same poor dust. In the dead of night from that gloomy house of tombs rose up the voice of prayer and of thanksgiving. Many lifted up their voices from beside the very niches that hid their dead kindred from their sight, and knowing not but that ere morning they themselves might find a grave in the same sepulchre. How earnest, how solemn must have been worship such as this!

Among the assemblage were Irenæus and his daughter.

When the service of the sabbath vespers had been concluded, the priest,—an aged man, who looked as though he had received the holy message from the very lips of the Apostles, stood forth. His words were few and simple; there was no eloquence on his lips; he spoke like an earnest man to earnest hearers, unto whom every syllable was a message of life and death. Then many of the others addressed their brethren; among the rest Irenæus. Afterward the rites of the church—which could only be thus secretly administered—were performed. Babes, whose fathers had confessed their faith through fire and sword, and the jaws of wild beasts, were brought by their mothers to be sealed in the same holy communion. The aged, the sick, to whom this night might be the last open confession of faith, received the prayers and consolations of religion; and then there came the strangest rite of all in that gloomy temple—a marriage.

The bride was young, and gentle looking; the husband a tall and sturdy Roman, hard-handed, rough-visaged, and yet not devoid of the soft expression given by sincere piety and tender human love. It was strange to hear those professions and affectionate vows given and received at such a time, and in such a place, and see love triumphing over danger, persecution, and death. When the rite was ended, the priest addressed the newly-wedded,

"My children, there are those amongst us who would say I did evil in this holy solemnization,—that at all times, and especially in this season of trouble, ye would serve God best asunder. But I say not so,—therefore, be blessed, and keep your holy vow until death,—how far or how near that death may be God knoweth. Rufinus, the father who gained the martyr's crown when thou wert yet a child, lies beneath thy feet; break not the vow made over his sacred dust. And thou, Metella, who art one with him in all things,—above all, in the same holy faith,—be thankful that in life and in eternity ye will never be parted. Alas! for those amongst us who are bound to unbelievers by the hallowed tie of marriage, which is yet too sacred to be loosed; but, woe unto them who, knowing the sin, willingly unite themselves to idolaters. Pain, affliction, and remorse, shall be their portion in this life, and eternal wrath hereafter!"

"Amen—amen!" cried the deep voice of Irenæus, breaking the awe-struck silence which followed the preacher's vehement words. Mæsa hid her face in her veil, and, as she knelt, her frame bent down almost to the earth: a visible shudder passed over her. But no one heeded: all were too much absorbed in their own feelings. After a solemn blessing the bridegroom took his bride, and all knelt down for the parting prayer.

Suddenly the watchers, who stood at a little distance, guarding the descent to the tomb, saw a shadow gliding along the damp wall. Lower and lower, nearer and nearer came the dreadful spectre, enough to strike superstitious terror in that place of death. But the Christian had no fear, save of the living. One of the watchers, a blind man, remarkable for quickness of hearing, started from his seat on a tomb, and cried,

"My brethren, death is upon us. I hear footsteps, and the clank of arms."

In another moment the soldiers of Dioclesian had burst on the yet-kneeling worshippers, and the still, low murmur of prayer was succeeded by shrieks, and groans, and curses. All was confusion and despair. Some died in the struggle with the soldiers, few by their weapons; for it was the wile of persecutors that death should be given, not in fight, but by slow martyrdom. The torches were nearly all extinguished in the strife; and death seemed to many more fearful, since it came in darkness. Some, seeing in the gloom their only hope of safety, and knowing the windings of the catacombs, stole through the very midst of the assailants towards the entrance. Among these were the bridegroom and the bride.

Irenæus neither strove to fight nor escape; he stood where he had knelt, unattacked by the soldiers, his figure shrouded by the darkness, his daughter, paralysed and insensible with terror, lying like an infant in his powerful arms. At last a touch, too gentle to be that of an enemy, and yet firm, was laid on his shoulder, and a whisper reached his ear,

"Irenæus, if thou wouldst be saved, come!"

At this instant a Roman soldier advanced to seize him; but the same voice, in a loud and commanding tone, which roused even Mæsa from her stupor, and caused her to utter a cry, said,

"These are *my* prisoners—release them!"

The soldier muttered some atonement, and departed.

"Give me thy burden, Irenæus, and come," added the first, and then even Irenæus recognized the voice of Cleomenes the Greek.

He took Mæsa from her father's arms, and led both, as seeming captives, to the foot of the staircase. Hardly had they reached it, when a struggle was heard above, a woman's shriek, and a fall. Immediately at their very feet lay the bruised and mangled forms of the unfortunates who had been cast down the winding staircase. Even in the last struggle and fall their arms had not untwined from round each other. Irenæus looked upon them: they were Rufinus and Metella, the bridegroom and the bride.

Past the struggling, the captives, the dead, Cleomenes and Irenæus went,—the Greek still bearing Mæsa, as if she were his prisoner,—through long passages, where they had to grope their uncertain way, sometimes displacing the ghastly inhabitants of that city of the dead; on, through all that was fearful and horrible, to the blessed upper air.

It was just daybreak when they emerged from the catacombs. The city was still in darkness, save that the faint light of dawn rested on the Palatine hill. The cool morning air restored consciousness to Mæsa, and Cleomenes relinquished his burthen, but still supported her feeble steps; the old man following. Thus, almost without a word, they passed through the deserted city, in which the revels of the night had at last ceased; but still had left their traces in the broken boughs and wine-drenched garlands which strewed the streets. Here and there they passed by a few sleeping revellers, who lay in the open air in helpless stupor. Save these, the only occupants of the highway seemed the terminal statues of the Roman divinities, which were placed in the corners of streets, hung with the now withered wreaths with which they had been adorned. Such sights would make the stern zealot, Irenæus, turn away his eyes, and draw his garments closer about him, lest he should be polluted by a passing touch of the hated idol.

They quitted the city, and came through the cool and lovely valley of Egeria, to the Ostian road, until they approached the dwelling of Irenæus. There the old man stood still, took his daughter from her young protector, and said,

"We must now part, Cleomenes. I know not if I ought to thank thee for saving my own poor life,—a life I would gladly exchange for the glory of a martyr's death; but, I am a father, and I do thank thee for preserving this child. Farewell, Cleomenes, thou art not one of us. May the true God one day guide thee to better things."

Irenæus lifted up his eyes in silent devotion; while Mæsa laid her hand on that of Cleomenes, and said gently,

"My father speaks coldly; but his gratitude is as warm as mine. And I shall ever remember all that Cleomenes risked to save the life of Mæsa."

"Because that life is ten thousand times more precious than his own to Cleomenes," answered the Greek in a low tone, which made the girl shrink from his eye, and take her hand from the warm clasp of his, with a hurried farewell. But after he was gone she looked after him long and fixedly, and a tear gathered in her soft eyes. Her father turned, and saw it.

"Mæsa," he said, and the stern severity of his tone struck her with terror, "the daughter of Irenæus must waste no tears upon an idolater. Remember the words which this night followed the union of those who, though now dead, are most happy. Thou heardest the curse,—beware!"

And Irenæus led his daughter onward, and entered into his own house.

III.

After the fatal night which had witnessed the discovery of their secret worship, many of the Christians of Rome sealed their faith with their blood. Such was the thirst for the glory of martyrdom that prevailed among the primitive converts, that some voluntarily devoted themselves to death by an open confession of their faith, or by offering sacrilege to the shrines of the deities. The luxurious inhabitants of Rome cared not whether it was their Christian fellow-citizens, or the barbarian captives of Gallienus, that made sport for them at the arena, so that they had no lack of their brutal amusements. Sometimes the flame of persecution waxed fainter for awhile, and then some new cause lit it up afresh, and thousands perished beneath it.

Amidst all these horrors the house of Irenæus went unscathed. The known piety of his wife Domitilla to the gods of Rome,—her noble birth, and his own good nature, protected him, if not from the taint of suspicion, at least from its fatal consequences. Sometimes, in his fiery zeal, Irenæus would have sought that persecution from which he seemed secure, had not his love for the child, who was one with him in religion; and Mæsa's influence over him prevented the outbreak of such wild enthusiasm.

From the time of that dread night in the catacombs a shadow seemed to come over the young girl's spirit. The presence of Cleomenes always brought to her a strange agitation. At his sight her colour would come and go, her lips tremble, and her eyes fill with tears. Her mother thought and said how that it was no marvel the child should shudder at aught that reminded her of that horrible scene; but Stratonice watched Mæsa's every look with doubt and suspicion. Her father, too, rarely suffered her out of his presence; and, though Cleomenes haunted both openly and secretly the abode which contained her he loved, he found no chance ever to utter more than those few words, which, though a torture, and, as she deemed, a heinous sin, yet rung in Mæsa's ears evermore, and were drunk in by her like sweet but deadly poison.

It was rarely that the daughter of Irenæus quitted her home; and now, in her failing health and harassed mind, she only sought to be alone. At the close of day she sometimes walked with Stratonice among the orange-trees of the garden, until the hour approached when Cleomenes was wont to come. Then the elder sister would depart, to enjoy the happiness of being near him whom she so passionately loved; while Mæsa strove to turn her thoughts from such vain and sinful ideas to the duties and aspirations of her religion. But, even amidst her evening prayer, and her vesper hymn, in the still twilight, often came the vision of Cleomenes, and she would weep that such sweet memories could be sin.

One evening, Stratonice, wearied of waiting for the so-longed-for step, cast aside her embroidery, and again went out into the orange-garden. She did not seek her sister; her own soul was too full of pain and jealousy, and it was torture to be near that fair and innocent girl, to look upon the face that Cleomenes loved, to see that beauty and sweetness which she knew was so precious to him. At times, by a strange revulsion of feeling, Stratonice would feel how impossible to hate aught that *he* loved, and almost terrify her sister by the wildness of her sudden and passionate caresses. But then, again, came that horrible jealousy, which gnawed into her very heart, and Stratonice would have fled anywhere to avoid the sight of Mæsa.

She hurried into the darkest and gloomiest shades; she would have shut out the very stars from her sight. Thus she came unconsciously to a spot fraught with so many memories that it sent a sharp pain to her heart. It was a little mossy nook, from which welled forth a spring of water no larger than a silver thread, which a naïad's hand had drawn through the green grass. There many a time, in their early youth, had she and Cleomenes sat together, and he had taught the orphan the tongue of her fatherland, and talked to her of their beloved Corinth, of Athens the glorious, the old warriors and sages, and recited the sounding verses of Homer, and the thrilling lyrics of Sappho, until the enthusiastic maiden could have become a heroine to fight by the side of him who spoke, or could have died joyfully, had it been for the love of

Cleomenes. Here, too, in the terror of a wound from one of those dangerous snakes which are not uncommon in Italian woods, the girl had once flung her arms round the neck of her young lover, and been soothed by him with tender words, — ay, and with kisses, — which she thought spoke of love like that in her own heart.

As Stratonice thought of all this memory became agony; she would have fled away but that she heard a low murmur of voices near the spring, and saw the flutter of a white robe. She came nearer—despair made her step firm and noiseless—she looked through the trees—there, in the clear starlight, she saw Mæsa's drooping form, and, beside her, bending over her with unutterable fondness, stood Cleomenes. His arms were wreathed round her, her hands were clasped in both his, and even though Mæsa wept, she did not take them away.

Stratonice could have shrieked but that a suffocating weight oppressed her—it passed away, and she seemed frozen into marble. Yet to her ears every word that Cleomenes said came terribly distinct, and she felt forced to listen.

"I have told thee all, my best-beloved," he said, with an accent of inexpressible sweetness and tenderness, "and thou scornest me not. Oh Mæsa! thou must—thou dost love me."

"I dare not, Cleomenes—I dare not," faintly answered the girl. "It would be a sin against my father—and more, against my God! I dare not love thee—I cannot. Take away thine arms, and let me go."

He freed her in a moment, and stood leaning against a tree; he looked at her for a while with an expression so mournful—so despairing, that it went to her very heart, and then covered his face with his hands.

"I have deceived myself—thou lovest me not," he said at last; "I will go away and die."

"Thou shalt not go," cried Mæsa passionately, "thou shalt not go —for I love thee—I do love thee, my Cleomenes!"

And Stratonice, from her hiding-place, witnessed the first embrace of confessed and mutual love between her sister and the beloved of her own heart—her idol for years. She clasped her hands over her brow till they felt like bands of iron, then pressed them together until the red drops seemed ready to ooze from the slender fingers; and, without a word or cry, she sank down, still conscious but utterly powerless, on the grass.

In that moment every womanly feeling, every loving and kindly emotion, fled from the bosom of Stratonice. No wounded pride for slighted love—no bleeding vanity—no girlish sorrow over withered hopes brought relieving tears to her eyes. They were burning; but she could not weep. Desperation—wild hatred—maddening revenge came like serpents hissing around her, and all whispered one and the same word. Could any but the countless starry eyes have beheld her then, as she stood, most terrible in her magnificent beauty, they would have likened her to the glorious, but fallen, archangel who defied the Eternal.

IV.

The Furies which tortured the crime-stained son of Agamemnon, were not more terrible than the thoughts which now crowded on the soul of Stratonice. First, they were wild, desperate—too horrible to

have any real form—then they shaped themselves into a stern determination, which grew firmer and firmer the more it lingered in her heart. Every feeling of gratitude for years of tender care—every sisterly and filial emotion—were swallowed up in the whirlpool of passionate, all-engrossing, and despairing love. During the long and fearful hours of night the bosom of the Greek girl was racked with jealous agony; the long-suppressed passions of her clime rose up and rioted uncontrolled, and all resolved themselves into the one certainty that, whether by death or life, Cleomenes must be parted from Mæsa.

At the dawn of day, long ere the indolent and luxurious Roman ladies had unclosed their eyes, Stratonice disguised herself in the attire of one of her slaves, and went forth to betray those for whom she would once have died. As the morning breeze passed her by, laying its cool kiss on her hair and brow, and the faint twitter of the waking birds was heard from the wood of Egeria—whose very name brought images of holiness and peace—the contrast to her own tumultuous passions struck forcibly on the throbbing heart of Stratonice; the horrible phantoms fled away before the still, calm reality of light and day, and a vague feeling of remorse and pity for the innocence she was about to betray stole over her. But then came the agonizing memory of Cleomenes and his love—and the girl pressed her hands wildly to her heart as if to drive thence every feeling but that all-engrossing one which led her on to the deed.

Again and again she kept repeating to herself that it would not bring death to that sweet child; for the Christians, if only suspected, were generally allowed time after the first warning, to flee from the threatened persecution. Thus Mæsa would be parted from her lover without the sin of murder. With these words, Stratonice moved rapidly forward, and, ere the frenzied excitement which goaded her had passed away, she had denounced Mæsa, the daughter of Irenæus, as a concealed Christian.

Flying from the house of the prætor with the speed of one who is pursued by a spectre, the Greek girl reached her home. Fear lest she should be suspected, a vague apprehension as to the result of her deed, and a lingering remorse which grew stronger and stronger now that it was utterly in vain, oppressed her by turns. With the swiftness of an antelope she gained the secret entrance of the garden, and soon reached the house in safety and undiscovered. There, in her own chamber, Stratonice felt all her strength flee from her; she cast away the thick mantle which had disguised, and threw herself on the floor, laying on the cold marble her burning brow as if to give relief to its wild throbbings, and trembling at every sound.

Then, by a sudden impulse, she passed to the chamber next her own which was her sister's. Mæsa lay in a slumber which might once have been disturbed, for the dark eyelashes were still heavy with tears. But it was all calmness now, and a sweet happy smile wandered round the childlike mouth. Broken words came at times from the lips of the dreaming girl. Stratonice bent down to listen, and distinguished that name which lay ever like a silent melody in her own heart—the name of Cleomenes!

She rushed from the couch, and, casting her arms with frenzied exultation in the air, while her disordered tresses and flashing eyes, gave her the appearance of a Mænad or a Pythoness, Stratonice thanked the gods who had strengthened her for the deed she had done.

That night when Irenæus, under the influence of gentle and domestic feelings to which the austere zealot seldom gave way, had gathered his wife and daughters round him in peace and affection—that night the awful warning came.

For a moment the young maiden—she was hardly more than a child—trembled under the terrible blow, she uttered a shriek, and threw herself into her father's arms.

"Hush! I am with thee," murmured Irenæus, almost concealing his daughter's small and slight form in his embrace. Then turning to the bearer of the secret summons, he said firmly, though drops of agony stood on the father's brow, "Thou seest she neither confesses nor denies the charge until the appointed time. Go!"

By degrees firmness and strength came to the young Christian maiden; she stood upright, and folded her small hands on her bosom, saying,

"Father, doubt me not, I have no fear now."

Domitilla flung herself at the feet of her husband. "Oh! Irenæus save thyself and her—there is time. Fly, I beseech thee, this night—this very hour."

Irenæus looked at his daughter; she returned the gaze with eyes in which shone resolution equal to his own, and put her hand in his.

"Mother," she said in low and serene tones, "the daughter of Irenæus may not fly. I am weak, but the holy faith I follow will make me strong. I will cling to it and acknowledge it even unto death."

A glow of rapturous exultation lighted up the face of Irenæus.

"Domitilla, Stratonice—worshippers of false gods," he cried, "see what it is to be a Christian. My child," continued the old man, "do as thou wilt, I forbid thee not—I glory in thee. Rather than that thou shouldst deny thy faith, I would see thee die a martyr's death. Fear not, Mæsa, my beloved, for such a death is most blessed. Let us go and pray that thou mayest have strength to meet it."

And without another word he led his daughter away.

Thus did the early fathers of the faith show a resolution so heroic and so constant, that martyrdom was esteemed a glory—a thing to be desired rather than dreaded. And thus did their devotion to their holy religion triumph over every other human feeling, making the timorous firm, and the feeble strong; giving to delicate and timid woman the courage of manhood, and endowing manhood with a heroism and endurance almost superhuman. In our days we can sit by our peaceful firesides and read how the early Christians died—nay, more, joyfully surrendered their best-beloved to death without a tear; and it seems like an idle tradition, an amusing and incredible tale. May the fearful realities of such times never come nearer to us than now.

V.

The Forum of Rome was appointed as the place of assembly where, week by week, the suspected or acknowledged Christians were accused and condemned. It was a noble and spacious hall, adorned with all the magnificence of the time. The days had gone by when the rulers of republican Rome, severe in their simplicity, sent forth their judgments from beside the warrior's tent and the farmer's plough. Even the sway of Dioclesian, who gave no countenance to luxury, failed to restrict the unbounded love of splendour which was the destruction of Rome. How would the ghosts of those stern old Romans

have looked with disgust and contempt on their ancient forum thronged with statues, not of heroes, but of crime-laden and effeminate emperors, whom they would have deemed too abject to wield a woman's distaff—too vile to crawl under the loathed garments of a slave.

On the gorgeous seats which occupied the place of the ancient rostra, reclined the judges—men, whose splendid garments and careless attitudes, made them seem more like guests at a feast than senators whose fiat was to be that of life or death. Before them stood the Christians, a band as various in age, sex, and station, as that which had met at the catacombs. One by one they were called upon to answer the accusation—or deny their faith by casting incense on the altar of Janus, whose temple was within the precincts of the forum. One by one did those simple and faithful followers of the apostles go to their trial and their doom; some with wild energy pouring forth anathemas on the idol and its worshippers, thereby gaining more quickly the longed-for death; others, in calm endurance, uttering no words of anger or reproach, but meekly and silently meeting their doom.

"Mæsa, the daughter of Irenæus, stand forth!" cried the cold stern voice of Galerius, the second in the empire, a harsh and merciless judge.

Firmly and calmly the young maiden glided from her father's side, and stood before the tribunal still covered with her veil. The judge motioned her to take it off, and the pale sweet face of the daughter of Irenæus was revealed to his rude eyes.

"Poor child! thou art young to die thus," said a compassionate voice; it came from him who sat next to Galerius, a man of middle age, whose mild features and fair hair contrasted strongly with the dark-looking, cruel-eyed judge.

"Thou wert always soft-hearted, Constantius Chlorus," answered Galerius, with a sneer. "But the will of the emperor must be done, nevertheless. Fair damsel! I would not be harsh to thee; the altar is near thee, throw on it but a few grains of incense and thou art free. Surely, the task is easy."

But Mæsa stood immovable.

"Give her the censer!" cried Galerius. "Come, maiden, wilt thou do this?"

"I will not," came from the girl's lips in a tone most sweet, and yet most firm. "I am a Christian."

One deep sigh, as of agonized suspense, was heard from the midst of the Christian band, and from the multitude beyond rose a half-suppressed shriek,—they came from the father and mother of the doomed Mæsa.

"Fool!" said the judge. "Who taught thee to believe such madness?"

"I did," cried Irenæus, stepping forth beside Mæsa. "I am the Christian father of this Christian child. I was Irenæus, the soldier of Probus, the victor of the Sarmatians, the honoured of the senate; now I am a martyr for the faith of the holy Galilean, ready to die with this my devoted and dutiful child."

The gentle countenance of Constantius was full of pain.

"Noble Irenæus," he said, "we will not listen to thee—our ears are deaf. Go away to thy house; let one suffice for the sacrifice."

But Galerius, full of savage pleasure, ordered his guards to lead the new criminal to the altar of incense. To the surprise of all, Irenæus

walked unresistingly thither, and stood before the statue of Janus. Then he cried with a loud voice,

"Cursed idol! worshipped blindly by the votaries of a cursed faith, thus does the servant of the one true God execute vengeance upon thee!"

And, with a blow from that aged but once-powerful arm, which had crushed the enemies of Rome like so many grasshoppers, Irenæus dash- the statue from its pedestal, and it fell, broken in a thousand pieces, on the temple floor.

A cry of horror, of revenge, of exultation, burst from the Romans and the Christians. All was confusion in the assembly; and Irenæus would have been torn in pieces by the indignant multitude, had not Galerius commanded the guards to secure and protect him. Thus the old man was borne away, and Mæsa stood in the midst of the Forum, alone and unprotected.

Not unprotected; for suddenly a young man leaped from the crowd, and stood by the maiden's side. It was Cleomenes. Even in that dread time a gleam of joy came over Mæsa's countenance at the faithfulness of him she loved; but in a moment she whispered mournfully,

"Cleomenes, why art thou here?—must I bring death on thee, too?"

He did not answer her; but turned to the younger of the judges.

"O Constantius! I appeal to thee for the sake of this young maiden. How can she be guilty, even if she have been made to conform to her father's faith? Noble Chlorus, thou hast known me from my youth; here I pray thee to grant me this maiden's life. Romans," he cried, turning to the multitude, "let the daughter of the condemned Irenæus be forgotten in the wife of Cleomenes the Greek."

At this name a cry of pleasure rose up from the crowd. "He is a good man; let him take the girl. Long live Cleomenes the Greek!" were severally heard from the changeable populace.

"Let her cast the incense—but one grain,—and she is free," said the judges.

Cleomenes led Mæsa to the shrine; he placed the censer in her hand; he stood before her, with his sweet, loving, and beseeching eyes. The daughter of Irenæus looked at him, pressed his hands to her lips and bosom, then let them go, and said,

"For thee—for thee, most faithful and beloved one, I would renounce all on earth; but I cannot deny my God!"

She cast the censer on the earth, folded her hands calmly on her breast, and said once more,

"I am a Christian. Let me die with my father."

VI.

And where, amidst all this, was the betrayer, the woman whose love was worse than hate,—the unsuspected guilty one, whose self-tortures were ten thousand times fiercer than the martyr's flames,—where was Stratonice?

Wandering about like an unquiet spirit,—in the desolate home,—in the crowded Forum,—in the prison, where the condemned ones awaited a slow-coming death, to grace the next festival of the Roman murderers,—beside the calm and patient victim,—beside the father, who, though firm in his own enthusiastic faith, yet cursed the unknown wretch who had betrayed his child,—by the frantic mother, who up-

braided her adopted daughter for that ill-fated love which seemed now made fortunate by the coming death of her own innocent child,—by the lover, whose passionate devotion, no longer concealed, was as an ever-pointed dagger in that jealous heart. Thus lived Stratonice!

Most terrible was it to bear within the burning fire of an evil conscience,—to meet kind looks and words from those she had so deeply injured, trembling every hour lest some unforeseen chance should reveal the truth, and lay the curse of the bereaved on the double murderess. But most agonizing was it to be a daily witness of the strong and despairing love,—the almost adoring reverence with which Cleomenes looked upon Mæsa, while she herself, who had perilled her soul to gain that love, was not regarded. In the prospect of coming death the stern bar of severance between Pagan and Christian was removed; and, though Irenæus oftentimes reproved his daughter for the indulgence of feelings which he considered unworthy of a Christian, and unfitting one who was about to enter on the glories of martyrdom, yet he did not forbid the young Greek from coming daily to the prison. The known adherence of Cleomenes to his own religion, his high character, and the esteem in which he was held by Constantius Chlorus, procured him this favour, and enabled him in many things to alleviate the condition of the captives during the weary time that, with a refinement of cruelty, was frequently suffered to elapse between the condemnation and death of the Christians.

And thus, within those gloomy walls the young lovers met. This bitter sorrow—this impending fate—but drew their hearts nearer together. A holy calmness took the place of maidenly timidity in the bosom of Mæsa: it was surely not sin to love Cleomenes now. Hour after hour she suffered him to sit at her feet, and look into her eyes, until the past seemed all blotted out, and the horrible future grew dim in the distance,—as though it would not be that such love would be swallowed up in death.

Now and then Mæsa spoke to him of her faith, of the blessed hopes which sustained her; and, though Cleomenes answered not, it seemed to her as if she must go on, that, perchance, when those sweet lips were silent for ever, some once-uttered words might come back to his memory, and the wise and noble Greek philosopher might be guided on that heavenly road by the simple teaching of an unlearned girl, whose love was her only wisdom. Amidst such thoughts death seemed less like an eternal parting between the two, who, though so different in all else, were yet so firmly united in that one mysterious bond of love.

At times they talked as if there had been no sorrow in the world—no cloud hanging over them; they spoke of old days of peace and happiness, and Mæsa played with the birds and flowers which her lover took care to bring to the prison; listened to their warblings as she placed them in the small beam of sunshine that crept through the interstices of the massive walls; sometimes, in childlike forgetfulness of trouble, giving vent to her own low musical laugh. How strange it sounded in such a scene!

Then a mournful look would stray over her face as she would sigh to leave the beautiful world, made still more beautiful by love, until Cleomenes would snatch her to his bosom,—even her father did not say him nay at such a time,—and declare with wild energy that no power should take her from him,—that his heart's beloved should not die!

All this the tortured eyes of Stratonice beheld, and she knew that her sin was all in vain, for that nought but death could separate love from love.

At last, through the astonished city spread the news of the abdication of Dioclesian, and the appointment of Galerius to the sole power of the Western Empire. Fearful, indeed, was this intelligence to the Christians of Rome, for they knew that the rejoicings on account of the new emperor were the signal for the death of their condemned brethren; and, hardest to bear of all was the suspense in which the prisoners were kept, each one knowing not the day or hour when he might be led to the place of crucifixion, or to the circus, to make sport for the high-born men and fair women of Rome with his dying agonies, in the struggle with wild beasts.

It was from the lips of his wife that Irenæus first heard the tidings of his coming fate. Distracted with terror, Domitilla rushed through the streets of Rome to the prison where her husband and child lay. Ever and anon the shouts from the Coliseum rose upon the air, telling that the sports were already begun. She entered the prison: even its terrible stillness was a blessing after those death-laden acclamations.

Mæsa sat at her father's feet; on her lap the parchment which contained the precious words of comfort,—a treasure so zealously guarded by the early Christians, that torture itself often failed to extort from them the place where it was concealed. The young girl looked so pure, so calm, so full of life, and youth, and loveliness, that at the sight a wild shriek burst from the mother, and she fell senseless on the floor. Irenæus, with a gentleness which was unusual to him, raised his wife in his arms, and looked inquiringly at Stratonice, who followed.

"Father," she said, slowly and distinctly, though her lips were pale as death, and her wild eyes glared with a strange light; "father, the games at the circus have begun."

"Is it even so," answered Irenæus; "then the time is come. Mæsa, my beloved, dost thou hear?"

She had buried her face in the white veil which she still wore, but, at his voice, she leaped up and clung round her father's neck, not weeping, but as white and cold as a marble statue.

"Is death still so terrible to thee, poor child?" said Irenæus, softly; "but fear not, Mæsa, the God of thy father and mine will give thee strength when it comes. Have any of my brethren yet suffered, Stratonice?" he continued.

"I met them bearing Leontius, and Balbus with his wife Plancina; and from the arena was carried the white-haired priest who stood beside the forum—at least his—"

Stratonice could not finish the sentence, for a convulsive shudder came over her. But not a muscle quivered in the composed countenance of the aged Christian.

"They delay till the last before they send for Irenæus the centurion," he said, with a fearless smile; "they think these aged limbs will furnish fine sport for the Hyrcanian tigers, but I fear not, Stratonice. Take thy mother," he added, in softened tones, "she will soon have none but thee."

But Stratonice dashed herself on the floor at his feet, and cried in tones that rang through the prison with the shrillness of remorse and despair,

"Father—father, kill me with thy curses, but speak not so gently.

I—only I—have done this. I have betrayed my sister—I have murdered thee. Oh! Irenæus—I dare not call thee father—spurn me—slay me—let me die at thy feet."

Irenæus took his robe from her grasp, and turned from her as from a noisome reptile. But Mæsa looked on her sister, and in that look there was mingled neither anger nor disgust, but sorrow and compassion. And truly, it was pitiful to see that proud head bowed to the very dust—that long beautiful hair torn and scattered in fragments with the vehemence of her agony.

"Stratonice," said Mæsa, "I ever loved thee—I never did thee evil, my sister. Why hast thou done this?"

"Because thou didst take from me the joy of my heart—my only blessing in this world; because that beauty of thine stole Cleomenes from me when I loved him—ay, ten thousand times more than thou, Mæsa; what is thy love to mine?" madly cried the Greek girl. "Thou wouldst not throw a grain of incense to save thyself and bless him, while I have sacrificed father, mother, sister—yea, my own soul, for the love of Cleomenes! Whose love is greatest, thine or mine?"

Mæsa shrunk trembling from the vehement words and gestures of Stratonice, which roused Domitilla from her swoon. But the enfeebled mind of the wife of Irenæus could not clearly comprehend what was passing; she drew her child to her arms, and sat patiently smoothing Mæsa's soft hair, and looking in her face, in a state of dreamy unconsciousness which was indeed bliss.

Meanwhile the stern voice of Irenæus addressed the prostrate Stratonice.

"Woman! rise up."

The haughty spirit of the Greek girl was subdued at his tone; she arose and stood before him, humbly and silently as a child.

"Had I been of like faith to thee, wretched one," said Irenæus, "I should have cursed thee; but the Christians do not so. It ill becomes one who is passing into the presence of the All-merciful to return evil for evil. Therefore, thine own conscience be thy torment."

At this moment, even through the dense walls of the dungeon, penetrated the shouts of the multitude. When the sound fell on the ears of Stratonice, it seemed to rouse her almost to frenzy.

"Oh! father—sister—pardon!" she shrieked. "Leave me not with your blood upon my blood. Pardon—pardon!"

"I do pardon thee, poor unfortunate," answered Irenæus. "The deed has given me a glorious crown, while thou thyself hast lost all.

Mæsa bent over her sister, and laid on her brow the kiss of peace.

"I too pardon thee, Stratonice," she said. "I shall soon pain thee no longer; his love was very sweet to me," and the young girl's voice trembled: "but when I have gone away there will be none to part thee from Cleomenes."

"And now trouble us no more—thou whom I have so long called daughter"—said Irenæus. "Leave us to prepare for the death thou hast given."

He drew Mæsa from her; and Stratonice shrunk away, and crouched down in the farthest corner of the dark cell. Irenæus and his daughter sat together, and awaited in silence and calmness, the fatal summons.

Louder and louder grew the shouts of the multitude—it seemed as if they came nearer and nearer, until they reached the prison itself.

Suddenly the doors were flung open, and, at the threshold, stood, not the officers who bore the signal of death, but the noble and beloved form of Cleomenes the Greek, his countenance gleaming with joy, his bright hair flung back, his right hand waving aloft a parchment.

It was the edict of Galerius; the Christians were saved.

By a sudden determination of policy, rather than an impulse of mercy, the new emperor had issued a general pardon to his Christian subjects, with permission to exercise their religion in peace.

Wildly from that murky cell rose up the cry of joy and deliverance and the prayer of thanksgiving. The wife clung to her husband—all difference of faith forgotten; tears—even tears—bedewed the iron cheeks of Irenæus as he clasped his daughter to his bosom, and knew that the shadow of death no longer gathered over them, while Cleomenes knelt beside Mæsa, kissing her hands, her garments, with delirious joy.

And there in the darkness—afar from all—crouched Stratonice, not daring to be near their happiness—glaring upon them with starting eyes and burning brain, one moment wild with rapture at her deliverance and her own freedom from that deadly sin of murder, and then stung to madness by the loving words and joyful looks which Cleomenes lavished on his Mæsa.

At last Irenæus turned to the young Greek, and the tenderness of the happy father became merged in the sternness of the Christian zealot. He drew Mæsa from her lover and said,

"The blessings of those whom thou hast once saved, and to whom thou hast been a joyful messenger of deliverance, be upon thee, Cleomenes! but thou must leave us now for ever. I dare not brave the wrath of the Christians' God by giving my daughter to an idolater.

From her dark hiding-place, Stratonice started to her feet, and her eyes were fixed on the countenance of him she loved so madly. But no pain, no disappointed hope darkened the face of the young Greek. Cleomenes knelt before Irenæus, and took his hand saying,

"Father—even so! Give me my heart's beloved; for Mæsa's God is mine—I too am a Christian."

A cry so wild—so despairing that it might have been the shriek of a parting soul, burst from the lips of Stratonice, and, ere the lover could embrace his betrothed, she stood between them.

"Mæsa," she said in a hoarse whisper, "hadst thou died this day I would have died too. Thou art saved—thou art happy—therefore, also, I will die." She drew a short Greek dagger from her robe, and plunged it into her bosom.

Life parted—not suddenly but lingeringly. Stratonice lay with her head pillowed on the breast of her adopted mother, with ebbing life all wildness and excitement passed away. Only still her reim eyes wandered to the face of Cleomenes with mournful tenderness.

"Forgive, me," she murmured, "thou art happy, Cleomenes, and I die; forgive me for my love's sake."

Mæsa bent over the dying girl, and laid a crucifix on her bosom; but the feeble hand of Stratonice cast it aside with scorn. She lifted herself up with wonderful energy, raised her arms in the air, and cried,

"Gods of Greece—gods of my country—I have lived faithful to your forsaken shrines, and faithful I will die. Life has been a torture to me; may I find peace in the land of the dead. Spirits of my fathers, receive the soul of Stratonice!"

She fell back; and the beautiful form was only clay!

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND HOLLAND.

IV.—THE CONSTITUTION AND THE KING.

In Belgium everything is elective. The only difference between the Senate, or Upper House, and the Lower Chamber, is, that the landed qualification is higher, and the term of duration longer, in the former than in the latter. But they are both elected, the Senate for ten years, the Lower Chamber for five. It is a distinction without any real difference. The Senate interposes no check or corrective influence; it represents no class or interest. It sits, apparently by way of a sort of state ceremony, with its sublime arms folded. For all practical constitutional purposes it possesses hardly any power, and exercises none. It has neither political nor social weight. Any person who enjoys the requisite qualification in land or property is eligible to the Senate; hence we find merchants and even shopkeepers, amongst its members, mixed up with the descendants of the old nobility. The aristocratic element goes for nothing. Any individual who has made money enough to purchase the requisite estate may shoulder out the finest count of them all. The working of the system has the effect of stamping the Senate with a *parvenu* character, and bringing it into such contempt with the upper and educated classes that men of high talent and ambitious views take great pains to avoid being elected into it, by studiously keeping their landed investments below the standard of qualification.

The Lower House, to all intents and purposes, governs the country. Its authoritative power is so openly recognised, that it is here the King opens the Parliament. The Senate has the nominal right of refusing its assent to the legislative measures of the other Chamber. So has the King. But it is almost a constitutional fiction, for the right is so rarely used that it has no weight whatever on the action of the legislature. The government is essentially democratic in everything except the form. There is no government in Europe so purely representative. Every man who pays a small contribution to the state (so small as to exclude nobody except the pauper) has a voice in the elections; and the representatives thus elected virtually control the other estates. In practice, a more perfect system of government by representation, could not be devised. The King has the power of declaring war—a power which in the circumstances of Belgium he is not very likely to exert; and he is consequently wanted for nothing but his signature to state-papers. As it is, he spends half the year out of Belgium—in France, Germany, England, anywhere except in Belgium, which does not seem to agree with him. This is, no doubt, the wisest course he can take; for if he were a man of action, and happened to run counter to popular prejudices, he might find his seat rather uneasy. The *insouciance* with

which he has contrived to rule this busy little country, and to keep it together amidst the shock of the political earthquakes which have produced such convulsions on its French and Prussian frontiers, (fearful as such an experiment would have been elsewhere, especially just after a revolution) has answered the purpose admirably. Indeed it has answered the purpose a thousand times better than the most adroit management. It has suffered the real nature of the Belgian constitution to develop itself, and to shew how wonderfully it can get on without any other help from a King than the endorsement of his name. In no other sense is Leopold king of that country.

The old families and the commercial classes were long and bitterly opposed to his government, but they have become gradually reconciled to him by the total negation of all antagonism in his character and conduct. He is universally respected for his "good intentions," his *bonhomie* (a small supply of which goes a great way with a king), his quiet courage, and his known desire to advance the happiness of the people. Nobody thought, even in the worst times, of blaming Leopold for anything. It was felt that he was thrown by accident into an invidious position, and the animosities of party were directed chiefly against his advisers. I had a conversation, during the period when the Orange faction was at its height, with a merchant of Liege, who made this matter clear. "Leopold," he observed, "was made king by the priests and the *canaille;* he is not the king of the thinking classes; but nobody objects to Leopold personally. He is a good man, and a sensible man, and would make an excellent king, under better auspices. If he is unpopular with us, it is not on his own account, but on account of the change which brought him into power. It is true he does no good; but he does no harm,—he *does nothing*. I had an interview with him on domestic affairs, which lasted for eight hours. He is accessible to everybody, and anxious to assist everybody—but *he does nothing for anybody*. He is a clever man, and knows everything—but *he does nothing*. He speaks German, French, Flemish, and English; he is affable, amiable, and reasonable; the people do not express disapprobation of him, because he gives them no occasion—*he does nothing*. That is the secret of his security. We all feel that the priests rule the country, and that the King is only a puppet in their hands. They pull the wires, and the King moves. Should any change take place, he will be treated with respect and forbearance, for it will be remembered from the highest to the lowest, that if he did no good during his reign, he did no evil—that, in fact, *he did nothing*."

Circumstances have undergone much alteration since that time; but the material truth is still the same. The industry of the people is living down the influence of the priests; but the priests still wield too large a power, and the King is still a cypher.

V.—THE GLOVE OF FLANDERS.

CHARLES V.'s pun upon Ghent, or Gant, is a standing joke in Belgium. In his time it was one of the wealthiest cities in Europe, and so large and populous that he used to indulge in the pleasantry of saying that he could put all Paris in his glove (*gant*); and on another occasion when the sanguinary Alva urged him to destroy the town by way of punishing the insubordination of the

inhabitants, his Majesty took the "cruel Duke" to the top of the old *beffroi*, and making him look down upon the outspread city beneath, asked him "Combien il falloit de peaux d'Espagne pour un *gant* de cette grandeur?" This imperial *calembourg* has given currency to the supposition that the name of the city originated in some passage of ancient chivalry, and was literally derived from a glove. But this is an error. The name is Flemish, and is traced in the old chronicles to the Vandals, who, taking the place from the Goths, called it Wanda, whence by an easy transition we get Ganda, abbreviated in course of time into Gand, and finally Frenchified into Ghent.

Miraculous accounts of the antiquity of Ghent are supplied by the Flemish historians; but no respectable proofs can be adduced of its existence earlier than the seventh or eighth century. It was formerly the capital of Flanders; it is now the capital of Eastern Flanders. It was formerly a rich and thriving place; it is now the principal manufacturing town of Belgium. Here the Knights of the Golden Fleece once held their chapters; and here in later times a fleece of more substantial gold has been conjured out of the cotton manufacture. Kings and princes and emperors and brave republican merchants have held sway in Ghent through the pomp of courts and the blood of revolutions. Great men have left their names here in houses and public places, where their memories are still preserved. Charlemagne and the Arteveldes, Philip the Good, Charles V., Napoleon; Louis XVIII., took refuge here when he was driven out of Paris in 1815; the Duke of Wellington occupied a house opposite to him; the Duc de Berri was lodged at the little hotel des Pays-Bas; and all the sovereigns of Europe, during that famous three months, while Ghent enjoyed the temporary honor of entertaining royalty, sent their ambassadors to do suit and service at the court of the banished monarch. Strange fluctuations has Ghent seen since those days. During, and after, the Revolution, the most Orange of all the Orange cities of Belgium, it lost its trade and menaced the new order of things by daily riots and *émeutes*. But, when the first fiery outbreaks were over, the resisting spirit gradually subsided into tranquillity; the Place d'Armes relapsed into a promenade and book-fair; the club-houses, no longer the scene of wild party strife, were once more given up to dominoes and coffee; the name of King William was quietly effaced from the *façade* of the university; and merchants and manufacturers, glove-makers and lace-makers, and the new playhouse, whose saloons are the handsomest in Europe, began to brighten and look forward to prosperous times.

At the present moment the trade of Ghent, which has derived immense facilities from the rail-roads, is rapidly improving; and so long as trade flourishes there is little risk of disturbances in these conservative towns. The Belgians may be depended upon for the preservation of order under a system of government which encourages and protects industry. In this matter they are quite as practical as the English, without having our constitutional safety-valve—the habit of grumbling.

Intersected by numerous canals, and the wandering branches of two rivers, spanned by countless bridges of wood and stone; charged in its old market places, narrow streets, and bustling quays with

quaint and picturesque architecture, of which an ancient Gothic house on the grand canal, crusted over with ornaments, affords a characteristic specimen; challenging your attention at every turn with historical sites and ruins, of which the most remarkable are the old turreted gateway where *our* John of Gaunt was born, and the ancient belfry or watch-tower, which was at once a monument of the power of the *Gantois,* and the tocsin of their security, from whence they rang out the alarum that upon occasions of danger called the citizens together, Ghent contains more objects likely to interest the stranger than any other town in Belgium. A few days may be agreeably and profitably spent in its streets, in exploring its well-furnished shops, markets and manufactories, and in visiting the hospitals and religious houses, the Casino, and the Botanical gardens.

The churches are numerous, and two or three of them superb. The churches are the manifest glory of the Flemish towns. They are not only attractive from their architectural beauty, their pomp, and their endless incentives to religious enthusiasm, but they draw in, as to a common centre, all that is curious and peculiar in costume, usage, and character. Open all day long, they receive communicants from sunrise till the close of vespers; and there, in the little chapels that nestle in the aisles, with their altars and images reposing in the flitting shadows, you discover the most picturesque groups absorbed in prayer. The sight is impressive. Let us linger for a moment behind this pillar. It is the cathedral church of St. Bovan, the marvel of Ghent. As you look up the nave, you suppress your breath. The scene is transcendently grand. On every side you are surrounded by marble statues; and the whole of the interior is lined with black marble, relieved at intervals with graceful scrolls and white columns of Parian purity and delicacy. There are twenty-two chapels within the walls; the altars are alternately composed of gold, silver, and marble. Verde antique, porphyry, and scagliola, are scattered about as profusely as so much whitewash or tinsel. The rarest paintings and the most elaborate sculpture teem upon you from every point of vision. It would seem as if the treasures of Sardanapalus and Cleopatra had been poured into this costly temple. Hush! in the dim distance, rendered more distant by the splendours which distract the eye in the intervening space, there is a gathering of children coming up the nave in solemn procession. They are dressed in white, with lace veils that fall over their faces like dropping clouds. They carry in their hands vases and baskets of artificial flowers, which they strew over the ground as they advance towards the altar. Now they take their seats close to the choir—the organ peals out a low, deep, full volume of sound, and fills the air with music; a ceremony, mystical to us, is performing, and now they place their offerings at the foot of the altar, and deposit their mites upon the silver plates presented to them by the priests. It is the anniversary of a charity for the sick of the city, and these children are the ministers of that twice-blessed benevolence. The service is over, and they resume their procession as before, returning in the same order, and strewing the ground with flowers. How sweetly this meek goodness contrasts with the gorgeousness of the edifice in which it is displayed! The earnestness and steadfastness of Catholicism is rendered intelligible through such scenes. There are so many motives to urge these

people into the temples of their religion, so many lights and helps to spiritual enthusiasm in the pictorial parables and sculptured histories which these walls exhibit, that we cannot wonder if the heart of the devotee should throb with emotion, and sink down into unenquiring worship before the mixed influences which appeal so eloquently to his imagination. We say truly that the Catholic religion is addressed to the senses of the multitude; that it searches the credulity of nature, and trusts to faith the convictions which belong to the province of reason. But is it certain that reason always moves the affections of the poor and ignorant? Be the issues what they may—superstition, fanaticism, and blind obedience—the fidelity and devotion of the lower classes are, at least, effectually secured by the gorgeous forms and open communion of the Catholic Church.

VI.—THE BEGUIN.

The Beguinage is a convent of nuns who voluntarily dedicate themselves to prayer and acts of charity. It occupies an island in Ghent, is almost a small town in itself, has little silent streets, and a large ancient chapel of its own, is surrounded by a fosse, and entered across a drawbridge through a massive old gateway. The transition is felt in a moment from the noisy clattering pavement you have just left, and the tranquil and solitary place you have entered, where a distant footpath, or a solitary figure gliding in the shadow of the wall are incidents to attract attention. The best time for seeing the Beguinage is at the hour of vespers, towards the winter, when the dusk has set in, and the chapel in which the nuns assemble is partially lighted.

It was a dark autumnal evening, rather gusty out of doors, when we visited the Beguinage for the first time. The place was so still that the slightest sounds were audible, and we fancied that we could hear the wind moaning through the old gateway as we drove in. Our coachman, however, did not seem to be much impressed with the profound repose of the place, but made it a point to carry us at a dashing pace up to the door of the chapel. Two or three old pensioners lingered outside the porch, huddled up, listening to the organ, and, now and then, peering into the chapel as the door noiselessly opened to admit the apparition of a solitary nun. The interior was full. There are six hundred nuns in the establishment; their dress is black, with a large white veil which, during the time of their devotions, they wear over their heads, and falling down upon their shoulders. The whole space of the aisles and nave was occupied by these six hundred sisters, who knelt forward with their heads bowed, and their arms crossed, the uniformity of the attitude heightening the religious severity of the general effect. They were nearly all motionless—hardly a stir or palpitation amongst that vast assembly; and as the faint lights from side walls and columns fell slantingly upon their sheeted forms, they looked like rows of white tombs, touched here and there by a dull moonlight. Old sisters with lanterns went glancing to and fro amongst the Beguins, and came occasionally towards the altar to collect contributions from the few strangers, chiefly English, who were gathered there; and the organ loft was filled with novices, wearing chaplets on their heads, like sacrificial virgins about to perform some solemn rite. Amongst

the nuns there were some whose faces, whenever they permitted us to have a glimpse of them, appeared to be singularly fair and placid, and full of a benign rebuke to that outer world of thoughtlessness and gaiety from which we had just parted, and which we were so soon to rejoin. People look at these things differently, and under different influences; but the deep tranquillity of life in this retirement, its unvarying round of devotional offices and charitable labours resumed and discharged day after day with unfailing regularity, whatever we may think of the means by which it is attained, or the uses to which it is dedicated, forces upon the spectator an involuntary contrast with that wayward existence in the open highway of the world, where, racked by imaginary as well as real cares, or abandoned to the pursuit of fugitive pleasures, the bulk of mankind expend their energies and waste their hearts in struggling after shadows.

The next morning we visited the Beguinage again. The aspect of the chapel was more sober and less impressive, but it afforded us a clearer view of the actual every-day lives of the sisterhood. Morning and evening it is still the same—the same recurrence to prayer and confession, and the same rigid observance of a fixed division and employment of time. Coming out of the chapel we accosted one of the Beguins, who was just passing us in front of the altar at the breaking up of the service. She put her finger on her lip, and motioning us to keep silence, pointed to the door, indicating that she would speak to us after she had left the chapel. She then turned towards the altar, dropped for a moment on her knees, and having finished her prayer, joined us outside. To our great surprise she addressed us in English, told us she was an Englishwoman, the only one in the order, or that had ever been in it, satisfied our enquiries, which concerned the novices we had seen in the organ-loft, and concluded by inviting us to her residence in the Beguinage, an invitation of which it is hardly necessary to say we gladly availed ourselves.

Everybody who has been in Ghent knows the conventual dwellings which form the outer circle of the island on which the Beguinage is built—small, secluded houses, with neat lattice windows, shut in by a high wall, each house having its own separate entrance, numbered and inscribed with the names of the saints to whom the indwellers are dedicated, or the convents from whence they came. When the little door in this high wall opens, you find yourself in a tiny garden filling the space between the wall and the house, planted with a few shrubs and flowers, scattered off in miniature beds, or a tall thoughtful tree outgrowing the wall, as if it were trying to look over it, and see what was going on outside. Our Beguin had the prettiest speck of garden imaginable, with a fairy ring by way of walk winding round a sort of ball or mound dotted over with blossoms, and edged with white stones, all very modest and bright, and bearing evidence to the careful hands that plucked the morning weeds out of it before the sun came to invigorate them. From the garden we passed into the parlour, not directly, for it did not exactly open upon the fairy walk, but through a passage so narrow that it was but a step into the room. The daintiest little parlour in all Flanders; just like the queen's chamber in a bee-hive. The room was big enough for a couple of people to dine in, perhaps

three might be accommodated by a skilful management of the door and the corners. Everything in it was on the smallest practicable scale, but wonderfully complete. Two little tables covered with baize; a grand glass case on one of them containing figures in wax, artificial flowers, and similar spruce specimens of innocent finery which we did not care particularly to examine, and on the other a handsome glass bowl, in which were gambolling about the sprightliest of gold and silver fish. In a cage in the window, bounding madly up and down from perch to perch, was a bright canary that the Beguin assured us sang charmingly, regretting that the bird just then happened to be losing its feathers, which spoiled its music. Several little prints in black and gilt frames hung upon the walls, exclusively religious subjects, such as miracles and martyrdoms, and portraits of popes and confessors, some of them painted in colours, with very blue skies, very red faces, and robes of bright amber, crimson, and green. Dwarf Crucifixions, Virgins, and Ascensions cut out in paper, or carved in wood, or made of wax, and dressed out with bits of ribbon, lace and tinfoil were pinned about in every available nook; and the room altogether looked delightfully clean and cosy, with its nice warm matting, its cheerful curtains, and an English stove. Instead of being gloomy or mean, it had a light and pleasant air, for which it was materially indebted to some creeping plants which dropped into gay festoons outside the window. Close at hand was the kitchen, furnished with an excellent range, and all other necessary means of comfort, constructed on a scale to suit the limited demands of the *ménage*.

The lives of these nuns, notwithstanding their seclusion, or rather in consequence of it, pass away in a course of uninterrupted tranquillity. The exemption from common cares and distractions, the consciousness of always performing strictly the routine of duties and obligations marked out for them, and the ready resource in the confessional (to which they resort weekly) of acquiring renewed motives for vanquishing any flitting weaknesses or misgivings which may disturb them—all help to render them contented and cheerful, to keep their days in an "even tenor," and to revive their strength in moments of failure and despondency. They rise at half-past four, and go to bed at nine. The intervening hours are engrossed in prayer and good works. Absolved from their relations with society, and having no sorrows of their own, they devote themselves to the alleviation of the sorrows of others. They listen daily to histories of woe and crime; they pity and advise; help the distressed, soothe the afflicted, and watch by the bed-side of the sick and dying. Whatever we may think of some of their articles of faith, their pictures, images, reliques, and penances, we cannot deny that their lives are pure and useful. Their order is peculiar in this respect, that the obligations they undertake are entirely voluntary, and may be relinquished at pleasure. The Beguin may return to the world whenever she chooses, without violating a single vow, or even incurring a reproach. But it is the boast of the sisterhood that no Beguin has ever yet availed herself of the privilege, although the institution has been in existence on this spot upwards of six hundred years.

Our Englishwoman told us her whole story. She embraced the conventual life against the entreaties of her family. She had literally

fallen in love with it, and the impulse was too strong to be resisted. After having spent six years within the walls of the convent, where the observances are strict and austere, she was permitted to come out and live in one of the houses, where, in her domestic habits, she was as much her own mistress as if she lived in the town. The regulations of these houses are so liberal that a sister is allowed to have a female relative to reside with her as a companion. Two or three sisters generally live together, but they are perfectly independent of each other, and may form a mess, or keep to their separate apartments if they please. If a Beguin (as we were happy to discover was the case with our cordial friend) happens to possess any private property, she is at liberty to spend it in any way she thinks proper. She may live as luxuriously as she chooses, within the dietary rules of the church, or she may live with rigid economy, and give away her money. In a community of this kind, however, where a sentiment of active piety is paramount over all personal considerations, none will be found to run into any indulgences beyond mere comfort in living; but as there are great differences in the circumstance of the Beguins, some being comparatively rich, and some miserably poor, great differences exist in their dwellings and modes of life. The poor Beguins are allowed to recruit their finances by menial labours; they go out to attend the sick, and are permitted to receive trifling gratuities as nurses; they wash, and get up lace, and otherwise employ their leisure as advantageously as they can. Our Beguin, fortunately, was above all necessity of that sort. She kept her own servant, and evidently enjoyed all the ease and independence consistent with the meekness and charities of her profession.

But to resume her story. After having been many years in the Beguinage, she felt a strong desire to see her friends in England. The regularity with which she had fulfilled her duties appeared to the *Supérieure* to entitle her to some indulgence, and, as the Beguins are occasionally suffered to go amongst their friends, she was allowed three weeks to pay her anxious visit to England. But the *Supérieure* prescribed, as a strict condition, that for that period she should lay aside her Beguin dress, and appear in the ordinary costume. This would have been a great trouble to her, had she not been commanded by the *Supérieure* to abandon her beloved habit; and she submitted to the penalty with implicit obedience, but not without many a secret pang. The next embarrassment of the good Beguin was how to get to England. She could not travel alone. What was to be done? Luckily there was a poor Englishwoman living in Ghent, who had an earnest wish to revisit her native country, but who had not the means of defraying the costs of the journey. The Beguin gladly undertook to pay her expenses, and they travelled together. In twelve hours they reached London, where they separated, the Beguin for Birmingham and the poor woman for some place in the suburbs of town, agreeing to meet again at a certain hour, on a certain day to return to Belgium.

When the Beguin got to her friends at Birmingham, she found their way of life very perplexing at first. Instead of getting up at half-past four, nobody was down to breakfast till ten or eleven. Instead of dinner at twelve—dinner at six. Instead of tea and supper and bed, and all over by nine—tea at nine and bed at twelve or one.

For a few days this was very difficult; but her elastic habits of discipline soon enabled her to adapt herself to new modes; and she became so reconciled to their music and dancing and gaiety that she could at last laugh at the goodnatured family joke about the nun that came over to see her friends, and left her veil behind her.

At the end of the three weeks, the appointment was punctually kept between the Beguin and the poor woman. They met precisely at the hour and spot agreed upon, and started immediately to retrace their happy journey. On her return the nun resumed her convent dress and Beguin usages, and has continued in them ever since, and likes them all the better because of the brief glimpse she had of freedom.

We were interested in the sincerity and frankness of her manners, and volunteered to take letters for her to her English friends, an offer which she eagerly accepted, inviting us to come to her for them the next day. When we called the next day, she could not restrain her emotion—her hand shook and her face flushed. It was like a breath of air from the old country which recalled a thousand memories. We sat an hour or two with her, and parted from her deeply impressed with the simplicity and truthfulness of a mode of life so rarely ruffled by external sympathies.

The *trekschuyt* was, at that time, the favourite way of travelling in Belgium, and is still the pleasantest. It is very neatly, even elegantly fitted up, the charges are moderate, and the accommodation is unexceptionable. These light pretty boats, with their colours and awnings, are drawn by horses through the canals; and the great canal of Ghent, as it is called, which branches off to Antwerp, Ostend, Dunkirk, and other places, is exceedingly picturesque throughout its course to Bruges. As you leave Ghent, the scenery on the banks (which are planted, without a break, with regular lines of trees) is full of variety, and rich in foliage, through which you get numerous sylvan perspectives, interspersed with scattered villas, windmills, and farmhouses. The departure from Ghent and the approach to Bruges are equally striking; the spires of the churches and public buildings rising above the woods, and marking the site at either extremity of the populous towns.

VII.—COURTRAI.

Courtrai has been very shabbily treated in the guide-books. To be sure, it lies on the remote and somewhat dismal confines of Belgium, on the way to France, out of the track of tourists, and is celebrated for nothing but its great flax-market, which, in its actual developement as a market, interests nobody but buyers and sellers, and the hotel-keepers, who on this busy occasion, which returns every Monday, expand their *table-d'hôtes* to the utmost possible capability of their *salles*. Yet Courtrai has some claims on our attention. It is a very old place, brings out old Flanders revived and perked up for a modern holiday, and enjoys the historical distinction of having witnessed from its ancient ramparts the famous Battle of the Spurs. Seven hundred gold spurs are said to have been taken on the field from the French, and hung up in the Church of Notre Dame, from whence, as far as we could learn, they have

long since disappeared. Moreover, Courtrai is a wonderfully bright, clean, little town, with some wide streets (and some very narrow ones); two convents; several handsome churches; a few fine houses rearing their grand *façades* amongst the shops; a terribly old tumble-down *hotel de ville*, very crazy and dirty, but containing some stone carvings of great antiquity and rare beauty; a museum with pictures which nobody need be at the trouble to visit unless they find time hanging fearfully on their hands; and a diminutive park laid out with walks, and trees, and water, and ambuscades with statues in them, and rustic bridges under shadowy willows, and stretches of green sward, apparently never cropped nor swept, with dead leaves and broken boughs lying about in charming disorder.

But the one grand thing which has altogether escaped notice, and which has thus tempted me to invite the reader to an excursion of two minutes to remote Courtrai, is a Vandyk in one of the churches. A stranger would as soon think of looking for a Michael Angelo under a paving-stone as for a Vandyk in Courtrai; yet here is an unmistakable, veritable Crucifixion by that master. His hand is so clearly in it, that you may detect him at a single glance. The figure of the Christ is fine, and the head, and the heads of the figures all about; but, for Vandyk, in whose great pictures there is always an epic sense of repose, a solemn purity of treatment, and lofty grandeur of expression, the composition is more elaborate and crowded than might have been anticipated. For this reason, perhaps, people may have passed by this Vandyk, and thought it a capital picture by some obscure artist, and so left it. But expend a little time over it, and by degrees you will find the figures coming alive out of the canvas, and the various characteristics and modifications of the emotion in each palpably individualized. Still, there is too much effort in it, too many arms straining upwards, too much physical movement; and one cannot help regretting, notwithstanding the melancholy beauty with which the principal figure is invested, that Vandyk did not more strictly follow the suggestions of his own chaste judgment in a picture which he appears to have entered upon with a bold conception and more than ordinary enthusiasm. No doubt the greatest of his Crucifixions is that at St. Michael's in Ghent, which, defaced and retouched and injured as it is, still retains, like the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan, vivid traces of the force, invention, and originality of the master. His genius seems to have reached its happiest achievement in that famous picture, which, spoiled as it has been by bungling attempts at restoration, is not so much spoiled, after all, as Sir Joshua has represented it to be. The amateur of high art will be better able to appreciate its merits by a peep at this other Crucifixion, in which the subject is treated in a different manner, and with greater variety. After he has seen this picture, he will not think that he has thrown away an hour or two in the little excursion by railroad from Ghent to Courtrai.

VIII.—WATERLOO.

The site of a gorgeous temple, the mere earth over which the Grecian squadrons swept, are like unto thee, Marathon of modern Europe! There is nothing left of Waterloo, but that which nothing can destroy—the field where the battle was fought. To be sure, at

the foot of the mound (which looks like what it is, a fiction) there stands an impoverished cabin, with an aspect as Irish as if it were squatted on the margin of the bog of Allen; and as you pass its low door two or three squalid children start out upon you with bags and aprons full of buttons and buckles, fragments of belts and pouches, and even the wadding of guns, which they coolly tell you were gathered on the ground immediately after the battle! When I first visited Waterloo, I was conducted over the plain by Sergeant-Major Cotton, who had been with the army through that memorable campaign, and could map out its incidents step by step. Being an active and intelligent man, the Sergeant-Major had retired from the service to settle down in the more profitable occupation of guide over this historical scene, a function which he discharged with such soldierly knowledge and veracity that when, at the close of the day he collected some bones of the slain for one of our party who had a taste for such curiosities, and assured us that cart-loads of similar remains might be procured, although twenty years had then elapsed since the battle was fought, we implicitly believed him. The same trade in bones and flattened bullets and other fragments has been carried on ever since, and if you have sufficient credulity, and an easy way of gulping local fabrications, or, as Swift says, believing "the thing that is not," you may imagine yourself standing here surrounded by associations which will put you back some four-and-thirty years of your life, with as much facility as you can put back the hand of the clock. If, however, you refuse to be deluded by this impudent manufacture of reliques you will see nothing in the whole outspread scene but a monotonous, dead level, hardly relieved by an undulation, and dotted only at great intervals with a few trees that have a heart-broken air of funereal loneliness.

Oh! it was a brave place to fight in! There was "ample room and verge" for horse and foot; and if ever any patriotic poet should put it into an epic he will assuredly make the God of Battles clap on his spurs, and call for his thunder-proof shield, in ecstasy at the sight of so many thousands of human beings brought together in deadly collision on a spot so favourable to mutual destruction. On the surface of the globe, Belgium always excepted, in honour of its unrivalled flats, there is not such another place for waging a great battle. It is the cock-pit of Europe. We may get places quite as level, but then the industry of man has interrupted the view with buildings, or broken up the surface with drains and walls and predial boundaries; now there was literally nothing to check the headlong gallop of the dragoon, or to turn aside the march of the infantry, on the inviting plain of Waterloo. It was apparently designed by nature to be consecrated to a solemn spectacle of deliberate slaughter.

I have read several descriptions of Waterloo, but never met one that conveyed a just idea of its desolate aspect. The reason why these accounts of Waterloo are false as pictures, is because the writers of them, absorbed by an overwhelming sense of the grandeur of the occasion, could not resist the temptation to exaggerate the features of the scene. Instead of depicting this dreary waste of Waterloo, exactly as it is, they appear to have been carried away by magnificent reminiscences of the overthrow of Napoleon, the restoration of legitimacy, and the glory of England. Leaving

these writers to indulge their military raptures, and to pay the honours of war to the grave of armies, let us ascend this hill, which flanks the right wing of the position held by the English when the fight was at the hottest, and we can obtain a panorama of the whole view in a moment or two, without any embellishment from the imagination, or any vain flourishes of nationality.

This hill is called Mont St. Jean, not the Mont St. Jean of 1815, but a speck and span new Mont St. Jean, composed of the soil dug from the ancient mount to cover the bones of the slain of both armies. Upon the summit of this conical hill is erected, on a spacious and lofty pedestal, a huge bronze lion cast from cannon taken at the battle. The ascent is toilsome, and acutely recalls to one's memory Shakspeare's description of the sapphire-gatherers on the cliffs of Dover. As we gain the top, the two or three people who linger in the fields below begin to look like crows, and the scattered cottages are only so many dove-cots. The scene now expands beyond all expectation. Here, under the shadow of the colossal crest of Belgium, let us look out quietly on the chess-board where Wellington and Bonaparte contested the last game of their protracted match.

And a chequered board it is, sterile and parched and melancholy to the rim of the horizon. A vast plain stretches round you in all directions, relieved only by distant patches of trees, two or three dismal houses rising up like solitary land-marks to help, as it were, the speculations of the eye, the Forest of Soignie, rent by the wood-cutters for firing, and despoiled of its massive depths of foliage, at least on the side which is nearest to us, and the high-road to Namur running through the centre like a well-defined track on a map to shew the line of Napoleon's escape, when, in the agony of his heart, he exclaimed, *Sauve qui peut!* and fled from the field. There on the right is the *chateau* of Hougomont buried in a little wood, with its white walls glancing through the leaves, and presenting such a mass of compound architecture as to create some doubt, if we did not know it to be the house of a comfortable *propriétaire*, whether it was a monastery or a farm-house. Away on the other side is La Belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte; but let not the names of these memorable sheds deceive you. La Belle Alliance, with its vacant yard, its ugly gables, and its shapeless walls and roofs, and La Haye Sainte, with its white-washed front, on which certain cannon-shot marks are preserved (in black paint) as palpably to this hour for the lovers of the marvellous, as if the battle had been fought only last week, are as unpicturesque objects as you could fall in with even in the dullest parts of dull Flanders. It is true that one of these cabins was the last house Napoleon entered before he fled from Waterloo, and that the other was the scene of the meeting between Blucher and Wellington when the day was won; but these associations, however they enhance the historical interest of the spot, abate not a jot of its actual dreariness. Near to these is a plain obelisk to the memory of the German Legion, and at a short distance a fluted column on a plinth with a florid inscription to the glory of Sir Alexander Gordon, whose titles are enumerated in a cloud of words that obscure his last and greatest claim on our sympathies. Between these is Picton's tree, the simplest and most affecting memorial of them all. At its foot Picton received his mortal wound, and died like a soldier in the arms of victory. That lonely and graceful tree

speaking with the tongue of poetry, is more eloquent than the noblest sculpture. Beyond, trembling on the confines of light, like a shadow, is the thicket through which the Prussians came up, pouring unexpectedly on the flank of the French army, and giving, as everybody knows, a decisive turn to the fortunes of the day.

Glance over the whole, from north to south, and from east to west, and you see nothing but an immense barren tract of land, on which a malediction would seem to have fallen, so cold and hopeless a prospect is it to gaze upon. The question naturally suggests itself to the mind whether this great plain is kept in its desolation for show, or whether it is really as unproductive as it appears to be? But a few snatches of corn-fields just glimmering on the surface afford evidence that the plough has succeeded the sword, although it is clear that its dominion in these arid wastes is anything but prosperous. There—a guide, one of those that helped to bury the dead when night closed upon the carnage, is winding his way up the hill. Let us hasten down to escape his loquacity. He will tell us a long rigmarole about the feats he witnessed that would make your hair stand up. A Waterloo guide is worse than the showman who exhibits Wellington mounted on a white horse, speaking through a trumpet till he is hoarse.

The village of Waterloo should not be passed over. It gave its name to the battle. A poor, straggling, dirty village is this same village of Waterloo; but as we could not know that without coming to see it, so it is worth coming to see for the sake of ascertaining what sort of place it is. The church has a tone of bleak romance, which, in so very rustic a church, is not easily described. Upon the walls in the interior a number of tablets record the names of scores of English and French officers and soldiers, whose fall was thus affectionately commemorated by their kindred and their surviving brothers in arms. But tributes like these lose their interest in their accumulation, and we turn away oppressed and palled with endless catalogues of names which these mural tokens only help to mass into oblivion.

Passing from the church and its sad memories, we come to a monument which is at least singular in its purpose, and which deserves to be distinguished for its strange union of the ludicrous and the tragical. It was a thought worthy of Cervantes to build a tomb to the glory of the Marquis of Anglesey's leg. In a cottage close to the church the Marquis's leg was cut off by Surgeon O'Brien (let the operator go down to posterity together with the hero who was operated upon); and the said leg, being no common leg, was awarded the rites of Christian burial, and, with due ceremony deposited in the dusty little garden, where a monument, bearing a pious inscription, was erected over its grave! The boot which once belonged to this leg is still kept on show here, and the coarse Titanesque woman who exhibits the place, does not scruple to relate extravagant legends of both leg and boot, for the delectation of the *gobe-mouche* English who flock here in crowds to visit them. Two advertisements over the tomb announce the astounding facts that the cottage was visited in 1821 by George IV. of England, and afterwards by the King and Princesses of Prussia; and the Titanesque show-woman gravely assures you that the Marquis of Anglesey himself, "with one foot in the grave," has, ever since the Battle of Waterloo, made an annual pilgrimage to gaze upon the

tomb of his leg! Alas! for glory that perisheth thus in vanity. While Achilles in the Park makes Wellington a pigmy, the Marquis of Anglesey's toe points the moral of Waterloo!

A more recent visit to the field of battle discloses extensive changes. The plain is rapidly losing its original character. Picton's tree has been cut down by the ruthless farmer to whom the ground on which it stood belongs; and the forest of Soignie has been so cut away that the outline it presented at the time of the battle can no longer be recognised, and the last vestiges of the wood are vanishing from the face of the earth. It appears that the King of Holland, eager to turn his kingdom into cash as quickly as he could, sold the timber to the bank of Belgium, and the bank (which has since failed) sold it away in lots to divers purchasers. The fate of the forest, therefore, was to be cut down. Even the Duke of Wellington, who had a gift from the king of a thousand acres, sold his lot, so that at the present moment little more remains than a few clumps of white beech, like spectres haunting the green places of the ancient wood. The plain of Waterloo itself, too, is greatly altered. A large establishment for the manufacture of beet-root sugar casts its heavy shadow over the spot where the last crash of bayonets scattered the disordered retinue of Napoleon. Cottages have sprung up by the road side; the greater part of the field is now industriously cultivated, and small enclosures filled with shrubs, and gardens have displaced that tone of desolation which formerly gave such a melancholy aspect to the scene.

The chateau of Hougomont alone retains its early characteristics. The ruin remains just as it was after the battle, making a reasonable allowance for the decay and patching of more than a quarter of a century. There is the orchard neglected and overgrown with rank grass and lusty weeds; the shattered walls, the mouldering chapel with the black marks of the fire still upon its crumbling sides, and a thousand names scrawled and daubed upwards even to its roof. Amongst the rest are the names of Southey and Wordsworth, assuredly not written by themselves, but by some *attaché* of the House of Warren, 30, Strand, who has painted up their names in large letters, and apparently in liquid blacking. There is one spot upon which Lord Byron actually wrote his name! but an English gentleman, taking advantage of the ignorance and facility of disposition of the poor woman who shews the place, cut out the plaster upon which the name was written, and carried it away with him to England; an act of sacrilege which, now that she has come to a proper sense of her loss, she regards with as much indignation as ever was visited upon the spoliation of the Elgin marbles. The outer walls of the *château*, enclosing the garden, still retain traces of the shells poured in by the French from the little wood which looks so peaceful at a short distance; and the loop-holes through which our soldiers fired are still preserved. The antique wooden gateway may still be seen in its original frailty, making the visitor wonder how two thousand five hundred men who were shut up in this confined space, with such insecure defences, could have stood a siege against an enemy whose numbers were so superior.

WHAT STRIKES AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

BY MRS. WILLIAM KIRKLAND.

TRAVELLERS are sometimes blamed for writing about a country before they have had time to become acquainted with it. They should wait, it is said, until they have studied its institutions, and possessed themselves in some degree with its spirit; until the feeling of strangeness has worn off, and the reason of things become apparent. But if the traveller would recount his impressions, he must do it while they are fresh, for experience teaches the sojourner in foreign lands that all strangeness soon wears off with habit, and that in a little while he has nothing to tell. After a short residence we strive in vain to recal the feeling of interest with which things new and peculiar at first inspired us. We fall in so naturally with the established order of things, wherever we may be, that on our return home we have to become naturalized anew to the habits of our own country.

The interest felt by the American who visits England for the first time, in the minutest particular of the difference between that country and his own, is such that he finds himself irresistibly prompted to express the thoughts that suggest themselves to his mind; and the difficulty of doing this in ordinary conversation, without the risk of giving offence, through lack of time and opportunity for explanation and modification, suggests the pen as the better mode. The freer the interchange of thoughts and opinions between kindred nations the better; and the unprejudiced traveller, "speaking the truth in love," may always hope to say something which may be useful to the unprejudiced native who desires to see himself as others see him. Things great and small fall under the notice of the stranger, and if he be intelligent, and have enjoyed any opportunity of observation in other countries, he may be supposed to see them as they really are. His praise and his blame, passing for what they are worth, may be equally useful. If he lack judgment, he may yet speak truth; if his observations be petty, they may, perhaps, suggest small reforms. Give him but leave to speak out, and he can hardly fail to teach, either as an enemy or as a friend.

The American traveller comes to Great Britain under peculiar circumstances. Besides the historical relation between the mother-country and his own, he has been accustomed to regard England as the nurse of arts, the depository of priceless treasures in every department of knowledge, the natural soil of enlightened benevolence; the birthplace of intelligent freedom. Her language is his; her great men are his; her literature is the fountain whence his intellect has drawn its most delicious nourishment—and the ties of blood can hardly be stronger than this inestimable bond. From his infancy he has been accustomed to hear England quoted as unquestionable authority in law; as the example of stability and order in government; as the steady advocate of noble principles through all vicissitudes of national fortune. All that he most prizes distinguishes this wonderful country; and in spite of some little rankling jealousies, some not unreasonable resentment of impertinence, and some fault-finding with particulars, he comes to it with an affection, an admiration, a reverence, which he is hardly disposed to acknowledge to himself.

The very first thing that he perceives on looking calmly about him in England—putting *prestige* aside, and seeing things as they are—is that the Englishman not only does not reciprocate the feeling of affection, but that he looks upon his American brother with a cold careless glance, that would be suspicious, if it were not utterly indifferent; a glance devoid of sympathy, or even curiosity; and which would be infinitely quickened in interest if it fell upon a New Zealander or a Hottentot. He finds himself considered as a slovenly imitator of English civilization; a coarse, benighted person, who fancies himself a gentleman, while he is continually betraying the rudeness of his origin by his unquiet manners, and the vulgarity of his social connections by a strange drawl in his speech. His admiration of Shakspeare and Milton—his reverence for Newton—his love of Walter Scott—the tenderness which stirs in his heart when he thinks of Shelley—these are a bond between him and the Englishman, but they are no bond between the Englishman and him. He can wear none of all his associations or his appreciations on the outside. The sole tie recognised by his new acquaintance is that of language, and the national twang with which he speaks, makes even this an offence in British ears. So that whatever may have been the warmth and kindliness of feeling with which he set foot on English ground, he cannot but perceive in the manner of even the kind and the considerate, that the American in England must consent to be looked upon in some sort as a wild animal, not dangerous but troublesome; liable to whisk his brush in people's faces, or to utter strange discordant sounds when he is encouraged by notice.

The exceptions to this general remark may be found, first, among the few Britons who have been in the United States; and who have, therefore, seen the Americans where they appear to the best advantage —in their own homes; and, second, in a not very numerous class any where—those of the highest and most philosophical culture who are able to look through accidents of manner or speech, and to judge a man by the things which make a man of him; the inner springs from which in time manners flow, though the stream may be for a while obstructed or diverted by accidental causes. There is another harmonizing power, too, of which we must speak, though its mention may seem hardly in place here—religion, a sincere and operative reception of the truth on which depends our salvation, temporal and eternal; this has a divine efficacy where national, as well as where sectarian prejudices would intrude to weaken the great bond of brotherhood. Kindness and candour are the handmaids of religion; arrogance and contempt find no place in her train. The American who brings with him evidence of a religious character, always finds noble hearts in England open to him. He need not wear a sanctimonious outside either; for he will be sure to meet as much liberality of sentiment as characterizes the piety of his own land, and a warmth of interest which springs to meet what is good in the products of a new arrangement of the most important elements of society.

It must be confessed that the manners of a portion of the Americans who have travelled in Europe have furnished some reason for the British notion of all. Everybody who has money travels, now-a-days. and there are vulgar moneyed people everywhere. When the American of a certain class has made a fortune he pays Europe the compliment of coming abroad to learn how to spend it. He fancies that there is

an aristocratic influence in the very air of a country so old, so rich, and so proud as England, which he may imbibe as he flies along her railroads, or catch by intuition in Hyde Park, and so go home genteel and accomplished, to astonish the natives by stolen airs and new modes of display.

When the American has recovered from this first shock, and rallied his self-respect to meet an ungenerous depreciation, he begins to look about him for the circumstances which separate him from his English neighbour. He sees all about him men and women whom he is unable to distinguish by any outward mark from the people he has just left at home. A common ancestry is discoverable by unmistakable resemblance. There is not even as much difference as he expected; for he had thought of John Bull as particularly portly, while he finds him as lank and as careworn as Jonathan himself, though his cheeks may be a thought redder, from the beer veins in them. Jolly people are scarcely more abundant among the island people than among their Western brethren; nor is the fair hair which bespeaks Saxon blood more common. As far as outward appearance is concerned we might be among our own people. We must then look further for the distinction, and trace the strangeness to some cause not evident at first glance. And first it would be absurd to deny that the circumstances of our history have their influence in producing a certain dislike on the part of the English. This is so natural and so obvious that we need but allude to it. With all her nobleness, England cannot quite forgive her rebellious daughter for thriving in her naughtiness, and for venturing to claim kin after renouncing allegiance. She is more proud of her own struggles after perfect freedom than of any thing else in her brilliant annals, but she cannot bear to feel that she has ever held the position of the baffled oppressor. She glorifies her Alfred, but she is indignant at "Mr. Washington." Perhaps it is too much to expect that this national feeling should not be allowed to influence individual intercourse, but we pay British generosity the compliment of being surprised that it does so.

The tone of British statesmen towards America is all that any American could ask or desire. Those who nurse illiberal prejudices and express ungenerous dislike of the New World, have not the apology of the example of their rulers. In Parliament, in the highest courts of law, by the throne itself, the United States are invariably treated with a respect equally honourable to both sides. If all England were as wise, a war between the two nations would be impossible. As it is, there are people in the United States insane enough to long for a war with England that her people may be chastised for certain contempts. So absurd is national irritability—so irritating is national injustice.

But the American is obliged to look for some nearer and more immediately operative cause of his strangerhood in Britain, and he finds one in the common language, which is at once a source of brotherhood and of disunion. The Englishman can forgive a Frenchman for his nasal, and his peculiar accent, because the Frenchman does not pretend to speak English, and may do what he likes with his own outlandish gibberish. But when the Yankee, supposing himself to be enunciating, with no little elegance, the language of Johnson and Burke, strains his words through a shut nostril, and rounds his periods with a drawl, the vexation turns all the milk of human kindness to vinegar in the Briton's bosom. He makes his own speech more abrupt and harsh than ever;

gives every word with a cast-iron distinctness, and in striving to impress his transatlantic friend with the elegance of the *ore rotundo*, mouths his sentences like a third-rate actor, and overwhelms poor Jonathan with the new consciousness that his school and college have betrayed him into the use of a spurious tongue, which in fact has no existence or right of existence any where on earth, and which must be forgotten before he can begin to speak English. Not only is his manner of speaking utterly condemned, but his use of words is discovered to be barbarous. To the words which are to be found in the "Spectator," he gives the same meaning with his English brother; but there are some words which have come into use since Addison's time, which the Americans use in a sense wounding to British ears. "I shall take the car in the morning," said an American gentleman, in our hearing, to his English friend; "Which I suppose, being translated into English," said Mr. Bull, "means the railway." Now had not the Yankee a right to be astounded, to find he had made a blunder in not promising to "take the railway?" He may forbear to "guess," "reckon," or "calculate,"—refrain absolutely from talking about his "location;" study the "Times" in the morning, and listen to parliamentary speeches at night, he will be sure, after all, to betray himself by some difference of speech, and in England to differ is to err. To his ear the speech of the model land is exceedingly deficient in variety of tone; it seems to have lost all the grace of natural modulation by subjection to the conventional standard; it gives a perfectly arbitrary sound to some of the vowels—a sound unprovided for in any table of pronunciation.

The American acknowledges—none more cordially—the authority of English standard writers; he quotes the English Reviews—in support of new words, he hears with appreciative ears the speeches of highly educated men, but with regard to the use of certain expressions which have sprung into use simultaneously in England and America, under the mere emergency of the times, and with regard to certain others which have been the fruit of a peculiar state of things in his own country, he is unable to perceive that one authority is better than another. This is the natural mode of formation in all languages—the addition or modification of words and expressions as occasion for their use arises. To invent or compile new words is a liberty constantly taken by the English themselves; they could hardly have described their wonderful inventions and improvements else; and there seems to be no reason why, in the United States, where inventions and improvements are equally frequent, and where the people are far more generally educated than in England, the same liberty shall not be enjoyed, without subjecting the new found words or expressions to the charge of barbarism or vulgarity, because they lack the sanction of usage in the mother country. These changes are, to be sure, of consequence only as they affect the friendliness which ought to reign between people so nearly allied. Little things are of consequence where the affections are in question, and abstract considerations do not fortify us against their influence. Both countries are losers by the bitterness that springs up from trifling causes. It is impossible to disunite them; the pride of the mother might indeed induce her to shake off the child; but the child—proud too, and almost angry with herself for it—will for ever cling to the mother with an instinctive affection, in spite of sneers and sarcasms; and circum-

stances would compel a cold and angry union, even were there no affection on either side. This union will take its tone almost of course from the elder nation.

There is one thing to be noticed with regard to this difference of speech; it is this; that while the faults noticeable in American enunciation and expression are shared in some degree by all classes, and all parts of the United States, there are no persons in any class or any part of the country who speak a jargon, or anything in the least difficult to be understood by anybody who speaks English. In England, on the contrary, small as is the space occupied by the community, there are many dialects which not only to the hapless American traveller, but to the native Englishman, present difficulties almost equal to those of a foreign tongue. And this occurs not only in the remoter districts, but in London itself; and there not only in St. Giles's, or Billingsgate, but in Westminster Abbey. The guide who torments strangers through the chapels of that national monument, talks a *patois* so intolerable that its import can be only guessed at by one accustomed to the English language. This vexation, added to that of not being allowed to linger a moment among those interesting relics of the past, makes a visit to Westminster Abbey anything but satisfactory to the stranger, and affords a painful contrast to the intelligence and liberality of the continental arrangement of these matters.

Perhaps the unsubdued vivacity of the manners of the American should be reckoned among the causes of his half-reluctant, half-critical reception in England. One of the first things that strikes him is the habitual gravity and reserve of English manners, but it is some time before he begins to perceive that to be gay when he feels happy is not *bon ton*.

The Briton, however, who is the sworn servant—not to say slave—of conventionalism, has as great a horror of natural manners as of a natural small-pox, or any other thing which it is his custom to take by inoculation. He is shocked at any indulgence of impulse which may betray the subject of it into some word or deed unsanctioned by authority. To him a man who laughs and talks freely is a dangerous man, or a buffoon, or a Frenchman, or—oh dread climax! a man unaccustomed to good society—that is to say, to society where the presence of a few persons of rank or eminence imposes a certain restraint on the rest, who are content, for the sake of the honour of such association, to play an inferior part. Now of all this, Jonathan, in his primitiveness, knows or cares little or nothing. He has been accustomed to receive as much respect as he renders, save when venerable age or transcendent merit prompts him to offer a natural homage, which he does with characteristic enthusiasm. He perceives the difference between the *accueil* of his English friend, and his own, and perhaps even admires the graver manner, for we have ever an instinctive respect for any thing bespeaking self-conquests, however trifling; but it strikes him that, after all, natural manners are the best, and that the chill of subdued manners, from the effect of which he yet shivers, is a counterbalance to their superior elegance. He recurs, as is his custom, to the fundamental reasons and uses of things; and concludes that the sum of human happiness would not be increased by a general repression of sympathy; and that although a man may appear more dignified when he is cool, and surrounded with outworks and defences of reserve, he is more lovable, more human, when his affections are warm enough to

melt these barriers, and potent enough to depend on themselves for protection and safety. We do not say that Jonathan is correct in these notions. He has not had time to perfect his system of social philosophy, and is as yet, no doubt, dangerously natural. We are but apologizing for the want of that conventional calmness which the Englishman, whose character and manners have been maturing these thousand years, has fixed upon as the test of good sense and good breeding. We are quite willing that Jonathan should become the pupil of his elder brother in this matter.

A general lack of deference for mere rank is another of the American's peculiarities, incurable in him and offensive to his English friends. It requires an express education to make this deference second nature, and it is only such education that enables the Englishman himself of the present day, under all the new and powerful influences of the time, to be sincere in his respect for rank. When kings and nobles were sacred, or were considered so, or were so even by an accepted fiction, there was little difficulty, probably, in yielding them a reverence quite independent of their character or conduct. Their goodness was a pure gratuity; their evil behaviour a visitation to be borne in silence—to be eluded—perhaps to be put down by violence when it went too far—but not to be openly discussed and commented upon. Now, the English organ of reverence has some strange depressions upon its surface. Respect for hereditary rank is an article of the national code of morals; yet the representatives of the idea are handled without mittens whenever they become, from any cause, obnoxious to any portion of the people. No nation in the world enjoys a more complete and manly practical independence, a more entire freedom from the domination of rank in all matters of importance; yet no people have so submissive and self-prostrating an air in actual presence of their hereditary rulers. This is all very well, and perhaps honourable, as shewing the ability to receive and be influenced by an idea,—which bespeaks the predominance of intellect and the power of self-government. But it is impossible for the American to partake this feeling; he can hardly understand it, and without taking the trouble to understand it he is in danger of despising it, and of shewing that he does so, which is very little to his credit. But he should be pardoned for the sincere astonishment with which he regards the outward manifestations of rank, the outward signs of deference, and the habitual forms of ceremonial observance, which meet his observation in England. He is accused of being fond of titles; but as the only titles in his own country are military ones, and the use of these is not attended by the slightest personal deference, he is as little prepared for the pompous designations of English rank, as if he had never seen a militia-major or colonel. He has been accustomed to hear his chief ruler—a potentate who wields a power possessed by few sovereigns—addressed in conversation as plain Mr. ——, and to see him addressed by letter without even this unmeaning prefix; and it seems odd to him to see a long string of surnames and titles of honour appended to the name of a man whom he has met in the dress of a plain farmer riding about his fields, or seen betting on a race at Newmarket. He observes in general a peculiar disposition to seclusion and exclusion on the part of the privileged classes,—a drawing down of blinds and a drawing up of glasses,—walls, and veils, and plain clothes, and an evident desire to move in an inner circle, into whose secret glories no vulgar eye shall penetrate. Yet on certain occasions what glare—what tinsel—what travestying of

God's image found in servile station,—what tricks to astonish these same groundlings, without whose gaping wonder the show would have no soul. Can he help being set musing by these apparent incongruities?

The terms master and servant being unknown in the United States, except where slavery prevails, are, of course, very offensive to the North American newly arrived in England. It is only after he has had time and opportunity to observe that the relation is none the less a benignant one, equally well understood by both parties, that he becomes reconciled to the names which have necessarily an unhappy association in his mind. To be a *master* is considered by the citizen of the North as only one degree less unfortunate than to be a slave, and the terms will probably never be naturalized in the United States as applicable to any relations between freemen. Domestic service is a sort of unrecognised thing there,—a thing carried into daily practice before its philosophy is sufficiently understood to shew its harmony with the leading idea of a republic—equality. While political equality is held to include social equality, domestic service must continue to be an anomaly in a republic of the nineteenth century; and there are some excellent people in America who attempt, in the midst of most discordant elements, to carry out the patriarchal plan, considering their servants only as the sharers of the household labours, and making them their constant associates. This can, of course, never become general, unless universal culture should produce a real equality among men,—a result only to be dreamed of. Meanwhile, the wiser way would certainly be to settle the terms of a relation confessedly indispensable; and as far as some little opportunity for observation has enabled us to judge, we should think the American who desires to do the best possible thing for the class of persons accustomed to find a resource in domestic service, could not do better than study the relation of master and servant as it exists in England, where the servant's rights are ascertained quite as decidedly as the master's, and where the master, feeling that they are so, and sensible, besides, that his own comfort must depend very much upon the relation between himself and his domestics, accords to them all the respect and consideration which their good conduct and faithfulness may deserve. There is even very little servility of manner among English servants. They feel quite as much at liberty to be *brusque* as American servants; but they perform their duties better, knowing that a good character is essential to their success in the path of life they have chosen. People in America never choose domestic service as a regular business. They adopt it *en attendant* something better, or they are driven to it by ill-success or the effects of former misconduct, or by want of judgment and common sense to enable them to undertake something more ambitious. The few exceptions to this general remark which may be found in the older communities are but sufficient to prove its truth. Respectable people will never become servants until the position is shewn to be a respectable one, which it certainly is in England.

One of the things which strike most forcibly the American visitor in Great Britain, is the immense amount of spirits and beer offered for sale. From the time he sets foot in Liverpool, until he returns thither for embarkation after travelling all over the Continent, the pre-eminence of Britain in the consumption of strong drink is astounding, and leads him almost to wonder whether there are any sober people in a country where alcohol occupies such a place among articles of merchandize. During a somewhat extended tour on the Continent, we could

not but notice that the only people we saw drinking spirits were Britons —even in Germany and Holland, supposed to be drinking countries. The difference in this respect between Britain and other countries is more striking than any one could believe without actual observation, and the fact is certainly one which demands serious consideration. The number of persons one meets in England bearing evident marks of intemperate habits shews that it is quite time the subject attracted the attention not only of the philanthropist but the statesman.

The stranger naturally enumerates the things that strike him unpleasantly in Great Britain, because it is impossible to take the opposite course and recount and remark upon the points that claim his admiration. He sees so much to approve—so little, comparatively, to condemn. If a certain coarseness and want of taste strike him painfully, he is none the less impressed with the substantial greatness and excellence which everywhere abound. Perhaps it is because he sees such excellence that he longs to see the outward grace added. He would not exchange the worth of England for the elegance of Italy; he would but add the elegance of Italy to the solid grandeur of England.

It is singular that with such an assured sense of superiority over all other nations as is apparent in the English they should at the same time be so sensitive with regard to the smallest derogation. They call the Americans sensitive, and so they are; but their sensitiveness has at least the apology of youth—of conscious deficiency—and of the most unsparing and contemptuous criticism on the part of their British neighbours. If, on the other hand, they see anything, however unimportant, which may call for animadversion in England, what wrath—what indignation—what severe recrimination falls on their defenceless heads! Speak of the Spitalfields weavers—of the starving thousands that everywhere set off the wealth of England, and how quickly will your remark be rebutted with slavery! Mention the abuses of the Church Establishment, slavery! Game-laws—slavery! and so on through the whole catalogue of ills under which Englishmen growl and grumble loudly enough when Americans are not by. They pay us at least the compliment of implying that we have but one great evil to contend with, and we are quite willing to acknowledge that one to be a host; but we do not fancy that it ought to blind our eyes or shut our mouths. No nation in the world understands better than the English the application for its own benefit of the parable of the wheat and the tares; and the Americans, though of hastier nature, are learning the lesson too. They will have gotten rid of slavery at least as soon as England has reformed "the family of plagues that waste her vitals" —as one even of her own poets hath said. Meanwhile let each endeavour to learn to bear, now and then, a grain of truth from the other, without bristling, or snapping, or darting out forked venomous lightnings in return. English remarks upon America too often lack the basis of kind intention which takes the offence from severity; American remarks upon England have been too generally recriminative rather than judicious. To find fault without a good motive is mere contemptible venting of spleen and envy; to make careful and discriminating strictures is the proper office of sincere and unselfish friendship. When the English respect us or are willing to own that they respect us, they will be able to do us good; and when we cease to be made angry by their sneers, we may perhaps do them good in return.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND,

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER VIII.

Death of Lord George Bentinck.—His personal Appearance.—An Incident or two in his Turf Career.—The Bentinck Fund.—The Affair with Captain Kerr.—The Footpath from Welbeck.

THE ink was scarcely dry in which my sketch of Newmarket, and a few of its most prominent frequenters, was penned, when, on taking up a newspaper casually thrown in my way, I was little less than shocked to see the "Death of Lord George Bentinck" announced at the head of the very first page on which I cast my eye.

He, whom but an hour or two ago I had essayed to depict in vigorous manhood, and all the subtle intellect of the accomplished racing-man; whose name, since the manful part he took in political life, has been as familiar to our eyes and ears as our household gods; who but a few hours previously had—in brief relaxation of toil—arrived, as in the "holidays of yore!" at his country home, flushed with pleasure at beholding the produce of his darling mare, Crucifix, perform the great feat of winning both Derby and Leger in his career, was discovered, stricken by the ruthless hand of the destroyer, on a lonely, verdant foot-path!

Having had an intimate knowledge of his late lordship's person and manner, in common with most men who took part in a race during his short but brilliant course on the turf; and having as sincere an admiration for the brave honesty of his political character, his unalloyed purity of intention, and deep attachment for everything rural, sportsmanlike, and *true* in his native land, I cannot refrain from the melancholy satisfaction of recording my mite of testimony in honour of the late lamented Lord George Bentinck's undeviating, straightforward, unimpeachable character in the great sporting arena whereon he played so conspicuous and gallant a part.

I have him vividly before me, and can well recal the impression made upon me by the illustrious turfite when I first cast eye on him some few short years ago at Doncaster; for, having not so much as a "Ruff's Guide" by me, to aid me to my dates,—nor intending any piracy on our calendars,—I take the usual licence with time and space, in contradistinction to the heavy or statistical wielder of the pen, aiming at a sketch at random, and no "return list," in my delineation of turf scenes and characters.

However, when I saw "Lord George"—as he was called, you rarely heard the "Bentinck,"—at the exquisite tryst of sport, of all others—beautiful, glorious Doncaster, previously, or on a subsequent occasion to my introduction at Newmarket,—I really forget, and have little mind to try to remember. He was then a tall, high-bred man, in the very prime of life, with an air peculiarly his own,

so distinguished, yet so essentially of the country did he seem, even amongst the galaxy of patrician sportsmen with whom he was congregated. He had all the eye and complexion of the pure Saxon, and the indescribable boon of the *air noble* to perfection.

His dress at this time greatly added to the charms of his appearance, to my notion; for, though we are told very justly to despise too great attention to these trifles, I cannot, as an humble artist, look upon them as such, when I believe garb to be in great measure typical of the wearer's sympathies, habits, and tendency to manliness or effeminacy. As a portrait painter, too, I am compelled to be more explicit in these minor matters than the mere essayist or historian, and, of course, run the risk of all dealers in minutiæ, as well as being liable to the criticism of the dissentient fopling, and, worse than all, to misconstruction. Conceding all, and more of this —our reversion *in contingency*, we return to our easel.

Dressed in buckskin breeches—none of your Norway does or West-Riding imitations, but in the hides of his own stags,—with exquisitely made boots of the true orthodox length, and antique colouring in top; a buff waistcoat, and reddish-brown double-breasted coat, ornamented by the button of the Jockey Club; a quiet beaver, placed neither at a right angle nor yet a left, but in the *juste milieu* of gentlemanly taste, on a well-formed head of auburn hair, with large whiskers of the same colour; a starting-flag in his hand, and followed by eight-and-twenty race-horses, stepping like a troop of old Franconi's, bearing a tulip-bed aloft — so brilliantly shone the silken jackets of the riders in the sun,—the observed of a hundred thousand eyes, Lord George Bentinck, as steward of the races, undertook to start the immense field for the "Great Yorkshire Handicap," on a plan of his own special invention.

And, I ask the reader, if the tall, handsome man, so yeomanlike and bravely arrayed, for *he*, too, is of the "order!" noble though he be, marshalling his squadron of fiery yet subdued steeds to the start, is more or less symbolical of manhood and English tastes; more picturesque and worthy of a place in our National Gallery, than if his limbs had been cased in the eternal be-satined, be-*paletôted*, be-tartaned fashion of our day? or if his Anglo-Saxon features had been surmounted by a shining, silken *chapeau?*

However, whether or no, Lord George beseemed a gallant gentleman, and as such comported himself in the performance of his duties as steward of the great race meeting, and I only wish from my heart that Landseer had had the opportunity of painting his portrait and occupation, to have handed to posterity as a type of an English country gentleman of this, our present, and not over prolific age.

His lordship's plan for starting horses on a race was as simple as effectual, and was carried out in this wise. In the first place, it needed a starter whom the jocks, instead of daring to disobey, had, as in their feelings towards Lord George, an enthusiastic desire to please; hence he undertook to illustrate his own mode of securing the horses and public from the ever-occurring disappointment of a false start, and, flag in hand, marched in the van of the quivering phalanx, quite unattended, to the starting-place on the noble course of Doncaster, in full view of the tens of thousands regarding him with admiration from the Grand Stand, and every part of the ground.

Hitherto, the functionary who had performed the office of starter, after doing his best, or rather his worst, to get the horses in line, simply ordered the jockeys to "go!" as frequently having to recal them by a distant signal, after they had galloped over three parts of the distance—by reason of some obstinate brute—man or horse—refusing to obey the order, and remaining *fresh* for the next essay.

Lord George, rectified this very inefficient plan, by an *equestrian trigger* of his own invention; viz. the posting a man with a flag directly in view of all the jocks—on whom they were ordered to fix their undivided attention, and to "*go!*" without fail, on pain of a pecuniary fine—on seeing the colour dropped in front.

The main duty rested with the noble chief in getting the horses in line, a manœuvre he accomplished by great patience, and occasionally walking them backwards and forwards, till assured on his own part of their being so, when he, standing on their flank—unseen by horse or rider—suddenly lowered his flag, in signal to the man a-head to do the same; when, if the jockeys were disposed to act at all fairly—or a horse was not especially restive—a false start was next to impossible.

On this occasion,—how well I remember it!—the immense field bounded off at the first signal—notwithstanding it was Lord George's first essay—like a charge of veteran Mamelukes. The countless throng cheered the gallant starter with deafening shouts of delight and admiration,—and cheered again!—as taking off his hat and bowing in acknowledgment, the handsome fellow mounted his hack and cantered down the course.

Lord Eglinton won with old Pompey, if I remember rightly—immaterial as the result is now.

And Lord George! how nobly he acted immediately after this most pleasing display of talent and good nature, in the affair of the testimonial presented to him by the unanimous vote of gratitude and esteem on the part of the motley community, over whom he exercised such a wholesome sway.

To the reader unacquainted with the particulars of this *single* instance of public expression on the turf, it should be known that his Lordship exerted himself most energetically, and at considerable outlay of money and convenience, in his attempt at putting down the gross and wholesale system of fraud and imposture, which at the time prevailed on it, to even a greater amount than at the present day.

He succeeded to an extent beyond his hopes; and received as above hinted at, a magnificent testimonial of several thousand pounds sterling, subscribed by the multifarious members of the ring, country gentlemen, and by all, in fact, who esteemed the ancient and noble pastime equally with the gallant votary doing his devoirs so manfully on its behalf.

I have said that he *received* this sum; and so he *did*, but only to endow it with a large donation from his own private fortune—although a younger son—and place the whole in the hands of permanent trustees for the aid and maintenance of distressed jockeys, trainers, and their families,—to be denominated for ever "the Bentinck Fund."

Private tastes leading to such results as these, one would imagine, should have been held sacred from *taunt*, especially in a congress of

English gentry, *debating* on matters to which the turf had neither reference nor analogy.

During his short service in the army, Lord George had an unfortunate misunderstanding with his superior, Captain Kerr, a personal friend of the writer, and an extremely gallant little fellow in all respects, which led to the cashiering of the latter, and considerable animadversion on the part played by the junior, as openly expressed by most military men of the time.

It seems that Kerr imagined Lord George to be equally deficient in his duty as a subaltern, as well as failing in due respect to himself as his senior in command, and said on parade publicly—I give his own words as recorded to myself: "If you do not make this young gentleman behave himself, Colonel, I will."

His Lordship retorted quite as audibly, that "Captain Kerr ventured to say on parade, that which he dared not repeat off."

On this, a challenge ensued from the captain to the cornet. The former, a Yorkshireman and as brave as he was cool—suggested Calais as the place of rendezvous; but on Lord George failing to meet him (most manfully and virtuously as we believe, detesting the vile, nothing-proving, insane code of duelling!), Kerr "posted" his Lordship, and received sentence of dismissal from her Majesty's service in consequence.

Poor Kerr stood, as he expressed himself, "between two fires;" being liable to be "sent to Coventry" by the whole army if he hesitated in sending the message—after receiving the retort on parade recorded; and, as it proved, so ruinously to his fortunes, in danger of being cashiered by a court-martial if he demanded an appeal to arms.

He considered himself, and very justly so, as ill-used, from having suffered so severely through adopting the only course open to a military man, by reason of the mistaken conventional rules of the service, and died not long afterwards in Paris, stricken by the cholera.

If this statement be correct, and I have no reason to doubt its accuracy, Lord George Bentinck, on refusing to meet the man he had unequivocally impugned, if not insulted, in thus making the retort to the other's reproof, given in the course of duty, harshly as it was delivered, should at least have made a decided step towards a reconciliation, and have withdrawn the word "dared" from the offensive expression. He was doubtlessly, as in the majority of such cases, badly advised, and left to regret,—as I feel assured he did—that, which with a true second, might have been so readily repaired.

The next time I saw Lord George Bentinck, at least the occasion which left the most vivid impression on my mind after the pleasing episode in his turf career at Doncaster just related, was at Goodwood; where, after duly "wasting" and walking as a regular jock, donning his own gay, so oft victorious, racing-suit, and "weighing," with his saddle on his arm, in true professional style, he rode a match against Lord Maidstone, riding a horse of his own, something by Bay Middleton, when he acquitted himself equally creditably "over the flat," as he had previously done as a starter of the "Great Handicap."

Both of the noble jocks, I remember, were fined a "fiver" each for being late in "going to scale;" and, it is needless to say, submitted to the wholesome chastisement with the grace and good-humour becoming their gallantry and breeding.

The last time I saw Lord George, he was in his place in the House of Commons, heart and soul at work in the good cause of striving to serve his dearly-loved rural friends, actuated by honest conviction, a hatred of treachery, and genuine affection for his country; warmed into action by the fears he entertained for her safety, and sacrificing at a word all his cherished predilection for sporting, together with all hope of future ease, to be enabled to devote his great talents to her service.

And thus to die! during his short, short respite from the wear and tear, and turmoil of the brain,—in the prime of life—walking "across the fields," where,

> "Winding into pleasant solitudes
> Runs out the rambling dale,"

dropped in the balmy eventide of a sweet autumnal day on the well-known path whereon his youthful steps so oft had strayed, without a friend or passing rustic to receive his last breath, or close his manly eye!

How inscrutable, truly, are the dread decrees of our Maker! how futile the learned calculations of the actuary!

The occasional levity, not to say leaven, of turf phraseology unavoidably introduced in these pages in illustration of the subject,—and yet, possibly, to be repeated—may not, perhaps, induce the reader—merely contemplating the ripple on our stream of narrative—to give the author much credit for a tendency to sadness; but, he assures him, that he seldom, if ever, felt more sincerely grieved at the loss of a man whom he had but the privilege to esteem and admire on public grounds, than at the premature, melancholy death of Lord George Bentinck.

CHAPTER X.

Return to the Bye-Lanes and Downs.—Our Ride to Chester.—The Season.—The River Dee.—"He 's sure to be beat!"—The County.—The Tradesmen's Plate.—Sounding the Market.—The Off-game.—The Ring.—The Irish Division.—His Reverence "laying the Twigs."

As, when the churchyard turf closes over some gallant comrade, to us no more! and the rattling volley rolls in congenial requiem o'er his grave, the warlike, clanging band, changing quickly from the dismal notes of woe wherewith it had solemnly marshalled the sad ceremony and the dead, strikes up some gay and spirit-stirring strain, and heads the survivors to their barrack and their duty; so do we leave the more serious and honoured task of chronicling the political worth of the lamented subject of our late short memoir to some future Hume or Gibbon, and again, in company of our friend and steed, salute the breezy morn, *en route* by bye-lane and down, and not infrequent trespass—venial let us hope—over tempting gap, to cross the green fields and wolds, towards the not less verdant Roodee of Chester.

And a long ride had we, keeping the Welsh side of the great iron road on our right flank, and proceeding by Gloucester, Hereford, Shrewsbury, and Wrexham to our place of destination.

The dog-cart preceding us a stage, containing ample change of linen and other luxuries, occasionally receiving us when so disposed,

we made "fair weather" of it throughout, and enjoyed ourselves excessively.

The sweet fertile country over which we crossed; the many objects of antiquity and interest that met our eye in our passage through old cities and hamlets not less quaint; together with the oft-occurring adventures of the road, and snug quarters at night, all served to render our equestrian trip pleasant in the extreme. At length, on the evening of a Sunday, we entered the ancient city, and after stabling our nags at the "Hop-pole," the host of which old-fashioned hostel was as venerable and game an example of a landlord located in a hunting country as ever drew a cork, we engaged the old quarters of Dallas, situated on the walls, preferring to sleep and breakfast in private, and to dine at any of the "ordinaries" or coffee rooms according to our fancy.

Chester is at all times a glorious old place; and at a race time outdoes itself in pleasantness and gaiety. There is none of the Newmarket intensity of turf business, though no lack of betting, God knows! but every one seems disposed to enjoy himself; eating, drinking, lounging on the walls and under the rows; flirting with the bonny Welsh and Cheshire lasses, and setting care, the devil, and the settling at defiance for one week out of the fifty-two.

The season, too, is so delicious and mirth-infusing. Spring has lost her coyness, her smiles and tears, and is now warm, and loving, and seductive as a Haidee. In truth, she all but averts her blushing face from the ardent look of summer, who comes in pride of youth, soon to be attended by the sultry hours—yet still, with

"Ever fanning breezes on his way,"

whilst the Roodee spangled with early dew, gay, and green, and alive with high-mettled racers at exercise long before sunrise, would tempt the veriest sluggard from his lair.

The rolling Dee, the deity of the ancient Briton, gushes from the wild depths of Pemblemeer, and flowing by savage Cader Idris and the vales of Denbigh, environs old Chester broad and fair, till, swelling in flood and turmoil, he tumbles headlong in the Irish Sea.

The downy orchards are in bloom, gaily encircling the old grey walls, and are filled by the feathered Persianis of the woods to the incessant serenade of the earlier bird of the turf, as he seeks, and at times vainly tries, to court his matin rest.

We remember, on one occasion, to have been an admirer of Sir Thomas Stanley's "Cow-boy," a horse in the "cup," then a favourite, and heavily backed,—and if ever a "little bird" *did* whisper his advice to a mortal ear it was on our proceeding to our quarters on the Walls, when a songster from the leafy orchestra invariably tuned up his pipe, and intreated us to "get out" by asserting in a tone of confidence, if somewhat shrilly, yet as plainly as a human being could have uttered it, "He 's sure to be beat! he 's sure to be beat! he 's sure to be beat!" And beaten he was, though I did not, unfortunately, give credence to my friendly little thrush till after the race, when old "Cowboy," aided by the whip of Simmy Templeman, came driving all before him, beaten off a distance.

Cheshire is a good, sound, proud old county, full of families able and willing to appear on the Roodee in force and fashion; all fond of racing for its own sake, and delighted at the yearly muster in its quaint old capital.

"The Marquis," Sir Thomas Stanley, Sir Richard Bulkley, a perfect *bonâ fide* gentleman,—the Mostyns, Prices, Lloyds. Traffords, *cum multis aliis* of blood and attachment to sporting and country tastes, all contribute money and horse-flesh to the Roodee, through a neighbourly feeling, inducing their sweet women to grace the scene, and thus complete its hey-day and happiness.

The "Tradesmen's Plate" is a very interesting and important event in our turf annals; and to the betting fraternity may be likened to a fatted calf, roasted, stuffed, and suffused in rich brown gravy thrown into a kennel of blood hounds! The "excellent picking," equally as dainty as substantial, serves them through the winter and early spring, and, to the Manchester division, is as "daily bread."

Out of a hundred nominations or more in this "handicap," probably a score come to the post; and out of these again fifteen are as safe "as if they were boiled," as the ring expresses itself when very sure of a horse being harmless. Some animal "roped," stopped in his stride, that is, for a course of one, two, or three seasons, running and being beat through that length of time in order that he may secure a light visitation at the hands of the handicapper, is, if tried to be good, really intended to *try* for the stake, and makes his appearance in the market at the Bush or old Bake's as cautiously as the stealthy foot that steps across the boards of the darkened Surrey in a murdering melodrame.

The commissioner from the stable, say Tom Dawson's, is, of course, the last man to *open* the affair, or even to sound the market; but, intrusting the delicate mission to some one he is rarely ever seen to speak to, probably a Bury, Ashton, or Rochdale man,—a manufacturer if he can get one,—the unheard of "nomination" is nonchalantly offered to be backed at outlandish odds as a mere spec through guess-work, or a stroke of ring *pleasantrie!*

The accredited envoy from Middleham Moor instantly snaps the facetious speculator, and lays him the odds as "found money." The taker, a humorous, fat man, with credit and a turn for lotteries, is the true sort! hardens on it, and takes the same odds from all the other good men in the room—all laid "accept or not," as if there was doubt on the subject! and thus he gets "on" at the best market-price, reserving any small portion of the odds taken through his agency to his *own* account, and yielding the gross amount to his employer over their brandy toddy at the Albion, or other distant part of the town.

The Bury man, if this neighbourhood is employed,—half-trader, half-muff ostensibly, now becomes a kind of star at the betting-houses, and is always received as the "Alice Stanthorn man," with open jaws by the anxious pack. The known commissioner, probably seated cheek by jowl with the trainer, making a pop visit, and affable to a fault! openly backs another horse in the stable, and looks on the muff with supreme contempt.

From the vast number of horses nominated for Chester Cup this game is a "round" one in the ring, and by no means exclusive plunder—the "talent" soon becoming *au fait* to the dodge after laying a few "thousands to fifteen," when they go into the highways and bye-ways for a return. The great "pull" consists in laying against certain non-starters, and in betting between these and horses as surely intended to run. They will lay you the odds

against a horse if they bear the owner's commission to scratch him in their pocket; and will give you about as great a chance as a cat is supposed to possess in the infernal regions without her claws—certainly not more. All this, together with innumerable other moves, is termed playing the "off game,"—heads I win, tails you lose.

At Chester the ring musters in great force; for, besides the average harvest garnered by the talent on the great event, a profitable shot at the Derby nags, or rather at their country backers, is always made at this meeting, when the Anthropophagi of the turf prowl in comparative serenity, and devour their species in a more playful ferocity than at Newmarket or Epsom.

The streets, rows, walls, hotels and lodgings, swarm with the denizens of the race-course from all quarters. The "business" is transacted on the flags before the Royal Hotel, in the mid-street, and at night in the coffee-room of the house, when chairs, tables, and the very mantle-shelf are mounted by the shouting, bellowing throng. If the Irish division is in force the hotel is little less than taken by storm; when the ferocious brogue, swaggering offers of millions to *tens*, and infernal din made in their attempts to get the "tens," would frighten any one but the hardened or reckless performers in the orgy.

"By J——! who says five to *two* against the 'Cure' for the day?"—"The Dee takes," roared a long, uncouth Patlander, from the summit of a dumb waiter; "it's myself that will lay it to *one*, and thank any gentleman's son for taking that same," concluded he, thinking thereby, being a friend of the stable, to send the horse back in the betting, having a man ready to snap at any better offer.

This Patlander, a lanky, school-boyish cut of a fellow, once kept old Ralph of the Talbot, at Liverpool, grimly awake all night, "studying his character," as he told me, endeavouring to make out to his own satisfaction, whether he was a sharp or a flat!

"The devil take him!" said the worthy host, as wide awake a gentleman as any going, "the long, giggling, Irish spalpeen comes with offer after offer to me that looks like 'finding money' for any man to lay, and yet, before I have well booked him, he has always six to four the best of me."

"I can't make him out," continued Ralph, "and will decline further business till I do. I fancy old Joe Rodgers, and one or two more, are farming his d——d simplicity of countenance, and have turned him loose as a country agent. There was a parson of old John Day's stable, a cove with a white bibber, and a nob like Saint Peter, who came the amateur over me and my room once, we shan't forget in a hurry. He had the 'office' fresh laid with his breakfast every morning, and 'laid the twigs' so d——d cunning, that he 'gave it' to both me and Tom Speed, when we both thought we had him fairly in chancery, hotter nor boiling lead. I believe this gauky Irish fellow to be another missionary from the Heath, 'if not the Parish Clerk.'"

"A man is never safe a moment, even in his own house," piously remarked he of the "Talbot," "but if I have an opportunity, I'll give the long Plenipo such a slogger!"

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY I. E. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the sunshine of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Departure from Cajueiro.—Presents from the Natives.—Last Scene.—Conversation on Melancholy.—A Song.—Parrots.—Ciganas.—The Cyracura.—Last hours at Jungeal.—Departure from Marago.—Arrival at Para.

IT was not many days after the hunting excursion, related in the preceding chapter, that the writer of this humble narrative, bade farewell to Cajueiro—for ever!

The Englishman had volunteered to be my companion as far as Jungcal, and took with him the powerful native Pedro, to assist us in paddling.

While making preparations to get off, several of the warm-hearted islanders came down to the brook-side, bringing in their hands presents of various kinds, which they presented to me, at the same time asking with great sincerity, if I was ever coming to see them again. Weakness it may have been, kind reader, but I was, nevertheless, truly affected by these manifestations of good will on the part of the natives, and experienced a similar degree of regret on leaving them, that I did on taking leave of my beloved friends at home. Solitude has a tendency to develope and draw out the finer feelings of the soul, while an indiscriminate mingling with the crowded world, and the daily observation of hypocrisy and all other species of wickedness, which degrade humanity, not only operates as a serious check upon the sentiments of our nature, but absolutely tends to materialism, and to sever and calcify the heart. Thus we see an Emperor, who had deluged Europe with blood, so softened by the solitude and quiet of the lonely isle on which he was imprisoned, as to become attached to a few small fishes, and to grieve deeply at their loss—yes, he, who had occasioned the destruction of thousands of human beings, without an emotion of pity, or a feeling of remorse, mourned sincerely at the death of a few little fishes! Then, again, we hear of another, though less distinguished, making companions in the silence and darkness of his dungeon, with a couple of sportive mice, who had been enticed from the security of their holes by the overpowering music of his violin. But I am getting diffusive, and must proceed.

The presents which I had received from the natives consisted of about a dozen chickens, a number of loquacious parrots, several huge bunches of bananas, and a miscellaneous assortment of other fruit.

All things being nicely stowed away in the montaria, and my "adieus" having been rendered to each one of the natives separately, we shoved off from the shore, and were soon floating rapidly down the stream, assisted by both current and tide.

I looked with a lingering gaze upon the beautiful grove, where so many of my happiest hours had flitted so swiftly away, for a moment; my sight rested upon the cottages, and took in the vast area of table land, which stretched out like a lake dotted with islets, to the very borders of the horizon; my last glance fell upon the group of dusky islanders, who were still standing on the bank of the stream, watching attentively our canoe as it receded farther and farther from the spot which they occupied; my eyes closed involuntarily, perhaps to restrain a brewing storm of tears, and when they were again reopened, the glorious scene, upon which I had so long been accustomed to feast my imagination, could be seen no more! It had vanished, like the thought of a dream—never to return!

Instead of the open landscape I had just beheld, nothing now could be seen but the canopy of dew-spangled leaves, which clustered in luxuriant profusion above us; it seemed as if we had suddenly entered a tunnel, leading to some enchanted region of fairy-land, so bright and beautiful did everything then appear; the birds chattered amid the shrubbery, and sometimes darted with meteor-like swiftness up and down the sylvan avenue; insects gleamed in the flickering rays of sunlight, which had struggled through the crevices of the overhanging foliage; each leaf seemed to be enriched with a hundred shining gems, and the arbour itself to be decorated throughout its entire length, with many thousand brilliant flowers. Such a scene as this was well calculated to refresh my sinking spirits, and to raise my thoughts from the painful state of despondency into which they had fallen. Besides, the philosophy and interesting conversation of my companion contributed much towards restoring my mind to its wonted cheerfulness.

"You seem to be rather gloomy," said he; "you could not give more emphatic assurance that your visit to Cajueiro has been a pleasant one. But you must not give way to melancholy! this is a disease of the imagination alone, and unless suppressed in its early stages, will occasion a vast deal of unnecessary misery through life. It never fails, when frequently indulged in, to undermine the physical health of its votaries, and, like a morbid cancer, to grow into their very souls."

"Your advice is certainly very good," I replied, "but as you think it would be possible for any one practically to carry it out, I, for my part, think not; we may in a measure restrain a disposition to melancholy, but there are times when all persons are more or less affected by it—sunshine may prevail for a time, but darkness and storms will sooner or later succeed. Sorrow and gloom, like dismal spectres, will occasionally penetrate all the barriers which philosophy may raise, haunting the happiness, and poisoning the peace, of the strongest and best regulated minds. But, in a word, allow me to inquire, if you, yourself, are never troubled with sadness?"

"I will frankly admit," answered the Englishman, "that I have not been entirely exempt from the mental disorder of which we have been speaking, but I think I can also add, with equal truth, that few men are less affected by it than myself. My thoughts sometimes revert to the happy period of my childhood, when existence seemed like an opening dream, and the world itself a blissful paradise. I think of my own natural wildness and fondness to rove! of the play-

mates of my boyhood, the companions of my youth—alas! where are they now? scattered far and wide over the face of the earth, or sleeping soundly in their fresh-made graves! My kind parents, too, where are they? Methinks I hear them sometimes whispering to me in my dreams, or see them among the stars of heaven, beckoning as it were to their wayward son to follow them; astonished, I awake from the dream and find a solitary tear trembling on my eyelid! When such thoughts as these force themselves into my mind, for a few moments I experience a pang of grief, but on such occasions I always rouse myself to my utmost, and generally succeed in expelling the unwelcome intruders away. We should not be too extravagant in our expectations of future pleasure, else we shall be subject to continual disappointments, neither should we regret too much that which is irrevocably past, for by so doing we not only throw away our time, but we render ourselves miserable about a phantom, and insensible to all the pleasures of the present, which, under other circumstances, might have afforded us peace and happiness. Truly, how often do men relinquish the substance in order to grasp a shadow!"

"Well, my dear fellow," said I, "let us talk no longer about shadows; the sun is so intolerably hot, that my metaphysical thoughts and sentiments have evaporated altogether, and I sincerely hope, for the sake of the reader, that yours have also."

"They have, I assure you," retorted the Englishman, putting on a jolly expression; "let me light your pipe, and you can make an end of your sadness—in smoke! As for myself, I promise to be as lively as a lark during the remainder of our voyage. Now for a song, Pedro, do you join in the chorus."—*Cantat.*

"Really," said I, as soon as he had concluded, "you have more of the nightingale in you than I supposed, but well as you sing, Pedro is decidedly your superior; his voice is exceedingly strong and musical, and he seems to have wonderful control over it; by heavens! that chorus was delightful! It sounded more like the music of a full choir, than that of two persons, so intense was the stillness of Nature when you began, but you have aroused all the birds of the forest from their noonday slumbers by your startling song, and now the woods are alive again with their strange notes and uproarious chattering. They seem to be calling upon you for an *encore!*"

"And they shall have it," said he; and once more he joined his voice with that of Pedro, and again the same wild and thrilling strain swelled upon the air, calling loudly upon the echoes of the forest for a response. But they answered not! The song had hardly ceased, before a large flock of noisy parrots alighted in the top of a tree, not far from our canoe, for the purpose of regaling themselves upon its fruit; instantly a report from my gun, which Pedro had caught hastily up, brought down four of the feathered chatterers into the water. They were fine specimens, with rich green wings, and a spot of glowing crimson on their backs, of not less size than a dollar. We rolled them up carefully in strips of paper, and put them in our pouches, so that they might be in good order for skinning on our arrival at Jungcal. Soon after this incident, we shot two odd-looking birds, called by the natives, Ciganas *(Opisthocomus cristatus)*, who were making a strange and vociferous screaming, in the dense thicket of caves and low bushes on our left. They were about the

size of champion fighting cocks, of a reddish brown colour, with a singular crest of long feathers on their head, which they could erect or repress at pleasure. A perfect specimen of the Great South American Rail, also fell into our hands,—my quick-eyed companion caught a glimpse of him, as he was feeding in apparent security, beneath the sheltering roots of a spreading mangrove. In a moment he was a corpse. This bird is an especial favourite with the natives, and is not only esteemed for the delicacy of its flesh, which we considered fully equal to that of any other bird we tasted in Brazil, but also for its social qualities, as well as its cheerful voice. It seems to unite the virtues of the Robin with those of Chanticleer! Before the break of day, and in the gloaming of eve, we were accustomed to hear its merry voice, chanting in loud, yet mellowed tones, the word "Cy-ra-cu-ra," which the Indians have adopted as the name of the bird. To listen, in the quiet of early evening, to the notes of this bird was to me an inexpressible pleasure; when we heard them for the first time we were at a loss to determine whether the mysterious sounds came from man, or bird, or beast. They certainly could not be called singing, hardly crowing, but, with more propriety, a melodious kind of cackling. When enlightened by the natives, we could scarcely credit the fact, that the tremendous, yet musical uproar we had just heard, emanated from the throat of a single bird. It seemed to our ears as if the whole forest was vocal, with the strange melody of a thousand unknown birds. We fell desperately in love with the Cyracura! Vehement and boisterous as he was in declamation, yet there was something divinely sweet and softened in his rapidly changing tones, which went direct to the heart, forcing upon the delighted hearer the unavoidable conviction, that if by no means a Demosthenes or a Cicero, yet he was certainly a most eloquent bird!

Nearing Jungeal, Senhor Anzevedo, and most of the natives and slaves on the place, came down to the water's edge to welcome us. Having secured our montaria, we were conducted up to the house of Anzevedo, where the hospitable Senhor soon caused a substantial meal to be provided for us. This being over, the Englishman immediately went to work, in preparing the birds we had shot during the morning; as for myself, I was overwhelmed with a host of interrogations from the pretty damsels, Teresa and Florana, respecting the manner in which I had passed my time since leaving Jungeal.

"You have been very successful, I hope," said Anzevedo. "The Ibis, to be sure, are not in plumage, but then, most of the water birds are, and the land birds are now remarkably numerous. The Toucans are beginning to be very abundant here, and I regret very much that you will not spend a few weeks longer with us; the dry season, too, is about to set in, and you would, I think, enjoy yourself much more than you have hitherto."

"I should like to remain longer, if possible," I replied, "but my time is limited, and I wish to make the most of it by seeing new places, and making my cabinet of natural curiosities as extensive as can be. Besides, my boon companion, 'Jenks,' is separated from me, which, under no circumstances, could I endure for a week more; the Fates have decreed my departure, and you know, to-night the schooner sails!"

"It is so," replied Anzevedo, "and Gaviono will be here an hour before sunset, to bid us farewell, and take you and luggage on board. I have a pair of tame Maraca ducks for you to add to your live stock, which for my sake you will take care of while living, and preserve when dead, as mementos of Jungcal. They have lived with me for many months; I have fed them daily with my own hands, and have become quite attached to them, but I freely give them up to you, and am sorry that I have nothing better to offer."

"Your gift is as acceptable," I answered, "as if it had been that of a kingdom. You give me that which you love, the absence of which (however trivial to others) will occasion you a certain degree of sorrow—could the richest monarch do more? We can only judge of the value of a gift by the sacrifice which it occasions the donor, and a single lock of hair from those we love is dearer to us than the crowns and diadems of princes! Your generous present, however, was not neccessary to keep you alive in my remembrance. The kindness and friendship which you have extended to a stranger, have impressed themselves indelibly upon the tablet of my memory."

At five o'clock, P. M., I bade adieu to my friend the Englishman, and shook hands for the last time with Anzevedo, as well as each of the happy, though unsophisticated islanders. Teresa and Florence were more affectionate at parting—they were innocent and impulsive creatures—and we had to choose between receiving their blandishments, or wounding their feelings. Cold as ice, and hard as steel, must be the heart of him who could have resisted the soft persuasion of the former!

It was evening when our schooner parted from its picturesque moorings, and noiselessly floated down the stream, by the magic and beautiful light of ten thousand stars. It was a scene which will gladden and refresh my imagination whenever memory shall revert to the sacred part. Overpowered with fatigue, and the thoughts which were crowding on my mind, I finally threw myself into my hammock, and soon sunk into a delicious repose. When morning arose, not a trace of land was to be seen; a wide waste of untroubled waters was before and around me! * * * Our voyage was a pleasant one, and, on the evening of the fifth day, our vessel was once more riding snugly at anchor in the commodious harbour of Para.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"On reaching Rennes I went at once to one of my relations who lived there. He told me, with evident satisfaction, that he had secured a seat for me in the carriage of a lady of his acquaintance who was going to Paris. He represented to me that he had had considerable difficulty in inducing this lady to agree to my travelling with her. My travelling companion was a smart little dress-maker, who seemed scarcely able to restrain a smile when she surveyed me. Horses were ordered at midnight, and we started. For the first time I found myself alone with a lady in a travelling-chaise, and in the middle of the night; I, who could never even look at a woman without blushing, scarcely knew where I was; I drew myself up in a corner of the carriage, for fear of touching Madame Rose's dress; and when she spoke to me I stammered without being able to answer her. She was obliged to pay the postilions and settle everything, for I was utterly incapable of giving any directions. As day began to dawn she seemed more and more astonished at my behaviour: she evidently regretted that she had encumbered herself with such a simpleton, for as soon as the character of the scenery perceptibly changed, and when I no longer recognised the *patois* of the Breton peasants, I fell into a melancholy train of thought which only served to increase Madame Rose's contempt for me. I perceived what opinion she had formed of me, and this only served to change my natural reserve into unconquerable timidity, and I had not courage to pronounce a syllable. At length we approached Paris. I even thought I could detect in the countenance of every person we met a certain bantering expression; like the *gentilhomme périgourdin*. I believed that everybody was looking at me for the purpose of ridiculing me. Madame Rose proceeded without delay to the Hotel de l'Europe in the Rue du Mail and lost no time in getting rid of me. I was scarcely out of the carriage, when she said to the porter, "Give this gentleman room;" she then made me a stiff curtsey, and wished me good morning. I never saw Madame Rose again. She had, however, taken pity on my simplicity, for she had sent to inform my brother, whose address she had learnt at Rennes, of my safe arrival in Paris.

"I soon heard a distant hum of voices: at length the sound appeared to be nearer, and at last the door of my apartment was opened, and I beheld my brother and one of my cousins, who had unfortunately married rather beneath his condition. My cousin Moreau was a large tall man, whose clothes were always covered with tobacco, who ate like an ogre, and was continually swearing and blustering: he was acquainted with everybody and everything, and passed his time in gaming-houses, saloons, and ante-chambers. My brother embraced me, and my cousin welcomed me with, "Well, chevalier, here you are in Paris. I shall introduce you at once to Madame de Chastenay." Who could this person, be whose name I heard mentioned for the first time? My cousin Moreau's proposition made me dislike him. "The chevalier requires some rest, I dare say," replied my brother; "we will first

pay Madame de Farcy a visit, and then we will return to dinner: afterwards he will be glad to go to bed." I felt really happy at this arrangement. Anything which reminded me of my family in the midst of this new world in which I suddenly found myself thrown, was a balm to my heart. We set out, leaving my cousin Moreau to storm about the indifferent room which had been given me, and to insist that I should be accommodated a story lower at least. My brother and I took a carriage and proceeded to the convent, where Madame de Farcy had taken up her abode. Julie had been staying in Paris for some time for the purpose of consulting some physicians. Her expressive and beautiful countenance, her elegant manners and her wit, and her poetical talents captivated all who knew her, and her society was much sought; she who was one of the most agreeable and brilliant women of her time, became afterwards a perfect saint: the Abbé Carron has written her life. When I saw Julie again in Paris I found her revelling in every kind of worldly pleasure. I beheld her covered with flowers, adorned with those necklaces and perfumed and delicate draperies which Saint Clement forbade to the early Christians. Saint Basil declares that the middle of the night should be sacred to meditation on account of the deep stillness of nature, but this was precisely the time when Julie went forth to *fêtes* —to which her beautiful verses pronounced by herself in the most melodious voice gave the principal charm. Julie was very much prettier than Lucile; she had winning blue eyes and chestnut hair richly waved; her hands and arms were models of form and whiteness, and the manner in which she moved them added fresh grace to her elegant figure. She was brilliant and animated, she laughed much without affectation, and when she laughed she shewed two beautiful rows of pearls. Many women's portraits in the time of Louis XIV. resemble Julie, and among the number those of the three Mortemarts; but she possessed more elegance than Madame de Montespan. Julie received me with a tenderness which belongs only to a sister. I felt a kind of protection in being pressed to her bosom; there is no attachment so delicate and devoted as a woman's; we may be forgotten by our brothers, by our friends, and misunderstood by our companions, but never by our mother, or sister, or wife. When Harold was killed at the battle of Hastings, nobody could point out the spot where his body lay, and at length the only person who discovered the corpse of the unfortunate prince was Edith his beloved one.

"My brother returned with me to my hotel; he ordered my dinner, and left me. I dined alone, went to bed in a melancholy mood, and passed the whole of my first night in Paris in sighing for the woods and heaths to which I had bid adieu, and in trembling as I thought upon the gloomy uncertainty of my future prospects.

"At eight o'clock the following morning my huge cousin arrived; he had already made five or six rounds, "Well, chevalier," said he, "we will have breakfast; we shall dine with Pommereul, and to-night I will introduce you to Madame de Chastenay." I perceived that this was to be my fate, and I accordingly resigned myself; all went on, therefore, as my cousin had arranged. After breakfast he undertook to shew me Paris, but he dragged me through all the dirtiest streets of the Palais Royal, describing to me the whole time the dangers to which a young man was exposed. We were punctual at the dinner rendezvous at the *restaurateur's*. Everything which was placed on table appeared to me

indifferently prepared. The conversation, and the persons who joined in it, opened quite a new world to me; the court, the state of the finances, the meetings of the Academy, women, the intrigues of the day, the last new piece, the successes of actors and actresses and authors, were alternately discussed. Several Bretons were of the party, and among the number the Chevalier de Guer and Pommereul; the latter was a good spokesman, and wrote an account of some of Buonaparte's campaigns. During the empire Pommereul became rather prominent from his utter detestation of the nobility.

"After dinner was over my brother was anxious to take me to theatre, but my cousin secured me to accompany him to Madame de Chastenay, and accordingly I went with him, feeling that it was my fate: I was introduced to a beautiful woman, who certainly could not be considered any longer young, but of whom it was still possible to become enamoured. She received me with great affability, and endeavoured to put me at ease; she questioned me about my province and my regiment, I felt myself awkward and embarrassed; I made signs to my cousin to shorten our visit; but he took no notice of my discomfiture, and seemed to be perfectly inexhaustible upon the subject of the various talents which he declared that I possessed. He told Madame de Chastenay that I had actually written poetry before I left my mother's side, and he finished by asking me to compose some verses in her honour. She relieved me from my perplexing situation by apologising to me for being obliged to go out; she begged me to come and see her the next day in such a fascinating manner that I really could not resist her invitation. The next day, therefore, I went to pay my respects to her; I found her in bed, in a chamber which was most tastefully and elegantly arranged. She informed me that she was slightly indisposed, and that she had the bad habit of rising very late. She had observed my embarrassment the day before, but she completely succeeded in overcoming it, so that I expressed myself naturally to her. I forget exactly what I said to her, but I remember that she looked rather astonished; she extended her beautiful hand and arm to me, and said to me with a smile, "Ah! we shall soon civilize you." I did not even dare to kiss that beautiful hand, and I left the room quite confused. The next day I started for Cambrai. Who could this Madame de Chastenay be? I have not the slightest idea, yet she crossed my path like a beautiful shadow.

"The same year in which I made my first campaign at Cambrai, Frederick II. died; to this important public event succeeded one of a very unfortunate nature for me: Lucile wrote to me to tell me of my father's death. He was seized with an attack of apoplexy the day after the *fête de l'Angevine*, one of the merry festivals which delighted me in my childhood. I deeply lamented the loss of M. de Chateaubriand; after his death I fully appreciated his worth; I no longer remembered the rigour with which he treated me or any of his weaknesses. I still seemed to see him pacing up and down in the great hall at Combourg every evening, and I felt much emotion when I dwelt upon some of the familiar items in our little family circle. Though my father's manner towards me was coloured by the natural sternness of his disposition, I believe in reality that his affection was for me very great. The severe and dauntless Maréchal de Montluc, who became unfit for service in consequence of some dreadful wounds, and was obliged to conceal, by a patch, the horror of his glory, thus reproaches

himself for his harshness towards his son whom he had just lost:—"That poor boy," remarked he, "has only seen me with knitted brows and wearing an air full of disdain; he must have imagined that I knew neither how to love him, nor to appreciate him according to his deserts. To whom shall I discover all the love which I felt for him? Ought he not to have received that which was due to him, and to have been permitted to enjoy it? I have suffered considerable restraint and annoyance in wearing this mask, and I lost the pleasure of intercourse with him; he could not have been much attached to me, because he was always treated by me roughly and tyrannically."

"I, however, was sincerely attached to my father, and I did not doubt for one moment, though he was reserved and cold to me, that he loved me very tenderly. I am quite sure if it had pleased Providence to remove me before him that he would have bitterly mourned for me. I obtained leave of absence. M. d'Andrézel, who was appointed lieutenant of the regiment in Picardy, was about to quit Cambrai, and I served him as a courier. I passed through Paris where I would not stay even a quarter of an hour. I beheld the moors of my beloved Brittany with as much joy as a Neapolitan banished to our land beholds again the shores of Portici, and the Campagna of Sorrento. My family were all assembled at Combourg, we each received our portion, and then we all dispersed. My brother returned to Paris, my mother took up her abode at St. Malo, Lucile accompanied Julie; and I divided my time between Mesdames de Marigny, De Chateaubourg, and De Farcy. Marigny, the *château* of my eldest sister, which was three miles from Fougères, was pleasantly situated between two streams, in the midst of rocks, woods, and meadows. I spent a few calm happy months here, when I received a letter which completely disturbed my repose. My eldest brother was sufficiently ambitious to desire that I should enjoy some of the honours at court in order that I might carve out fresh channels for his future elevation. The Maréchal Duras was to be my patron. My brother informed me that I should now be quite in the way of making my fortune; he remarked that I had already risen to the rank of captain in the cavalry, an honorary rank, so that I should find no difficulty in becoming one of the knights of Malta, in right of which distinction I might enjoy some very good sinecures.

This letter appeared to come upon me like a thunderbolt. Was I actually to return to Paris! to be presented at court, I who felt disturbed and embarrassed even when I met three or four persons with whom I was unacquainted in a room: how could I be expected to understand ambition when I dreamt only of living in obscurity? My first idea was to say to my brother, that he, being the eldest, was the proper person to maintain the honour of our family name, and not I, the youngest son. I went immediately to read this romantic reply to Madame de Marigny, who loudly remonstrated with me about it. Madame de Farcy was called, and she laughed heartily at my absurdity. Lucile was very anxious to take my part, but she did not dare to differ from her sisters. They seized my letter, and with my natural weakness when anything concerned myself, I wrote to my brother to tell him I should set out at once. Accordingly I started to be presented at one of the first courts in Europe, and to make my *début* in life in the most brilliant manner, and yet I wore the air of a man who was being dragged to the galleys, or upon whom the sentence of death was about to be pronounced.

BOULOGNE *EN ROUTE* TO PARIS:

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

Boulogne,—its History, Ancient and Modern.—English and French Watering-places.—Reflections upon Cooking.—Great Experience of the Author, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*—Voyage.—Outward-bound.—The Company.—Romantic Memoir of Miss Montagu.—My Kinsman and *Cicerone.*—Sketches of Society—much Information, and very excellent Advice.—Hints to pugnacious Gentlemen.—Interesting Account of an Affair of Honour.

Boulogne is a city of great antiquity, and from the creation—we mean, not of the world, but the place—has stood preeminently high in foreign estimation. Some years B.C., the Romans took a fancy to it; in English sight, and even in the times of the Edwards and the Henrys, the ancient town found great favour; and so tenaciously did they hold to it, that, notwithstanding numerous notices to quit, they maintained forcible possession, until ejection *vi et armis* was resorted to, "*ut mos est*" with refractory tenants. Centuries elapsed —and still the hereditary yearning after this pleasant place seemed unconquerable in the descendants of the bold knights and hardy yeomen, who did good service at Agincourt and Cressy. The schoolmaster was abroad—and, in slow march, at last he reached Britain. He found John, like his name-sake, a sort of "bull in body-clothes:" in the covering of his outer man, as obsolete as in the comforting of his inner, he was antediluvian; anything collopped and heated in a saucepan, he considered edible, and called "a hash," and an expanded chicken, roasted on a gridiron (were this enormity committed in the north), would be termed "a brandered chuckie." Did a countryman come to London to attend a cattle-show, drop into that fashionable invention, called "a *restaurant*," and then and there be requested to say whether he would indulge in a *salmi* or *fricandeau*, he assumed hat and umbrella instanter—as if in either dish, prussic acid were a component ingredient, and no exertions of the genus *garçon* could induce him to listen to explanation, or remain another minute. But rapid has been national improvement—and all, save those who have reached the obstinacy that servility inflicts at sixty, will scarce refuse a blush, which the improved order of things across the Channel should properly evoke, and incarnadine the cheek of anybody but a coalheaver.

Let us, in contradistinction, place Ramsgate *versus* Boulogne. In the latter, delicacy is scrupulously attended to,—in the former, it is too frequently altogether overlooked. To the species of the human family, called chambermaid, moralists have objected—and in France the hint has been taken, and things are more correctly managed. A stout gentleman, rich in hirsute honours, and—as I once had the pleasure of such attendance—decorated, not with the "star of the brave," but the ribbon of the legion of honour, looks to your dormitory. No sneaking beadle flits

"With noiseless step through cloister'd aisle;"

across the Channel that functionary is a picked man from the *compagnie élite*, of a regiment of Prussian proportions—one at whose

dictum you must meekly succumb to the seat assigned, or, if contumacious, perish, as you might expect, by his partisan. There too, be the chaunter's organ weak or strong, and charm he never so wisely, the litany, as sung or said, is all the same—a brass-horn at his elbow smothering the unhappy precentor even when "*in excelsis*," as Lablache would obliterate a school-girl in a duet.

As to French cookery, we do not object to it *in toto*, but we uplift our voice against its general false pretences. A French dish, fabricated in an English kitchen, is super-excellent. In that case you may boldly dash into a *frîcandeau*, and not stumble on a pig's foot; cutlets are veal if they so propound themselves; a *fondu* is actually made of cheese; and the Pythagorean principle of constructing soup without flesh, is as obsolete as brick-making without straw. In England, to animal fat there is no positive antipathy, and men use and reject the same as fancy prompts. As obesity is tolerated in a common-council-man, it is also held pardonable in a Smithfield ox—and even to minor animals a permission to grow fat has been graciously extended. To a weder, *in transitu* to the market, a rheumatic colley can spare a fourth leg, and turn him on the other three, as his master indicates,—the poor wretch—we mean the sheep—being so overladen with wool and tallow as to render a lame trot on his part quite a desperate exertion. You cannot, conveniently, in a London tavern confuse beef with mutton. In France the thing is different, you may discriminate possibly between fish and fowl—but touching anything that is furnished with four legs, the ablest zoologist can only indulge in conjecture as to what it might have been before it passed the ordeal to which it had been subjected by the Gallic *artiste*. Chinese cookery is not more puzzling to a European barbarian, who believes, credulous mortal! that he is engaged with a sucking pig, when alas! some canine mother is secretly mourning over the fattest and fondest-loved of a whole progeny of nine.

We know not what grave offence we had committed in the sight of heaven, that exposed us to retribution so speedy and severe; but, deceived by the report of a loving kinsman, as he avouched himself, who, finding his native air rather keen for his constitution, had migrated to Bologne—*suadente diabolo!* we mean thereby at the instigation of our cousin,—in an evil hour we determined to cross the Channel. We are rapid in our operations—and scarcely was the resolution taken, than we found ourselves on the soil of France.

I have had a fair assortment of the roughs and smooths of life,—and, at times, have felt half-persuaded, that of the former, my share was rather too liberally doled out. But though misfortune overtook me now and then, even when it did its worst, thank God! it never afflicted upon me a strange bed-fellow, though I have rubbed skirts, in my time, with as queer companions as any private gentleman who has never visited the colonies "upon compulsion."

We do assert, and, as far as our purse will warrant a bet, we will back our opinion, that in our day we have been in as villanous company as any person at present on the half-pay list. We have *olim* repaired at daylight on a hanging-Monday to the Old Bailey—patronized the murder of a hundred rats by a brindled bull-bitch in a slaughter-house in Smithfield—sported our spotted fogle at No-man's-land—passed through Petticoat-lane after dark—been frequently at the Judge and Jury—subscribed to Baron Nathan's

weekly hop—dived, at eleven P.M., into Cider-cellars—quadrilled at the Walhalla—drunk weak tea at a *soirée* of female socialists—encored an Ethiopian serenader on Saturday evening in Jim Crow, and went to hear him next morning preach a charity-sermon for his own benefit. We once marched a turn-out of seventy South-of-Ireland militia-men to our regiment,—of whom, sixty-nine might be safely set down as the greatest vagabonds unhanged. We think in blackguard statistics we have sufficiently established our experience—and we now declare, and on corporal oath, that we would back the Boulogne lot who crossed the Channel in our company, against any collection outside Abdullum—and that for choice between boat and cave we would not give a five-franc piece.

Manifold and important were the causes, as might be expected, which led to this general migration. One good-natured gentleman was levanting with his neighbour's wife—another had "cut his lucky" for executing a splendid piece of caligraphy across a stamp, that half-deceived the actual proprietor of the simulated cognomen.

With a praiseworthy anxiety to cultivate his education by a visit to foreign parts, an industrious apprentice was bound for the French capital, having provided himself, like a prudent youth, against travelling contingencies, by borrowing the contents of his master's till. There was a large assortment of gentlemen from Ireland—all open to matrimony on proper understanding—and a young lady exceedingly dropsical, who wished to try what sea-air and a few months would providentially accomplish for her—a score of rail-road directors, the chairman of an extinguished assurance company, fast gentlemen, *non inventi* last settling-day at Tattersall's—divers seedy stale ones who had infested town since the coronation of the fourth George—ladies of easy virtue, and several of no virtue at all. Add to these, pastrycooks with brass spurs—attorneys' clerks with formidable moustachios—a tailor, in a frogged undress-frock, a misfit left upon his hands by an indignant subaltern in the Rifles. In a word, a more heterogeneous cargo was never collected since the introduction of steam; and with this splendid specimen of English society, I debarked, late in the evening, on the jetty of Boulogne.

An opening episode will give a tolerable description of what one sees and encounters occasionally at the marine resorts, across the herring-brook, to which the pleasant part of the British population annually repair. When we were approaching the harbour, great was the general commotion among the passengers, as each endeavoured to collect the enormous quantity of miscellaneous effects with which John Bull overloads himself at starting, and afterwards disquieteth himself in vain. Then, and for the first time, a young lady suddenly presented herself from some secret crypt in the fore-cabin, in which, as it would appear, during the voyage she had remained *perdue*. As our baggage was confided to the tender mercy of the *douaniers* until morning, we proceeded in light marching order to such hotels as each was pleased to select for his nocturnal accommodation. The young lady, who was attired in white muslin—rather a singular costume in which to undertake an aquatic excursion—either from choice or accident, attached herself to our portion of the living cargo—and we all sat down to a supper of some merit in the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

The fair girl was scarcely eighteen—very pale but pretty—and

the circumstance of her being unprotected conferred an accidental interest on the youthful *voyageuse.* No doubt, in the morning she would be inquired for and claimed—and in this belief we saw her depart after supper to her dormitory—an example I followed in good season—not, however, until I had consumed a cigar, and discussed a second tumbler of diluted *eau de vie.*

Morning came—so did our traps from the custom-house—and we had a general reunion round the breakfast table. To that meal the white lady gave an unexpected interest by a fainting fit, and subsequent removal to her chamber. Great was the sympathy evidenced by the company in a general presentation of volatile salts and *eau de Cologne,* and only one personage looked on unmoved, and to judge from his frigid bearing, he was as impassive to the fair one's indisposition as he would have been to hysterics in the house-cat. He was, in sooth, as repulsive-mannered an elderly gentleman as I ever stretched a leg under mahogany in company with—and, cold to human sympathies, seemed absorbed in the anthritic visitations which his great toe was momentarily exposed to.

When breakfast had ended, half a dozen maids and matrons proceeded up stairs to offer their condolence to the fair sufferer; and it was a subject of some surprise, that neither her luggage had arrived, nor any claimants for her person, had as yet presented themselves. After a considerable absence the feminine deputation returned to the breakfast-room; and from the grave demeanour of the whole party, it was evident that some important disclosure had been made. The affair was evidently of that order usually termed delicate—as the young ladies preserved a strict silence when interrogated by the surly gentleman with the afflicted extremity, whose questions were extremely plain, although the language which conveyed his inquiries might have admitted a slight polish, and been sufficiently intelligent after all.

"Who the devil is she?" demanded the testy proprietor of the inflamed toe. "Some tramper belonging to a puppet-show, or, a

'Maid that loves the moon,'

—and nocturnally takes air and exercise in the vicinity of the Quadrant in Regent-street."

"Really, sir," observed an elderly young lady, who had recently turned fifty, in the full and undisputed possession of maiden independence; "you appear to forget that there are ladies in the room."

"Where's the use after all," exclaimed a stout, red-faced gentlewoman, who shared the cares and couch of a salesman in Leadenhall-market. "Where's the use, I say, of beating about the bush, and not telling the plain truth to that cranky customer in the cloth-shoe, whose best supporter, as I see, is wrapped in flannel for his sins? as I suppose—her father is a justice of peace."

"Fudge!" groaned the man in the gouty shoe.

"And her mother?" said the fair narrator.

"A troop-serjeant of Horse Artillery; mere fudge, madam."

"Taking advantage," said the elderly young lady, who was dying to figure in as a *raconteuse,* "of professional opportuuities and his intimacy with the family, the curate of the parish professed honourable love—and—and—"

" I know the rest, ma'am," said the man with the afflicted toe; " The old story, no doubt; told her the usual quantity of rigmarole, and effected her ru——"

" Really, sir," exclaimed the elderly young lady, " we must leave the room."

" Well, ma'am, call the accident by any other name you like. We'll soften things to please you. She's rather ragged in the reputation, eh?"

" Or what we call in Connaught, damaged by a blast," observed a gentleman from Ireland.

" Kicked in her gallop a little," continued the owner of the cloth shoe.

" And has crossed Channel with about as much character as a priest's niece," added he of Connemara.

" No, no, gentlemen," exclaimed the salesman's lady, indignantly. " For want of charity, you ought both to be ashamed of yourselves. The wicked parson professed honorable love, until one evening he betrayed his diabolical intentions. We found out, although with considerable difficulty, not only Miss Montagu's name, but also the nefarious particulars. With all the majesty of insulted virtue, she ordered the reverend delinquent for ever from her presence—passed, as might be expected, a miserable night—and half-demented, rushed desperately in the morning to London Bridge, rashly resolving to commit herself and sorrows to the friendly bosom of the Thames."

" Which means," said the ruthless owner of the gouty shoe, " what the old song would term, an intention, like the gentle *Ophelia's*, of

'Going to Heaven by water!'"

" Fortunately her guardian angel—"

" Police constable, X. No. 147," muttered the man in the cloth shoe.

" Excuse me, sir, these frequent interruptions are anything but polite. Her guardian angel whispered that suicide was sinful, and—"

" Water swells a man, Jack Falstaff says—same effect, I presume, in feminine cases?" and again the proprietor of the afflicted foot interrupted the course of this affecting narrative, while the lady frowned and proceeded—

" In an agony of despair—in fact, she is unconscious of the act herself."

" Ay—ay—that is commonly the consequence, when young gentlewomen add rum, in approved proportions, to their morning Congo. Oh, lord! such a twinge! Would to heaven I could exchange paddles with that tramper."

" And indeed, sir," said the elderly young lady, " I wish sincerely that your gout were transferred from your toe to your tongue. Well, in her despair, she rushed wildly on board the "Flirt," hid herself in the fore-cabin, and you are all acquainted with what followed. We have, by a slight and general contribution, supplied a few necessary articles for her wardrobe, and are about to become applicants to you, gentlemen, for some small monetary assistance to enable this misguided girl, who left England with no other possession than her virtue—"

Here the man with the afflicted toe gave a long and expressive whistle.

"To return in unblemished purity to her native land—and, as she has faithfully promised, seek that parental protection which she so incautiously abandoned."

As she concluded what she considered a very impressive appeal to the male portion of the company, the fair advocate provided herself with a breakfast-plate, and proceeded to collect the rent. All came down with their respective shillings, save the elderly gentleman with the infirm toe—and he made no demonstration to dip into the pockets of his nether habiliment. The fair applicant vainly essayed to evoke "melting charity" by one of her most seductive smiles, but, as the result proved, it was directed at an adamantine heart.

"I am not a man of feeling, ma'am. Oh! d—n the gout!" and he twitched his leg convulsively—"What a lie I tell—I never gave a shilling in my life but once—and that was well laid out—it being to assist to bury a Welsh attorney. No, no, ma'am, not a *sou* to save her from a souse, if she have a fancy for it, in the harbour, which, unfortunately, she did not accomplish in the Thames."

The plate-bearer moved off in despair—and, as she resumed her chair, I heard her mutter "Savage!"

I may as well, before I proceed with a narrative of my own adventures, wind up the history of the young gentlewoman in the soiled muslin. She was duly re-shipped and returned next day to the modern Babylon,—and, by singular evil luck, and in a month afterwards, I personally encountered her once more.

I am no frequenter of wax-works or Walhallas, eschewing them as I would a rat-pit or fancy benefit; but one afternoon, I was surprised, in the vicinity of the Haymarket, by a shower which bade fair to uproot the pavement—sprang into a den whose open door seduced me to seek a shelter—and, when too late to retreat, found myself in the same room with a group of both sexes, designating themselves *tableaux vivans*. Saints and angels! there stood my old acquaintance, Miss Montagu.—But let us return to Boulogne.

The saucer-bearer had just completed the tour of the breakfast-table, and proceeded to the dormitory, where virtue in distress was very coolly selecting an assorted portion from the eleemosynary articles contributed by the fair sympathizers, and which, as she fancied, would best become her on the homeward voyage of tomorrow; when my loving kinsman entered the room, having after inquiries at divers hostelries of fashionable reputation, at last discovered my whereabouts. He immediately proposed to point out all objects of interest that the place laid claim to, and among which the population was certainly not the least curious. No better cicerone could be found, — he was most extensively acquainted, and for everybody we encountered had some familiar observation. Had I not declined introductions peremptorily, I believe that I should, and before dinner-hour, have been on bowing relations with half Boulogne, and permitted to select from half a hundred an arm to rest mine upon, in whose proprietor every accomplishment was consolidated.

"You see that showy couple," said my bear-leader,—"quite a fresh arrival. That is Sir Hugh Racket, and the lady leaning on

his arm is old Dobson's, the Brighton banker's, young wife, who levanted with him about a week ago. They are spending the honeymoon at the Hôtel du Nord, and while the contents of her jewel-case lasts, no doubt their connubial felicity will be undiminished. The Baronet is only rich in love, for he started so bare in the metalics as to be obliged to have recourse to the lady's purse to defray the second turnpike. That rum-looking fellow in the queer hat is young Dance, who used to drive the piebald four-in-hand. He hasn't a feather left to fly with, and greeks in a small way at billiard-tables and silver hells, to an amount scarce sufficient to keep life and soul together. Observe that well-dressed, well-fed, John-Bullish looking personage. He, in monetary estimation, is the warmest customer in the place. He owes the revenue 50,000*l.* in penalties, and good-naturedly expresses a hope that they may get it the same day upon which the last instalment of the National Debt shall be discharged. This gentleman, if industry and talent should be rewarded, deserved a statue in place of everlasting deportation. He was a fabricator of British brandy—and his still was so ingeniously constructed, that, by the agency of a double pipe, while one contributed to the expenses of the realm, with the other he operated upon his own account. Accident or treachery interrupted a prosperous trade—and, poor man! when looking to a speedy and honourable independence, his career was prematurely closed. In a few years he could have sought an *otium cum dignitate*, with probably the better portion of half a million; but, alas! all he saved from the wreck when he levanted, was something about 25,000*l.* That stout gentlewoman with the macaw plume, leaning on that swaggering fellow awfully whiskered, was taken from an East end theatre by a high City functionary, and kept in first rate style, until the old gentleman broke down in the late railway bubble-bursting, and was stagged to the tune of some two or three hundred thousand. She, however, proved herself no fool; for, while all with the worthy alderman was sunshine, she made hay, and contrived to feather her nest pretty snugly. She possesses an excellent house in the upper town, and keeps that most respectable gentleman, who was disgracefully kicked out of the —th regiment for cheating with marked cards at *ecarté*.

" But observe that youthful couple who have just turned the corner of the street, returning from their customary walk on the pier; they are the grand wonder of the place—for without visible means of any kind, and in a locality where the order of transactions is generally " pitch and pay," they manage to get on pretty comfortably. If scandal may be trusted, a blinder husband was never blessed with a handsomer helpmate. He has the honour to be our loving countryman, and dates his nativity from the pleasant town of Athlone, where his father is a whiskey-seller. She is a native of Cockayne, and was considered a smart hand at regenerating Dunstable bonnets. They met — God knows how — at Margate, I believe; and while she passed for an heiress, he modestly mentioned himself as being in direct remainder to half a barony in the county Galway. The take-in was mutually complete, and detected on both sides, in a day or two; but instead of idle recrimination, they laughed heartily at the affair, and agreed to exercise their respective talents for mutual advantage. They operate together,

and hunt quietly in couples. He catches his hare on landing from the steamer—meaning by the animal, any biped possessed of a little cash, and the more simplicity, the better.

"And now with a short summary of general information, I shall end my part of Mentor. In this marine retirement you are neither obliged to accept a bill for a person to whom you have touched hats but yesterday, nor to join another in a bond with whom you crossed Channel in the packet. You need not go to Ducape's in a wig and sword; nor are you amenable to criminal proceedings for offering a shopkeeper one-third of the sum demanded for an article of *bijouterie*. It is not imperative on you to exchange shots upon the sands with every French *militaire* who asserts that the British army were cow-hided to their heart's content at Waterloo. Ladies may cheapen a *bouquet* in the flower-market, without the production of a marriage certificate, and you have merely to stump up your three francs at the *table d'hôte*, and no inquiry will be made whether your assets are derived from Hammersleys or Smith and Payne. Indeed, so long as "the rowdy" is forthcoming, strangers are considered objects of public interest, and as such, cherished, boarded, and taken in.

"What a blessing it is for a rambler like myself to have his *fidus Achates*, meaning you, to rest upon when required," I observed to my Connemara cousin.

"Egad! although I anticipate trouble from you, no man, as I believe, in all variety of calamities, has been more placed in requisition by his friends, than your humble servant. It is only a fortnight since, that I was knocked up at two *ante meridiem*, to extricate Bob O'Hara from the centre of a scrape. The wind-up was rather comical; and as, for want of better, it may point a moral, I 'll oblige you with the particulars.

"Bob's a good fellow, take him all in all; but he dotes upon an argument, and is a devilish deal more liberal with his opinions than his cash. I never knew, if any body was disappointed in receipt of a remittance, Bob, when the accident occurred, to be master of a five-franc piece—but still he has a fancy for monetary operations, and were there a collection of old clothesmen investigating a recent failure in Rag Fair, he would contrive to slip into the discussion, and take an active part.

"When Bob, in mortal trepidation, and pale as if he were no longer in the flesh, made his appearance at my bed-side, he explained that, the night before, he had differed with a *sous-lieutenant* at a cheap *café*, touching the battle of Mont St. Jean. The soldier vouched that the thing was what the Fancy call, a cross — that Grouchy had sold the fight, and made all safe for a sporting figure —that he took care not to come to time; and, consequently, that poor Nap was done to a turn. Mr. O'Hara, *contra*, asserted that the fight was a fair stand-up one—there was a clear ring, no favour, and the best man won, as he deserved to do—Napoleon was regularly polished off, and therefore Wellington took up the tin, as he ought to do. Off went the Frenchman in high dudgeon, and while my excellent countryman was pluming himself on his victory, and also preparing to depart, in rushed the *sous-lieutenant*, accompanied by half-a-dozen brethren of the blade, all vowing vengeance, and clamorous for being the chosen instrument by whose hand the

defamer of the invincible commander who had never lost a battle in his life, should be demolished with the least possible delay. No explanation or apology would be listened to—there must be a fight and no mistake—all required, individually and collectively, personal satisfaction from Bob, the traducer of the ex-Emperor, and the only lenity that would be conceded to the offender was a gracious permission to commence hostilities with the *sous-lieutenant;* and should he survive the opening set-to, he might pick anybody of the batch that he would next prefer to shy his castor at. "The column" was appropriately named as the whereabouts, and five, *temps militaire,* was the time appointed for coming in the morning to the scratch.

"'What the devil would you have me do?' said my countryman, in an agony of alarm. "Am I to be carbonadoed by six truculent ruffians, and murdered out-and-out, because I won't falsify history, and swear that the French won Waterloo? What, my dear fellow, would you have me do?'

"'Be off before cock-crow in the diligence, and after your intended visit to Paris, return to 'merrie England' by any route but by Boulogne.'

"He shook my hand affectionately, approved heartily my advice, wished me *toutes sortes de prospérité,* and left me to fulfil his destinies.

"I heard no more of him until a despatch from the capital announced that he had reached it safely. No bullet had made a lodgement in his intestines, no small-sword taken liberties with the pericardium. His evasion, however, was a critical and nice operation; and no levanter was more indebted to good luck for escaping consequences which might have concluded history and journey together, than my fugitive friend. We shall condense the official account of his retreat.

"Morning was faintly breaking, when, in fear and trembling, my loving countryman ensconced himself in the "leathern conveniency," and placing faith in a close travelling-cap, and a cloak buttoned to the chin, he flattered himself that he should avoid recognition. Presently, another passenger hopped in, and, muffled as Mr. O'Hara was, the stranger, in the mystic arrangement of his habiliments, totally surpassed him. Bob exhibited the extreme point of the nasal organ, and one eye—but the stranger's proboscis was hidden in his shawl; and, for all that was discoverable, it might have boasted a Roman development, or have been *retroussèd* to a smart cock. He might, moreover, be one-eyed, or cross-eyed,—and as to the colour of the optic, it might have been black, brown, or grey, for green spectacles involved that point in total mystery. Each passenger took his position at a window, and from opposite sides many an anxious peep-out was slily taken by both until the barriers were passed; and then, and not till then, did the early travellers prepare to take a snooze. Having adopted an agreeable recumbency, they slept, or pretended to sleep.

"The morning being warm, and my friend's courage being tolerably restored, he disencumbered himself from some of his multitudinous protectives that defied cold, but absolutely threatened suffocation. The traveller, his *vis-à-vis,* panted also for fresh air; and he too gradually disclosed the light of his countenance; and when

the diligence stopped at the first stage, the levanters were mutually presented to each other. The *sous-lieutenant* who half-an-hour before should have been at the column of Napoleon, what the devil was he doing in a diligence, half a day's march from the scene of action? While, what excuse could Mr. O'Hara offer? He should, ere now, have been either despatched, or a despatcher; and when he should have been maintaining with lead and iron his heretical opinions touching the Waterloo wind-up, here was he taking his ease, swathed in as many external defences against morning cold as a mummy before unrolment! Neither could offer an excuse—and both laughed heartily at the pleasant termination of an affair of honour, which, according to the code of the O'Trigger school, should have been a *l'outrance* transaction from first to last—a matter embracing as radical destruction on all concerned as the battle of Chevy Chace, or that well authenticated set-to between the Kilkenny cats in a saw-pit, in which the mutual demolition was so complete, that of the defunct animals no relic in the morning could be found but the moiety of a tail, and not so much hair as would stuff a pincushion.

No event, for many a month before, caused such a sensation in Boulogne as the mysterious disappearance of the tourist and the man of war. It was at first supposed that both had perished in the encounter, but, as dead men cannot conveniently inter each other, had they mutually shuffled off their mortal coils, a discovery of the bodies would have revealed the secret. Again, the scene of this sanguinary conflict was conjectured to have been beside the harbour; and, on the ninth day, when bodies are expected to come to the surface, the pier was fashionably crowded, in expectation of perceiving one or both of the missing gentlemen springing, *selon le règle,* from below to tacitly demand Christian sepulture from the spectators. At last, however, it became known that both the missing ones were actually in the flesh; and a couple of elopements, the fresh arrival of sundry single gentlemen and their wives—a scandal case of surpassing interest—the detection of one Corinthian in the act of transmuting metals, and another while engraving a plate for assignats—a few common-place forgeries—the discovery of some silver spoons in the reticule of a fair *fiancée,* and abstracted at a *fête dansante,* from a friend's supper-table;—these, and divers matters of equal interest, engaged the attention of the Boulognese; and the names of Lieut. La Cloch and Robert O'Hara, Esq., faded from men's memory like those of Brummel and the Black Prince, the inventor of the self-igniting catamaran, and the patentee of the asbestos over-coat, in which the wearer could have remained in perfect comfort when the Tower armoury was reduced to ashes, and, while six-pounders were in a state of fusion, have continued the while a simple looker-on, and cool as a cucumber.

LORD BACON,

IN ADVERSITY AND IN RETIREMENT:—HIS DEATH.

BY CHIRURGUS.

"The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge; wherein many things are reserved which kings with their treasure cannot buy, nor with their force command; their spials and intelligences can give no news of them; their seamen and discoverers cannot sail where they grow; now we govern nature in opinions, but we are thrall unto her in necessity; but if we would be led by her in invention we should command her in action."—LORD BACON.

IT would seem as if, for His own wise purposes, the Almighty has permitted constellations of talent from time to time to shine upon this earth. Each has been succeeded by an age of darkness, and then another galaxy of bright intellectual stars has shed its lustre upon mankind. The reign of Elizabeth was prolific in men of commanding genius; and two at least have not since found their equals. Shakspeare, the prince of poets, and Bacon, the prince of philosophers, stand proudly in advance of any rivals; and the age in which they lived may well be regarded as a glorious epoch not only in the history of this country, but in the history of the human race. *Humanum est errare* is an adage, alas! but too true, and it is at once instructive and humiliating to learn from the page of history how such men have fallen from their high estate. They, we find, have not been free from the failings of their fellow-men, nor have they been proof against temptation; but the tide of time has swept away many incidents in the biography of the great men of past ages which tend to their discredit, and we regard with tenderness the failings of those whom we love: evil deeds, seen dimly through the long vista of two centuries, are mellowed down in their tints and deprived of those garish and vivid colours which, if seen nearer, would have excited our disgust. It is, moreover, distasteful to behold the dark side of characters whom we hold in reverence. With them, as with a beautiful theatrical scene, we would rather preserve the general effect than have it marred by too close inspection. But impartial historians are bound to shew the whole of the picture. Some willingly, some unwillingly, have placed all the acts of the public life of Lord Bacon before the world, and impartial critics have sat in judgment upon them. Our purpose is not to discuss the question, whether Bacon was, or was not, guilty of the acts which led to his disgrace. Our conviction is, that, though culpable, as he confesses himself to have been, he was sacrificed to hide the turpitude of James I. and his favourite Buckingham. Such topics, however, we leave to others, and propose to devote a few pages to the consideration of that portion of his life which is comparatively little known—namely, the five years preceding his death, and to exhibit him after he had tasted the bitterness of degradation, had experienced the hollowness of the friendship of monarchs, and had bade farewell to the vanities of a heartless court.

The fall of Lord Bacon presented a remarkable instance of the instability of human greatness. In January, 1621, he was raised to the dignity of Viscount St. Albans. The ceremony of his investiture was conducted with all the magnificence that could be displayed for a

man whom the King delighted to honour. His robe of state was supported by the favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, then in the zenith of his power; his coronet was borne by Lord Wentworth, and his patent was couched in most flattering terms, expressive of his general merit and integrity in the administration of justice. In little more than three months from this date he was a prisoner in the Tower, stripped of his office, and condemned to spend the remainder of his days in disgrace and comparative indigence.

On the 17th of March, 1621, Bacon presided for the last time in the House of Peers: dreading the exhibition of articles of impeachment, he hurried the adjournment of the house, ana on reaching home, took to his bed. Some of his biographers are of opinion that he feigned illness, but we see no reason to doubt that the mental agony brought on by the fear of the ignominy which awaited him, and the uncertainty of his doom, should have prostrated his body and mind.

At Bacon's own request, a commission passed the great seal authorising Chief Justice Sir James Ley to act as speaker in his absence, illness rendering him unable to perform the duties. On the 28th of March he was visited by Buckingham. We can well imagine the scene between them: Bacon, in bed in a darkened room, received Buckingham with conflicting feelings of shame and fear, hoping that he might be the bearer of good news, but fearing much the contrary. Buckingham, with curiosity not unmingled with pity, bestowed words of comfort, eagerly caught up by the sick Chancellor. Bacon probably possessed great elasticity of mind; it may be doubted whether his feelings were of a very acute character; those of honour were certainly obtuse, though where self was concerned he seems to have been more sensitive. Buckingham paid him a visit on the following day, and found that the oil which he had poured into his wounds had produced its effect. On the 20th he announced in the House of Lords that he had been twice to see the Chancellor, by order of the King; that the first time he found him very sick and heavy, but the second time he found him better, and much comforted with the thought that the complaint against him was come before that House, where he assured himself of finding justice. A letter was also written by Bacon himself, in which he says his illness is "no feigning or fainting, but sickness of my heart and my back." By an acquaintance he is described as sick in bed, swollen in body, and suffering none to come near him, adding, "some say he desires his gentlemen not to take any notice of him, but altogether to forget him and not hereafter to speak of him, or to remember there ever was such a man in the world!" The Chancellor having made a confession of guilt, the King sent a commission of high nobles to demand the great seal. The Chancellor was found in bed, very ill. When the object for which the commission had come was explained, he, hiding his face with one hand, delivered up the purse containing the seal,—"that bauble," as Macaulay eloquently expresses it, "for which he had sullied his integrity, had resigned his independence, had violated the most sacred obligations of friendship and gratitude, had flattered the worthless, had persecuted the innocent, had tampered with judges, had tortured prisoners, and had wasted on paltry intrigues all the powers of the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men!"

There have been conflicting statements as to the manner in which Bacon bore himself during the anxious period of his trial and subsequently. Certain playful expressions are recorded as spoken by him during that period, and Nathaniel Brent writes of him as being "merrie." But playfulness in affliction is a very equivocal test of cheerfulness. Medical men know well how often persons of determination endeavour to conceal their true feelings by an affectation of gaiety, and how often a jest throws but a thin disguise over a bursting heart or the anguish of racking pain. Sir Thomas More was facetious with the sheriff and the executioner on the scaffold. Danton conversed about the pleasures of a rural life when on his way to the guillotine. Cervantes, when within a few hours of death, wrote the remarkable letter to his patron containing the lines—

> "And now with one foot in the stirrup,
> Setting out for the regions of death,
> To write this epistle I cheer up,
> And salute my lord with my last breath."

Such feelings, however, are very distinct from the calm resignation imparted by a deep sense of religion, and may be compared to a mask put on to hide the true features.

It is interesting to observe the effect produced by the disgrace of Bacon on the conduct of his friends. Lord Brooke has acquired an unenviable notoriety for his conduct on this occasion. In the quaint language of John Aubrey:—"In his lordship's prosperity, Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was his great friend and acquaintance; but when he was in disgrace and want, he was so unworthy as to forbid his butler to let him have any more small beer, which he had often sent for, his stomach being nice, and the small beer of Gray's Inn not suiting his palate. This has donne his memorie more dishonour than Sir Philip Sydney's friendship engraven on his monument hath donne him honour." It is pleasing to find that one at least of his more humble friends stood by him in evil report as well as in good report. The name of Ben Jonson has come down to us with honour as the friend of Shakspeare, and as a poet of no ordinary pretensions. But there is yet another point of view in which he appears to still greater advantage; that is, as the steady unflinching friend of Lord Bacon. When in the full tide of prosperity, Bacon had patronised and befriended Jonson, who has left on record, in a graceful poem, his appreciation of the kindness. But it was when Bacon was in adversity, and avoided by many of his noble acquaintances and time-serving friends, that the conduct of Jonson shines forth in favourable contrast. "My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place or honours; but I have, and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed God would give him strength, for *greatness* he could not want."* Richard, Earl of Dorset, was also a steady friend, and so great an admirer that he was in the habit of having the conversation of Bacon written down by Sir Thomas Billinsley; and Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, who, though unscrupulous, was an able diplomatist and good scholar, fully appreciated the talents of Bacon.

* Ben Jonson's Works by Giffard, ix. 185.

If the claims of duty and gratitude had been generally acknowledged, the friends of Bacon, in his fall, would have been many, for he was always disposed to patronise merit, was good-natured and obliging, and most liberally kind to his servants and dependants.

The age in which Bacon lived was essentially that of learned men, and though the novelty of his doctrines found some opponents, his merit was generally acknowledged. On the Continent he was highly appreciated. Several men of distinction visited England on purpose to make his acquaintance; and when after his disgrace his own countrymen looked coldly upon him, he was regarded by foreigners with the utmost interest and respect. When the Marquis d'Effiat escorted Queen Henrietta Maria into England he paid a visit to Bacon, who, being ill in bed, received him with the curtains drawn. "You resemble the angels, my lord," said the ambassador: "we hear those beings continually talked of, we believe them superior to mankind, but we never have the consolation to see them." Another French nobleman carried away with him a full-length portrait of the philosopher, and esteemed it one of the most precious things in his possession.

Great as was the misfortune of disgrace and political banishment in the opinion of Bacon, it proved one of the most fortunate events of his life so far as mankind are concerned. Whilst tossed in the vortex of political strife and occupied by his legal duties, his time was too fully engaged to admit of his devoting so much attention to philosophic and experimental inquiries as he desired. That, however, was the field best adapted to the display of his transcendant abilities and most congenial to his taste. Bacon the Philosopher is the object of our hero-worship; of Baron Verulam, Lord Chancellor, we know but little favourable. It was when in his study, pen in hand, or when rambling in meditative abstraction amongst the glades of Gorhambury, that he appeared to full advantage. *Then* was to be seen the pioneer of truth, by whom the barriers which hedged in the fallacies and dogmas of the ancient school were broken down,—the philosopher, whose name was held in reverence by foes as well as friends amongst his learned contemporaries, and whose reputation, based on the most solid of all foundations, will endure so long as science is studied or learning held sacred. When penning the following passages, he was pourtraying the sentiments of his inmost soul: "The pleasures and delight of knowledge and learning far surpasseth all other in nature. * * * We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used their verdure departeth; which sheweth well they be the deceits of pleasure and not pleasures, and that it was the novelty which pleased and not the quality. * * * But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable."

Having been liberated from the Tower, he retired first to Sir John Vaughan's house at Parson's Green, and shortly afterwards to Gorhambury, at which spot and at his old chambers at Gray's Inn, he passed the rest of his life. The apartments said to have been occupied by him are up one pair of stairs, on the north side, in No. 1, Gray's Inn Square. Until within a few years there was in the gardens of the inn a small elevation, surrounded by trees, called "Lord Bacon's Mount," and the legend was that the trees were planted by him. That he took great interest in the gardens is well known. The books in the steward's office contain many of his autographs of the admission of students.

In a letter to the Bishop of Winchester, written after his retirement from active life, Bacon states his resolve "to spend my time whole in writing, and to put forth that poor talent which God hath given me, not as heretofore to particular exchanges, but to banks or mounts of perpetuity which will not break." Thus he withdrew from the glare of a public station into the shade of retirement and studious leisure, often lamenting that ambition had so long diverted him from the noblest as well as the most useful employments of a reasonable being.

In March, 1623, an effort was made by Bacon to obtain the appointment of provost of Eton College. In a letter to Secretary Conway he says: "Mr. Thomas Murray, provost of Eton, whom I love very well, is like to die. It were a pretty cell for my fortune: the college and school I do not doubt but I shall make to flourish." In a subsequent letter he pathetically remarks: "There will hardly fall, especially in the spent hour-glass of my life, anything so fit for me; being a retreat to a place of study so near London, and where—if I sell my house at Gorhambury, as I purpose to do, to put myself in some convenient plenty—I may be accommodated of a dwelling for summer-time; and therefore, good Mr. Secretary, further this, his Majesty's good intention, by all means, if the place fall." The petitioner was, however, doomed to disappointment, for the place was given to Sir Henry Wotton. Repeated disappointments had so far steeled his mind, that he had brought himself to bear them with the tranquillity of a stoic, as is recorded by Tennison in his introduction to "Baconiana:" "Whilst I am speaking of this work of his lordship's of 'Natural History,' there comes to my mind a very memorable relation, reported by him who bore a part in it, the Rev. Dr. Rawley. One day his lordship was dictating to that doctor some of the experiments in his 'Sylva.' The same day he had sent a friend to court to receive for him a final answer touching the effect of a grant which had been made him by King James. He had hitherto only hope of it, and hope deferred; and he was desirous to know the event of the matter, and to be freed one way or other from the suspense of his thoughts. His friend returning, told him plainly that he must thenceforth despair of that grant how much soever his fortunes needed it. '*Be it so,*' said his lordship; and then he dismissed his friend very cheerfully, with thankful acknowledgments of his service. His friend being gone, he came straightway to Dr. Rawley, and said thus to him, '*Well, sir! You business won't go on; let us go on with this; for this is within our power:*' and then he dictated to him afresh for some hours without the least hesitancy of speech or discernible interruption of thought."

Within the bounds of the old city of Verulam, and about half a mile from St. Albans, was Verulam House, built by Lord Bacon at an expense of ten thousand pounds. It is described by Aubrey as a most ingeniously constructed pile, arranged with scrupulous attention to comfort and convenience. As it was to this retreat, designed by himself, that Bacon loved to retire with a few chosen friends, it may not be amiss briefly to describe it. The rooms were lofty and wainscoted; the chimneys so arranged that seats were cozily placed around them, to the great furtherance of sociability. In the centre of the house was a staircase of wood delicately carved with ludicrous figures. On one post was a grave divine with book and spectacles, on another a mendicant friar, on a third an angel playing on a violincello, &c. The top

of the house was covered with lead, and made a noble promenade commanding a lovely prospect. Here Bacon and his friends—the all-accomplished Raleigh, the profound Hobbes, the shrewd Gondomar, the pious Tennison, the witty Jonson, and learned Selden—used to assemble on summer evenings and recreate themselves with conversation and philosophy. On the eastern side of the house were ponds, which had been constructed under the immediate superintendence of Bacon, and in which he took great pride. The bottoms of these ponds were arranged in fanciful patterns, as fishes, shells, &c. Whenever a poor person brought a few curious pebbles he was sure to be liberally rewarded. The ponds contained fish and many curious aquatic plants. In the centre of one of the largest ponds was an island, on which an elegant banqueting-house had been erected after the Roman style, and paved with black and white marble in antique patterns.

The distance from Verulam House to Gorhambury was about a mile, and travellers had their choice of three paths thither, all shaded with lofty elms, chestnuts, beeches, and other trees of noble growth. Before them stood the gothic mansion of large dimensions built by Sir Nicholas Bacon. On the south side, which faced a spacious garden, the mansion was adorned with a noble portico; on the wall beneath were emblematical pictures and explanatory mottoes. A fondness for the productions of nature was a leading feature in the character of Bacon. Flowers he passionately loved, and one of his greatest pleasures was to unbend his mind from severer studies by observing the beauties and peculiarities of flowers, experimenting on fruit, and reflecting on the phenomena of the growth of trees. "God Almighty," says he, in his quaint but emphatic language, "first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handywork." The garden at Gorhambury was laid out with great taste, and according to the rules of the noble owner: "Because," says he, "the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music, than in the hand; therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." Beneath the windows of his study were planted musk-roses, sweet-briar, wallflowers, and large masses of violets, especially the double white. The musk-rose and clove-gilliflower were abundant in the beds, and a favourite walk was shaded with lime-trees, beneath which wild-thyme and water-mint flourished luxuriantly. In another part was an artificial wilderness, the thickets being honeysuckle, sweet-briar, and wild-vine, the ground set with primroses, strawberries, and violets, and other plants of a similar character.

This garden communicated with a wood of noble oaks, a favourite resort of Bacon's, who had planted flowers beneath many of the trees. The spot, however, most frequented by him, when engaged in composition or meditation, was a copse laid out in straight walks. Let us picture to ourselves two figures slowly pacing the shady retreat. One erect in carriage and above six feet in height; his ample forehead, bright hazel eyes, and intelligent countenance, bespeak a superior mind; his face is rather small, with reddish whiskers and moustache, but, contrary to the fashion of the day, without a beard. He is engaged in writing to the dictation of his companion, a man of middle stature and well-proportioned, handsome features, spacious forehead,

piercing eyes, and an expression of profound sagacity in his countenance. The taller of the two treats the other with deference, though perfectly devoid of servility, indicating that he is of exalted rank. He is, indeed, Francis Lord Bacon, and his friend is Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury. It was the custom of Lord Bacon, when walking in these philosophic groves, to be accompanied by a secretary or friend, to commit to paper the thoughts which crowded upon his mind. The society of no one was so agreeable to him as that of the author of the "Leviathan." The keen eye of Bacon had early detected the talent of Hobbes; the congeniality of their minds and pursuits drew them together, whilst the profound learning and clear intellect of Hobbes rendered him both acceptable and useful to Bacon, who would often say that "he better liked Mr. Hobbes taking his thoughts than any of the others, because he understood what he wrote, which the others not understanding, my lord would many times have had a hard task to make sense of what they writ." Hobbes always carried in the head of his walking-stick a pen and inkhorn, and in his pocket a note-book, that no passing thought should be lost.

The thicket in which the philosophers are walking is of plum, apple, and pear-trees; the underwood of raspberry-bushes. Pheasants, partridges, and many birds of curious plumage, abound; and the indifference with which they regard the passers-by, shew how carefully they are preserved. To watch their habits is indeed a favourite amusement with the noble owner, who never permitted them to be injured or disturbed. The subject under discussion would appear to be connected with the properties of certain substances, for, says Bacon, "For refreshing the spirits I know nothing better than strawberry-leaves, dying; but I know a certain great lord who lived long, that had every morning, immediately on awaking, a clod of fresh earth laid in a fair napkin, placed under his nose, that he might take the smell thereof—a quaint device that, Master Hobbes—earth to earth, eh? Of all the affections, hope is the most beneficial, and doth most to the prolongation of life, if it be not too often frustrated, but entertaineth the fancy with an expectation of good; those that soon come to the top of their hope, and can go no higher therein, commonly droop, and live not long after; so that hope is a leaf ivy, which may be beaten out to a great extension like gold."

"Touching dreams, my lord,—doth your lordship think there is aught of truth in the strange tales we hear respecting their fulfilment?"

"The relations, Master Hobbes, touching the force of imagination and the secret instincts of nature, be so uncertain as to require a great deal of examination ere we conclude upon them. There be many reports in history, that upon the death of persons of nearness of blood, men have had an inward feeling of it. I myself remember that, being in Paris, and my father dying in London, two or three days before my father's death I had a dream, which I told to divers English gentlemen, that my father's house was plastered all over with black mortar; that I well remember, and have often mused upon it."

Though in a conversational form, the above are no imaginary or fictitious opinions placed in the mouth of Bacon. In his "Sylva Sylvarum" they are to be found. Though naturally tinctured with the crude notions of the seventeenth century, the extent and variety of his information is perfectly amazing. There is scarcely a subject in

science or philosophy to which he had not directed his attention. Reflection, and an aptitude for philosophic inquiry, were qualities inherent in his mind; originality of conception, and facility of execution, his great characteristics. With great minuteness of observation, he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has scarcely been vouchsafed to any other human being.

It was his custom, when investigating a subject, to set down inquiries on slips of paper, and at his leisure to reconsider the points, or submit them to experiment. For example, amongst other memoranda, Dr. Tennison found this—"Mem. to send to Dr. Meverel. Take iron, and dissolve it in aquafortis, and put a loadstone near it, and see whether it will extract the iron; put also a loadstone into the water, and see whether it will gather a crust about it." Bacon apparently satisfied himself on this point without troubling the doctor; for, in the "Inquisitio de Magnete" (in the "Opuscula Posthuma"), the first paragraph is a reply to the inquiry, "If iron be dissolved in aquafortis, and some drops of the solution be placed on smooth glass, the magnet neither extracts the iron nor attracts the water."

To be able to form a correct estimate of our own talents is a characteristic of a superior mind: with the modesty of true genius, was united in Bacon a perfect consciousness of his own powers: he calls upon those that follow after to take encouragement from his example. "We even think that something of hope may be supplied to man from our own example; nor do we say this in the spirit of boasting, but because it may be useful to say it. If any be distrustful let him consider me; a man among the men of my age, the most occupied with civil affairs, of somewhat infirm health (which occasions much loss of time), and in this matter clearly a first adventurer, following the steps of no other, nor even holding communication respecting these things with any mortal, and who yet, having entered firmly upon the true road and submitting my understanding to things, have, as I conceive, carried forward these things somewhat." Well might he have added in the touching words of Milton, "I began thus far to assent * * to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die." *

Great and varied talents, which would singly have adorned any man, were in Bacon united. His powers of conversation were of the highest order, set off by a keen sense of humour and the most sparkling wit. So completely did his fame as a philosopher fill the world of letters to the exclusion of other points in his history, that Bayle, writing only a century after his death, had not, with all his inquisitiveness, so much as heard that Bacon had been dismissed with disgrace from his political offices. His abilities as an orator have been placed on record by a contemporary who had often listened to him with delight, and who was highly qualified to judge of his pretensions. "There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious (censor-like) no man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded

* Milton—Account of his own studies.

where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end." *

There is no doubt that the evening of Bacon's life was greatly embittered by pecuniary embarrassments. When in prosperity he had made no provision against adversity. On the contrary, large as was his income, his expenditure greatly exceeded it; love of display was one of the weakest points in his character; his style of living, when chancellor, was princely, and when in banishment he could not give up his darling pomp. It was during that time that Charles I., then Prince of Wales, when coming to town, saw at a distance a coach followed by a large retinue on horseback; being informed that it was the Lord St. Alban's, he exclaimed, with a smile, "Well! do what we will, that man scorns to go out like a snuff." He was not only expensive in his habits, but so careless of money that his servants plundered him in the most barefaced manner, with perfect impunity. When stripped of his offices and emoluments he had a hard struggle against poverty: he was obliged to sell his ancestral town residence, York House, with all its splendid furniture, to reduce his establishment at Gorhambury to a mere shadow of its former self, and to reside chiefly at Gray's-Inn. He was sometimes so pinched as to be compelled to borrow trifling sums from his friends. But, embarrassed as he was known to be, it was reserved for Lord Campbell to prove, beyond a doubt, that Lord Bacon died an insolvent. It has been ascertained that after his death a creditor's suit was established for the administration of his estate: his servants were paid their wages in full, after which the fund arising from the sale of his property was divided rateably among the creditors.

Lord Bacon was of a delicate constitution, and inherited from his father a tendency to gout and a calculous disorder. He was extremely susceptible of atmospheric influences, and it is asserted by Dr. Rawley, who, as his chaplain and companion during many years, must have been well aware of his peculiarities, that he was in the habit of fainting at certain changes in the moon. Were the statement from a less questionable quarter, it might have been received with suspicion, but it is to a certain extent corroborated by another contemporary. Aubrey says, "I remember Sir John Danvers told me that his Lordship much delighted in his (Sir John's) curious garden at Chelsey, and as he was walking there one time he fell down in a sowne. My Lady Danvers rubbed his face, temples, &c., and gave him cordial waters. As soon as he came to himself, said he, 'Madam, I am no good *footman*.'" This tendency to syncope rendered him cautious of exposing himself to unpleasant odours, for which reasons his servants invariably appeared before him in boots of Spanish leather, for he had a great aversion to the smell of calf-hide.

During meditation he often had music in an adjoining room, by which his fancy was enlivened. He had many little whims and peculiarities, some of which may excite a smile: for instance, in the spring he would go out for a drive in his open coach whilst it rained, to receive (in the quaint language of Aubrey) "the benefit of irrigation," which he was wont to say was very wholesome, "because of the nitre in the air and the universal spirit of the world." He had extraordi-

* Ben Jonson's Works by Giffard, ix. 184.

nary notions respecting the virtue of nitre, and conceived it to be of inestimable value in the preservation of health. So great was his faith, that he swallowed three grains of that drug, either alone or with saffron, in warm broth, every morning during thirty years! He seems to have been very fond of quacking himself; once a week he took a dose of the "water of Mithridate," diluted with strawberry-water. Once a month, at least, he made a point of swallowing a grain and a half of "castor" in his broth and breakfast for two successive days. And every sixth or seventh day he drank an infusion of rhubarb in white wine and beer immediately before his dinner.

He made it a point to take air in some high and open place every morning, the third hour after sunrise, and, if possible, he selected a spot where he could enjoy the perfume of musk, roses, and sweet violets. Besides thus breathing the pure air of nature, he was fumigated with the smoke of lign-aloes, with dried bays, and rosemary, adding once a week a little tobacco. On leaving his bed he was anointed all over with oil of almonds, mingled with salt and saffron, and this was followed by gentle friction.

He was rather a hearty feeder, and, when young, preferred game and poultry, but, in after life, gave the choice to butchers' meat, which had been well beaten before being roasted. At every meal his table was strewed with flowers and sweet herbs. Half an hour before supper he took a cup of wine, or ale, hot and spiced, and once during supper wine in which gold had been quenched. The first draught which he drank at dinner or supper was always hot, and on returning to bed he ate a bit of bread steeped in a mixture of wine, syrup of roses and amber, and washed it down with a cup of ale to compose his spirits and send him to sleep. In the spring he was fond of a glass of spiced pomegranate wine early in the morning, and greatly enjoyed water-cresses. These little points may be unimportant in themselves, but they assist us in drawing a mental portrait of the man.

During the three first years which succeeded his retirement from public life his health was good; the great care he took of himself, and the regular life he led, warded off attacks of the disorders to which we have referred. The year 1625 was remarkable for the sickness which prevailed, and the friends of Bacon saw with grief a perceptible decay in his health and strength. In this year he published a volume of apophthegms, said to be the result of a morning's dictation as a recreation in sickness, and also a translation of some of the Psalms of David, which, in a dedication to his friend George Herbert, he states was "a poore exercise of my sicknesse." This was the last of his literary labours. In the autumn he retired to Gorhambury, and on the 29th of October, he writes, "I thank God, by means of the sweet air of the country I have obtained some degree of health." His feeble frame was, however, unequal to contend against the severe winter of 1625, and serious fears were entertained for his life. On the 19th of December, thinking that his course was well nigh run, he made his will—that remarkable document in which he touchingly appeals to the liberality of future generations. "For my fame and memorie, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages."

The genial influence of the spring of 1626 wrought a favourable change in his health; his spirits revived, and his strength increased, sufficiently to enable him to return to his favourite seclusion in Gray's-Inn.

It was on the 2nd of April of that year that the life of this illustrious man was brought to a close. It is to be regretted that the accounts which have come down to us of the sad event are but meagre, but happily the chief particulars have been preserved. In contemplation of a new edition of his Natural History he was keenly examining the subject of anti-septics, or the best means of preventing putrefaction in animal substances. It struck him that flesh might as well be preserved by snow as by salt. From the length and severity of the winter he expected that snow might still, in shaded situations, be discovered on the ground. Dr. Witherborne, the king's physician, agreed to accompany him, and assist him in a little excursion to make the experiment. At Highgate they found snow lying behind a hedge in great abundance, and, entering a cottage, they purchased a fowl recently killed. The philosopher, with a keen sense of enjoyment of the experiment, insisted on stuffing the body of the fowl with snow with his own hands. Soon after, the cold and damp struck him with a chill, and he began to shiver. He was carried to his coach, but was so seriously indisposed that he could not travel back to Gray's-Inn, and was conveyed to the house of his friend, the Earl of Arundel, at Highgate. There he was hospitably received, and, out of ceremony, placed in the state-bed; but it was damp, not having been slept in for a year before, and he became worse. A messenger was immediately despatched for his old and tried friend Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, who immediately hastened to him. The next day he was a little better, and was able to dictate the following letter to the Earl of Arundel, which proved his dying effort. The allusion to the success of the experiment proves that, despite of his illness, the fowl had been preserved, and is another illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death."

"My very good Lord,

"I was likely to have had the fortune of Cajius Plinius the Elder, who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of Mount Vesuvius; for I was also desirous to try an experiment or two, touching the conservation and induration of bodies. As for the experiment itself, it succeeded excellently well; but in the journey between London and Highgate, I was taken with such a fit of casting (vomiting) as I knew not whether it were the stone, or some surfeit or cold, or, indeed, a touch of them all three. But when I came to your lordship's house I was not able to go back, and therefore was forced to take up my lodging here, where your housekeeper is very careful and diligent about me, which I assure myself your lordship will not only pardon towards him, but think the better of him for it; for, indeed, your lordship's house was happy to me; and I kiss your noble hands for the welcome which I am sure you give me to it. I know how unfit it is for me to write to your lordship with any other hand than mine own, but by my troth my fingers are so disjointed with this fit of sickness that I cannot steadily hold a pen."

It is evident that Bacon did not think he was dying when he wrote this, but inflammation supervened, and early in the morning of Easter Sunday, 1626, he expired in the arms of Sir Julius Cæsar, who, having shared with Sir Thomas Meautys the glory of steadily adhering to him through all his reverses, had the satisfaction of affording consolation at that dark hour when it is most needed, and the comfort of

rendering the last sacred offices of friendship, when the immortal spirit had taken its flight.

After careful consideration of the case, there can be little doubt that the attack which was the immediate cause of death was that form of pulmonary disease called *Peripneumonia Notha*. Chronic bronchitis, or inflammation of the larger air-tubes of the lungs, is a common complaint of persons advanced in years, and is apt to be converted by exposure to cold into the disease we have mentioned, a characteristic symptom of which is, the secretion, in immense quantities, of viscid mucus which chokes up the lungs, and kills the patient by suffocation, if relief is not afforded by appropriate treatment.

Thus died, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Francis Bacon, who, notwithstanding all his faults, was one of the greatest ornaments and benefactors of the human race.

A pleasing feature in that great man's character was the love he bore to the memory of his mother; she was a woman of remarkable talent and learning, and from her careful tuition her son derived much of his early knowledge; it was by her care and tender solicitude that his constitution, naturally feeble, acquired strength and his frame health. Through life he regarded her memory with affectionate regard, and left special directions in his will that his mortal remains should repose by hers.

No pompous funeral attended the body of the great philosopher to its last resting-place; a few choice and sincere friends shed tears over his coffin, which was interred in the most simple manner in the church of St. Michael's, near St. Albans. This church is built within the precincts of the ancient city of Verulam, and crowning a gentle undulation of the surface, forms a beautiful feature in the landscape. It was founded about the middle of the tenth century, by Abbot Ulsinus, and bears ample evidence of the original Saxon architecture. For some time the spot where lay the remains of Bacon was unmarked by stone or monument, but the omission was nobly supplied by the munificence of his late secretary, Sir Thomas Meautys. By him a statue was erected, representing Bacon absorbed in meditation; his head rests upon his hand, and the design is in a style of classic elegance.

We have thus endeavoured to place before our readers a brief sketch of an interesting portion of the life of the immortal founder of true philosophy—a life which was terminated in a characteristic manner by his obtaining, in addition to other distinctions, the diadem of a martyr to science. When young, like Milton, he felt that he was destined for great things. "I confess," said he, "that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends." We cannot but regret that his lot was cast in such a mould that his own magnificent conceptions were but partially carried out. Had he been enabled to devote the whole of his life to the extensive field of philosophic inquiry, his character would have come down to us pure and spotless; could he have borne his burthen in that promised land,—a land to him flowing with milk and honey,—not only would mankind have been immeasurably more his debtors, but his countrymen could have pointed him out with honest pride, not only as the greatest philosopher, but as one of the most perfect characters of all races and all ages.

REMINISCENCES OF MADAME RÉCAMIER.

BY KATE TREVOR.

DESOLATION reigns in the old convent De l'Abbaye-aux-Bois, in in the Rue de Sèvres; the trees have put forth their leaves, and the birds warble merrily beneath their shade; but here, alas! there is no sympathy with the joyousness of summer, for the hand of death has passed over the monastery,—Madame Récamier has gone to her long home.

The Abbaye-aux-Bois became latterly a complete asylum for poets and beautiful women; here, after leading a life of ambition, excitement, and romance, they came to seek shelter for the remainder of their days. It was in one of the quiet apartments of this *abbaye* that the Duchesse d'Abrantès, who was utterly ruined by the fall of the Empire, began to write her spirited and fascinating memoirs. Want and labour killed this noble-minded woman. She, whose loss we are now mourning, died not of misery, but of old age; possibly the recollection and the sight of so many extraordinary events may have hurried her to her grave; but by whatever cause her death was occasioned, Madame Récamier will ever be remembered as one of the most beautiful and attractive women of our time. She formed the centre of all that was good, lovely, noble, and generous. Far happier than the Beatrix of Florence, the Beatrix of Paris had three Dantes at her feet, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, and Ballanche. Her life was like a beautiful poem. She entered upon it in a Revolution, and in the midst of a Revolution she finished its course; yet she lost not a single ray of her glory. Heaven seems to have visited this bewitching woman most kindly; she was not denied the atmosphere for which she was created,—her existence seems to have been an eternal *fête*, an everlasting youth. Wherever she turned homage awaited her, and misfortune approached her only at a respectful distance.

There were three women under the Directory remarkable for their beauty and elegance,—according to the madrigals of the time they were the three Graces; they were Madame Tallien, Joséphine de Beauharnais, and Madame Récamier. These enchantresses were to be seen everywhere; at the concerts were Garat sang; at the balls where Trénitz danced—poor Trénitz! who afterwards died mad at Charenton. They appeared exactly at the same moment on the scene, like three flowers which had suddenly bloomed on the very edge of an extinguished volcano. Each had her separate political mission; they reigned and governed entirely through the influence of their grace and beauty. Joséphine, who was soon after to reign as empress, thus wrote to Madame Tallien to invite her to a brilliant *fête* at the Hôtel Thélusson,—

"Be sure to come in your peach-blossom slip. Our dresses must be exactly alike. I intend to wear a crimson handkerchief, fastened at the temples *à la Créole*. This style, which is decidedly becoming to you, it may be rather presumptuous for me to assume. You are young; perhaps not prettier, but infinitely fresher and more bloom-

ing. We must endeavour to eclipse and to drive our rivals to despair. *C'est un coup de partie.*"

Madame Récamier was the only one of the three who still wore, in her latter days, the handkerchief fastened *à la Créole.* At that time there were continual contests of taste and novelty; after the revolution of habits and manners, came a revolution in costume. Thérésia Cabarrus restored the taste for the Greek fashions, the *coiffure à l'Athénienne,* the transparent and tightly-fitting tunic. Joséphine was the first who was ambitious to wear the purest cameos, and the most magnificent onyx stones and agates; these sparkled either on her dress, or glittered in her hair. Madame Récamier, in her turn, introduced the veil, that chaste, and elegant adornment, which has the effect of agreeably piquing imagination, and casting over woman a charm almost mysterious.

In 1800, Madame Récamier, who was just eighteen, lived in the fine *château* of Clichy la Garenne, which was afterwards destroyed. It would be impossible to form an idea of her Hebe-like freshness, unless she had been seen. Her education contributed still more to her charms; she was an admirable *pianiste,* and danced divinely, accompanying herself with the tambourine, which was then all the rage. It was at this *château* of Clichy, and, a short time afterwards, in her magnificent *salons* in the Rue du Mont Blanc, that Madame Récamier received almost all the princes of Europe. Her husband was rich then, enormously rich. The architect, Berthaut, had transformed this hotel into a fairy palace; it seemed as if one of the tales of Galand had been realized.

The balls of Madame Récamier became the resort of fashion; the *gavottes* were danced on these occasions, and compositions for the harpsichord were performed, which were afterwards destined to be very popular. The ladies wore all kinds of costume, Egyptian, Spartan, Roman, Turkish, and French. It was a perfect scene of enchantment, of which it was impossible to form any conception. Madame Hamelin, who is still alive, was the heroine of these *fêtes.* Madame Hamelin, with Cinderella's foot, is alone able to describe one of those magic evenings, which only required a painter like Wateau, and a poet like Lattaignant or Voïsenon, or the Abbé Fusée, to give an adequate idea of them. The *habitués* of her morning *causeries,* the persons who were intimate with her, and visited her every day, were Lucien Bonaparte, Fox, Madame Visconti, Mathieu Montmorency, General Moreau, that thin, pale, and fair Madame de Terüdnèr, and that joyous being, Ouvrard, a man full of energy, and very variously informed; he possessed all the stateliness of a courtier, as well as the cultivated mind of a literary man, and the money of a man who thoroughly understood business.

The third residence of Madame Récamier, and perhaps the one which she loved best, was St. Brice—St. Brice, with its sunny landscapes, its rippling streams, and its delicious shades; where she had the boldness and happiness of offering shelter to Madame de Staël when she was pursued by the Emperor. It has been said that this noble action of Madame Récamier drew upon her one of the most bitter remarks that Napoleon ever made. It is impossible to conceive that any one could hate Madame Récamier. She visited Madame de Staël in her exile, and willingly shared it with her; but on her return from Paris she discovered that her husband's fortune

was crumbling away under the imperial despotism. She no longer found herself in possession of sumptuous hotels, nor of feudal *châteaux;* nothing but the mediocrity of the Latin poet was left to her, still gilded, however, by a ray of her glorious beauty. She was enjoying the delightful society of the author of "Atala," at Dieppe, when the Revolution of July broke out. Her efforts to detain M. de Chateaubriand were unsuccessful, and he set out for Paris. On reaching that city, he was soon recognised, at the entrance to the *Journal des Débats,* by some of the youths of the polytechnic school, and found himself suddenly lifted in their arms, and carried in triumph above the barricades.

Since that time Madame Récamier always lived in the Abbaye-aux-Bois; that was her Versailles, her Trianon. She held her little court here, at her fireside. There was scarcely a distinguished person, whatever the nature or degree of his merits, who was not admitted to her *côterie,* from Luce de Lancival, professor of elocution at the Prytanée Française, down to Victor Hugo,—from the Baron Gérard, down to M. Ingres, the restless and misanthropical artist,—from the author of "La Vestal," with his venerable white hair, and his numerous orders on his breast, down to the composer of the "Prophète," wild and strange, like a child of Germany. Stendhal was frequently there; he had just written his book called "De l'Amour," and had often mused opposite the bust of Madame Récamier by Canova, which was placed over the chimney-piece; there the young Merimée has elbowed the old Balanche; and the serious M. de Bonald has greeted the laughter-loving Rossini. In that blue and white *salon* might be seen at the same time the *simar* of M. Pasquier, the *cordon* of M. le Duc de Dondeauville, the *tonsure* of M. de Lamennais, the laurels of M. de Barante, the sword of M. de Vigny; in short, it might be remarked that she was visited by all the persons whose portraits had been placed in the gallery of Versailles in the course of fifty years.

There was also a gentle, nay, almost a maternal welcome at the Abbaye for those young muses who were just beginning to bloom, but who were timid and retiring, so that their beauties remained unseen, like wild flowers hid by the bushes, and only half-blown. The Abbaye seemed another Parnassus, with its choir of muses. The literary *côterie* at the Abbaye possessed quite as much influence, and was frequently more just in its decisions, than the University *côterie,* or that of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Here honours were bestowed, and academicians were nominated; and among the number, M. Ampère, and the author of the Théâtre de Clara Gazul. But we must not forget Madame Récamier while we speak of the Abbaye; we are dwelling too much upon the house, instead of confining ourselves to its mistress, for there is still much to be said about this unrivalled woman, the pride of the French nation.

She dressed herself in a style singularly becoming to her, either in white gauze or muslin, or some other material of delicate texture. Her portrait, which is to be seen at the Louvre, has been many times engraved; it is a faithful representation of that lovely face, so full of candour. There was not the least formality about her features, and her countenance assumed every charming variety of expression; sometimes she was pensive, sometimes gay,—but there was always something distinguished about her. Madame de Tessé, in talking of

a literary woman, made the following remark:—"If I were king, I should command madame to speak to me forever;" but I would make some slight variation in this sentence, and would say, that, if I were king, I should command Madame Récamier to look at me unceasingly. She possessed all that amiable coquetry which is to beauty exactly what figures in relief are to a monument. I somewhat agree with the old author of the piece entitled "Thèse des dames," who observed,—"That if it were not for a pinch of the salt of coquetry in a woman's composition, she should become the most insipid *ragoût* in the world." It is this spirit of coquetry which renders her so *piquante,* and lights up her eyes in so fascinating a manner, that it is impossible for the heart of man to withstand her influence. Women who are without this charm are of a very milk-and-water nature. Mademoiselle Mars was, perhaps, the person who was most like Madame Récamier in the exquisite dignity of her manners. An evening passed at the Abbaye was more useful to an actress than ten years spent at the Conservatoire. Madame Récamier had pupils, without being aware of it. Mademoiselle Mante caught something of her manner; it was here that she learnt to act the part of *Célimène* so admirably. The Jewess Rachel was also among the number of visitors at the Abbaye, and, perhaps, in her performance of *Adrienne Lecouvreur,* some of the recollections which she must have brought away from the *salon* of the Rue de Sèvres may still be traced.

Madame Récamier related very interesting anecdotes of the Revolution. Her memory was like a curious book, which she only opened to a few friends, and from which she read with her eyes closed. One morning a great crowd was pushing its way through the Rue de Mont Blanc, opposite the Spanish ambassador's hotel; the king of Etruria was about to enter his carriage, and was standing at the entrance, talking to Madame Récamier and M. Beffroy de Reigny, that writer who earned such an eccentric reputation under the name of Cousin Jacques. The Prince was kissing Madame Récamier's hand very gallantly, when she heard a loud voice close by her ear. She turned round, and perceived a soldier, who was shouting out at the top of his voice:—"Citoyen, votre voiture est prête quand votre majesté voudra monter."

The following anecdote is probably better known:—A gentleman who found himself upon one occasion placed between Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier, remarked very awkwardly that he had wit on one side of him, and beauty on the other.—"Without possessing either one or the other," observed Madame de Staël.

It has been hinted that Madame Récamier has left her memoirs; we should be very glad if this were true, but we scarcely dare hope it. She has, however, left us the celebrated picture of Corinne, which ornamented her drawing-room; a bust of herself, by Canova; the original drawing of Girodet's "Atala;" and several other remarkable things, which we do not call to mind.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE RUPERT AND THE CAVALIERS,

Including their Private Correspondence, now first published from the Original Manuscripts. By Eliot Warburton.

[WITH A PORTRAIT OF PRINCE RUPERT WHEN YOUNG, FROM A PAINTING BY HONTHORST AT WILTON.]

It has seemed good to the writers who have written of late years upon the times of Charles I., to draw very largely upon their imaginations for matters wherewith to fill their pages,—to make numerous suppositions upon every fact and every character which every common history brought before them, and then to interweave their own fancies, and their paltry and party views, expressed in the choicest possible phrases, with such facts as were known of the several parties alluded to. Thus the little that was truth has been so garbled and distorted, so overshadowed by errors—so hidden by presumption—so mangled by misrepresentation, that history was becoming rather a representation of the party opinions and a defence of the political principles of the present day, than a faithful record of the transactions of past ages. In fact, we were in great danger of losing the knowledge altogether of the thoughts, motives, and principles which influenced the many able men who lived in the time of Charles I.; so many contradictory statements were put forth, so much misrepresentation was resorted to, so much sophistry was employed to make, in some cases, the worse appear the better reason, and to defame the characters, and to load with obloquy, some of the most honourable and highly-principled men that England ever nourished upon her soil.

But we have, at length, a history without sophistry; we have, at length, an historian sitting down to his work with honest intentions, and without the usual predetermination on his mind to smother every fact which tells against the political principles of the party with whom he is attached, and to magnify to some most gigantic proportions any minute fragment of a fact he can find that seems to give strength to his own cause.

Anything more refreshing, from their truthful character, than these Volumes we have never read. Here is the condensed substance of more than a thousand original letters from the leading Cavaliers that came, by the nature of his office, into the hands of Colonel Benett, Prince Rupert's secretary. They were transmitted from generation to generation to the present representative of the family, Mr. Benett, of Pyt House in Wiltshire, M.P. for the southern division of that county, and it is these letters that give the great value to the Memoirs before us. More faithful evidences we could not by possibility have, of what the gallant Cavaliers in their times of trial, and danger, and toil,—in their hours of hope or discouragement—in their day of victory or defeat, thought, and suffered, and did. The reader of these letters becomes at once "the confidant of kings, princes, statesmen, generals, patriots, traitors. He is the confessor of the noblest minds and the most villanous natures; he sees the very conscience of the war." The letters have, moreover, an interest in themselves apart from their

contents, for many were written when it was dangerous in the extreme to write them, and perilous in the extreme to be found with them. "Some of them were intercepted, and bear dark red stains, which shew how faithfully they were defended, and one has a bullet-mark right through." Many have "haste, haste, post haste," inscribed upon them, and are endorsed by the several officers through whose hands they passed.

The ruin they would occasion to the reputation, the discernment, the honesty of some modern writers of great literary fame, would be overwhelming, if honesty and truth in political matters were generally regarded as essentials in the discussion of historical subjects. They who would rather be schooled in prejudices and instructed in falsehood, than be disabused of their cherished opinions, will continue, doubtless, to cloud their minds, and to ground themselves the more deeply in errors by reading works expressly written to produce such results. But the lovers of truth will turn to these Memoirs, and here in brilliant language they will find the truth—told in language inferior to none of the very best that the very best essayists, or novelists, or historians, have in modern times produced, whatever the measure of comparison,—force, beauty, terseness, clearness, elegance, the power to arrest the attention, to engage the feelings, to command the praise and the admiration of the most correct taste and the most matured and sobered judgment.

The four lines which Mr. Eliot Warburton has placed at the head of his first chapter very clearly indicate to the reader the mind of the writer, and equally his impartiality and his patriotism.

> "I ask nae be ye Whig or Tory,
> For Commonwealth or Right Divine;
> Say,—dear to you is England's glory?
> Then, gi'e 's a hand o' thine!"

To the true patriot, this love of country—this concern for her glory and her weal—this attachment to her soil and her people, must ever be paramount to the generally very selfish consideration as to what party governs, or what political principles the executive maintains. Every subsequent page confirms the opinion entertained of the writer from the first page. From the commencement, he has not a thought but what has a love of truth, a love of country, embodied in it; and his glowing descriptions, his wonderfully irresistible heart-stirring recitals of the many extraordinary events he records — the hold his words have upon the heart, the memory, the imagination, prove what a man can do when the spirit of truth guides his pen, and the love of country is a rooted principle within his soul.

By the perusal of these Volumes our heart has been warmed by the good we have been contemplating,—our mind has been ennobled by the nobility of the characters we have been regarding,—every feeling within us of generosity, and charity, and benevolence, has been called out as we read of the generous, self-denying doings of our forefathers —their unrestrained liberality—their almost incredible sacrifices—their humanity and their mercy. We cannot withhold the expression of our admiration on finding so abounding and prevailing a spirit of hearty good-will; and we have that opinion of our countrymen,—of the sound, honest, thoroughly English feelings that influence still the far greater proportion of the reading classes,—that we doubt not these Volumes will attain to a popularity exceeded by nothing of their kind

and that successive editions will prove the very high estimation in which they are held by all ranks in this kingdom.

"I have given to Prince Rupert," says Mr. Eliot Warburton, "the most prominent place in the work; the letters which constitute its chief value were written by, or were addressed to, him; his character forms the best type of the Cavaliers, of whom he was the chief, the leader, and the life; and moreover, the papers which I have the responsibility of editing, enable me to present to the public the only complete biography that has yet appeared of this extraordinary man, than whom no personage in history is at the same time so notorious and so little known. He seems to start into existence when the royal standard of England is set up,—he advances that fatal banner through its terrible career with supernatural but ill-starred bravery; and when it is finally struck down at Naseby, he vanishes at the same time from our view. Yet, even during that memorable strife, there is a rumour rather than a knowledge of him; mothers hush their infants with the terror of his name, leaguering armies retire at the first challenge of his trumpets, the stern energy of the Puritan gives way before his resistless charge; Roundhead hatred and Royalist recrimination accuse him as the evil genius of the war. Yet, whence he came or whither he went, few have inquired and few can tell."

And yet the MSS. and letters which form the ground-work of these Volumes prove him to have been

"A veteran in arms and renown while yet a boy; a prisoner of war for years before he attained to manhood; a leader of the Cavaliers from the first hour that he met them; a conqueror in every battle, though defeated; maintaining the war on the sea when it had been crushed on the land; buccaneering in the name of loyalty on the Spanish main; laying aside his impetuosity, but not his gallantry, as admiral of our fleets; returning thence to the chemist's laboratory and the painter's study; and finally dying in peace and honour, here in old England, beloved and lamented by all—and laid in an English grave, the object of his young ambition."

Nothing, perhaps, ever exceeded the daring gallantry in action of Prince Rupert; no commander we ever read of, excepting Alexander the Great, ever literally so *led* his troops into the fiercest battle with so much impetuosity and with such invariable success; no writer of fiction ever imagined such deeds of high daring,—such hand-to-hand conflicts,—such personal prowess,—such perilous encounters: but his activity when not actually in the battle-field was equally remarkable with his valour when in it, and his unceasing marches and surprises, his unwearied activity and diligence in harassing and distressing his enemies, made every field wherever he could find them a battle-field to him:—

"All the Parliamentary writers affirmed, he flew like wildfire from place to place, breathing and inspiring ardour, astonishing country gentlemen, and giving a momentum to corporate bodies incredible till then. Restrained by no local influence or patriotic misgivings, he only saw in the anti-royalist a foe; wherever he found a Roundhead horse, he clapped a Cavalier trooper on his back. With equal decision when he dashed into a Puritan town, he levied contributions. The good people, who had been quietly debating about abstract rights and wrongs, were taken by surprise at these practical acts.—Now here, now there, a gallant troop of Cavaliers would come cantering up, and now some peaceful village had to furnish a day's creature comforts for a squadron of these merry malignants, and now some respectable assize town was called upon to pay them for a week. Throughout the wide North and West no place was secure from their visitation; reckless of danger, and setting all odds at defiance, their merry foraging-parties seemed to make a game of war. The fiery and impetuous daring of Prince Rupert; his perfect indifference to danger, moral and physical; his

fertility of resource, his promptitude and zeal for the cause, had endeared him to the young Cavalier; while the old soldiers respected his experience in havoc, and knew that his terrible prestige was well founded. Wherever the flutter of a Cavalier scarf was seen, Prince Rupert was there, or believed to be there; by his name contributions were levied, villages were conquered, cities menaced, and children hushed,—and, in truth, he was seldom far off, or over indulgent when he came; his sleepless vigour, his untiring energy, were everywhere felt, dreaded, and admired, and caused his forces at times rapidly to increase."

He rode forth, for instance, from Leicester, on the 26th of August, at the head of eight hundred horse, ill-equipped and almost undisciplined: he paraded at Shrewsbury, on the 28th of September, with upwards of three thousand troopers and dragoons, well fed, well horsed, and laden with Puritan plunder and execrations. And how well he could lead those troops to victory, a few weeks proved at the battle of Edgehill:—

"Before the word charge was fairly uttered, that brilliant cavalry, with Rupert at its head, was on the spur; away in one wild sweep of magnificent confusion the proud chivalry of England dashed; in generous rivalry each seeking to strike the first home-stroke 'for God and for the King!' What could abide that thundering charge—all spur, no rein,—every heart within that flashing armour was on fire—every voice a shout of triumph, every plume bent forward to the charger's mane. The Roundheads seemed swept away by the very wind of that wild charge. No sword was crossed, no saddle emptied, no troops waited to abide the shock,—they fled with frantic fear, but fell fast under the sabres of their pursuers; nor did the infantry fare better. No sooner were the Royal horse upon them, than they broke and fled, and were whirled away by the fiery Cavaliers."

In every battle that he fought it is the same story in other words. Thus, at Marston Moor,—

"Rupert and his fiery chivalry were quickly among the covenanting Scots, bursting at once into the very heart of their fierce and solemn host, scattering them like spray before some storm-driven ship, and plunging still onward to the front of their reserve. One moment's pause—one more wild shout and charge—and his Life Guards are among them now. No pause, no mercy, scarcely resistance is found among them there. The whole mass, pursuers and pursued, sweeps by to yonder hill,—the thundering hoofs, the ringing armour, the maddening shouts, the quick, sharp, frequent shot, are scarcely heard."

But fight as he would, and conquer as he might, final victory and a triumphant conclusion to the cause for which he fought was impossible, betrayed as he was by traitors, controlled by courtiers, the most incompetent of all men in the kingdom to counsel wisely the King. Among these stands prominently forward Lord Digby, whose character is thus given by Mr. Eliot Warburton:—

"This eccentric and highly-gifted Cavalier was ever in secret Prince Rupert's bitterest enemy. He was one of the chief promoters of the war; he was one of the many who deserted from the Parliament party to the King; he eloquently denounced Strafford, and still more eloquently opposed his unconstitutional attainder; he advised the King worse, and acted for him more zealously than any of his counsellors: he brought over Falkland, Hyde, and Colepepper to the King's party, and yet counselled the King to seize the five Members. The King was fascinated by his address, his eloquence, his daring, his devotion: he always prevailed in his purposes, however wild, if he could only obtain the ear of Charles; he promised all things and succeeded in none: he was the last of the King's fatal list of evil advisers, and he united in himself almost all their gifts and errors; the

grace and recklessness of Buckingham, the eloquence and imperiousness of Strafford, the love of intrigue and the military incompetence of Hamilton. He was ever the same gay and gifted and good-for-nothing character, able and willing to undertake everything, and yet unable to accomplish the slightest of his undertakings, whether it was a political intrigue or a charge of cavalry,—he went forth at last on a vain-glorious expedition with 1500 troopers, the King's chief strength, and in a few days these were all dispersed, and he in a fishing-smack sought refuge in the Isle of Man."

Lord Goring was another of the favourites of Charles, and he is thus described as

"Utterly debauched, cruel, and unprincipled; as the worst of the bad men who brought reproach on the name of Cavalier; as the most infamous person that ever disgraced the title of gentleman; he it was who nursed and matured and then betrayed the Army Plot to the Parliament, for which he received its thanks, and the appointment of governor of Portsmouth; and such were his matchless powers of persuasion that, while the Parliament appointed him lieutenant-general of their horse, and were giving him 4000*l.* to strengthen the fortifications against the King, the Queen was giving him 3000*l.*, with jewels, to gain over the garrison. At length, his attendance being required in Parliament to answer accusations, he wrote a jolly letter, declining to comply with the requisition without his Majesty's leave; but when he had possessed himself of all that was to be had from both King and Parliament, he gave himself up to reckless debauchery, and offered to surrender Portsmouth to the Parliament on the single condition that he was spared and sent to Holland; he then stole away, leaving the garrison to save itself as it best could. In Holland he joined the Queen, and returned to the King with arms and men, and was present at the battle of Marston Moor. Nor was Goring idle then. It was at times like this that this dauntless villain half redeemed his vices by his valour. The Scottish foot falter before his daring charge; his desperadoes are up to their very pikes —within them now,—the ground is carpeted with bloody tartans, as the Cavaliers press on through their tumultuous route, and hew down the fugitives by scores;—they are gone, and with them their pursuers; and two-thirds of the field is won."

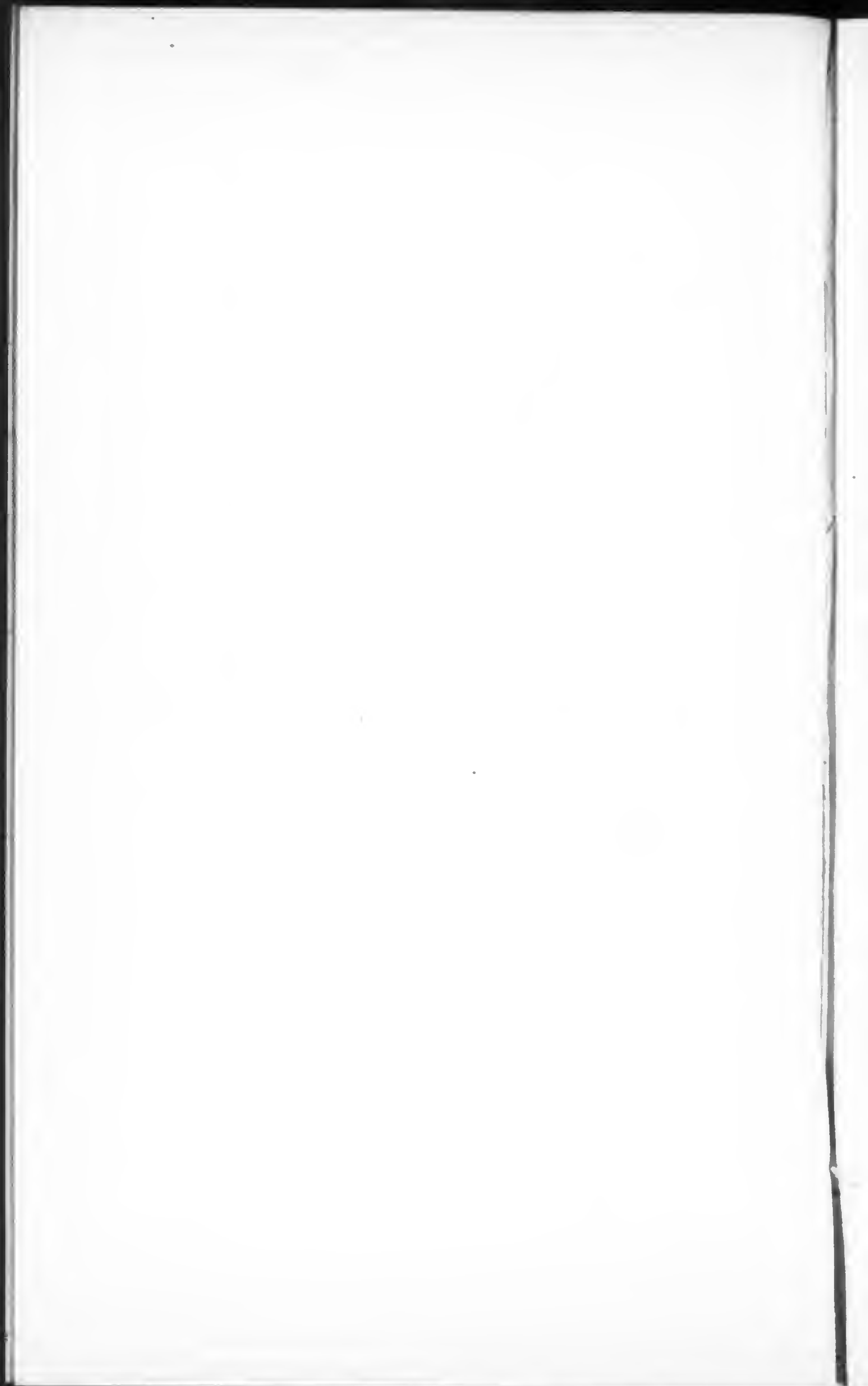
He was afterwards made Lieutenant of the Horse to the King; and while quartered in Somersetshire so harassed Sir William Waller that that the latter wrote to him the following letter:—

"Noble Lord,

"God's blessing be on your heart—you are the jollyest neighbour I have ever met with. I wish for nothing more but an opportunity to let you know I would not be behind in this kind of courtesy. In the meantime, if your lordship please to release such prisoners as you have of mine, for the like number and quality which I have of yours, I shall esteem it as a great civility, being "Your lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

"William Waller."

Owing, however, to the reckless and debauched conduct and supine negligence of Lord Goring, Balfour's horse escaped without loss from threatened annihilation. Weymouth was surrendered — Taunton abandoned, and the battle of Lamport lost. Soon afterwards he gathered together all the money he could squeeze out of his district, and by the connivance of the Parliament fled into France: this was in 1646. In 1648 he again raised some forces in Kent, and fought with Fairfax, and was defeated the same year. He was taken at Colchester and sent prisoner to London. He subsequently carried his courage, his genius, and his villany to market on the Continent, served under Spain, and finally, assuming the garb of a Dominican friar, died in a convent cell.



It was by such men, who swarmed about Charles, that Rupert was so incessantly thwarted, misrepresented, plotted against, persecuted, and hated: they were the favourites of the Queen, and therefore the enemies of the Prince; and it was by men like these, without honour, without principle, that the King was continually surrounded, and was so fatally counselled to his ruin. But Charles had worse counsellors even than these, by whom he was, as it were, spell-bound, and to whose toils, intrigues, stratagems, and treachery, may fairly be attributed the ruin of his cause, the loss of his crown, and of his life. His Queen, Henrietta Maria, was well described as the "most fatal sovereign that France or Rome ever gave to England;" she was ambitious of power, and vain in the display of it. The King loved her, confided in her, and trusted much to her, and admitted her to the knowledge of his most secret affairs; and she was as anxious that the world should know this as she was to possess such knowledge; and unfortunately for her husband's interests she had chosen for her chief favourite and prime onfidant, the beautiful and abandoned Dowager Countess of Carlisle, who had been the mistress of Strafford, and who then became the mistress of Strafford's fierce enemy, the profligate John Pym. To her the Queen imparted all her most secret thoughts and projects—all the wishes and determinations of the King, and all the deliberations and resolutions of his Privy Council,—and immediately did the archtraitress reveal all she had heard to the very man who beyond all men was the most committed to the King's destruction; consequently no resolution that Charles ever took while this bad woman was at his Court, remained unknown to his bitter enemies but a very few hours. Pym knew everything that the King knew—he knew beforehand every move the King proposed to make in the great political game he was playing, and the object of the move, and he was, therefore, able to give him check on every occasion.

But in the strongest possible contrast to these vile characters, stand forth in these Memoirs some of the noblest, brightest, most honourable, most chivalrous characters, with which our history supplies us. To enumerate them merely would exceed our limits, but we must name honest Will. Legge, from the first to the very last, the firm and attached friend of Prince Rupert; Lord Craven, the gallant and chivalrous and devoted friend of Rupert's mother—the magnificent, truly noble and self-denying Marquis of Worcester, who spent, lent, and lost for his King and his country property and its value to the amount of 918,000*l.*; the eminently illustrious, and loyal, and brave Earl of Derby, and his no less brave and loyal Countess, who so awed the Roundheads by her daring courage and bold defiance, that they gave her a chief place in their catalogue of England's *three* destroyers, especially mentioning the Countess of Derby with Eve and the Queen. The successful defence of Lathom House, and the vengeance taken by the Earl, her husband, on her besiegers, is told in the author's happiest manner, and in language well suited to so gallant and exciting a subject.

Mr. Eliot Warburton has preeminently as a writer the most extraordinary command over language: he makes it paint whatever he pleases it should describe; all his descriptions, in consequence, are pictures, actual representations to the mind's eye of the facts he records; every page has its portrait or its scene; and his still-life drawings are, with their soft, calm tints, equally excellent with the gorgeous colourings of his battle-scenes. To no more able writer could

have been committed the very valuable MSS. in Mr. Bentley's possession. The letters themselves are of the highest value as historical evidence, and Mr. Warburton's ability and industry has made them the substance of the best historical work, the most exciting, the most interesting, and instructive, and faithful it has been our lot to peruse. He has, indeed, in this Work by no means exhausted his subject, but he has brought it prominently forward; he has shewn what the truth is, what the Cavaliers were, and what their adversaries; he has opened entirely new fields for investigation, new stores for research; he has made us perfectly independent of all other writers on these subjects; we have now no need to refer to their suppositions as to what were the motives and the objects of men who lived in the seventeenth century, when we have under our eye the very letters of the men themselves, written in confidence and without the least expectation or desire that they should be seen by any eyes but those only for whose perusal they were exclusively written. In those letters, whatever the writer knows or hears or sees of the stirring incidents of the day he reports,—his fears, his hopes, his opinions, his wishes, his plots and counter-plots, are all revealed to us; and the secret springs of men's actions in the most stormy times of our history,—the private views as well as the more publicly avowed opinions and objects of the public men who figured in the great political drama of the day,—are brought fully into the light before us. Indeed, in the Rupert and Fairfax letters and MSS. we have presented to us the most valuable, the fullest and most faithful series of historical documents that the country possesses of the times of the great Rebellion; while so vast is the number of letters yet inedited and unused in the publisher's possession, and so numerous are the subjects they refer to, that the writers whose custom it has been to imagine history rather than to report it, will be greatly puzzled, if not altogether silenced, since these letters remain to convict and rebuke them whenever they indite as facts what can be so readily shewn to be fallacies. We have, in fact, no work in our possession which, from the sterling value of its contents, we hold in higher estimation than these "Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers." It is one of the most delightful, instructive, truth-telling, and elegant publications which has ever been presented to the public.

Sketches in New Zealand, with Pen and Pencil. By W. Tyrone Power, D.A.C.G. Longman and Co.

There are many books on New Zealand which, in a practical sense, may be more valuable to the emigrant than this volume, yet no book which we have seen leaves so clear an impression on the mind of the real condition and actual life of that unfortunate colony. The source of the interest may be traced to the fact that the writer, instead of setting about a formal account of the country, simply relates his own personal experiences and adventures; and the incessant action of the narrative renders us participators in the scenes in which he was himself engaged. Mr. Power's official duties in the Commissariat Department required his presence at various points in succession, apparently following the course of the irregular warfare, if it may be so called, which was carried on some two or three years ago with the natives by Governor Grey. He thus had an opportunity of seeing more of the islands, and making more extended

observations upon their resources than the majority of the English who have furnished us with accounts of them.

The book is very pleasantly written, crowded with picturesque sketches, by both pen and pencil, and exhibits, with brevity and clearness, a complete review of the past and existing relations, complicated enough in their origin and progress, between the native tribes, the New Zealand Company, the British Government, and the settlers. We have not seen the case of New Zealand stated so fairly or so intelligibly elsewhere. Mr. Power's personal narrative considerably enhances the interest and value of his statements. His journeys up rivers and mountains, and in various directions across a trackless country, his intercourse with the natives, and the incidents of savage life which every now and then rose upon his course, are full of excitement, and bring out in their details an effective picture of the colony.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties which have hitherto obstructed the attempt to reconcile the land feuds of New Zealand, it may be inferred from Mr. Power's evidence, that the government is at last acquiring substance and authority, and that we may venture to anticipate repose for the future, if not indemnity for the past. The strong hand of Governor Grey has crushed all factious opposition, and the twelve thousand English, who are settling down amongst a wild population of ten times their number, may now look for the peaceful rewards of their industry. The prospect is cheering, especially as in no quarter of the world can be found a climate more tempting, or a soil more fertile. Mr. Power is quite in love with the delicious atmosphere and exquisite scenery of these islands, and upon taking leave of them, does not hesitate to declare that, "at some future day, should he find himself looking out for a home and a resting-place for life, he shall gladly remember the wholesome climate and abundant soil of New Zealand, and return to find a quiet nook in one of the beautiful bays on the southern coasts of Cooke's Straits." This expression of his feelings on the subject is the epitome of opinions formed under a variety of circumstances, most of them, too, involving privations, perils, and hardships. But the intending emigrant must take in connection with this favourable character of the country the excellent advice tendered to him by our judicious author. It is not all sunshine and spontaneous production in New Zealand, and, although no spot of earth is better adapted for the purposes of colonization, there are peculiar features in the system upon which the colony is based, which cannot be too carefully investigated before the emigrant determines to embark his fortunes in the speculation. To assist him towards the formation of a sound judgment on that vital question, we earnestly commend the perusal of this clever and dispassionate book.

A Second Visit to the United States of North America. By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S., President of the Geological Society, &c. 2 vols. J. Murray.

One of the most remarkable differences between the working of the political institutions of England and America is in the selection of representatives. When there is a contest in America between a rich and a poor man, the ascendancy of the democratic principle determines the election, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in favour of the latter.

Now, in England, the chances of a poor man are exactly in the inverse ratio. There is scarcely a single passage in Sir Charles Lyell's volumes which strikes us so forcibly as a remark he made to an American lawyer who had been expounding to him this peculiarity. "It must be a defect in your system," observes Sir Charles, "if there is *no useful career open to young men of fortune.*" For "young men of fortune" read "young men without fortune," and you have that defect in our English system which has given so much employment to the tongues and pens of reformers for nearly a century. That there should exist in the world a country where the career of usefulness is closed upon young men of fortune is an anomaly which practically annihilates the influence proverbially attributed to wealth from the beginning of time. But it is susceptible of an intelligible explanation. In America the representatives are paid, and in choosing a delegate the people consider that they are giving away a place. If an opulent man offers himself, they say, "You have enough already, let us help some one as good as you who needs it." This is so well understood that it is a common thing for a rich candidate to resort to the *ruse* of affecting poverty.

The power of the democracy is shewn clearly through all the social sketches contained in these volumes, distinguished everywhere by the candour of their statements. Sir Charles Lyell gives a much more favourable picture than most other English travellers of the monied aristocracy of America; nor can we trace in his accounts of the best society those features of tinsel ostentation, and vulgar show so freely ascribed to the upper circles of the Union by the majority of tourists. The diffusion of cheap literature, although the bulk of it cannot be regarded as being either very moral or instructive, appears to be gradually elevating the tone of the people, and insensibly diminishing the foibles and vanities laid bare so mercilessly only a few years ago by Mrs. Trollope. Equality seems to be beginning to take effect in a better sense than that of an Utopian reduction of all social classes to a common level. Education is rapidly raising the moral character of the masses, and, as an inevitable consequence, forcing the wealthier ranks to assert their position by a worthier course than that of thrusting their frippery display in the face of the populace. Such a result was to be expected sooner or later; and, according to Sir Charles Lyell, it is coming more quickly than previous writers had led us to expect.

The action of equality—variously developed throughout the different States of the Union—offers a constant source of surprise and speculation to an Englishman. In one place our author sits down at an ordinary in the White Mountains with a "lady" who turns out to be a chambermaid taking an excursion of pleasure, and who, liberated for a season from her menial occupation, considers herself as good as the best of the company. On another occasion, the driver of his vehicle is invited to dinner at the same table with Sir Charles, who frankly confesses that he is not sorry when the man's duties call him away to the stable. But this recognition of the original rights of man is strictly limited to the whites. If there is a drop of African blood in a man's veins, no earthly temptation could induce an American to sit down at the same table with him. Sir Charles experienced an inconvenient illustration of the state of the relations subsisting, not only between blacks and whites, but between the different grades of each, on board a southern steamer. The succession of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers,

arising out of the necessity of supplying separate accommodation for passengers and servants, black and white, occupied the whole day. First, the cabin passengers breakfasted; then the white nurses, children and officers of the ship. A third breakfast was then laid for the deck passengers, being white; a fourth for the white waiters, who were waited upon by coloured men; and a fifth for the coloured passengers, free and slave, and the coloured waiters, all of whom, without the slightest personal distinction, were drafted off together. The same routine was pursued at dinner and supper; so that there was scarcely an interval throughout the day that was not filled up with a course of some kind.

During the nine months occupied in the excursion described in these volumes, Sir Charles Lyell went north and south, and visited all the important places in America, directing his attention to geological enquiries wherever opportunities presented themselves. His scientific researches are full of interest; and are so pleasantly interspersed with more general matter that they do not interfere with the popular and attractive topics which form the staple of the publication. Having made the same tour before, his observations on American manners and institutions are entitled to be received with the deference which is due to a larger experience than travellers ordinarily enjoy. The usual effect of familiarity with habits which at first appear strange is evident in his treatment of American peculiarities. There are many things to which he cannot reconcile himself, but, upon the whole, he falls into the train of American usages without much difficulty, finds no great difference between good society in the new country and the old, and discovers much more to applaud and admire than to censure or correct. In some cases he carries this facility of disposition a little too far; as when he declares, for example, that he considers the newspaper press of America to be "quite as respectable as our own," an opinion which a slight acquaintance with the leading journals of the Union, putting altogether out of view the countless fry of small papers, might enable any person to refute. But the book is written with such fairness and good sense that slight excesses on the side of liberality will be readily excused. It presents a complete panorama of a traveller's course through hotels and boarding houses, and on railroads and steamers; and exhibits the life of the country with minuteness and fidelity, and with a freedom from exaggeration which, we are sorry to say, is a rare virtue in English books on America.

Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon, or Columbia River: being a Narrative of the Expedition fitted out by John Jacob Astor, to Establish the "Pacific Fur Company;" with an Account of some Tribes on the Coast of the Pacific. By Alexander Ross, one of the Adventurers. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Ross is late in bringing before the public the result of his experience in the expedition fitted out by the bold adventurer, John Jacob Astor. Thirty years ago he wrote the present account of the voyage of the *Tonquin*, which dates its commencement as far back as 1810. Still we are thankful to Mr. Ross for the publication, though tardy, of this volume; for during this lapse of time he has had opportunities of seeing other narratives on the same subject, and has found that something yet

remained untold. Washington Irving's romantically interesting work "Astoria" should be re-perused by the side of Mr. Ross's production. Both abound in stirring scenes and adventures "by field and flood;" but the contrast is remarkable between the highly accomplished author of the "Sketch Book," and the practical man whose sole intent was a plain unvarnished tale to unfold. "All I aim at," says our author, "is to bring before my readers a faithful and impartial statement of what took place, during my own times, in a quarter hitherto but little known."

Mr. Ross comes before the public with a twofold qualification: he was a personal adventurer in the memorable expedition of which he gives us an exceedingly graphic account; and he has spent fifteen years in travelling among the savage tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. During this period "he was induced," he tells us, "from time to time, to note down such incidents and opinions, illustrative of savage life and manners, as appeared to him either new or interesting."

The perilous position of the Indian trader is sufficiently indicated by Mr. Ross's character of the people he has to live among. "Perfidy," he states, "is the system of savages, treachery and cunning the instruments of their power, and cruelty and bloodshed the policy of their country."

Mr. Ross's closing remarks on the failure of the hopes of the intrepid and ambitious founder of Astoria, are suggestive of a moral.

"Had he, however, acquired such insight into the practice of the Indian as he so eminently attained in all other branches of trade; had his mind been as liberal as it was acute, or as ready to reward merit as to find fault; or were he as conversant with human nature as he was expert in a bargain; and had he also begun his undertaking not at the commencement of a war, but at its close, then competency and ease might have been the lot of his servants, instead of misery and want. Success might have crowned his ambition, glory finished his career, and the name of Astor might have been handed down with admiration, as having borne away the palm of enterprise."

The observations made by Mr. Ross on the missionaries among the Indians seem to us just, well-intended, and deserving of attention. He reprobates the interference of one sect of Christians with another, which is of common occurrence; and points out the error of being too precipitate in receiving the untutored savage into the bosom of the church. Our author thus writes:—

"The missionary reaches his destination, announces the gospel tidings, and commences his official duties; the young and the old are catechised, baptism is administered, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper follows: and all these different glimpses of evangelical light succeed each other in such rapid succession as to stamp the whole proceeding with the character of a miracle. . . . . . The missionary in all this no doubt follows his instructions. His journal goes home, more labourers are required for the vineyard, periodicals circulate the marvellous success, and all the world, except those on the spot, believe the report. Yet the picture is delusive: the savage is still a savage, and gross idolatry and barbarism have not yielded inwardly a hair's-breadth to the influence of civilization; far less is he made sensible of the obligations imposed upon him by his new creed. It is but a treacherous calm before a storm: the tree is known by its fruit."

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HYMEN AND THE HOSELY BOY.

"Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop were extremely wise, they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again."—SELDEN.

"I WISH with all my heart," said Bohun, one foggy morning, with unusual testiness, "that ink had a property which would poison, after the first twenty words, all people who are writers of illegible, unintelligible, and unnecessary letters. What a boon it would be to men of brief leisure and business habits! Here have I lost an hour and upwards, during this short winter's day, in poring over a scrawl which I vainly strive to decipher. Who is 'O. O.'? I know not. And yet the writer must be one who is—or fancies himself—on terms of intimacy with me, since he addresses me as 'Dear Bo!' A liberty, by the way,—a decided liberty," said my principal, drawing himself up, "be the writer who he may. But stay: your name, Haslam, appears in the corner of the envelope. Is the missive your property? Look at it."

I did so; and recognised the hieroglyphics of the Ho'sely Boy. Deciphered they ran thus:—

"DEAR BO! "9, Bury St., St. James's, Tuesday.

"Kongratulate me. I am on the heave of matrimunny. I've cut Potchetty and Life Insurance for 'heye and for hever,' as the Song says. O my art! O my proppaty! Qpid and Pluto both bee frend me. One with the & of the Countiss Stephanie Gaifrisky. The other with the welcum legsy of a thowsand pounds from huncle Stoodly. This the Countiss olds for me. Her kinexion is all among the elewated and aughty. The Premier's Lady couldn't live without her. They hare insepporable. I'm gaw'n speedily to auld a Goverment Hoffice. One slite pecculiharity sumhough perplexes me. The Countiss is rayther too fond of tossing off a glas of licures to the elth of the kumpany; and when exited hodd wuds do purceed from her rewby lipps. But this, she saies, has been the himmemorial custum of her hillustrious ouse for some sentries. Take her for awl in awl *she's a* STAMMER. I wish you cu'd see the Markiss her warrior farther, and the Marchi-honess her haugust mother. But peepel now a days are so henvious and hunbelieving. The Surrogate, from womb I got my license, axed me if I nu aught abowt the Countiss but from her hown lipps. 'Not a mite,' sais I. Wud yow bleeve it he then rolled his eyes about and wistled. But a Countiss she be. And to morrow she makes me appy.

"Your devoted frend,

"O. O."

I was pondering on the Hosely Boy's missive, when a postscript in a more legible hand caught my eye.

"Half-past two, p. m.

"An inexplicable incident has occurred. Our mutual friend, Oldrich, is inconsolable. The Countess, her father, her mother, have one and all most mysteriously disappeared. And so—I grieve to say—*has the legacy*. "G. T."

"Cease your funning," whistled Mr. Bohun with ominous energy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIR PHILIP GREY DE FONTENAY.

"Increase Mather was used to say that he had found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people, than the world would willingly imagine.'"

Memoirs of Non-Conformists.

"There are many things ower bad for blessing, and ower gude for banning, like Rob Roy."—*Andrew Fairservice.*

"*Real* security, Mr. Bohun,—nothing will content me but *real* security," were the words emphatically uttered on an eventful morning in my principal's private room. I heard them as, bent on some matter of business, I sought his presence to take my instructions.

The speaker was a tall, masculine, shrewd-looking woman; and the lawyer was scanning her with a truly doubtful and dissatisfied air.

"I was not aware, sir," said I, retiring, "that you were engaged: a later hour in the day will suffice—"

"Remain," whispered Bohun in a low, earnest tone, "remain: I *desire* it."

"There can be no question," said he, resuming his address to his companion, who never for an instant averted her searching eyes from his countenance, "there can be no question about the security of the sum advanced, the property on which it will be tied being worth ten times the amount borrowed."

"And it is burdened by no previous mortgage?" was the lady-client's next inquiry.

The shrewdness of this query seemed to startle the lawyer, who replied with rather more deference than he had yet exhibited,—

"An apt question, and one I do not fear to answer: the property up to this moment is wholly unencumbered."

"And the sum not likely soon to be paid off; because I 'm in no hurry to incur a second time the trouble of these proceedings?"

"Twenty years at least must elapse before the question of repayment will be mooted—at any rate, on our part," rejoined Bohun, gravely.

"Then set to work when you will," said the visitor with a determined air: "the advance may be considered as decided on."

"Ay: but is it forthcoming?" exclaimed the other. "Your savings, Mrs. Ravenspur, if I understood you rightly, fall short of seven hundred: we require eleven."

"Sir Philip," said she, carelessly, "must make up the difference: *that is his look out.*"

"But my impression is"—and Bohun here gave me a warning glance for the purpose of riveting my attention on the reply—"that the lender is in this instance Mrs. Hilda Ravenspur; and that she, and no other, advances the sum we require?"

"And that impression is correct: you can have no concern with any private arrangements between Sir Philip and myself. He will find me, however, the odd four hundred and twenty pounds, and my savings will supply the remainder."

"But it may not be convenient for the young baronet to advance this money and at a few hours' notice," suggested the lawyer: "and as for delay, *that* is wholly beside the question."

"He must make it convenient," responded Mrs. Hilda, with a shrill laugh: "this is to form a provision for my old age. My intentions are not to be defeated by his lack-a-daisical humours. You may rely on me, sir. The entire sum shall be forthcoming, and before the week closes. A written message shall apprize you where and by whom."

So saying, Mrs. Ravenspur rose slowly and thoughtfully, curtsied, and withdrew.

Bohun watched her progress down the street with a troubled countenance.

"That confounded woman! Now we shall have the bishop down upon us once more! Once more and speedily!"

"The bishop! What connection can possibly exist between his lordship and Nurse Ravenspur, her savings, or her mortgage?"

"He is Sir Philip's diocesan," returned my employer, with unusual gravity; "and I have reason to know has had his attention more than once directed to the anomalous state of the adjoining parish, and the thraldom in which this woman holds the rector. Everything may be inferred from such inexplicable domestic arrangements!"

"Then Sir Philip is in holy orders?"

"He holds," was the reply, "the valuable living of Priorstream, the sole wreck, or nearly so, of an attractive property: to secure its income, his mother, an extravagant and unscrupulous woman, forced him into the church. And he has been miserable ever since. The loathing with which he shrinks from the casual discharge of any one of his professional duties, and the shudder with which he recals his mother's name or alludes to her memory, indicate his sense of this act of tyranny."

"Why did he not resist?"

"Workhouse fare is not particularly alluring in prospect, or particularly grateful in possession," was Bohun's reply: "it came to this—'take the rectory *or starve*.'"

"But some friends at the university—the head of his house—his college-tutor might have fought his battle."

"University! He went to none. How should he? Who was to supply the funds? Lady Cecilia foresaw this; and her adroitness secured for her son ordination from the bishop of a northern diocese without a degree. Ah! name the difficulty which those handsome features, winning voice, and thorough command of words would not surmount!"

"Well! but the aspect of affairs—"

"Is bad," interrupted Bohun, decisively; "bad, hopelessly and

undisguisedly. Imagine a young man holding a large living like Priorstream,—its income falls little short of thirteen hundred per annum,—shrinking from all exercise of his professional duties; refusing, be the emergency what it may, to christen a child, bury a corpse, or marry a couple; delegating every priestly function to his curates; wholly estranged from society; and tyrannized over by an elderly menial whom he dare not contradict. And she—a heathen; never seen at church; one who laughs at all religious observances; whose jocular phrase is, that 'Sir Philip takes care of *her* soul, and that she will most assuredly go to church barefooted and bareheaded whenever and as often as her master preaches.' Imagine all this, and then cease to wonder that the bishop views Sir Philip with distrust, or says that he 'never thinks of Priorstream without pain."

"Probably the baronet's private life—"

"Blameless!" exclaimed my excited companion; "blameless from boyhood: a more honourable man, a more humble-minded and self-denying being never lived. His benevolence is unwearied, but stealthily exercised; for that harpy, Hilda Ravenspur, conceives that every shilling which the baronet gives away is a robbery inflicted on herself. Strange that the daring Lady Cecilia should have had so craven a son."

"Can nothing terminate this vassalage?"

"Death may," said Bohun: "as for any other contingency, I—"

"A note from Fontenay Court," said a servant, entering: "the bearer waits for a reply."

"Humph!" cried the lawyer; "Mrs. Hilda, who is no idler, has already broached the matter to her victim. Here is a summons; and for to-day:—"

"SIR PHILIP DE FONTENAY wishes to see Mr. Bohun between five and six this evening, *without fail*, on the subject of the contemplated mortgage."

"You must attend, Haslam, for me. I require the entire evening for matters connected with Barker's bankruptcy. But I will drive you part of the way thither, and on the road give you one or two hints which may assist you in shaping your course."

I gathered from Bohun's disjointed observations, during our brief drive, that he had been much in the confidence of the late Sir Ranulph and his wilful lady.

"They were both lunatics, more or less," was his strange conclusion; "but unhappily the harvest of their insanity is reaped exclusively by their son. Her ladyship's mania was a passion for building. She doated on brick and mortar. The word ever on her lips was "improvements!" Conservatories, dairies, ornamental lodges, boat-houses, grottoes, keeper's-cottages, rose up like mushrooms on all parts of the estate. She furnished the designs;—pretty enough, I grant;—and a London contractor the materials: but who found the money? I have counted fifteen masons at work at once on one of her ladyship's devices. *His* mania was music. Let him have a concert every evening — fill the Court with foreign signors and Italian *prima donnas*—pretty expensive guests those! Let ballad, and madrigal, and bravura succeed each other till midnight, and he was happy. You may imagine how the estate—never large—was

frittered away, piecemeal, to provide cash for these follies. Sir Ranulph, fortunately, died in early manhood of sheer over-excitement; and her ladyship became paramount. A severe and cruel mother did she prove. To this hour her luckless son cowers and changes colour when mention is made of her name. On no account hazard any allusion to her. It would instantly be followed by a fit of moody silence. Similar caution must be observed relative to Captain, or as he styles himself, Count, de Fontenay—a soldier of fortune—who has served under more than one foreign chief. Had Sir Ranulph died childless the Count would have succeeded as next of kin to the relics and shreds of the family property. To " the mercenary"—what other title can I give a man who has served in five different armies, and fought under a Monarchical, Republican, and Triumvirate banner —the birth of Sir Philip was an untoward occurrence. He has not recovered it yet: and to this hour affects to believe that the present Baronet is a changeling. But if ever external features carried evidence of lineage Sir Philip is a De Fontenay. The eyes, hair, smile, vividly recal his good-humoured father; while the voice and classic beauty of the lips bear the strongest resemblance to his daredevil mother. Be his future destiny what it may, no changeling is he: but a genuine scion of the old stock. Besides, that cormorant, Hilda Ravenspur, was present at his birth; nursed him in his earliest infancy; and has never lost sight of him for a day. Others, too—but at this turn in the road I leave you. To your right in that hollow lies the Court with its avenue of oaks. What a battle I had to save them! They were all but transformed into some Indian cottage or Chinese temple or trashy edifice of that stamp. Heaven mend me! I'm afraid I don't forgive that female Mason even in her grave! But there lies the Court: upon nobler home for an English gentleman surely setting sun never glanced! That and some two hundred-and-fifty acres of capital land with the living of Priorstream are all that remain of the De Fontenay estate, thanks to Ambrogetti, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Madame Fodor, and other celebrities of that stamp, feasted and *feathered* by one parent; and Soane, Nash, and Wyatville, patronised by the other. How is it that one sees such an absence of plain common sense in the career of gentlemen of "truly ancient descent," and of ladies of "highly cultivated intellect!"

CHAPTER XXV.

VASSALAGE.

" Obligation is thraldom, and thraldom is hateful."
HOBBES.

The Court was an imposing structure of dark grey stone, built in the reign of Harry VIII. Over the portal, deeply cut, were the family arms, and the motto, "Fortiter, Fideliter, Celeriter." To the right, on the ground-floor, was the chapel; somewhat fallen to decay, but possessing some exquisite painted windows, a beautiful altar-piece by Holbein, and a stone pulpit of elaborate workmanship. On the right lay the reception rooms. Before these flaunted the flower-garden, laid out in the olden style. It boasted its formal parterres, its raised terrace-walks, its yews cut and trimmed in the

most fanciful forms, and a never-silent fountain, the soothing plash of whose waters fell gratefully on the ear. As I reached it the sun was sinking rapidly in the west; a parting beam tipped with mellow radiance the massy clock-tower; the rooks, noisy revellers, were clamorously hastening homewards; "the twilight bell" began to chime from a distant turret; all seemed to say "there is a period to toil—an hour when the account will be closed—the season for effort *is limited:* man goeth forth to his work and to his labour—*until the evening.*"

I rang at the portal, and was ushered by a stripling page into a gloomy hall. Round it were ranged antlers of a noble deer,—suits of armour, — spear heads of antique form and fashion, — Indian cabinets,—a wolf of enormous size, cleverly stuffed, and in first-rate preservation,—a white fox, which an inscription below the case told the reader had been trapped by *a blind man* in Fontenay woods,—and a life-like portrait of a splendid blood-hound. Noble fellow! well had he deserved for his beauty the immortality which the painter had bestowed!

While glancing at these mementoes of bygone sports, Mrs. Ravenspur suddenly darted from a side-door, and was in an instant my *vis-à-vis.*

Her manner, step, eye betokened surprise, if not a stronger feeling—annoyance.

"Are you alone? Where's Mr. Bohun? He is the party we expected."

I made his excuses; and added, that, as the affair was urgent, I was entrusted with his views and empowered to announce them.

"Be it so!" said she, at length: "but I must explain all this to Sir Philip, tell him who you are and what you are, and prepare him for your appearance. This is indispensable; for among his aversions is an abhorrence of strangers. As if, while disease and death are busy, one was not obliged to form fresh acquaintances and fresh connexions day by day? Seat yourself: or stay—here is a curious cabinet containing some rare minerals which may amuse you. It is probable I shall have a twenty-minutes' argument to answer, before I can prevail on my young master to be communicative."

With a darkening visage she vanished.

The interval named had twice expired before she re-appeared with the announcement—"Sir Philip awaits you in the library: be pleased to follow me."

In the centre of a noble apartment, lighted by one large, deep bay window, lined by stout broad book shelves of dark oak quaintly carved, and laden with ponderous tomes upto the very ceiling, stood a slight graceful figure. "Sir Philip de Fontenay," said my conductor, and withdrew. The party so named advanced a few paces to greet me, and then courteously pointed to a chair near his own. The contrast which his person afforded was startling. The step, rapid and buoyant, the figure, slender, light, and agile, betokened a youth verging on twenty, the face a man of fifty. The carriage was erect; the features were small, and fair, and delicate, but the lines of care or thought which marred their expression were many and deeply indented. Time seemed to have been strangely busy. There was the sunken eye, and the furrowed brow, and the com-

pressed and sharply drawn lip. I have seen,—I affirm it without fear,—many men of sixty look younger, considerably younger, than this care-worn being of six-and-twenty.

"I am sorry," he began, in a tone of voice low, plaintive, and musical, "that Mr. Bohun's engagements precluded his seeing me this evening. He has long been my confidential adviser, and I stand peculiarly in need of his counsel."

I repeated, word for word, the message with which I was charged, and added, that I was in full possession of Bohun's views and determination on the question.

"And were present at Hilda's interview with him this morning?"

"Yes; by my principal's express desire."

"The sum my old nurse requires," resumed the Baronet, after an awkward pause, and with visible tremor in his voice and manner, "must, I understand, be forthcoming by Saturday?"

I assented.

"The demand takes me somewhat by surprise; perhaps, strictly speaking, it should not have been made. But I am anxious to serve my old retainer to the utmost of my ability, if I can do so with honour."

"That party, Sir Philip, cannot surely entertain for one moment any project that could inconvenience you?"

I spoke quickly and somewhat sharply, and was startled to see him glance anxiously towards the door, and then noiselessly and stealthily cross the room and plant himself in a recess of the deep bay window. Thither, rightly translating a mute gesture of his hand, I followed him.

"I do not say with regard to this stipulated sum—four hundred guineas—that I have it not at command," observed the Baronet; "such an assertion would be untrue; I believe that amount to be at my banker's: but one moiety I had laid aside for charitable uses, and with the remainder I had decided on discharging certain debts—*never incurred by me*—but which I am bent on defraying."

"Under these circumstances it is impossible that Nurse Ravenspur should wish this advance to be made—at least *by you* on her behalf. Let me, with your permission, say as much to her in your presence."

"No—by no means," said the Baronet, in a nervous, faltering tone. "Nurse is not easily diverted from her purpose, and is far more likely to listen to Mr. Bohun than to yourself,—how I wish he had accompanied you!"

"Allow me, then, to make an appointment for her at our office for mid-day to-morrow; and let my employer undertake the task of dissuading her from this mortgage."

"*Dissuading* her!" cried Sir Philip, mournfully and incredulously.

"One of two results must take place; either this arrangement must go forward, and Mrs. Ravenspur become the mortgagee; or the advance being negatived by her, we must procure the requisite sum from another party. Which course do you wish me to undertake?"

"The latter," said the young man, irresolutely.

"Shall *I* see her? and if so, in your presence, or alone?"

"Oh! alone, by all means."

The bell was rung, and answered by the audacious Hilda herself.

"Nurse!" said the Baronet, with ill-assumed alacrity, "Mr. Haslam has a communication to make to you. It is advisable that you see him alone in the breakfast-room."

"That gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, Sir Philip," returned Mrs. Hilda, intrepidly; "I have never set eyes on him before this morning; whatever he may have to say—I don't know that he can have anything!—had better be said in your presence."

"Don't contest the point," whispered *the master*, nervously.

I took the hint. "Mr. Bohun desires, Mrs. Ravenspur, that you will be good enough to be at his office at twelve to-morrow; these matters are generally discussed and decided in private by the parties most deeply interested; but, if you wish Sir Philip to be privy to the arrangement, I can have no objection."

"Humph! Is that all? Then my answer is soon given. I leave the Court to-morrow for no lawyer under heaven. I expect my nephew and niece on a visit, whom I have not seen these ten years; and here, from sunrise to sunset, I shall remain to welcome and entertain them."

"I'll state as much to Mr. Bohun," said I, gladly rising to take my leave.

Mrs. Hilda's budget was not exhausted.

"And add this," cried she, "by way of postscript, that Sir Philip is quite prepared with a cheque for the four hundred."

The Baronet and I exchanged glances: catching the expression of his eye, I maintained silence, and with a low bow walked slowly towards the door. The Nurse intercepted me, and inquired angrily, "Is it the custom of Mr. Bohun's clerks to treat his clients so rudely? I demand an answer to my question?"

"You had better receive it from Mr. Bohun's own lips at your next interview."

"I bear up under suspense but badly," was Mrs. Ravenspur's response; "and I beg to be relieved from it now."

"Then listen to me, Hilda," said Sir Philip, in a kindly tone, and with a gentle smile, "*I* head the conspiracy against you on this occasion. Your scheme is quashed by *myself*. I have negatived the requisite advance,—it is not convenient to me."

"Think twice before you repeat such an assertion," cried the menial, sharply, while her eyes flashed defiance towards her quailing master.

"Another investment," said I, interposing, "shall be speedily offered you, as secure and as eligible as this—"

"Which I don't relinquish," interposed Hilda, with quiet emphasis.

"But, listen, Nurse," resumed the Baronet: "I am really unable—"

"The mortgage," interrupted Hilda, authoritatively motioning her master to be silent; "the mortgage will form a provision for my old age; and, once for all, I insist upon its being completed."

"Want shall never approach you, Hilda, while I live," exclaimed the young man, with unabated kindness of manner, but with visible and increasing emotion; "my house shall ever be your home. It shall shelter you in age as well as youth."

"The De Fontenays are short lived," retorted Hilda, coarsely;

your father died at four-and-thirty, and your grandfather at nine-and twenty. Consumption is in your blood—it taints your race. I prefer independence ;—I have earned it."

Still, and without the slightest admixture of anger, the gentle voice pursued,

"Admitted fully. None recognise more readily than myself your long and faithful services."

With a contemptuous gesture the petted menial turned from the dejected and conciliating speaker, and rejoined,

"Honeyed words cancel no debts: I deserve something more substantial than flattery."

"This to *me*," cried Sir Philip, with spirit,—"to *me*, in whose household you have accumulated hundreds! Here I hold my hand. Look to me for no further pecuniary present. In justice, I cannot make it. I am in debt; and ought, ere this, to have heeded the precept, 'Owe no man anything.'"

"You say that, I presume, as a Clergyman?" observed Hilda, with peculiar emphasis.

There was nothing in this question; it was simple enough, but it seemed to wither the party to whom it was addressed. He eyed his persecutor with a look of anguish and apprehension bordering on frensy, and then buried his face in his hands.

The time for interference had, methought, arrived, and I interposed with ill-assumed calmness, "Mrs. Ravenspur, your absence is desirable; be so good as to quit the apartment."

The virago scanned me from head to foot, and then rejoined, with a taunting laugh, "At the Court I receive orders from no one save my master: if Sir Philip bids me quit his presence, I will do so forthwith—and *for good*."

Sir Philip was silent.

"Tell her you choose to be alone."

Not a word—not a syllable escaped him.

"Wave her from the room."

Not a finger stirred.

Pained at his incomprehensible cowardice, I rose to withdraw.

Grasping my hand, "On no account leave me with her," was the Baronet's scarcely audible whisper,—"anything but that: rid me of her presence: gentle words will do it."

But gentle words I could not command. Speak I did, and bluffly.

"It is time, Nurse, that this interview should end. Sir Philip is evidently unwell: violence does but injure your cause. You must be sensible of *his* forbearance, and *your* ingratitude. There are few masters who would have endured so much from a dependent as I have witnessed within the last hour."

"Dependent! He lay in my arms when he was an hour old! Dependent! I have nursed him, watched him, succoured him through life. Dependent! I soothed and consoled him when his nearest of kin hated to look upon him, and *loathed* him. *I have made him what he is*! Dependent, quotha! Ask him *who is* THE DEPENDENT—he or I? Ask him who is the *obliged party*, and has been such for years! Ask him if that party is Nurse Ravenspur?"

"I must yield," sighed the Baronet faintly.

"Do so *now*," said I, in the same low whisper, "and you are her slave for life."

"You will suffer smartly for all this exertion by and by, Sir Philip," resumed the Nurse in a semi-dictatorial tone, one in which compassion and command were strangely blended; "you know how these scenes harass and exhaust you: send a verbal message by this stripling to his employer, to the effect that the money shall be forthcoming;—say this, and the affair is at an end."

"I can utter no such assurance," faintly murmured the master; "the amount is not mine to give. It belongs to others. Justice must precede generosity."

"I never heard you say as much in any one of your sermons," observed Hilda Ravenspur, with the same telling and peculiar emphasis; "new doctrine—at least, to me—from *your* pulpit."

This renewed allusion to his sacred profession seemed to madden the listener. What lacerated his feelings,—what steeped with torture the lightest and most passing reference to his ordination vows, the Baronet best knew. The effect was instantaneous and uncontrollable. His whole frame writhed with agony; and when he withdrew the handkerchief with which he had hidden his quivering features, it was deeply stained with blood.

"Leave me," said he to the heartless woman who gazed upon him coldly and keenly,—"leave me; and I will consider about some alternative."

"You will see what can be done?" said she, in a wheedling tone.

"My mother's debts must remain unpaid, and my mother's monument unbuilt."

"Your mother's debts are not *yours*, remember," responded Hilda,—"and as to her tomb, raise what monument you will over her, will she rest? You know her history—*will she rest?*"

There was something in this last allusion as agonizing as in the former, for Sir Philip shrieked rather than said: "I yield—the money is yours;—but leave me—leave me while my senses yet remain to me."

She cast one searching glance upon her victim, and obeyed. He essayed to speak to me, but failed. Then, in silence, motioned for some drops which stood near him, and which were given him. They appeared to be some sedative; and obeying the movement of his eye, I then mutely withdrew.

But I had not yet seen the last of Mrs. Hilda. That alarming personage, who was still lingering about the passages, I encountered in the Hall. Her jeers were not yet exhausted; and this was her parting volley:

"Present my most humble duty to *your* MASTER; tell him to proceed with the mortgage with all possible speed; say that I am ready to execute it at any hour; and assure him that I am, till death, his truly devoted and sincerely respectful, humble servant." And with a prolonged and mocking laugh, which echoed and re-echoed in the vaulted hall and lofty corridor, the ruler of De Fontenay Court slowly ascended to her private apartments.

ALBERT MURDOCK.

A TRUE ROMANCE.

ATTESTED BY A SURVIVING ACTOR.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

THERE was a time, not twenty years ago, when the land of the West—*auctoritate*, the defunct Liberator—was no less celebrated for the beauty of its daughters than the chivalry of its sons; when compared with one of these feminine daisy-cutters, a Haymarket *danseuse* might be objected to as crippled with a corn,—while as to the boys, they were regular broths, out-and-out, and ready to back themselves against anything living in executing the *Pater-o-pee*,* or preparing a private gentleman for the county infirmary. So far as criminal statistics go, we agree with the departed patriot; but in his opinions touching lines of beauty we hold the Liberator to be heretical altogether,—*i. e.* if Canova's or Chantrey's ideas respecting the *to kalon* were not marvellously erroneous. We are personally familiar with the "Far West," and never, with the highest pressure upon the imagination, could we convert a splay-footed gentlewoman, innocent of shoes and stockings, and staggering beneath a creel of turf which would have proved oppressive to a donkey, *in transitu* from the bog to that clay-constructed abode of peace and purity, called in the vernacular, a cabin,—we never, we repeat, could in her person embody those Phidian proportions which poets delight to dream about and artists to produce. It pains us to dissent from Mr. Thomas Moore, but we must sacrifice our courtesy to conscience. We appertain not to that gang called "Impressionists,"—a term which, being rendered into English, meaneth a penny-a-liner,—a modest personage, who will touch you off a county at so much a day, and do to order the largest of the United Kingdoms in a fortnight. We give our convictions emphatically, having been born, indoctrinated, and resident for a quarter of a century in the Emerald Isle; and, if necessary, we hold ourselves ready to depone upon corporal oath that there is not a corner of that blessed land with which we are not familiar. With every gradation of Hibernian society we profess an intimate acquaintance. We have slept in that pleasant hostelrie "The Hole-in-the-wall," and we have been located, but always on compunction, in the watchhouse of Saint Andrew. Furthermore, we have honoured the Castle with our presence on a birth-night ball,—ate our *spoleeine*† at Donnybrook,—had an optic put in

* This is a *pas seul* very fashionable in the kingdom of Connaught, but not, as we believe, often danced at Her Majesty's Theatre.

† *A Spoleeine* is a mutton-cutlet fished upon requisition, and the production of the metallics, from a cauldron sufficiently capacious to cook a dismembered sheep. The subdivision of the animal, before it is submitted to the action of hot water, being so regulated as to meet the numerical demands of the varied applicants who may favour the tent with their patronage, the lady presiding at the pot, and armed with a flesh-fork, inserting the instrument according to order. "A spoleeine for the man in the white hat," might occasionally be heard; or, "Mate, Biddy, jewel! for a single gentleman and his wife,—Stick a tender bit, for they 're reg'lar customers."

mourning as a digester,—and finished the evening, much to our own satisfaction, with black cockles and whiskey-toddy at a caravansera, kept by a much-esteemed citizen called Nosey M'Keown.*

Polite as our town experiences have been, let it be distinctly understood that our rustic information and personal knowledge have been infinitely superior. On the summit of Carrig-a-binnioge we have bivouacked for the night, and, in the first grey mists of morning, shot—"think of that, Master Brooke!"—that splendid animal, now extinct there, the Red-deer. We have at curfew-hour smoked our cigar under the verandah of our cottage; and, embowered in jasmine and honeysuckle, listened, between each deliberate and composing puff, to the booming of the bittern from the reedy enclosure of the little bog-lake, that lay within rifle-range of our garden-chair. In sooth, our wanderings have been extensive.

Although Sassenach by descent, we are Celtic in affection, and to the slogan which once

"Frighted the isle from its propriety,"

"justice to Ireland"—we will faithfully respond. We admire the better qualities of our countrymen, and we detest many traits of national character, which we—and from the bottom of our soul—pronounce to be detestable.

In the production of her children the Green Isle is really a capricious mamma. This day, she launches on the world a polished gentleman, and the next, a superlative rogue. Where is the walk of life in which the Irishman will not be found jostling his way forward, and that, too, regardless whether it may lead to the woolsack or "end on Tyburn tree." In literature and science countless are the stars of first magnitude which the Green Isle has produced. To the eloquence of her sons how many in the Senate have listened with breathless attention? As an adventurous and successful speculator, the Milesian would seem Fortune's favourite. Irish estates, and with magical celerity, are transferred from hand to hand, and of any one of these ask their simple history. How many will you not find which have been purchased by fortunes won in the East, or in some of the transatlantic colonies, by men who took life's road without one friend or a second sixpence? So far, and for civic life, it would appear that the Patlander is not nationally disqualified. We, as we observed before, are personally and practically acquainted with his failings, and, God knows! their name is legion. We will, in his case, unhappy man! nothing extenuate, and nought set down in malice. We will acknowledge his deserts, and we will denounce his delinquencies. Well, passing all other professions beside, Pat prides himself upon his soldiership. Come—even on that, his favourite stand, we will enter the arena with him.

In limine, we'll smooth him down by a very flattering admission,—and that is, that the military qualities of an Irishman are second to none other upon earth. Were we not afraid of bringing the rest of the world on our back, and, *Davus sum non Œdipus*—we are no Atlas—we would be much inclined to assign him a ship's character—A 1.

What constitutes the soldier? Courage and docility. Pish! in the bull-dog, that dullest thing of the canine race, you will find the first quality exuberantly developed; and if you want docility, view it in

* We rather fancy that an English "Impressionist," who should inquire after these once pleasant whereabouts, would receive for answer, "where?"

any "Happy family" establishment you encounter at the corner of a street. Single qualities you can easily obtain, but it is the associations of the evil ones which destroy character. Bravery will combine with blackguardism—and docility, without dash, is like unseasoned soup—not worth a second in-dipping of the spoon. A little devilry has sometimes the same properties as red pepper. A tamely-charactered soldier may be estimable in the highest degree, but he will seldom be a successful one—and, although superexcellent in the orderly room, he will be but a slow coach in the field.

Some twenty years ago I resided in a sweetly situated cottage, a couple of miles from a large western market-town. I selected it for my abiding place through fancy—for few besides would, as a residence, have accepted it in free gift.

Its locality was pretty. It stood in an extensive park, covered with old timber and young plantations, and surrounded with rich meadow-grounds. The cottage itself was overspread by ash and elm trees the growth of centuries, and these were so thickly colonized with rooks and herons, that at times their clamorous communings were deafening. It was, however, a sweet seclusion; for the eye, on whatever side it ranged, rested on tree and shrub, green pasturage or rich meadow.

I said that few, except myself, would have chosen it for an abiding place. In that distracted country, beauty is but a secondary consideration. It was straw-roofed—and any who pleased to try the experiment, could easily insert a lighted coal within the thatch, even without the trouble of raising himself on tip-toe. We were then young and reckless, confident in ourselves, and deeply embued with Irish indifference. Our little domicile was an armoury. When we went to rest, a double house-gun and divers pistols lay within our reach; but still, though well prepared, our castle was vulnerable, and we, on every side, open to assault. Not a window was provided with a shutter; and sun-blinds are not bullet-proof. Our bed was on a correct level with the gravelled walk—and couchant, we could have been quietly sent to our account,—the carpet-like surface of close-mown grass, affording the murderer every advantage in approaching unchallenged and unheard, and close enough to effect his purpose. Our dogs were of an unsuspicious class, setters, and dull greyhounds. We had a bull-dog it is true, who would seldom abate his hold, unless under a nasal application of a heated poker. But, like all his race, he was a thick-headed brute—and even if, on apprehended danger, you awakened him, the chances were, had an unoffending milch-cow been in sight, he would have passed the lurking felon without notice, to fasten on the milky mother.

Such were our own statistics, and now for our tale.

A year before we occupied our cottage and its dependencies, we learned that a man, named Albert Murdock, had purchased a small farm—some dozen acres—from the owner of the estate. It bounded a portion of the domain—and, from the upper gate of my avenue, was scarcely a bow-shot's distance. I found that he was a tabooed man—hated by all around him—and before I was resident many days, he called at the cottage, and confirmed the report.

I listened to his story. It was quite clear that he was persecuted —and for what reasons I had no right to enter on an inquisitorial

research. I had but one course to follow—and being one of the King's poor esquires, it was my duty to protect him. Accordingly, I freely lent him the light of my countenance—but our alliance was a brief one.

The man and his history were wrapped in mystery alike. He came to the neighbouring town a stranger—represented himself as having spent early life in foreign parts, and added that his profession had been a sailor's. His habits were miserly—and the tale of his independence might have been doubted, had he not always defrayed his trifling expenditure with ready money. But when he purchased the little farm, and when, on the signing of the deeds, he produced three hundred-pound-notes, freshly issued from the neighbouring bank, then popular opinion took an opposite turn, and Murdock was declared to be a man of untold riches. Vulgar himself, he consorted only with the vulgar. The daughter of a low butcher took his fancy; she was, indeed, a fine animal, and young enough to be his daughter. He proposed—her affections were another's—but, from selfish motives, her family pleaded Murdock's cause; she consented; and a most infelicitous marriage was the result.

Quickly, and on both sides, bitter disappointment followed. The pauper family of the bride, who, for mercenary motives only, had urged the marriage on, fancying that the purse of the adopted relative would be open to their calls, were speedily undeceived, for Murdock, stubborn as sordid, would not, or under any plea, part with a single guinea. Need it be marvelled at then, that ere the waning of the honeymoon, the close-fisted bridegroom had quarrelled with every relative of his wife; and before a child was born, that matters had progressed so unhappily, that all the parties were under penal securities to keep the peace towards each other? In a word, Murdock was a sordid savage—and his new relatives a disorderly and dissipated gang. At last, a separation followed—Murdock having purchased the farm, and retired thither to avoid daily insult. Popular opinion had indeed set in furiously against him—and if he appeared in the street, every finger was scornfully pointed at him as he passed along. When I took up my abode at the lodge, Murdock, six months before, had resided on his lately acquired property. He tilled the land himself, merely with any accidental assistance that he could obtain from a passing mendicant—the country people declining to hold relations of any kind with one whom the priest had denounced repeatedly from the altar. His household comprised two women. The younger might be reckoned comely, and she was notoriously his mistress. The elder was her mother, and the wretched woman connived at the profligacy of her child. Tabooed by the anathema of the church, under any circumstances, Murdock would have been avoided by good Catholics. Everything, however, combined to render him unpopular. He was not only a parsimonious, but a litigious wretch—and, had I listened to him, short as our acquaintance was, for the abstraction of some kale-stalk or withered thorn, I should every day have sent some boy or girl for larceny to the sessions.

Shortly after our introduction, an occurrence of ominous complexion occurred. On a piece of bog-land he had cultivated some early cabbages—the soil being particularly favourable for producing that vegetable—and, as it would be a novelty in the market, he watched their progress towards maturity with Jewish anxiety. I had accident-

ally passed the place, and observed to a fellow who had my greyhounds in a leash, " How forward Murdock's plants were." *

" Yes," said the fellow, carelessly, in reply, " they are beauties, it is true—but the divil a knife the owner will put in them for all that."

A hare started, the dogs were slipped, and days afterwards I recollected the observation.

It was, as I think, the third morning after that, when at breakfast, my servant intimated that Murdock wished to speak to me. He was introduced—and he came to announce that his cabbages had been mown down the night before. This act of infernal malice had indeed occurred—for, on visiting the spot, there they lay, their destruction being effectually and systematically completed. Numerous and distinct brogue-marks in the soft soil, indicated that the party who committed the outrage must have been, at a low computation, over twenty persons.

I fired at this atrocious violence—and the sufferer declared it to be his conviction that his own life would be the next sacrifice that would be exacted by the excited peasantry. He was at home, as he said, well armed ; would I favour him with a case of pistols, to protect him when abroad ? I acquiesced, and gave him a brace of short bull-dogs, carefully loaded.

All I knew of Murdock was by popular report. He was desperately hated. What was that to me ? As a magistrate, no charge had been preferred against him ; while he, ill-starred man ! was ever the complainant. His domestic differences had not shut him out from the law's protection. What was Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba ? I was not called upon to interfere. There was a bishop's court within thirty miles. There, let them go—and, if report were true, there the plucking of the delinquent would be extensive.

It was the summer fair-day of the town—and while we were riding quietly through the main street, a very pretty woman, evidently in great excitement, seized the horse's bridle, and begged that I would listen to her. I accompanied her to her father's house. Her tale was short ; she was Murdock's wife—and her complaint was, that he had surreptitiously obtained possession of the child, under a belief, that were the girl removed, it would be a bar against the mother's claim for maintenance. She added to her complaint, and in aggravation, that the woman to whose charge her child had been confided was his mistress—and shortly herself to become a mother.

It was indeed a case at once scandalous and cruel. I instantly espoused the injured mother's cause, and, on my return from town, rode directly to Murdock's residence. I found him standing at his gate —and, in a few words, told him that I had had an interview with his wife, and urged him to return the child, and allow its mother a maintenance, no matter how trifling in amount. Rudely he declined my intervention—and savagely swore that nothing should induce him to part with the child, or allot one farthing for the maintenance of her mother. We parted,—I, in disgust at the brutal developement of the man's character—and he, anything but comfortable at the breach be-

* *Plant*, in the West of Ireland, is always used to describe a *young cabbage*,—in London, I believe, it means *stolen property*. No wonder that foreigners declare they cannot master the language !

tween us, which, as he feared with fatal foresight, would prove disastrous in the end.

When I reached home, and gave my horse to the groom, I desired him to ride back, and demand a return of my pistols. He did so. Murdock looked astounded—but, on the message being repeated, he slowly walked indoors, brought out the weapons, handed them to the servant, and muttered, in a low voice, "I have no chance now. When they hear your master has turned against me, I know well that 'my chance is like a cat's in hell without claws.'" *

The *dénouement* of the story shall be rapid. On the following Thursday, the large cattle-market was holden in the neighbouring town, and I rode in to attend it. In the course of the day, it was casually mentioned in my presence, that Murdock had ventured into the fair, had been furiously assailed, pelted by a desperate mob, and had galloped homewards, followed by the assailants as far as a stone would reach him. Knowing the lawless character of his wife's family, my wonder was great that the man should have had the temerity to make the dangerous experiment he had done.

I met accidentally two country gentlemen who lived some distance from the town—and, as on their return homewards they must pass my gate, I invited them to stop for an early dinner. We mounted our horses presently, and, in riding to the lodge, passed numerous parties of returning peasants. One party of a different class caught my eye. They were all young men, and, from their dress, apparently butchers or blacksmiths. They wore their ordinary working clothes, and were hurrying along in the direction of my residence. Dreading our cook's displeasure did we exceed the covenanted time, we spurred forward. Dinner was served and discussed; our second tumbler was being fabricated, when in rushed our butler, his hair on end, his eyes starting from their sockets, and actually so paralyzed by fright, as to be altogether inarticulate.

"What the devil's the matter, you staring fool? Have these vagabond servants set the chimney on fire again? A thatched—"

"No, no; worse!—worse!" he contrived to mutter. "There's murder committed at the upper gate—that divil whom the clargy cursed, is done for; and how could he have better luck?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Murdock. He's kilt out and out. God be marciful to him! the unfortunate hathen."

We stopped for no further explanations, but hurried to the spot, not distant above a pistol's shot, by taking short cuts through the plantations. We reached it in five minutes—and oh! what a spectacle the dead man's abode presented!

The scene was fearfully anomalous. Poets generally associate with murder, midnight, and darkness, and elemental fury—but here, and in blessed sunshine—the blackbirds whistling from the ash-tree, the lesser birds singing merrily from thorn and copsewood—here was the slaughtered man, encircled by a pool of blood, which the dry earth would not imbibe. I never shall forget the sight as he lay

"His back on earth, his eye towards heaven."

In life, his countenance was repulsive; in death, it was ghastly,

* This singular expression was given in evidence at the trial of the murderers by the person to whom it was addressed.

hideous; no term, in fact, could describe his demoniac expression. Two long jagged cuts had laid the cheek completely open, even to a disclosure of the back teeth, but the mortal injury was a gun-shot wound directly through the heart. Strange and inexplicable are the ways of Heaven! Reader, mark what follows.

On his return from the fair, Murdock seemed frightfully excited. He sat down for a few minutes, during which he kept muttering to himself. Suddenly, he jumped from the wooden bench, took his guns down from the pegs they rested on, drew the heavy shot with which they were charged, went outside, squibbed the powder off, returned in doors, cleaned the pans carefully, and afterwards pricked the touch-holes, reloaded both with great care; and, as he finished his task, and laid the weapons in the corner, he muttered a prayer, accompanied by a fearful oath, that "every shot which each gun contained should pass through the heart it was levelled at!"

The prayer was heard—and, ere sunset, the wish was realized!

We entered the house; outside, there was slaughter—but inside, how shall I describe it? Two women, beaten into insensibility, moved about They stared with eyes in which there was no speculation—however they were perfectly idiotic, and neither could comprehend a question. Both seemed to recognise me, for they clung to my arms, and, by looks, seemed to solicit my protection. I have, in my day, looked upon death in all the multitudinous forms in which he makes his approaches, but there was a savage character about this murderous scene that far surpassed all I had witnessed before.

There is no use dwelling on a disgusting subject. We—and we are proud to say so—brought a couple of the murderers to the gallows—the rest found shelter in the land of the Free, and under the stars and stripes are no doubt respected and valuable citizens.

The romance of this sanguinary, but not uncommon transaction in Ireland, remains to be narrated.

On investigating the property that the house contained, nothing could exhibit in stronger light the character of the murdered owner. All bore the look of penury. Not a particle of beef, bacon, or fish, was hanging, *ut mos est*, in the chimney. There was neither bread, tea, nor sugar—not even a candle; and all that the wretched inmates consumed, to judge by appearances, were oatmeal cakes and dairy produce. There was a huge sea-chest in the corner of the bed-room, jealously secured by double padlocks. The keys were found in the dead man's pocket, and I had the box unlocked. Its contents were chiefly nankeen clothing, adapted for a warm climate, and other articles of no account.

Where were the imaginary riches of the murdered miser? Pshaw! his wealth was ideal after all. We examined a small till, and there, rolled upon a short round stick, we found government securities for over 2000*l*.

Several years afterwards, when on a visit in the north of Ireland, an elderly gentleman called upon me and introduced himself. After some cursory conversation, he said,

"I perceive, by the newspapers, that you were much mixed up with that horrible affair—I mean Murdock's murder."

"Indeed, unhappily too much so."

"Know you who the man was?"

"No more than you do."

"Probably not half so much," and the stranger smiled.

"Indeed?"

"I knew him well, and many a long year since. His name was Albert. Murdock was a name assumed."

"He met a miserable end," I said.

"And one that he deserved to meet."

I exhibited some surprise, while the stranger thus continued:—

"I was master and part owner of a country trading-ship, and Murdock, as we will call him, was a pilot in the River Ganges. He was a skilful anc sober man, but everybody who knew him disliked, nay, detested him. His residence was on the river-bank, and one night he was detected carrying the body of a native servant towards the water in a sack, the skull having been fractured by some blunt implement. His intention, no doubt, was to throw the corpse into the stream, and that effected, all chance of detection would be over. It now transpired that several young females who had lived with him had all mysteriously disappeared; and there was reason to conjecture from report that these missing women were *enceinte* when they vanished. It would occupy time uselessly to tell you by what accidental omissions in the criminal proceedings the murderer escaped; and it would be libellous, perhaps, to add that money, as it was believed, had been liberally administered, and that it had not been employed in vain. By a miracle he saved his neck—but in India his career was ended. His pilot's licence was taken away, and he was avoided as a leper. To remain in the country would have been sheer madness; but how was he to leave it? Not a home-bound vessel would receive him—for two or three applications that he made were scornfully rejected. How he managed to smuggle himself away at last I cannot tell; but when that ruffian gang sent him to his account, they were but tools in the hands of that just and retributive Providence which, inscrutable in His workings and His wisdom, metes in the appointed time a full measure of His wrath upon the murderer."

I mentioned that I found some 2000*l.* in the house of the wretched victim. Reader, mark again what follows. The hackneyed saw declares, that what comes over the old gentleman's back, is sure to disappear in an opposite direction. Dying intestate, his farm—a life interest—reverted to the landlord, and his chattle property to his wife and child. *Imprimis*, the latter passed into the possession of the widow, through the agency of a hungry attorney. Well, the lawyer, previously a Sunday man,* was enabled to pay off his debts, and confront the sheriff on any day of the seven; while the disconsolate widow and her family led a roaring life, and, save when the male portion were in the county gaol for assault and battery, they never could be accused of doing an hour's work, or, throughout an entire day, of being exactly sober. In five brief years, of that ill-acquired wealth, not five pounds could have been scraped together!

If ever a reprint of that old black letter—

God his Wrathe against Murther,

be given to the world, Murdock's tragic history would form a fitting pendent.

* A man unable to appear through debts.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE—DE PARIS:

OR,

"PAS SI BÊTE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MELTON DE MOWBRAY," ETC.

HOGARTH's inimitable satire on "marriage *à la mode*" in England would have found its pendant in Paris, if, after immortalizing the gates of Calais he had sojourned in the capital. Never was there a more ample field for the moral force of his powerful genius.

The French may be defined—a match-making people—a *dot* for his daughter is the first thought with the *bourgeois*, it is the mainspring of his industry, the *summum bonum* of his life; with the *noblesse*, whose name is now their title, it is just the same thing. From the highest to the lowest, it is this small word of three letters which embraces the most important question of married life.

One great result which springs from this small beginning is, that all French women marry. An old maid in France is a *rara avis*—a species almost as extinct as the animals found in the lias of Dorset; to confess the truth, in some respects the French manage these matters better than we do, every woman has a husband found for her. No husband is overwhelmed with a large family, with few exceptions, one, two, or three children at the outside, form the entire family; and this so universally, one might almost believe that anti-population Malthus sprang from *la belle France*, the soil and the atmosphere are so essentially Malthusian in practice.

Here, however, as elsewhere and everywhere, there are two sides to the question; and this great and comprehensive study of the small *dot* leads to evil as well as good—it makes match-making a trade, and one which the parents monopolize to themselves. They are the dealers—the children are what the Yankees would call the "raw material"—they have no voice in the question, their views and their wishes weigh as nothing in the scale, and, in this most important act of woman's life, the party most concerned is a mere cipher to be placed by the side of another.

Great nations, though near, are very like neighbours in a great city, they know nothing, or, but little of each other. It is now some thirty odd years since peace came into fashion, and threw open the Continent to the vagabond spirit of England, yet, as far as the internal and domestic habits of the French are concerned, the English are almost as ignorant now, as in the year one thousand eight hundred and fourteen.

Many a fair daughter of Britain has paid dearly for her ignorance. The manners of the unmarried, and the system of education for married life, differ so entirely the one from the other in the two countries, that some excuse may be found for the Frenchman who did, and who, for the most part, still do consider the English young ladies as utterly wanting in the charms of modesty and virtue! A startling and frightful assertion, but nevertheless true—it is *a fact*—though a fact founded in error. It needs but little effort to make the matter clear, and to prove that it cannot be otherwise so long as the one country only half

understands the other, an ignorance, by the way, much greater on the part of the French, who rarely travel for pleasure, and still more rarely for information.

Of the English system there needs not a word, a few words will suffice to expose its opposite.

In France, the daughter, from the time of her birth to the day of her marriage, is never lost sight of for a moment! The eye of *la mère —la bonne,* or *l'institutrice,* is never off her. She is guarded and shrouded with Oriental jealousy: she is neither to see, nor be seen, without a guardian eye upon her every action. So completely is this the case, that the long van, or school-omnibus, which takes up and sets down the day-boarders of a *pension,* is hermetically sealed to man's eye by white curtains, and the door is guarded by a duenna, or "dragon of prudery placed within call."

If, by chance, the French *demoiselle* is taken into society, the mother watches her as a cat would watch a mouse.

If allowed to dance, she is expected to move her feet and not her tongue. With no man apart must she ever have a conversation for five minutes—*de suite.*

If she were to walk out with her own brother in the *Champs Elysées*, or any where, she would be in a *fausse position,* and consequently—*compromise.*

If, while walking with her mother, or *bonne,* she turned her head and looked back, the fate of Lot's wife was not more decided—her condition is changed—if she looks out of window, she is lost and abandoned.

If the father chanced to lose his wife, the daughter would be in a *fausse position,* if she lived alone with her own father! that is, the brother in his walks might meet his friends, and these friends might admire the sister even more than the brother, they might pay her some compliment, and chat for five minutes *de suite.* In the father's case it is inferred that he must have his affairs or pursuits to attend to, the daughter might be left with no eye but God's upon her; that, and her conscience would not avail, she would be in a false position and compromised in the eye of the world—meaning, of course, in the French eye of the French world.

If a mother chanced to be walking with her daughter in any public walk, and a young man of her acquaintance *joined* her in the promenade, and if "worserer than that," he walked by the side of the daughter and talked to her, instead of mamma, then and there, *la pauvre enfant* would be *compromise* and done for in the eyes of wedlock.

I speak from facts which have fallen under my own observation. I knew an only daughter, admirably brought up, as pure and perfect as well could be—her mother died—she the daughter was previously engaged to be married, the *mother's death hurried on the marriage,* because to live alone with her father, the widower who mourned, would have placed the daughter in a *fausse position!*

To give one more instance, a friend of mine, a gallant officer in the navy, met at my house a French lady with her adopted child. The latter spoke English with all the sweet fascination which a French female tongue can give it, and, in *general conversation,* she was allowed to bear her part. The following day my friend met the lady and daughter in the *Champs Elysées,* meaning, no doubt, to do the agreeable thing, he turned and joined them in the walk. That

was bad enough, but what was worse, either by chance, or by a sailor's manœuvring, he got next to the daughter instead of the mother! The following day the lady called upon my wife, laid her complaints, confessed her agonies, declaring that if she had met any friends, *la pauvre enfant* would have been *compromise* for ever.

In plain English, the daughters of France are bred up for matrimony with less restraint, it is true, but with quite as much vigilance as beauties destined to the seraglio. Of man and the world they know little; in nine cases out of ten, of the man they are about to marry, they know nothing. Like the blood-horse, or grey-hound, they are made over with pedigree and warranty by the parents; it is the *dot* which does the business, the priests are the *commis* employed, and they measure out happiness—or misery—with as much indifference as a shopman would measure his metres of tape.

With such a system in France, and with one so totally opposed to the system of England, great allowance must be made to the Frenchman who, through ignorance, mistakes the innocent freedom of the *demoiselle Anglaise* for a want of principle. The Frenchman cannot comprehend how she can be trusted to look on a man, to speak to a man, to walk out alone with a brother, or live alone with her father. These are all cases in which the French virgin would be *compromise*, and he jumps to the conclusion that such is the fact with the being, who, in his opinion, outrages all the laws of propriety.

It is thus that an English young lady is but too often addressed in a tone of levity which borders on insult. I could have used stronger language in concluding this sketch of French education, and more especially the consequences which result. But I trust I have said enough to convey a wise caution to the young and beautiful of England when they enter into French society, let them be upon their guard, and—*beware!*

As all I have said bears indirectly on the anecdote I am about to tell I make no apology for the few pages which precede my story of *pas si bête*, and which, by the way, though really founded in fact, forms a rare exception to a general rule.

It only remains to add that there is just as much difference in the English and French manner of conducting a marriage as there is in the previous education. In France marriage is a civil contract, and not a religious ceremony: it is the mayor who marries and not the priest: instead of the parish church, it is the *mairée* of each particular *arrondissement*, which must be first sought, and there it is that the marriage takes place.

As to the subsequent blessing by the church it is quite a secondary consideration, and one which may be dispensed with altogether. This, however, rarely happens: if the new-made couple have any religious feeling about them there is a something which whispers in the heart that the blessing of God is required on such occasion, and should be implored on bended knee; that the church, in short, should do more than the law requires, and make marriage a sacred act in the eye of God and man.

As to the priests, it is their Roman Catholic *métier* to meddle in all things, and, for more reasons than one, they take care to enforce the necessity of seeking the priestly blessing of the church. It not only affords a good opportunity (when paid for) of holding forth a long and tiresome sermon on the duties of married life, and sounding the praises

of the *beau-père* and *trousseau*, but also it gives an excellent opportunity of sending round the begging-bag for the good of the church. Joy or sorrow are wont to open the heart, and consequently births, deaths, and marriages, are quite as interesting to the priests as to the most fashionable lady of idle town life who reads the papers for nothing else.

The higher the rank of a Parisian virgin the less chance she has of saying a word for herself on the subject of marriage. Were it a match against time, a steeple-chase, or sweepstakes, it would be deemed as ridiculous to consult the dumb brute as to question the high-bred *demoiselle* whose match was decided on.

There is in Paris a huge convent, which, with its farm, its dairy, and dependences, forms a world within itself; its name is *Sacré-cœur*. Here it is that all the high-born of the land are educated. They may call it "convent," or "boarding-school," or what they will, but it is, in fact, neither more nor less than the *marriage Tattersall's of Paris*, where all the great matches are made. There is a jockey-club of priests (forbidden to marry) of nuns (vowed to virginity) of a Lady Abbess and Lord Bishop, of superiors, directors, mammas, and relative feminine, who lay their heads together, and form a quorum to pronounce the fiat of matrimony upon—alas! but too—too often, the resistless victim to their holy consultations.

Sacré-cœur is a sad misnomer, for within its walls a less sacred, or more worldly traffic in marriage there cannot exist; and, as to heart, it never enters into the bargain. *Sacré-cœur* is, in plain English, the school for marriage,—sometimes, too, the school for scandal! Be the fault or poison where it may, the fact is notorious, that few of the marriages contracted there have either a happy or a holy ending, the ladies, nearly one and all, contrive to deviate from the straight and loyal path of married life; nay, more than this, wanting in

"That wild sweet briary fence,"

which Tommy Moore tells us is the safeguard of Erin, elopements have come to pass in spite of guardian dogs, high walls, locks, bolts, and bars, with *surveillance* of watchful eyes. In defiance of all these, Love has more than once found that

"The garden 's so carelessly kept, after all."

He could carry his point to the horror and scandal of abbess, nuns, and bachelor priesthood. Not many years since a Spanish Princess, of the blood-royal, escaped by the aid of—a Pole—and her case was by no means the first on record.

To return to our pretty *moutons*; not long ago, amidst the herd of beauty rearing for the course of marriage, was one of the sweetest fillies that ever stepped the *tapis vert* of Versailles, or trod upon Mother Earth. Her name was Julie St. Germain; she was heir to considerable fortune, her family was good, if not of the highest nobility. She was gentle, amiable, and beloved by all around her. If neither strictly handsome, nor positively pretty, she had a something which bordered so largely on the two, her charms were indisputable, though it might be hard to describe them. Of that beauty which the French and English agree in ascribing to a small gentleman in black, she had undoubted claims. Julie de St. Germain was yet young in her teens, and the first of spring never looked upon a bud of sweeter promise.

Family interests, and matters of the earth, earthy, rendered it advisable that this gentle gazelle of the convent should be matched for life; it was, therefore, decided to fill up the most fearful page in the life of woman, without appeal to the party chiefly concerned, without consulting her will, her wishes, her esteem, or affections.

There was, forthwith, a spring-meeting of the conventual Jockey--club, each party assembled rich in manœuvres worthy of the turf; for the betting-room of Tattersall never witnessed more cunning and intrigue than is found in that convent of *Sacré-cœur*. To suit a purpose, or win a match, many a man's fair fame is poisoned behind his back; rugged colts with no boast but pedigree; age cradled in gold, and borne by the crutch; disease, deformity, it matters not what, all in their turn are matched with youth, innocence, and beauty, if thus it please the mighty match-makers of the holy convent.

To discuss poor Julie's destiny there was a full meeting; the stakes were proposed, the odds given and taken, the course to be run disputed and determined, the priests (or black-legs) were busy with their oily tongues; the nuns (or trainers) piously nodded assent, or shook down abuse as it suited their vows: at length the books were made up, and the how, where, and when the match was to come off was definitely fixed.

With a splendid *trousseau,* as the saddle to be worn on her back; with lace and silk for her clothing, Camille and Palmyre for her dressers; with a curb-chain of diamonds, and a bridle of gold, poor Julie was to be led forth amidst heedless and heartless groups to run her course for life!

"The course of true love," says the proverb, "never runs smooth;" this is sometimes the case where there is no love in the matter. The Marquis de ——— was the man fixed upon as the husband of Julie. He was many years her senior; bankrupt in fortune, and not over rich in reputation, of course he did not care one rush for the woman he was about to make his wife. He was *un homme blasé,* and his marriage was *un mariage de convenance!*

Whether it were the force of example, or effect of early education, or the desire to bound from the trammels of a convent, we know not, but the fact is, the gentle Julie offered no resistance, and she quietly bowed to the decree of becoming Madame la Marquise de ———.

A few weeks sufficed to prepare the *trousseau,* and never was this *sine quâ non* of a French marriage more *ravissant* and complete. Were we but learned in laces, we could make many a fair bosom sigh with envy, as we told of the cost and beauty of handkerchiefs, and how the coronet and initials *entrelacés* were worked in letters more costly than gold. We will not attempt it, for even French superlatives would be at fault; enough to say it was perfection perfected. The day, the hour, all was fixed and arranged, and the mayor of the *arrondissement* was duly apprised of the coming event.

The morning of that momentous day did not promise much of the happiness said to smile on brides with a cloudless sky. The sun, though not eclipsed, was totally invisible. Dark masses of heavy clouds hung like a pall before his bright face, and instead of dancing rays which gladden earth, torrents of cold continued rain fell like a shower-bath doomed for a giant.

To any one who has known Paris in wet weather it were needless to say that it becomes the very dirtiest of cities. However, wet or dry, clean or dirty, the match was to come off, so all things progressed

as if Heaven had been clothed in the brightest of smiles. In fact, as the hour for starting arrived, there was a change for the better, the shower-bath had discharged its given quantity, and, in homely language, it was only—wet under foot.

Alas! alas! that the wet of Parisian streets should be so redolent of mud! that the pavement and stones should be more greasy than Fleet-street! more slippery than ice! but so it is. The carriage was at the door, and the bridegroom in waiting, the Marquis was standing by the side of the gentle Julie, looking on his intended wife for the third, or, at most, the sixth time in his life, knowing her as well, and caring for her as much as the man in the moon heeds a daughter of Eve. What of that? the match is to come off, so, with the politeness of the old school, he takes the hand of the fair Julie and leads her to the carriage.

It might have been that poor Julie trembled at the destiny she was about to fulfil; it might have been the grease of the pavement, or the fault of the carriage step, or one or both, or the three united—the sad truth is, that Julie, in attempting to enter the carriage, made a false step, her tiny foot splashed in the gutter, and in so doing, covered the bridegroom's peerless dress with the blackest of muddy water.

"*Mon Dieu! comme elle est bête!*" muttered the bespattered man, as his lips turned white with rage, and his teeth ground down the resentment he longed, yet dared not, to utter. It was but a moment —a heartless smile, a bow, a something said, soon followed, but it was too late. The inward man had peeped out, Julie had seen it, and her determination was taken.

Once more the Marquis offered the hand which had been splashed away; without uttering a word Julie accepted the proffered assistance with a slight, but very slight, bend of her graceful neck. The second attempt was successful, and without further accident she took her seat in the carriage. There she sat in deep unbroken silence; not a word was spoken as the dashing equipage hurried to the *Mairie*; in silence she ascended the stairs and stood before the mayor himself. If her cheeks were pale as the budding leaves of the "white, white rose," her air and carriage were not wanting in dignity; if her rounded lips were closed like coral on the ivory beneath, there was a something there which in silence spoke—decision.

It is an old adage which says, "silence gives consent;" and so it seemed in this case. At all events nothing was done to interrupt the ceremony, all things progressed in proper routine, the usual formalities continued without let or hindrance until the mayor addressed Mlle. Julie and asked, "*Will you take this man to be your husband?*"

"*Pas si bête!*" was the ready and laconic answer of the gentle Julie, as she revenged the insult offered by one look of indignant contempt. The next moment she turned proudly from the side of the Marquis and left him to his fate.

That fate was not the most enviable upon earth. The clever and spirited retort of the gentle Julie flew like lightning through the *salons* of Paris. In the clubs, the streets, the drives, and walks, ever and everywhere, *pas si bête* was quoted in the ear of the deserted Marquis. The laugh was so completely against him. He was, if I may use such free translation of a word untranslatable, he was so universally *baited*, that he was only too happy to make his escape, and leave the fair Julie to rejoice for once in the mud of dear dirty Paris.

A VISIT TO THE CASTLE OF WARTBURG.

THE "PATMOS" OF LUTHER.

BY H. J. WHITLING.

"Civitas illa adversus reges rebellat, et seditiones et prœlia concitantur in ea!"

In the leafy month of May, I was on my way from Leipzig to Francfort. Between these two points the traveller reaches Eisenach with its old Castle of Wartburg, which from time immemorial has been regarded as the Thuringian pearl. It is full of storied and poetical associations, and then possessed a deeper interest from the circumstance of the severely-tried and noble-hearted Helen, Duchess of Orleans, having taken up her abode there, with the view of seeking in the tranquil valleys of Thuringia that external peace which was so cruelly denied and so terribly disturbed at Paris. The spot was worth a pilgrimage, and I determined to alight and pass a few hours in its interesting vicinity.

It was early morning. How beautiful Eisenach looked in the splendour of the opening day! Already the sun-illumined pinnacles of the ancient castle glittered through the misty vapours which floated over the grey mountain tops. Twilight still lay on the valleys, while the summits of the hills became brighter and brighter and their outlines more defined, till at length the dawn, victorious over the darkness, chased away the shadows and scattered her roses over the wide expanse of heaven. The sun soon rolled gloriously above the horizon. Like sparkling diamonds of the purest water, glanced and glittered the dew-drops on the many-tinted foliage of the trees and clearer green of the fields and meadows, and loud-throated singing birds raised in full choir the cheerful and many-voiced song of a spring-day jubilee.

Thus the Eilwagen entered Eisenach, and the merry sound of the postilion's horn disturbed the sweet morning dream of many a slumberer. More than one night-capped face might now and then be seen peering with half-opened eyes at the lumbering vehicle as it rattled along the lifeless streets on its way to the Ranten-kranz. Every one who enters such a town shortly after daybreak has, no doubt, felt its extreme apparent loneliness. Houses and shops are all closed and dead-looking,—an air of cold and solitary desolation reigns over all,—the thoroughfares are void and dull,—even the market-place gives no sign of life; and though all appears in the bright sunshine adapted to active industry, it is as if one traversed a city of the dead; for, beside his fellow-passengers and the royal postmaster's horses, the traveller meets no living thing. On alighting at the inn I washed and breakfasted off delicious coffee and a battalion of eggs, flanked by a smoked goose-breast,—and wandered about the town. It is the capital of the Thuringenwald, and is cheerful-looking, clean, industrious, and therefore thriving. My curiosity having been gratified, and a visit paid to the house where Sebastian Bach first saw the light, I prepared to visit the old Castle of Wartburg.

The Castle is perched on the mountain at whose base lies the town, and is reached in about three-quarters of an hour by a gradually ascend-

ing pathway. Tastefully-arranged plantations, shrubs, flowers, and well-disposed forest trees lend their shadow, and ornament the approaches. The prospect widens and improves at every step, and embraces extensive views of varied and attractive beauty. The Wartburg is the (now vacant) state-prison of Weimar, and within its walls is a small garrison of invalids; but a more agreeable and less troublesome appointment than commandant of the Wartburg it is difficult to conceive. An old-fashioned iron cannon grins upon the visitor its uncouth welcome. A sentry in a simple but not tasteless uniform stood by, and learning from him that admission was at all times granted, I presented myself at the gateway and was soon within the walls.

The entrance is by no means imposing. A narrow portal, scarcely high enough to have admitted a rider with crested helmet and upraised lance, leads into the court-yard. In general the edifice is anything but considerable, and, externally, is neither distinguished by breadth, massiveness, nor architectural beauty of any kind. The principal building is long but narrow, only two stories high, and finishes with a somewhat deformed, sharp, and highly-pitched roof of tiles. Turrets and battlements totally fail; but at about thirty feet distance stands a single moderately lofty tower, whose plain-looking pinnacle is reached by an external staircase. The castle-yard, bounded on one side by a tolerably high breast-wall, is roomy, and afforded ample space for the encounters both of minstrel and knight, for which Wartburg has been so justly celebrated. It was here, in 1207, at the court of Herman, Landgrave of Thuringia, then the principal focus of attraction for the literature of his age, that the poetic battle or tournament of Wartburg took place, about which the German antiquaries have written so much.

In one of the buildings, near the entrance, is arranged a *wirthshaus*, the landlord of which offers to the wayfarer good though simple refreshment. Having recently done justice to an ample breakfast, I had no need of his kindly offices in this way, and therefore proceeded at once to view the principal guest-chamber. Its appearance is quite antique; lined with dark brown oaken wainscoting, carved and panelled; old fashioned niches, and deeply sunk leaden casements; and it stands now in pretty much the same condition as when its iron-armed masters halted for their latest stirrup-cup ere they set forth on their adventures of love or quarrel. The walls are adorned with a row of ancient portraits of the Saxon Electors, looking, for the most part, as grim, hard, and inflexible, as if rudely carved in coloured woods. Much character, however, is to be observed in several of them; amongst others, in that especially of Frederick the Valiant, 1490, in the lines of whose proud and determined features enough may be traced to justify the appellative he bore.

Amongst the curiosities of the Wartburg must be mentioned the small but well-filled ancient armoury. On a wooden charger, as large as life, is a figure of Frederick the Wise, the protector of Luther, in complete armour, as equipped for the tournay. The whole, as well the horse as the rider, is of black steel, entirely covered with ingeniously wrought devices, but somewhat strangely chosen. For instance, on the breastplate of the horse there is the figure of Adam being tempted by Eve, and the Goddess of Justice with Balance and Sword. Another figure is that of Kunz von Kaufungen, a robber knight of gigantic stature, who stole away two of the Saxon princes on the night of the 8th of July, 1455, and who afterwards died at Friberg under the sword of the headsman; the armour is quite sim-

ple, but of extraordinary strength and weight. There is also the suit worn by the Constable de Bourbon at the moment of his death, while in the act of scaling the walls of Rome—and others, said to have been worn by Cunegunda and Agnes, two of the Saxon princesses, who ranked among the heroines of their time, though for what deeds I do not now remember.

Not far from the armoury is the castle chapel, where Luther so frequently preached during his stay here. The place is small and narrow, the vaulting simple, and the walls and pillars devoid of all ornament. The most unpretending church of the most insignificant village is larger and more splendid. But words were uttered here so powerful, that after three hundred years their echoes are still resounding; words which added other features, and gave a fresh impulse to the history of the world. The small pulpit from which they were spoken, seems to have been at some time restored in the upper part. Though, in its original design, equally simple with the other portions of the chapel, it has since been very much *carved,* for every visitor purloins a little piece of the wood to carry away as a memento of the great Reformer! A small wooden staircase leads to the room where he resided when first conveyed hither, forcibly, and in secret, by the devices of his friend the Elector, from the dangers, hidden and open, which at that time threatened his life. He called it his "Patmos," and here he wrote several works, and completed a great portion of his translation of the Bible. The room he occupied remains in all its principal features entirely unchanged. Whether a man be Romanist or Protestant; whether he rejoice in the Reformation or hate its memory; its historical importance no one can deny. There is, therefore, a deep feeling of interest awakened in visiting the chamber once occupied by this great man: there is something peculiarly gratifying in handling the furniture once used by him; in sitting down upon his three-legged stool; in looking at his inkstand; and reclining upon the old rough oaken table, where he once wrote those words of fire which provoked the greatest religious revolution the world has ever known; and all this, at the hand, humanly speaking, of a single monk, who, in those dark and dangerous times, dared to oppose and defy the collective powers of the Emperor, and the whole Romish clergy.

Luther's chamber is of very small, nay, insignificant dimensions. Worm-eaten boards, miserably put together, cover the walls. Two deeply recessed windows, small, and filled in with lead casements, scarcely admit the necessary light, and the *tout ensemble* is so little inviting that, in these luxurious days, few Englishmen would think of offering it as a sleeping apartment for a man-servant. The book-case is formed of a simple boarding, and looks like a shifting closet that has been thrown aside in the lumber-room of some old house. Some Bibles of various dates, and beneath these fragments of the first edition of the Lutheran translation, are here preserved, as also a piece of the beech-tree, under which Luther was arrested by the rough though friendly emissaries of the Elector who brought him hither; and on the wall, framed and glazed, hangs a quarto leaf in his own firm, angular, and vigorous handwriting. The tree above mentioned, which stood in the neighbouring forest, was long known as Luther's Beech, till it was at length struck by lightning, and destroyed during a violent thunder-storm.

The long and very low banquet-hall, in which were held the meetings of the Minne-Sänger, presents to the traveller no attraction beyond that of its historico-romantic interest. For other matters, the dancing-

room of any village inn is both larger and better garnished. But here once chaunted the minstrels of Germany their lays of love and chivalry! My imagination revelled in this old chamber, as whose would not that had learnt to read and understand their gentle melodies? In no part of the Wartburg did I linger so long, or with so delighted a feeling as in this ancient hall. All honour to the Minne-Sänger, for they are of those to whom the *best half of mankind,* should, down to this very hour, feel indebted, since no secondary cause has so softened, humanized, refined, and blessed our world below, as the high place in man's esteem and tender reverence which the minstrel of the Middle Ages did first assign to them, and the knights of chivalry in brave accord confirm.

At the time of my visit attempts were being made to restore the gallery, and indeed anxiety seems awakened to preserve all parts of the castle from further decay. The young Duke of Weimar seems in this to be the chief mover, and a very praiseworthy undertaking it is. His frequent visits to the castle during the progress of the works led him to furnish a few rooms for his temporary accommodation, and in these, it was said at the time I was there, the Duchess of Orleans was about to reside. They are of very simple and unpretending character. Common green paper hangings invest the walls of the principal apartment, and the window-curtains, furniture, and, indeed, all the accessories are of a description so humble, that any respectable English tradesman would fancy himself rather below his position in a lodging so scantily appointed as that destined to the use of a royal, though at present unacknowledged princess, of one of the most powerful dynasties of the world.

That the dwelling of the Duchess of Orleans is lowly, will not disturb her thoughts, for her mind is not of that morbid class to brood over calamities not of her own creating, neither to repine uselessly at what is unavoidable. From her windows the eye ranges over the whole Thuringian chain, which, like a panorama, lies stretched out before you, the so-called Island Mountain rising proudly above the rest. Nearly all are clothed to their summits with luxuriant woods, here and there intersected by green meadows or fields of corn. The varied foliage of the trees display their beauteous tints of brown and green from the shade of darkest hue to the bright emerald most pleasing to the eye. The cheerful little city of Eisenach reposes familiarly at the foot of the mountain-slope, and the distant prospect opens to the view many a sunlighted and pleasant-looking town and village, whose spires rise above the embosoming trees, and tell of a numerous, industrious, and thriving population. Nature here is all loveliness, and presents scenes of gentle softness, which, if anything outward can do so, may serve to calm the mind, and bring to many a troubled bosom thoughts and images of blessedness and peace.

Two fine paintings in oil form the only ornaments of the principal chamber. One is the portrait of the noble Duke Charles August of Weimar, grandfather of the Duke of Orleans on the maternal side; the other represents the minstrel tournament of which I have already spoken. They are by Simon of Weimar.

After some hours' delightful sojourn in the Wartburg, I followed a winding pathway down the mountain. At a slow pace, a short distance before me, approached a lady, simply clad in what appeared to be mourning attire; two boys, also plainly dressed, aged about six and nine years, walked by her side, springing away, from time to time, in

gentle rivalry after butterflies and flowers, or chasing each other in childish pleasure, amidst shouts of mirth and laughter. There was something strikingly noble and dignified in their whole appearance. The figure of the lady tall and slender, the easy though somewhat melancholy step and graceful bearing, in spite of her simple dress,—let revolutionary levellers say what they will,—bespoke unmistakeably a person of distinction. As I drew nearer, I perceived it was the Duchess of Orleans and her two sons. What a crowd of recollections and feelings were awakened by that sudden and unlooked-for meeting! Was this the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg, who, blooming in rosy youth, walked a few years ago in the gardens of Schwerin, acknowledging with kind and gracious affability the cheerfully yielded and respectful homage of all classes of society? Her gentle manners already attracted everybody. She had won the hearts of all, for they saw flourishing in her, the sweetest scion of her ancient house. And when, as the bride of a princely wooer, she bade farewell for a time to the land of her birth, how great the joy, how universal the regret! Ten years ago and she passed out in grand display from the Ludwigsburgh to her newly-adopted home. A few days previous to her departure, she had written with a diamond ring on one of the windowpanes, lines which may be thus translated:—

"Now fare thee well, thou quiet home,*
Yet, whatsoe'er my fate may be,
Where'er my wandering footsteps roam,
My heart still fondly turns to thee!"

The circumstances of her hurried and dangerous flight are well known. The storm is, however, for the present gone by, and she now lives here securely and in extreme simplicity. Her household consists of a tutor for her two sons, a man servant, and a single waiting-woman. The education of her children, which she superintends as much as possible herself, together with their walks in the beautiful environs, with which she combines botanical study, occupy much of her time. The young Count of Paris greatly resembles his father. His appearance is bold and free, and his bearing good. What will be the fate of this gentle boy? What after-fortune will be his who tastes thus early the bitter lot of an exile? Will he ever again be recalled to France? Ever enter it again as its ruler? These events are in the womb of futurity, known only to Him who, let the lot be cast into the lap of man as it may, can alone order its disposal. Far be it from the writer to obtrude either observation or sympathy, yet is it a feeling full of hope and comfort, that there is a Moral Governor who controls the destinies of the world; who brings, and who alone can bring, good out of evil: who overlooks the actions of men; who has promised Himself to be the protector of the widow and fatherless, and who can and will in His own good time help those to right who now are suffering wrong.

With these and similar feelings kindling at my heart, I took my leave of the Wartburg, with its storied and poetical associations, and its interesting inhabitants, and wended my footsteps back to the inn. The *eilwagen* stood there with the horses to, all ready to start. I got in, and I soon left Eisenach behind me, reading myself a homily by the way on the mutability of all human greatness.

* "So leb'den wohl du stilles Haus," &c.

"OUR LITTLE SOLDIER."

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. WARD.

There be some in this world who imagine a soldier's life to be one of constant peril, toil, and hardship; but it is not so. It is true that under certain circumstances men are occasionally overworked, and are fortunate if they have their rest even on alternate nights on home-service. True, that at times, as they are relieved from one duty, the bugle warns them for another before they have snatched their hurried meal of soup and bread: true that in the winter mornings they turn out shivering and sleepy from their crowded rooms, and we hear them tramp, tramp, tramp, over the frosty ground on their way to a long, long drill; true that at a certain hour of the evening the signal for "lights out" sends them sometimes unwillingly to bed, or finds them breathlessly hastening to their barracks in dread of passing the night in the guard-house if they be late by ten minutes. True that they are often kept standing in *machine* order, to the infinite wonder of the spectators, who forget that the honour and safety of the nation has ever been maintained by the discipline they deprecate, and cannot comprehend. All this and more against "soldiering" is true; but on the other hand, let it be considered that in spite of nights on guard there are certain hours of repose, certain merry moments enjoyed beside a roaring fire, while others wander shivering and miserable beneath the stormy midnight sky of dreary dark December. The meal may be hastily snatched, the stock rebuckled, the whole harness, so to speak, hurried on; but that meal is good, and hot, and clean, and wholesome, and provided without trouble to the eaters: nay, the slightest complaint against bread, or meat, or vegetables, is attended to by the officer on duty, who inspects the report with the utmost care and impartiality,—not from mere good will of his own, but because it is his duty; and when evening comes, if it be winter time, it is quite pleasant to think that within those long rows of lighted windows, song and laughter, jest and dance, are rife, somewhat to the disturbance, we allow, of studious men, who strive vainly to read, and are fain to get up and join in the glee, or seek refuge in the little room of some steady serjeant; and this is a picture of rest and comfort, if the owner be a good man: if not, he will not long be there; and if he be, he has a fair chance of one day occupying an officer's quarter.

For the room is a pattern to all bachelors; cap, and sash, and sword, hold their accustomed places, in the neighbourhood of some regimental painting: the subject, an exploit of deeds of arms in which perhaps portraits are attempted. Beneath this is slung a showy powder-flask, shaped from the polished horn of a creature killed in some far country: for manifold are the ornaments in a soldier's apartment; they have been carried hither and thither for years, till they have become identified with the accoutrements they have been associated with in various quarters of the earth. Shining preeminent among all, hangs the serjeant's solid silver watch and chain, with its determined and

honest tick—tick—tick. It would wake its owner if it stopped ticking, it has held a place so long beside his bed: in the busy camp its still small voice has uttered its steady warning, clear and distinct, above the hum of hundreds; at sea in the deep midnight, when that strange silence of a concentrated multitude strikes the soul with awe amid the mysterious sounds that seem to mingle with the restless booming of the illimitable waters, bearing the ship onward in her solitary course, still the little monitor has chimed on, reminding him alike of past and futnre, and, above all, of his dead comrade, from whose poor store he bought it. He had poor O'Reilly's prayer-book in his chest with his name and number written in it ten years ago—or mayhap it was his father's gift when he was last on furlough as a serjeant, quite the "pride of the village," and if so, it revives the memory of the tall cumbersome clock at home, which always seemed to him as a child, like a living thing, and is yet associated with dreamy recollections of beloved household voices.

There are many other appendages to the walls of the serjeant's room, —pictures, portraits, some of them of old generals, not at all like, but very fine, and then there are wooden-looking likenesses of the Queen and Prince Albert, and ———, but I must not dilate farther on serjeants, for they are not condemned "by the regulations," as monks are, to celibacy; and by and by I should have to touch upon their wives, in huge bonnets, which were out of fashion fifteen years ago, with shawls in every variety, from the Rob Roy tartan to the flimsy China crape gowns of "many colours," from soiled satins to imitation chintzes of all patterns, that of the peony and tiger-lily prevailing, —a huge covered basket for marketing, a row of curiosities on the mantel-piece, flanked by a polished cocoa-nut and an ostrich-egg, a pet dog, very ugly and cross, with a long body, short legs, and untrimmed ears, a perpetual baby, and no end to other children.

I must pass over these and many such details, and draw my readers' attention at last to "Our little Soldier," who, I dare say, is considered by some as a most unfortunate little being. Yet one word more about a soldier's life. Setting apart the risk he runs of losing it, and this is the point in the profession which renders it with the naval service more honourable than any other, it is not so wretched as that of many belonging to the class from which he comes. He knows his work, he is regularly fed and clothed, and receives something extra each day, which increases according to his deserts; and when he is discharged from the service, although his pension may seem little enough for the time steadily spent in doing his duty to his sovereign and his country, he has a certain independence for life.

See the pale mechanic toiling homeward through the streets, anxious for to-morrow's work that he may earn to-morrow's bread. See the troops of soldiers with their jaunty caps, their dapper canes, their smooth, untroubled faces, bronzed and weather-beaten usually, but without the care-worn look of the working man. They have their toil, but their provision is certain, unless they are very vicious, and then they are cast out from their honourable position, but not without attempts at saving them from crime and famine.

And when the route comes, nay, when they step from the shores of their own country to embark for distant climates whereof they have never even heard the name, they see the cloud of canvas unrolled above them with an air of indifference to the past; they put their

hands to the capstan-bars, and hurra from the depths of their merry hearts as the bows of the vessel cleave the waters of the ocean, which is to be their home for months to come.

No—oh, no! The soldier is not unhappy *because* he is a soldier.

And now for "*Our* little Soldier:" an orphan, who would be either wandering about idle or vicious, or a tax to his country if he had not found an asylum in the regiment in which his father served and died.

Here is his history in a few words. You should have *seen* him tell it, reader, in his perfect dress, wings, grenade and all, for he *belongs* to the Grenadiers—he is the pet of that "tall companie."

"Where did you enlist?"

"At Cork, a year ago—"

"Who took you there?"

"My mother."

"Where did your father die?"

"In Africa."

"And what made you enlist in the —st? you could remember nothing of it."

"*I had a liking to the regiment!*"

Now is not this worth all the fine sayings about *esprit de corps*, &c.?

You should observe him on sunny days in a large garrison town, when people come from far and near to see the colours trooped; and when there is "a brave show," as Gossip Pepys would call it, "which it do much admire me to behold," of scarlet and gold, and shining swords, and prancing horses! There he is, a grenadier not four feet high, stretching his little legs, and striving to keep time between two tall drummers. He bears only the cymbals just now, but he is looking forward to the honourable post of drum-boy, and in the meantime he is quite a soldier in his well-fitting dress, with his cap and knapsack and his belt and sword, and within the knapsack his kit of goodly apparel, his Bible and Prayer-book, and what else reader?

His razor and his shaving-brush! But I have something to tell you about that by and by!

As I write there comes back to me the memory of a little drum-boy who was drowned. He was a pretty boy, with fair hair, curling about his face, and delicate features that had a saucy laughing expression which redeemed them from effeminacy; but he was, in the common acceptance of the term, a naughty boy. He was often found at marbles when he ought to have been practising "Daddy, Mammy," and he played tricks on his best friends, as our little soldier does now. He would melt the sealing-wax of a cork and stick it when hot on the well pipe-clayed coat of a dandy bandsman—he would hide himself with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, to tickle the parrot belonging to the messman's wife with a straw till it screamed beyond control. He was a sad one at killing cats, and once he got possession of an air-gun, and wounded a kitten, who, however, kept up the character of her "order" by living for years afterwards with a bullet in her chin, as I can testify, for I have often felt it.

Poor little Jock! he suffered severely for his disobedience in leading his companions astray. Beneath the rocks of Ladder Hill at St. Helena,—those rocks which serve as a natural rampart for artillery,—

there are deep and treacherous pools, which look so clear and tempting with the vivid tropic sky reflected in them, that you could expect no evil in their transparent depths. But these were forbidden waters to the bathers, and Jock knew it well. He had a daring spirit; perhaps he would not have cared to do battle with the very dog-fish, miniature sharks which came there, and the cat-fish, or sea-devils, as the island children called the hideous ocean imps which sported fiendishly in those bright pools.

One glorious evening, then, Jock led his comates down under the frowning rocks, and a merry hour's gambol they meant to have, leaping from stone to stone, and revelling in the refreshing waves which sometimes burst in a sparkling shower of spray over their heads, and at others when the tide swelled, came rolling on with a peal like thunder, tumbling and roaring and dashing all before them in their wrath.

But on the evening in question the pools lay in deep shadow, the sun was sinking, but leaving the reflection of his splendour, like other bright intelligences, on the world that he was leaving. Piles of clouds touched with his glory, shaped themselves against the sky into towns, and palaces, fields and temples: creatures spread their gigantic wings all tipped with gold against the azure back-ground of the heavens, fiery dragons looked out from mountains of flame and straightway faded from the sight behind a mantle of deep purple. Ships of many nations lay beneath this pomp, at anchor on the glassy space which girds what was at that time the grandest mausoleum that Nature ever gave the dead: the dark-skinned islanders and the jetty-haired Lascars were singing as they plied their boats between the Indiamen and the shore; but a cry rose from the western rocks—a cry of great dismay. A motley crowd collected round the guard-house, soldiers hurried through the gateway from the sea, and the victim of disobedience was borne lifeless from the waters. Vainly they chafed the stiffened limbs; cold, and pale, and unconscious on the guard-room table lay the pretty drum-boy, the merry eyes closed, the fingers cramped.

His young comrades carried him to his grave, his cap, his sword, all his miniature accoutrements as they lay on his coffin were gazed at by strangers with melancholy interest as they watched the little train pass by. Idle lay his drum now, poor boy! and those of his companions had changed their merry beat to a dull and muffled roll, fit accompaniment for the sad—sad moan of the fifes as it rolled on the still air of that bright tropic day.

But I must return to "Our little Soldier" of the present day. There he stands fully accoutred, and drawn up as stiff as a small ramrod. As the word of command is given, he advances with his fellow-soldiers; they form a guard of honour to receive the Majesty of England. He has looked forward to this as quite an event, but he is only intent now on keeping step, and placing himself in a soldier-like position: he is drawn up with the rest, awaiting the arrival of the royal *cortége;* he does his best, throws back his shoulders, elevates his chin,—in short, stands rigidly at "attention." Even the sight of Queen, and Prince, and children, and attendants, does not move him apparently, but his eyes are fixed in admiration on the royal faces; he stares at last boldly on them with wondering delight, and the Queen cannot resist a laugh as Her Majesty points out to her children the

astonishment and pleasure which, in spite of his wooden attitude, are depicted on the pleasant face of "Our little Soldier."

A few more last words about him. The boy was on parade one day with his knapsack spread open before him—he was displaying his kit, all his worldly property, in short, to his captain. He is a good steady boy, not like poor Jack the disobedient—the drowned! and his kit is quite a pattern for older and bigger men than he. But what is this he hands the officer with such solemn gravity? The razor and shaving-brush! He will not want such an addition to his "traps" for years to come, he looks, indeed, as if he should never want them,—no wonder there is a suppressed titter in the ranks.

"You do not want these, do you?" inquires his Captain, with mock seriousness.

"Oh no, sir!" replies the boy with equal solemnity.

"Well, then, you may sell them."

He looks quite pleased, and his kit is all right, and his new belt is fitted to him, for it almost reached his heels before, and now he only wants a tiny cane to be complete, and then he may take his walk, and spend his money—his own money!

When the razor and the brush were sold, and our little soldier received his pay, the sum amounted with his savings to fifteen shillings. Fifteen shillings! quite a fortune for one who had never had anything of his own in his life before.

"And now, how are you going to spend it, my lad?" asked a comrade.

And then our little soldier walked up to his captain, and laid the money before him, and, standing as stiff as ever, said—

"If you please, sir, I have saved this to send to my mother!"

FASCICULI FROM THE GARDEN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

RELIGION.

The more we strive to satisfy our conscience the more do its demands upon us increase. Religion, in this, resembles the sun. In mere daylight, or by the evening lamp, the air in your apartment seems to be pure and unmingled—but let the sun strike *in* one single ray—and, behold, *what clouds of dust are floating in its beam!*

Do you ask who is the most beautiful Christian? She it is who, though deeply suffering, is always looking upward to God. She it is who, inwardly weep and bleed as she may, appears to our eyes as joy, and whom the storms of the world can neither unsettle nor darken.

Where is its likeness? There, in the heavens, where stands the rainbow. The winds beat against it, and the stormy clouds pass over it, and yet it moves not, but continues to reflect back its sun: and its drops all turn to colours, and there it lies on the heavens, like the bright morning dew of a glorious day!

Wayside Pictures

THROUGH

FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND HOLLAND.

IX.—THE VALLEY OF THE MEUSE TO LIEGE.

A SHORT drive through some famous spots—Genappe, close to which Napoleon was nearly captured in his carriage by the Prussians, and Quatre Bras, where the battle was fought—carries us to Namur, a strong fortress, or fortified town, on a rock at the junction of the Sambre and the Meuse. Here you get the first glimpse of that picturesque valley which the Belgians delight in naming *La Petite Suisse.* If you arrive in the evening make up your mind at ten o'clock to be a little stunned by the rusty ill-tempered chime of the bells, a horrid booming sound which announces the closing of the gates. From that moment you are shut up, like the starling, and may cry in vain to be let out till the morning trumpets from the bristling heights proclaim the re-opening of the gates. This feeling of imprisonment, or sense of mental suffocation, so exasperating to an Englishman, is one of the penalties you must pay for sleeping in a fortified town.

But you will have no other reason to regret your visit to Namur. The streets are clean and cheerful, notwithstanding the brooding shadows of the hill-fort above, and the perpetual tramp of soldiers; and a peep into the citadel is worth a day's journey. The fortifications, capable of enclosing six thousand men, are said to be impregnable, and look as if they were. The *plateau* on the summit, broad enough to allow six hundred soldiers to form and manœuvre, commands a magnificent view of the Sambre and the Meuse and the Forest of Ardennes. The country all round is highly cultivated and picturesque, and amongst the immediate items of interest is the residence, close to the town, of a blind *avocat,* who has walled in his grounds for security. The notion of a blind man walling himself up out of sight, afforded special diversion to our party, who were in such high spirits from the bracing air and the charming scenery, as to be willing to be amused on the slightest pretext. The fortifications were shewn to us by the daughter of the *concierge,* a young girl who bounded before us like an antelope up the steep ascent. She told us that a part of the building on the *plateau,* which forms the last level before you reach the summit, is dedicated to the purposes of an ophthalmic hospital, and that all the soldiers, in all parts of Belgium, whose eyes become in any way affected, are sent here to be cured. The doctor happening to be visiting the sick as we passed through, suggested to our communicative guide another scrap of information. She informed us that the doctor is paid ten francs a day, and his adjutant five. The amount surprised us, as it is greater than is paid in England for similar services; but all military perquisites in Belgium take a high range.

There is little in the way of sight-seeing in Namur, except the church of St. Loup, the only one worth the expenditure of half an hour. It is remarkable for the grandeur of its marble columns, and the carving of the ceiling in stone, said to have been executed by a monk who lay on his back on a scaffolding while he was performing the work, with glasses over his eyes to protect them from the dust which fell in showers at every scrape of his knife. The carving is bold and effective, but exhibits no great invention in the design.

The valley of the Meuse, through which you take your route to Liége, is so wild, varied, and secluded, and full of such unexpected turns and scenic surprises, as to make up abundantly for the short-comings of all the flat roads you have traversed to get into it. Land here is as cheap as it is luxuriant and picturesque. We passed a handsome *château*, romantically placed on the bank of the stream, and surrounded by a considerable extent of woods and pastures, the rent of which, with liberal rights of fishing, shooting, and hunting, and all other possible out-of-door pleasures, was only about 80*l.* per annum. A family of six or eight persons might live comfortably in this happy valley upon 300*l.* a year.

The best way to explore the beauties of the valley is to take your passage by the boat which slowly tracks the stream to Liége, when there is water enough to admit of the navigation. This mode of travelling, however, cannot be recommended to any body whose love of scenery is not paramount to the love of ease and luxury; for in these boats you meet a very miscellaneous company, and are not always sure of having the most satisfactory accommodation. Approaching Liége in one of these boats, we took on board a young ecclesiastic who had been ordained only the day before, and whose exuberant enthusiasm, and frank impatience to begin his priestly office at once by proselytising the English, afforded infinite amusement. In his eagerness to convert us he displayed the entire machinery of conversion, unconscious of betraying his game, or thinking himself, perhaps, so skilful a player that he could afford to shew his cards. This raw recruit, but very zealous and lively son of the Church, told us that the process of conversion was carried on through the influence of women; the whole social fabric was moulded by them; the souls of men were in their hands; they were more accessible than men to religious impressions; their natures were diviner; they were nearer to heaven, gentler, less liable to have their feelings hardened by mechanical reasoning; and, for his part, he always addressed himself to the women of a family, being quite sure that in gaining them he should find all the rest an easy conquest. Having delivered himself of a hundred rhapsodies of this kind, with an equally subtle principle, fresh from the Jesus' College, at the bottom of them all, he made many inquiries about our clergy, and appeared to enjoy amazingly the information we gave him on the subject; nor could he conceal the lofty pity, breaking out every now and then into a gush of laughter, with which he looked down upon the lives and habits of priests who were blended so intimately with the laity as to give hostages to society in the shape of children. But when he heard of the enormous incomes we pay to the higher orders of our clergy, his astonishment was unbounded, and he believed that he disposed of that matter finally, and with the right sort of contempt, when, sub-

siding into a look of profound austerity, he observed that the riches of *his* church were not of this world!

Arriving at Liége in the evening, we went in the twilight to visit the Church of St. Jacques, impatient to see the medallions, the portraits, stained glass, and gilding, of which we had read some flourishing accounts in the books of travellers; but, to our chagrin, we found the church in the hands of masons and bricklayers, who had been engaged in its repairs for the last six years. The gilding and the old painting had been whitewashed out, and it was only here and there, in little bits which had escaped spoliation, that we could trace a scrap of the original decorations. But the mullioned windows and Gothic arches of the nave, and the magnificent choir, which could neither be removed nor whitewashed, amply compensated for the disappointment. Close to the choir, and ascending to the gallery overlooking it, is a curious double stair-case, by which two persons, apparently taking opposite directions, ultimately meet upon the same platform; an architectural puzzle, which the people who shew the church reserve as its crowning curiosity. Before we came away, we were requested to sign our names in a book which is kept for that purpose; and here we found a great number of English inscriptions, amongst them that of a popular authoress, who, somewhat superfluously, added to her signature "*femme auteur*." This somewhat unnecessary description provoked a smile, and we thought that the lady would have done better to have trusted simply to her reputation.

The old Palace of the prince-bishops of Liége, familiar to the readers of "Quentin Durward," in the fanciful descriptions of Sir Walter Scott, is the lion of the town; but it is in such a ruinous and dilapidated condition as to disappoint the expectations of the visitor. The square in the interior, which is said to have furnished the model of our Royal Exchange, is now a market for vegetables, and with its low Moorish architecture, its gloomy arcades, and its loitering and listless groups in picturesque dresses under sheds and awnings, it has something of an oriental character. All the markets of Liége acquire a pictorial interest from the peculiar costume of the *boitresse*, or market-women, whose tall, flat baskets fitted closely to their backs, and piled up with a variety of commodities, contribute a striking effect to the scene.

If Ghent is the Manchester, Liége may be described as the Birmingham, of Flanders. It is here that Mr. Cockerill's famous cannon-foundry and iron-works are established, and from this centre the rail-road system and steam-engineering of the whole country is supplied. Close at hand, also, are the extensive coal-mines which originally invited this enterprise, and whose proximity renders important facilities to its operations. The stranger is early apprised of these dingy labours as he approaches the town, by the perpetual clouds of smoke in which it is buried; and when he enters, he has further evidence of the fact in the heavy atmosphere and coal-dust surface of the streets. But, notwithstanding these *désagrémens*, Liége is so charmingly situated, that we are easily reconciled to the mists of the interior by the exquisite scenery upon which we look out at every side. Liége is built on the rising grounds of a wide basin, formed by the junction of the valleys of the Ourt, the Meuse, and the Vesdre, and com-

mands prospects so extensive and agreeable that, in spite of its din and smoke, it possesses attractions which no other Belgian city can boast of in an equal degree.

It must not be supposed that this prosperous and populous town is given up completely to the fabrication of guns and steam-engines, and the disemboweling of coal-mines. Literature, science, and art have also taken up their stand here, and carry on their tranquil pursuits on the verge of the thunder-clouds, opening upon the sunshine of the rich valleys. There is a capital university here; numerous professors in the various faculties deliver lectures to large classes; and amongst the permanent residents are to be found some of the most distinguished *savans*. The Liégois have the good taste to be proud of their celebrities, and to do honour to their memory by such simple tributes as they have paid to Grétry, the composer, whose bust may be seen in the open space of the Place Grétry, which is called after him.

X.—THE LITERATURE OF BELGIUM.

The literature of Belgium dates from the Revolution. It is a growth of nineteen years. Before that time there might have been three or four authors, of whom, perhaps, one or two may yet survive; but they were merely a few scattered ears of corn springing up in a wide field—not numerous or rich enough to make a harvest. One of the most direct effects of the Revolution has been to produce a National Literature.

We must stop, however, to ask what is this National Literature? It is a vexed question, which to this hour agitates the *salons* of Belgium; and the answer requires us to enter into some explanation.

In the first instance it is necessary to observe that of the native Belgian authors some write in French, some in Flemish, and some in both French and Flemish. Those who write in French only, deny that there is any national literature. They say that to constitute a national literature there must be a national language, and that that cannot be called a Flemish literature which is written in French. On the other hand, those who write in Flemish, or both, maintain that so long as the subject is national the literature is national, whatever the language may be in which it is written.

There are two races in the country—the Teutonic and the Gaulois. They have different views, different tastes, different manners, and different ideas, social and political. The one would desire, if there were a partition, to join Germany—the other, France. But they have a common interest in the preservation of their independence, and this subdues the external expression of their differences. They concur in desiring a nationality, because their material interests are identified with it. These races do not mix. They have their own provinces to which they are confined. Thus, Liége, Namur, Hainault are French;—East and West Flanders, and Antwerp, are Flemish;—Limbourg and Luxembourg (with the exception of the part resting upon France) are more German than French; while Brabant in the centre, and containing the capital, receives accessions from each, and is the neutral ground upon which all antagonisms are absorbed.

The English reader will see at once from this map of differences how the question of a national literature really stands.

There cannot be said to exist in Belgium a literature of living manners. The reason is obvious enough. The living manners of Belgium are not special—they are not national. They have no distinctive traits; they are the manners of France, of Germany, more or less mixed and modified. What then has become of the Flemish manners in the provinces just stated to be strictly Flemish? They perished under the sway of Napoleon, who held the country in his hands for fifteen years. He made the manners French, because he placed all the offices of authority in the hands of Frenchmen. He left nothing Flemish behind, but the spirit of nationality, which he could not extinguish; but he extinguished all its outward and visible signs. A traveller passing through these provinces might fancy himself in France, except that he hears now and then the guttural sounds of the Flemish language issuing from the lips of the peasantry; for it is amongst the lower orders the traditions of a country take their last refuge after new masters and foreign influences have banished them from the upper classes.

But the national literature, although it represents no living manners, depicts with earnestness and fidelity the manners of the past. It is essentially historical. It revives all the traditions of the country. The Flemish writers in this respect display a marked contrast to those who write in French. They seek to restore the old pride and pomp of the early times—they bring back the old customs, forms, and institutions — they recall the old burghers, the lusty merchants, the gallant knights, and the citizen chivalry—they paint in detail, and shew you, like Ostade and Teniers, the *vie intérieure* of the old people. The French writers on the contrary, although equally national in their subjects, deal only in generalities, and impart even to their generalities something of the modern *finesse* of French literature. They write Flemish romances as foreigners might be expected to write them from the study of books, but without the inspiration or gusto of the national spirit.

It is an honourable characteristic of the Belgian authors that, whatever may be the special tendencies of their genius, they have all devoted a large portion of their labours to the illustration of the history and antiquities of their country. The universality of their productions is also remarkable. Not one Belgian author has confined himself to works of fiction. On the other hand, there is scarcely a single writer of eminence in any of the higher departments of history or philosophy, who has not written romances or novels founded on the local chronicles. There is no author-craft in Belgium. Literature has not yet acquired a sufficient extension to be cultivated as a profession. With a few unimportant exceptions, all the authors enjoy appointments under government. A few of the most distinguished may be enumerated: Baron de Reiffenberg (history, romances, poetry) is Keeper of the Royal Library at Brussels; Baron St. Genois (history, novels) is Professor and Keeper of the Library of the University at Ghent; H. Conscience (some of whose works are known to the English reader) is Secretary to the Society of Fine Arts at Antwerp; Sirat (author of the "History of Painting," of novels, poetry, and dramas) is one of the Chefs de Bureau of the Minister of the Interior; Moke (history,

novels, legends) is Director of the Athénée Royale at Ghent; and Van Hasselt (equally distinguished by the variety of his productions) is Inspector of Schools. The emoluments arising from these appointments (voluntarily bestowed by the government as a reward and encouragement to men of letters) vary from 150*l.* to 300*l.* per annum, affording incomes quite large enough for the inexpensive habits of the country.

Birth, connection, and personal influence do not possess here the same weight which attaches to them elsewhere. A man of genius may make his way in Belgium to the highest position in spite of all difficulties. The difficulties he encounters, however, are neither so serious nor so numerous as those which embarrass the course of unfriended talent in England. There are no class prejudices to overcome in Belgium. The son of the poorest artizan may obtain an elevated station, and keep it, without any of the jealousies or petty obstructions which would harass him in this country. The most favourable opportunities are thrown open to the people at large by the extension and cheapness of education,—a luxury which the humblest may command according to their circumstances. A poor man may send his son to the colleges, and advance him to any of the professions, at an outlay of 5*l.* or 6*l.* per annum; and if his son be a clever fellow, there is nothing to prevent him from attaining the greatest eminence. Conscience, the most popular of the living authors, served as a common soldier; and Delhoungne, a distinguished member of the Lower Chamber, and who is likely one day to be minister, is the son of a struggling man who kept an old book-stall in Ghent. Numerous instances of a similar kind might be cited.

The Belgians boast of an old Flemish literature, which is not taken into account here, because it belongs to a remote period, and is, to all intents and purposes, a dead letter. In common with the people of most other countries, they assert a title to the cultivation of learning at an earlier date than their neighbours, and refer to many works of high erudition which were produced even so far back as the ninth and tenth centuries. They claim the famous fable of the "Knights of the Swan," as being originally of Flemish origin, and the celebrated "Roman du Renard," which a recent author has been at great pains to prove was written in Flanders by a Fleming. They also ascribe the invention of the first newspaper (commonly attributed to the physician Renaudot, the editor of a periodical sheet called the *Gazette*, published in the reign of Louis XIV.) to a printer of Antwerp, who, in 1550, issued a Flemish journal under the name of the *Courante*, which contained political articles, literary and commercial advertisements, and lists of shipping. The first collection of voyages to India, and the first idea of the art of verifying dates, likewise enter into the catalogue of Flemish achievements.* But that old literature seems to have reached its height in the seventeenth century, which is regarded as its golden age; and from that time till the stirring days of the Revolution its existence was indicated only by faint and scanty rays.

* "La Belgique, illustrée par les Sciences, les Arts, et les Lettres. Par Octave Delepierre,"—a valuable epitome of topics connected with the industry and arts of the country.

XI.—THE VALLEY OF THE OURT.

Let us start from Liége in our old-fashioned post-chaise, rather than by the railroad, that we may linger as we list amidst this enchanting scenery.

It is the valley of the Ourt, and the road lies on the banks of the stream. The river traverses in this place one of the most charming ravines in the world, full of abrupt turns, mazes of foliage, cottages, rustic bridges, and picturesque mills twirling like gossamer wings in the air against the dark background of wooded hills. In one spot there is a burst of a far-off landscape, opening upon us suddenly, like a sylvan panorama conjured up out of the earth as we pass along; in another, a vast amphitheatre of forest-trees surrounding us on all sides, and dotted with churches whose white spires, octagonal towers, and golden crosses, gleam out through the rich green leaves; again, we catch in the distance before us a perspective of the road winding through an avenue of lofty elms, until it is lost in the depths of the remote defile which the sun has no power to illuminate.

See! there comes slowly down that slight declivity a market-woman,—her basket of twisted reeds, with its fantastic embroidery of coloured cottons, is raised on her shoulders, and its snow-white covering conceals its contents, which are piled up far above her head; her mantle is of scarlet cloth, a light kerchief folded across her forehead, and ascending conically, falls down at either side, waving, as the breeze flutters it, across her arms. Even from this spot her *sabots* are visible, terminating with a mellow light the deep-blue stocking which peeps under a gown chequered with various hues. The figure is somewhat grotesque, according to our notions; but observe how harmoniously the colours tone in with the dead clouds of shadow at each side and behind her, and the dusty track of road which falls off into the thicket, giving distinctness to the perspective by defining the distance which lies beyond this sheet of sunshine at our feet.

Here is a wine-house by the road side. The lattice-windows receive the thick grapes from the house-vine, which looks as if it were eager to drop its lusciousness into the wicker framework. A sign swings in the wind, and a bush has taken root in the fissures of the old *cabaret*. The post-chaise stops at the door, which the ill-roped horses seem to know by habit. What vision is that which moves out through the doorway? How beautiful the figure, and how picturesque the dress! Her hair is simply drawn over her forehead, and folded back beneath the cap of gauze, so light, transparent, and flexile, that it appears scarcely strong enough to restrain within its slender net that cluster of silken hair which is elaborately plaited into two divisions behind, and falls down in lessening threads, that sweep her rich bodice below the waist. The dress has a tinge of the old times in it, and its lively colours heighten the quaintness of its form. The bodice terminates in an angle, studded with a blaze of new-born roses, and the gown of thin silk, prankt with lace, falls in an hundred folds over ankles so fragile that they are worthy of sparkling in the painted chambers of Versailles. A

rustic basket of delicate rushes hangs from her arm ; it glows with grapes that bubble over the brim ; in one hand she carries a goblet filled with some refreshing beverage for the postilion, and in the other—a letter. She springs forward with her offerings ; a blush mounts to her cheek as she hands her letter, with a request that it may be safely delivered. She looks as if she had something more to say ; but her eyes and her lips laugh for a moment, and she flies back to her retreat behind the vines, probably to sit down in her own room, rock herself upon her chair, look in her glass, and think of many things confusedly, until she hears some shrill voice calling her name,—when she will start from her reverie, and wonder what an idler she has been.

The carriage sweeps along the road with velocity. As you whirl past you catch and miss innumerable peeps into the woods, and sprinklings of little cottages, which look as if they were asleep in the leafy recesses. Across the river, where the view widens, there is a pretty stretch of lawn, crowned with a house—a large house, with great chimneys, crowded windows, a glistening roof, and a lordly portico. That is a *château*—a veritable *château* of Belgium. You perceive how much they have made of that stretch of green-sward. Cypress and fir-trees are dropped here and there, to oppose the brilliant surface of the grass, which is interrupted at intervals with beds of gorgeous flowers, that spring out of its fertile bosom. A coppice of close underwood makes one part of it look as if it extended to an interminable distance, and the coiling of the paths round and round the clusters of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and through the beds, and away to the right and the left till they encircle the château itself, and embrace points which are shut out from sight, and the starting up of various statues, singly and in groups, and urns and effigies, through the foliage, tempting the imagination into a thousand conceits, give to the whole a breadth and life which, however we may dispute about points of taste, is singularly striking and agreeable. In that window which is just opened you see a head—such a head as Hesper might have been proud of, with its serene smile and languid expression. An arm rests upon the marble slab, and is apparently pointing to some object in the grounds. Over the head is thrown a veil, which at this distance is like a floating vapour, and makes that noble beauty resemble an embodied star gazing down upon the earth from its " robe of clouds."

Perhaps these little traits of foreign life owe something of their charm to their novelty. The strange is more suggestive than the familiar. But are they not also more poetical than the incidents of our home pictures ? We have cottages in England concealed in roses—handsome mansions rising on knolls belted with forest-trees —picturesque hedges, stiles, and sheep-tracks—mountain streams bounding through briars and rocky dells ; yet, charming as they are in their luxuriant softness, they lack that embellishment of colour, and costume, and fanciful artifice which impart such a peculiar character to continental scenes. Our peasantry, to say the best of them, are bad figures in a landscape ; and the formal taste of our architects and tailors is not well calculated to assist the imagination.

XII.—THE VALLEY OF THE VESDRE TO SPA.

The prettiest resting-place *en route* in the Valley of the Vesdre is Chaud-Fontaine, a tiny village amongst the trees, clasping the base of the mountains, and looking out upon the river. Formerly this spot was so still and secluded that it was exactly the sort of solitude a lover would yearn for in the first sweet moments of monopolizing devotion; but since the establishment of the railroad in these valleys, and the erection of a station exactly opposite the hotel, the sentimental repose of Chaud-Fontaine has been terribly invaded. The Liégois run down here on Sundays and holidays, smoking and rioting through the mazes of the hills to the utter disturbance of the tranquillity of the place; yet, notwithstanding these occasional invasions, the village, from its sequestered situation, offers singular attractions to invalids and people who seek a few weeks' retirement from the crowded thoroughfare of society.

The thermal waters for which Chaud-Fontaine is celebrated. and which, curiously enough, have their source in an island of the Vesdre whose springs are cold in all seasons of the year, possess highly beneficial qualities, especially in cases of gout and rheumatism. I venture to state this from personal observation, and the reports of individuals who have tested the efficacy of the baths. The mode of life also contributes something to the curative process. There are no amusements or social resources of any kind to distract the attention. The visitor, in fact, has nothing to do but to idle and wander about all day, making excursions up the valleys and over the mountains as a resource against *ennui*. But he is unconsciously acquiring health all the while, enjoying a temperate climate, and delightful scenery, and laying up a stock of strength and animal spirits which will last him for a long time to come. The village consists of a mere handful of houses, of which the hotel, *par excellence*, is the principal. There is a post-office and an imitation of a *café*, with an impracticable billiard-table; a second, or inferior, hotel, and optical illusions of granaries and cottages stretching away through shadowy orchards, and pleasantly deceiving you into a notion that you are surrounded by a rural population.

The manner of living at the hotel puts you perfectly at your ease. A fixed charge of a few francs a-day includes all expenses, and for a small addition you may dine in your own apartments; but most people prefer the *table d'hôte*, glad, perhaps, to avail themselves of the opportunity it opens to them once in the twenty-four hours of looking on the "human face divine," albeit the divinity is sometimes rather motley. There are large airy rooms to loiter in all day long, a spacious lounge at the back under lofty trees with a swing in them, a rivulet at the foot of the hills crossed by a wooden bridge, and such a world of shade and dark walks and recesses, that it will go hard with you if you do not contrive to fill up the wasting hours with a phantasmagoria of speculations and solitary adventures.

The *table d'hôte*, as usual, has its sprinkling of English, whose criticisms upon the primitive style of the entertainment make an amusing variety in the sleepy routine. Amongst some English whom I met here once, there was a gentleman who exemplified the

national foible in a remarkable manner. He had a starched and *parvenu* air, wore his red hair in bristles starting out of his head, a very stiff white cravat, a gaudily coloured waistcoat, and a blue dress coat. He evidently took particular pains to dress for dinner (which made him "the observed of all observers"), but the more he dressed the worse he looked. Upon the strength of this show of toilet, he took upon himself the office of sitting in judgment upon the dishes for the benefit of all new-comers. His observations were addressed to his wife, in a stage-whisper intended for every body to hear; and the lady, shrinking at his side, and evidently afraid to remonstrate, submitted to the vulgar infliction with a gentleness which produced a feeling of sympathy for her situation, not very flattering to her husband.

His criticism ran on in this way, intermitted at every mouthful. "Horrible place this; wonder any one stays a day in it" [at this time he had been living here three weeks, apparently for the sole gratification of snarling at the *table d'hôte*]; "the same dinner every day! such a dinner to put before gentlemen. Soup?—water with hay chopped in it. Beef?—leather. Cotelette?—pork, mutton, veal, all the same, only they call it every day by different names. Can't touch any of them: would as soon think of eating my hat! One is starved here: nothing to eat. Poulet? bah! Jambon? gross imposition; as much ham as I'm ham. Just look at the dessert! do you call that a dessert? The thing is shameful, and ought to be exposed. Plums? sloes. Cherries? poison-berries. It turns one's stomach. Nothing to eat. The wine is a pint of vinegar to half a pint of red ink; a regular take in. Mustard? oh! ah! Salt and pepper? filth. No spoons—no salt-cellars—nothing. And that fellow, the *maître d'hôtel,* having the insolence to sit every day at the table, carving everything with the same knife and fork, and cutting up everything in a dish, and sending it round. It's always stone cold before it comes to me. I hate the fellow. Its perfectly disgusting. Here we are, paying our money, taken in and done for. It's astonishing how the English allow themselves to be humbugged. It's all English money, you know, that supports these places. But the humbug must be exposed. The moment I get home I'll write to the *Times*."

During these observations, ejected in the intervals of eating and drinking (for which the speaker displayed a large capacity), the lady, who knew better, or, perhaps, only felt better, would look round timidly every now and then, hoping that nobody overheard them. Her mild eyes would wander in this way under their dark pensive lashes, with an expression of shame in them, from face to face in her immediate vicinity, and when she discovered somebody else's eyes fixed upon her with a look of somewhat serious admiration (for she was pretty and delicate, and so unlike the uncouth growler beside her as to recall the story of "Beauty and the Beast"), her lids would fall, and a slight colour would fly into her cheek and as suddenly retreat. It would be easy to guess how this union ended in the long run, if Beast continued much longer on his travels, bringing Beauty to *table d'hôtes*, and forcing into her eyes the blushes that refused to stay in her cheeks.

Pursuing the course of the Vesdre to Pepinsterre, we take the high-road to Spa.

Poor, pretty, gay, melancholy Spa! It is like a funeral festivity at which people make merry over the dead. The glory of Spa has long since gone by. Sir Francis Head gave it the finishing blow—the last knock on the head. All the world used to go to Spa formerly; all the world goes now to Nassau, where they have already added a new brünnen to the old list, or to Kissengen or Graefenberg. Spa, that once attracted the whole fashion of Europe, is now merely the spectre of its ancient self; retaining the outlines of its old charms, its air of elegance and jaunty grace, as far as a skeleton can be supposed to represent the brightness and vivacity of youth. Spa still has its visitors from different countries, but only just enough to indicate its decline. The famous Redoubt is still here, but it is almost empty. The promenades are still preserved, but the crowds that once animated them are gone. The change is striking, looking back upon what Spa once was. A hundred years ago, all diseases, from the spleen upwards, were sent to Spa. The grand tour was nothing if it did not include Spa. The education of a gentleman of high breeding was unfinished if he had not visited Spa. All the crowned heads of Europe made pilgrimages to Spa. Peter the Great derived so much benefit from the waters that he built a pump-room and a colonnade over the Pouhon spring in testimony of his gratitude. The Duchess of Orleans, wife of Egalité, in like manner erected a little souvenir, which, being destroyed in course of time, was replaced by Louis-Philippe. Spa was the rendezvous of kings and ministers—the only rendezvous where conflicting interests met on a neutral ground. All the old comedies abounded in pleasant allusions to Spa, which was as essential to the fashionable life of the day as Epsom or Tunbridge at home. There is nothing of all this left but the name.

The Redoubt still attracts the people who come here, but there is scarcely any play. The *café* is empty; the billiard-room, no longer filled with loungers, is thrown open to idlers from the workshops. The Promenade de Sept Heures collects only a thin gathering on the evenings when an indifferent orchestra works hard to draw an audience. As long as the music furnishes an excuse for sitting in the open air, or lingering under the trees, the promenaders remain; but the moment the music ceases, everybody disappears. While the promenade lasts, you see specimens of costume of all nations—Russian, Austrian, French, Bavarian, English, Belgian, in knots or groups, seated or moving through the dusky walks. All this is well enough, and not wanting in a certain sort of melodramatic interest. As the evening is fading, and the shadows are falling fast, and the mountains and the darkness are shutting in upon the scene, and there is hardly a glimmer of light except from a few flickering candles round the music-stand, you can fancy any wild romantic incident you please—a meeting of lovers, who dare not greet each other in the open day—a meeting of deadly foes—a blow in the dark—an assassination. This promenade is exactly the spot for the tragic business of an Adelphi drama. It is full of fine, dark, mysterious effects, which a writer of that class, aided by a grand pencil, would make great things of. The walk is broad, and runs at the foot of thickly-wooded mountains, which form a part of the Ardennes chain. Lofty trees are closely planted at each side, and, meeting at a great height overhead, shut out the heat and nearly

the light. Consequently night sets in here sooner than in the streets or the open country; and here it is the fashion for everybody to walk, especially in the evenings, when the music plays; the promenade commencing at seven o'clock, from which circumstance it derives its name. About nine o'clock they disperse, some for the theatre, some for the *café*, some for home, but most for the Redoubt. In a moment all is gloom and total silence, except where a solitary foot-fall interrupts the low murmur of the woods, and, echoing through the walks, gives a hint that some stragglers still linger in the distance. And now it is that the real romance of the Promenade de Sept Heures begins. But the actors in the romance are all in darkness, where we leave them.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND;

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER XI.

The quaintness of Chester.—The vile Course.—The late "Old Crutch."—His style of Dialogue. Mr. "Nobbler," and a "Stiff Melter."—Other Members of the Ring.—"Hedging Tools."—Bagging a Condor.—Chicken Hazard.—His Reverence backing the "Old 'un."—A Nazarite Dodge.

The great charm of Chester, to myself, lay in the delicious quaintness of the place, and the gratifying rencontre with the many country friends mustered in it for the week. The Duke of Limbs, with a body-guard from the "George the Fourth;" men of York, of Derby, Liverpool, and numberless denizens of our bye-lanes and downs were in force, being ready to "join tables" at the "Royal," and make up a snug half dozen at dinner, and then to beat up old Berge's hell, and every one in it, if necessary, if the onset should be suggested.

We walked to the course in company, and played all sorts of games on the ground, irrespective of racing; shied sticks for pincushions, lunched in Jem Ward's booth, and basked on the sunny banks, near which three files of horses attempted to make a start for a race.

This course is a vile libel upon the true hippodrome, being neither more nor less than similar to running round a plate, so circumscribed is the ground, and dangerous to a large field. But for fun, and frolic, and jollification, I know no place like Chester—as it was.

The Hesletines from Black Hambleton, were, in old Lenny's day, often lucky competitors for the stakes at Chester, and got many a pull by the Manchester manœuvres alluded to. Bob was

always a nibbler, never having done a great thing on the turf notwithstanding his large team of horses, and not soon likely to perform one in my opinion. Bait a trap with a cool hundred in "ready," and you are sure to catch him dead or alive.

As I have said before, the Ring musters in great strength, from London and Manchester especially, from which two sources, in fact, the mighty congress may be said to be mainly supplied.

In our Newmarket sketch we have endeavoured to portray a few prominent characters who take grade as betting-men, and now purpose to continue the gallery.

At the period we allude to, there were several "great guns" of the turf that have since fired their last salvo, and are now become old iron, or cinders, as it may turn out. Amongst these was old Crutch Robinson, long a magnate of the Ring, and, I believe, a very successful member of it. He lived somewhere in Cheshire, on the Buxton and Manchester road, if I remember rightly, and had several horses in training during his career, though none of any great character or celebrity.

A more domineering, uncouth being than this sporting cripple, could not be encountered even in a county rather famed for such characters; and to see an old man disabled from the use of his limbs, and blanched by time, shouting out his odds, and dealing in the lowest bitter sarcasm and racing slang, either mounted on a four legged brute, as rough as himself, or leaning on his trusty crutch, in the midst of the crushing throng, was an irreverent and revolting sight, even in the motley scene wherein he figured. To a dialect of the true Timbobbinish accent, the halting old Leg added a sneer and surly importance of manner peculiarly his own. Though to do him justice, we must let "Old Crutch" speak for himself, being well able to give a scrap of illustrative dialogue that few, who knew him, can well mistake.

I remember once asking him, as he sat at the "White Bear," in Piccadilly—congenial symbol!—*who* the Mr. Hargraves, the lucky, screaming gentleman, with the large face and pink eyes was, when at home; when Old Crutch pursed up the left corner of his mouth, half closed one eye, and with an air of sneering lordliness, without alluding to any geographical, genealogical, or professional point in reference to the inquiry, simply replied,

"Who is he? Why, four year agoo he had na four shilling. That 's who he is."

"You surprise me," answered I; "how can he have got such an amount of money together as the ring now gives him credit for, if he had nothing to commence with?"

"How did he get it?" retorted the old cripple; "why, by 'going for the gloves,' mon, for four year, and by nobbling Ratan; that 's how he done it: he was put in by his pal Sam."

"And who is the little fat man talking to him, the quiet, respectable-looking person, with the black satin waistcoat and cut-away coat—good style?"

"Respectable!" shouted old Crutch, "why that 'un can give Harry a stun and leave him. He lays the twigs for the family, and never goes without the powder in his pocket. He 's nobbled more favourites, nor any man I ever knew, not barring even old Frank Richardson. Its his d—d respectability that does us, and gets his

mug over the stable door. You would as soon suspect a bishop as him to look at him; but he's an out-and-outer, and no mistake."

"And tell me, as you are so very obliging and entertaining this afternoon, who is the tall, audacious, seedy fellow, I heard slanging you just now—the man with the hazy voice, and glass stuck in his eye, who tried to back 'Industry' with you for the Oaks."

"Oh! that's poor Goody! the Bad Boy as we call him in con-tr*ai*ry. He's more R. nor F. that is, if he has a chance; but he's not a bad fellow at bottom is poor Goody. He sometimes 'throws in,' when you'll see the cretur with three white pocket-handkerchers, and a posy he's perhaps given two bob for. I see him worry a whole quarter of lamb and a cow-cummer a foot long for his lunch, and stout. They turned him away from the Forkin at York after having him worst. Britain begged he would give him a chance, and take turn and turn about with the other hins."

"And the sickly over-dressed hellite (evidently) talking to your friend Goody, the man with the anxious, dreadful look—the one swearing so frightfully about something or somebody — who is he?"

"That's a stiff melter, and a stunner," replied the old man.

"A what! in the name of heaven?"

"Why, a bill-discounter, and an out-and-outer to be sure. He's about the flashest kite on the hover over London, I can tell ee. He come somewhere out o'Yokel land originally, and got made tiger to a hell a'ter being under-boots at Markwell's, and creeped up bit by bit, till some of the swells patronised him, and he set up for his self in a small way. He's now got a roaring trade at the forty per cent. game, besides going near wheeler in the 'Old Nobbler.'

"They are a queer lot," remarked I, in half soliloquy.

"Queer!" replied my amiable colloquist of the crutch. "I see a rum set in my day of one sort of another, for I can just remember Dan Dawson and Co., but these beat all calculation."

"Do you know the French for 'barrel-organ?' concluded the old cripple, winking at me very knowingly.

"I confess I do not," said I.

"Nor I neither," said he; "nor is there one man in ten score as knows it, but them chaps does, and the Greek too."

And old Crutch was right; they would puzzle a professor in chicanery, and could give weight to Satan himself in a handicap.

There were two or three most gentlemanlike, honourable men of this day, solely devoted to public betting, and therefore fairly open to the daguerreotype of the scribbler.

Mr. Justice, a lame man, of a very well-bred air and hearty manner, and unimpeachable in character, residing in Shropshire, I fancy, together with his friends, Sam Worral, Jaques, a staunch Turfite, and Captain Higgins, struck me as being about the *élite* of the ring in deportment and fair dealing.

To one of the gentlemen alluded to, a droll tale attaches of his having turned saint at a moment's warning, without having scratched his engagements with Satan; but, having a heavy book on the Derby at the time, the proceeds of which he vowed to devote to the building of a church. He usually carried a close reefed bible and "Complete Christian's Regenerator" (the "hedging tools," as the assassin termed the holy volumes) in his pocket by the side of

the mystic, morocco-bound little gentleman, with the indelible pencil. So that after making a pretty good bet, or a haul at a settling, Sam hedged to conscience by doing a chapter out of "Lamentations." Saint or sinner, he was quite a gentleman! and far too good, too high-minded, generous, and mild, for the rough paths in which I met him, for a season or two before and after I encountered him at Chester.

Jamie Mickleham, as the gude Glasgie folk call him, when they sigh, and think of the auld Deacon, his sire, who wad na stand sae mickle as a rocking-horse in the bairns' nursery, for fear of the tendency! was always in great force and goodhumour at Chester. After dinner at the club, and a full allowance of port and claret, Jamie would join his friends the Jocks, and discuss a glass of "cold without" and a cigar, and eke a clay with them, "till daylight did appear;" having far more relish in the grog and company of Tim Dawson and Simmy Templeman (as who would not?), than if we were sipping Château-Margaux and eating olives with Lord John Russell or even Mr. Cobden!

Mr. Mickleham was always the gentleman, *malgré* his tastes for the bar and gin-and-water,—as great a discrepancy as it may seem. But the truth is, he was a character himself and enjoyed the possession of it in others; and, God knows, there is little of the original to be discovered in the lisping, commonplace aggregates of the West End. This gentleman has been very successful on the Turf, having had many first-rate animals in his time, and I sincerely hope he will yet go on and prosper. He is Templeman's first master, and is fortunate in the possession of so worthy, honest, and clever a jockey, equally as Simmy is lucky in serving so good a fellow.

The many snuggeries, smokies, and chafferies that are open at Chester during a race-week teem with fun and character; though, of course, a bird or two of prey contrive to hover over lark and wassail, and make a fell swoop on the incautious or over-gay. I once saw a half-famished condor bagged though by a countryman in capital style at one of the night dens referred to.

The "Novice" was a great Pagan man, or admirer of Colonel Cradock's horse of that name, and then rather a worse favourite than "Red Deer," belonging to the Duke of Richmond,—a three-year old and eventually winner of the "Cup." "Pagan" had been mainly brought into notice through being backed heavily by poor Bill Scott, and was very effectually provided for in consequence! The old horse was carefully prepared by Lumley, the colonel's trainer, and entered Chester at night in capital form; but the "talent" were against him, and therefore made use of all their occult properties to make him "safe."

However, to the chance slaughter of the carnivorous night-bird. The condor opened upon the man who had just sat down by saying,

"Well, Joscelin! I'll lay you a hundred that the 'Young'un' beats old 'Pagan.' [It was then a very good thing to get a hundred by any means on "Red Deer," who in a few hours afterwards sprung to three to one or less]. I know you want to back him yet."

"Why, you cannot be such a muff, Jodrell," replied Joscelin, "to think in your heart that a foal like 'Red Deer' can have a chance with an aged horse like 'Pagan?'—in at eight stone six, fit as a

fiddle, and to be ridden by our Simon here. I am no betting man, as you know, though I have a 'fancy,' and really would do you a good turn if I could."

"Thank'ee, Josh!" grinned the Manchester shark; "I know all that and more, but I'll give or take a crown for choice between the two for a hundred, nevertheless."

"Done!" said the man addressed as Joscelin. "I'll give the crown for choice. The idea of 'Red Deer' beating 'Pagan!' bah!"

The crown was handed over and books produced, the condor saying, "I need not ask which you take, I suppose," commencing to pencil the bet.

"Whether you need or not," said the other, "it is not for me to say, but I take 'Red Deer.'"

"Why, (&c. &c.!) you talked about 'Pagan' winning."

"And so I did; but I am not an obstinate man, after all, and will take the young 'un with you by way of a change. In fact, to tell you the truth, I've been trying to back him all day."

The laugh went against the "talent" on this bit of manœuvring being scientifically executed, and the hundred, the next morning, into the pocket of the novice.

There were lots of chicken-hazard allowed at Chester, under the auspices, or rather, the hoof and horns, of some Manchester hellites, as well as other games of chance.

In these glaring, green-baize-hung, sweltering Pandemonia, where the

> "Quick dice,
> In thunder leaping from the boy,"

might have been heard by the promenading magistrates and city dignities—if not so deaf that they would not hear,—old Cotton, the rural dean; Ben Collitt, "the Cheshire Snob;" Billy Sirdefield, the Irish Division, and Town Brigade out on country service, shouted and won, and lost and howled, till breakfast-time.

"The old 'un for five," said the venerable doctor to me, by way of self-introduction, as I stood behind his chair, taking me promiscuously from his congregation, the "main and chance" being between the five and nine (an even bet), the larger die taking the advanced age in dicer's phraseology,—"the old 'un with you, sir, for five."

"The young 'un," said I,—"the young 'un, by all means!"

"Look out," shouted Collitt, eyeing the players seated round the huge table with a savage scrutinizing glance,—"there now, by —! look out, Cotton, I see 'em!"

"Seven's the main—seven!" reported the blear-eyed old croupier, arranging the green shade over his hooked nose, and stirring the gold and counters with a hell-rake as nonchalantly as Satan would stir his parlour-fire,—"seven's the main—seven!"

"Dice! give him dice!" roared out the snob.

"Dice are changed," muttered old Berge, and, spinning a die like a teetotum, to shew he had one tolerably fair one on the board, repeated, "Seven's the main—seven! Ten to seven! Two to one against the caster." Not quite!

"Gentlemen, the caster will take twenty pounds to ten."

"Set the caster, gentlemen!" beseeched the old croupier, there being no seven on those bones, and he "standing in!"

"Caster set."—"Ten to seven." Rattle! rattle! rattle!

"Ten in! Three boxes!" announced the croupier, as he forked the money towards him, and divided the spoil.

"Tibbo!" shouted the presiding demon, "give the gentlemen wine."

Here there was a terrific row between a hazy gentleman, evidently from the country, and a little grizzled Jew from Liverpool, highly got up in satin and patent leather, who had played off the old dodge of seating himself between two friends—by accident—and betting both ways on the throw.

That is the cunning Ikey, in whose veins the veritable *sang* of Reuben ran, etherialized by the agency of that healing balm of Gilead, whereof his sire dispensed and partook so largely. He, the fruit of Gilead's loins—in a *sotto voce*—making a face as if smelling at a vial of asafœtida, and shooting a peculiar half-squinting, half-deprecating glance down his nose, an organ of the true Canaanite proportions, said to his right-hand neighbour, "He's out a pound, sir," and to his left, in the same breath, "he's in a pound, if you please;" both of which bets were accepted, and, when the caster threw in or out. Of course the Jew drew one party without demur, and on the other objecting to his forking the two sovereigns staked, swearing he had bet the other way! he very indignantly, and with an air of sorrow, blended deliciously with symptoms of an acute pain in the diaphragm, said, "I refer you to your friend, sir," "I could not bet both ways! (couldn't he?) I assure you that you labour under a mistake (and an excess of claret), when the poor, half fuddled devil of a victim supposed he must be in error, and so handed over Ikey his "exs" for that day and the next!

The row being smothered by loud demands for business to proceed, and that the chaff should cease; the snob opened proceedings by asking the "main and chance," to which the old croupier replied, "Nine to five! even main and chance!"

"Then the 'old' 'un for five! again with you, sir, or 'a couple' if you prefer it,' said the reverend divine! shaking his hat from one side of his head to the other—as the dice rolled out in pure excitement. "The old 'un for five, or a couple."

But we had had our shy, and went with the Duke of Limbs to imbibe one cool glass of iced soda, and the veriest whisper of the veritable! at his hotel, then took the arm of Dallas, again a heavy loser as it eventually turned out! and strolling on the walls to our lodgings were saluted with,—

> "He's sure to be beat! he's sure to be beat!
> He's sure to be beat!"

in the old strain of warning; but, whether it was intended to apply to the race for the morrow, or as a more serious personal innuendo! I have yet some slight misgiving. I at times think our friend in the orchard was going for the "double event!" *Nous verrons*, as we proceed.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE LADY BLESSINGTON.

BY P. G. PATMORE.

My first sight of Lady Blessington was connected with circumstances sufficiently characteristic of her extraordinary personal beauty at the period in question—about five or six and twenty years ago—to excuse my referring to it somewhat in detail, though it does not fall within the immediate scope of these Recollections; for it was not till several years afterwards that I became personally acquainted with the subject of them. It was on the opening day of that Royal Academy exhibition which contained Lawrence's celebrated portrait of Lady Blessington—one of the very finest he ever painted, and universally known by the numerous engravings that have since been made from it. In glancing hastily round the room on first entering, I had duly admired this exquisite portrait, as approaching very near to the perfection of the art, though (as I conceived) by no means reaching it; for there were points in the picture which struck me as inconsistent with others that were also present. Yet I could not, except as a vague theory, lay the apparent discrepancies at the door of the artist. They might belong to the original; though I more than doubted this explanation of them; for there are certain qualities and attributes which necessarily imply the absence of certain others, and consequently of their corresponding expressions.

Presently, on returning to this portrait, I beheld standing before it, as if on purpose to confirm my theory, the lovely original. She was leaning on the arm of her husband, Lord Blessington, while *he* was gazing in fond admiration on the portrait. And then I saw how impossible it is for an artist to "flatter" a really beautiful woman, and that, in attempting to do so, he is certain, however skilful, to fall into the error of blending incompatible expressions in the same face; as in fact even Lawrence's portraits of celebrated "beauties" invariably do. He was either not content to represent them as they really were, or incapable of doing so. They one and all include a meretricious look, which is wholly incompatible with the presence of perfect female beauty, either of form or expression.

I have seen no other so striking instance of the inferiority of art to nature, when the latter reaches the ideal standard, as in this celebrated portrait of Lady Blessington. As the original stood before it on the occasion I have alluded to, she fairly "killed" the copy, and this no less in the individual details than in the general effect. Moreover, what I had believed to be errors and shortcomings in the picture were wholly absent in the original. There is about the former a consciousness, a "pretension," a leaning forward, and a looking forth, as if to claim or court notice and admiration, of which there was no touch in the latter.

So strong was the impression made upon my mind by this first sight of, perhaps, the loveliest woman of her day, that, although it is five or six-and-twenty years ago, I could at this moment place

my foot on the spot where she stood, and before which her portrait hung—a little to the left of the door, as you enter the great room of the old Royal Academy.

At this time Lady Blessington was about six-and-twenty years of age; but there was about her face, together with that beaming intelligence which rarely shews itself upon the countenance till that period of life, a bloom and freshness which as rarely survive early youth, and a total absence of those undefinable marks which thought and feeling still more rarely fail to leave behind them. Unlike all other beautiful faces that I have seen, hers was, at the time of which I speak, neither a history nor a prophecy—not a book to read and study, a problem to solve, or a mystery to speculate upon; but a star to kneel before and worship—a picture to gaze upon and admire—a flower the fragrance of which seemed to reach and penetrate you from a distance, by the mere looking upon it—in short, an end and a consummation in itself, not a means to, or a promise of, anything else.

Lady Blessington had not, at the period I have just spoken of, done anything to distinguish herself in the literary world; though the fine taste in art, and the splendid hospitalities of her husband, and her own personal attractions and intellectual fascinations, had already made their residence in St. James's Square the resort of all that was most conspicuous in art, literature, and social and political distinction. It would be difficult to name any one among the many remarkable men of that day (namely, from 1818, when her marriage with Lord Blessington took place, to 1822, when they went abroad to reside for several years—indeed, until Lord Blessington's death in 1829,) who then enjoyed, or have since acquired, a European reputation, with whom Lady Blessington was not on terms of social intimacy, which amounted in almost every case to a certain mild and subdued phase of personal friendship—the only friendship which the progress of modern civilization has left among us—that, namely, which may subsist between man and woman.

A tithe only of the names of those who ranked among Lady Blessington's friends at this period, and who remained such during their respective lives, would serve to shew that her attractions were not those of mere beauty, or of mere wealth and station. Quite as little were they those of intellectual supremacy or literary distinction; for at this period she had acquired none of the latter, and at no time did she possess the former. In fact, it was the *mediocrity* of her talents which secured and maintained for Lady Blessington that unique position which she held in the literary and social world of London, during the twenty years following her husband's death. Not that she could ever have compassed, much less have maintained, that position, unassisted by the rank and wealth which her marriage with Lord Blessington gave her, or even in the absence of that personal beauty which gave the crowning prestige and the completing charm to her other attractions. But none of these, nor all of them united, would have enabled her to gain and keep the unparalleled position she has held for the last twenty years, as the centre of all that was brilliant in the intellect, and distinguished in the literary, political, and social life of London, had she not possessed that indefinable charm of manner and personal bearing which was but the outward expression of a spirit good and

beautiful in itself, and therefore intensely sympathising with all that is good and beautiful in all things. The talisman possessed by Lady Blessington, and which fixed around her all that was bright and rich in intellect and in heart, was that "blest condition" of temperament and of spirit which, for the time being, engendered its like in all who came within the scope of its influence. Her rank and wealth, her beauty and celebrity, did but attract votaries to the outer precincts of the temple, many of whom only came to admire and wonder, or to smile and depreciate, as the case might be. But once within the influence of the spell, all were changed into worshippers, because all felt the presence of the deity—all were penetrated by that atmosphere of mingled goodness and sweetness which beamed forth in her bright smiles, became musical in the modulations of her happy voice, or melted into the heart at her cordial words.

If there never was a woman more truly "fascinating" than Lady Blessington, it was because there never was one who made less *effort* to be so. Not that she did not *desire* to please: no woman desired it more. But she never *tried* to do so—never felt that she was doing so—never (so to speak) cared whether she did so or not. There was an *abandon* about her,—partly attributable to temperament, partly to her birth and country, and partly, no doubt, to her consciousness of great personal beauty,—which, in any woman less happily constituted, would have degenerated into something bordering on vulgarity. But in her it was so tempered by sweetness of disposition, and so kept in check by an exquisite social tact, as well as by *natural* good breeding as contradistinguished from artificial—in other words, a *real* sympathy, not an *affected* one, with the feelings of others—that it formed the chief charm and attraction of her character and bearing.

My personal acquaintance with Lady Blessington did not commence till her return from abroad, after her husband's death. But as her social career from the period of her marriage with Lord Blessington in 1818, up to his death in 1829, was marked by features of great public interest, (particularly that almost daily intercourse with Lord Byron during the last few months of his strange life which gave rise to her "Conversations" with him, and her residence in Paris during the Revolution of July 1830) the reader may like to have before him a brief summary of the events of that period, as noted in her own "Diary," which I have reason to believe she continued up to her death.

From her marriage in 1818, till the autumn of 1822, Lord and Lady Blessington resided in St. James's Square, where, as I have said, she formed an acquaintance, and in most cases an intimacy, with a very large portion of the literary and political celebrities of that day. Here are a few of the names of those of her early friends who have already passed from the scene, or still linger on the verge of it: — Luttrell, William Spencer, Dr. Parr, Mathias, Rogers, Moore, John Kemble, Sir William Drummond, Sir William Gell, Cosway, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir George Beaumont, Lord Alvanley, Lord Dudley and Ward, Lord Guilford, Sir William Herschell, &c. &c.; and among political celebrities, Lords Grey and Castlereagh, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord John Russell, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, &c.

In the autumn of 1822 the Blessingtons left England, with a view

to a lengthened residence abroad. They stayed at Paris for a week, and then proceeded rapidly to Switzerland,—as rapidly, at least, as the princely style of their travelling arrangements permitted; for nothing could exceed the lavish luxury with which Lord Blessington insisted on surrounding his young and beautiful wife, whose simple tastes, and still more her genial sympathies with all classes of her fellow-beings, by no means coveted such splendour, though her excitable temperament enabled her richly to enjoy its results.

They reached the Jura in five days; travelled in Switzerland for about a month, and then returned, through Geneva and Lyons, to Vienne, in Dauphiny, where, by one of those unaccountable fancies in which only they who are satiated with luxury and splendour ever indulge, they took up their abode at a vile inn (the only one the town afforded), and submitted for three weeks to all sorts of privations and inconveniences, in order, ostensibly, to explore the picturesque and antiquarian beauties of the most ancient city of the Gauls, and its vicinity, but in reality, to find in a little bracing and wholesome contrast, a relief from that ennui and lassitude which, at that time of day, used to induce sybarite lords to drive Brighton stages, and sensitive ladies to brave alone the dangers of Arabian deserts.

From Vienne they proceeded to Avignon, at which city they made a stay of several weeks, and were fêted by the notabilities of the place in an incessant round of dinners, balls, *soirées*, &c., which, marked as they were by all the deficiencies and *désagrémens* of French provincial hospitality, were nevertheless enjoyed by Lady Blessington with a relish strongly characteristic of that cordial and happy temperament which rendered her the most popular person of whatever circle she formed a part.

Loitering for about six weeks more between Avignon and Genoa, they arrived at the latter city at the end of March, 1823, and the next day Lady Blessington was introduced (at his own particular request) to Lord Byron, who was residing in the Casa Saluzzo, at the village of Albaro, a short distance from the city.

Lady Blessington's intercourse with Lord Byron, so pleasantly and characteristically described by herself in the well-known published "Conversations," and as she was accustomed to describe it *viva voce*, and still more pleasantly and characteristically, in her own conversations at Seamore Place and Gore House, formed an era in her life, and probably contributed as much to the unique position which she afterwards held in London society for so many years, as even the charm of her manner, the elegance of her hospitality, and the social tact in which she was unrivalled. For Byron's death occurred so soon after his quitting Genoa for Greece, and the last few months of his residence in Italy had been so almost exclusively devoted to that friendly intercourse with the Blessingtons in which he evidently took unusual pleasure, that Lady Blessington may be considered as having been the depository of his last thoughts and feelings; and she may indeed be regarded as having had no small influence on the tone and colour of the last and best days of that most strange and wayward of men.

Lady Blessington's first interview with Byron took place at the gate of the court-yard of his own villa at Albaro. Lord Blessington, who had long been acquainted with Byron, had called on him immediately on their arrival at Genoa, leaving Lady Blessington in

the carriage. In the course of conversation Lord Byron requested to be presented to Lady Blessington—a request so unusual on his part in regard to English travellers, of whatever rank or celebrity, that Lord Blessington at once admitted that Lady B. was in the carriage, with her sister, Miss Power. On learning this, Lord Byron immediately hurried out to the gate, without his hat, and acted the amiable to the two ladies, in a way that was very unusual with him —so much so that, as Lady Blessington used to describe the interview, he evidently felt called upon to *apologise* for being, in her case at least, not quite the savage that the world reported him. At Byron's earnest request they entered the villa, and passed two hours there, during which it is clear that the peculiar charm of Lady Blessington's manner exercised its usual spell—that the cold, scorning and world-wearied spirit of Byron was, for the time being, "subdued to the quality" of the genial and happy one with which it held intercourse, and that both the poet and the man became once more what Nature intended them to be.

On the Blessingtons' departure, Byron asked leave to visit them the next day at their hotel, and from that moment there commenced an intercourse of genial and friendly intimacy between Byron and Lady Blessington which, untouched as it was by the least taint of flirtation on either side, might, had it endured a little longer, have redeemed the personal character of Byron, and saved him for those high and holy things for which his noble and beautiful genius seems to have been created, but which the fatal Nemesis of his early life interdicted him from accomplishing.

Lady Blessington seems, in fact, to have been the only woman of his own rank and station with whom Byron was ever at his ease, and with whom, therefore, he was himself. With all others he seemed to feel a constraint which irritated and vexed him into the assumption of vices, both of manner and moral feeling, which did not belong to him. It is evident, from Lady Blessington's details of conversations which must be (in substance at least) correctly reported, that Byron had a heart as soft as a woman's or a child's. He used to confess to her that any affecting incident or description in a book moved him to tears; and in recalling some of the events of his early life, he has been frequently so moved in her presence. His treatment, also, of Lord Blessington, when he received the news of the death of his only son, Lord Mountjoy, just after their arrival at Genoa, was marked by an almost feminine softness and gentleness. His personal regard for Lord Blessington had its origin in the same gentleness and goodness of heart. "I must say," exclaimed Byron to Lady Blessington, at an early period of their acquaintance, "that I never saw 'the milk of human kindness' overflow in any nature to so great a degree as in Lord Blessington's. I used, before I knew him well, to think that Shelley was the most amiable person I ever knew; but now I think that Lord B. bears off the palm; for *he* has been assailed by all the temptations that so few can resist—those of unvarying prosperity—and has passed the ordeal victoriously; while poor Shelley had been tried in the school of adversity only, which is not such a corrupter as that of prosperity. I do assure you that I have thought better of mankind since I have known Blessington intimately."

It is equally certain that he thought better of womankind after

his ten weeks of almost daily intimacy with Lady Blessington at this period; and if his previous engagement with the Greek Committee had not in some sort compelled him to go to Greece, where his life was sacrificed to the excitements and annoyances of the new situation in which he thus placed himself, it is more than probable that his whole character and course of life would have been changed. For what Byron all his life needed in women, and never once found except in his favourite sister, Mrs. Leigh, was a woman not to love or be beloved by (he always found, or fancied he had found, more than enough of both these), but one whom he could thoroughly esteem and regard, for the frankness, sweetness, and goodness of her disposition and temper, while he could entirely admire in her those perfect graces and elegances of manner, and those exquisite charms of person, in the absence of which his fastidious taste and exacting imagination could not realize that ideal of woman which was necessary to render his intellectual intercourse with the sex agreeable, or even tolerable. Merely clever or even brilliant women—such as Madame de Stael—he hated; and even those who, like his early acquaintance, Lady J—, were both clever and beautiful, he was more than indifferent to, because, being from their station and personal pretensions, the leaders of fashion, they were compelled to adopt a system of life wholly incompatible with that *natural* one in which alone his own habits of social intercourse enabled him to sympathise. Those women again who, with a daring reckless as his own, openly professed a passion for *him* (like the unhappy Lady —— or the scarcely less unfortunate Countess Guiccioli), he either despised and shrank from (as in the first of these instances), or merely pitied and tolerated (as in the second). But in Lady Blessington, Byron found realised all his notions of what a woman in his own station of life might and ought to be, in the present state and stage of society: beautiful as a Muse, without the smallest touch of personal vanity; intellectual enough not merely to admire and appreciate *his* pretensions, but to hold intellectual intercourse with him on a footing of perfect relative equality; full of enthusiasm for everything good and beautiful, yet with a strong good sense which preserved her from any taint of that "sentimentality" which Byron above all things else detested in women; surrounded by the homage of all that was high in intellect and station, yet natural and simple as a child; lapped in an almost fabulous luxury, with every wish anticipated and every caprice a law, yet sympathising with the wants of the poorest; an almost unlimited knowledge of the world and of society, yet fresh in spirit and earnest in impulse as a newly emancipated school-girl: such was Lady Blessington when first Lord Byron became acquainted with her, and the intercourse which ensued seemed to soften, humanize, and make a new creature of him.

That I do not say this at random is proved by the fact that, within a very few days of the commencement of their acquaintance, Byron wrote a most touching letter to his wife (though any reconciliation had at this time become impossible), having for its object to put her mind at ease relative to any intention on his part to remove their daughter from her mother's care—such a fear on Lady Byron's part having been communicated to him. This letter (which appears in Moore's "Life of Byron") he prevailed on Lady Blessington to cause

to be delivered personally to Lady Byron by a mutual friend, who was returning to England from Genoa.

The humanizing influence of which I have spoken lasted less than three months, and shortly after its close Byron went to Greece, where he died.

Before closing my reference to Lady Blessington's intercourse with Byron at Genoa, I may introduce some characteristic remarks that she gave me in manuscript, relative to the portrait of Byron by Count d'Orsay, which appears as the frontispiece to her "Conversations," and had previously appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, where the "Conversations" were first published. It will not, I hope, be deemed any breach of confidence if I state that these remarks are written by the accomplished author of the portrait they refer to, who will probably one day become as distinguished by the productions of his pen as he already is by those of his pencil and chisel. So far as I am aware, the following is the only effusion of Count d'Orsay's pen which has yet appeared in print:—

"Le portrait de Lord Byron, dans le dernier numéro du *New Monthly Magazine*, a attiré sur lui des attaques sans nombre—et pourquoi? Parcequ'il ne coïncide pas exactement avec les idées exagerées de MM. les Romantiques, qui finiront, je pense, par faire de Thomas Moore un géant, pourvu qu'ils restent quelque temps sans le voir. Il est difficile, je pense, de satisfaire le public, surtout lorsqu'il est décidé à ne croire un portrait ressemblant qu'autant qu'il rivalise d'exagération avec l'idée qu'il se forme d'un sujet; et si jusqu'à ce jour les portraits publiés de Lord Byron sont passés sains et saufs d'attaque, c'est que l'artiste ne s'étoit attaché qu'à faire un beau tableau, auquel son sujet ne ressembloit qu'un peu. Redresser l'esprit du public sur la réelle apparence de Lord Byron est sans contredit plus difficile à faire, qu'à prouver que le meilleur compliment que sa mémoire ait reçue, est la conviction intime, que l'on a, qu'il devoit être d'un beau idéal, pour marcher de front avec ses ouvrages; ainsi rien moins qu'une perfection n'est capable de satisfaire le public littéraire. Il n'en est pas moins vrai que les deux seuls portraits véridiques de Lord Byron présentés jusqu'à ce jour au public, sont celui en tête de l'ouvrage de Leigh Hunt, et celui du *New Monthly;* qu'ils satisfassent ou non, la présente génération d'enthousiastes, peu importe, car, trop généralement, elle est influencé par des motifs secondaires. On trouve dans ce moment des parents de Lord Byron qui se gendarment à l'idée, qu'on le decrive montant à cheval avec une veste de nankin brodé et des guêtres; et qui ne peuvent digérer qu'il soit représenté très maigre, lorsqu'il est plus que prouvé, que personne n'étoit aussi maigre que lui en 1823 à Gênes. Le fait est qu'il paroit qu'au lieu de regarder les poëtes avec les yeux, il faut pour le moins des verres grossissants, ou des prismes si particuliers qu'on auroit de la peine à se les procurer. C'est pour cette raison qu'il est probable que l'auteur de l'esquisse regrette de s'en être rapporté à ses propres yeux, et d'avoir satisfait toutes les connoissances présentes de Lord Byron, qui ont alors si maladroitement intercédés pour la publication de cette triste et infortunée esquisse, qui rend le *Court Journal* et tant d'autres inconsolables."

On quitting Genoa in the early part of June, 1823, the Blessingtons proceeded to Florence, where they remained sight-seeing for three weeks, and then proceeded to Rome: here they stayed for

another week, and then took up their residence for a lengthened period at Naples. Having hired the beautiful (furnished) *palazzo* of the Prince and Princess di Belvedere, at Vomero, overlooking the beautiful bay, they not a little astonished its princely owners, at the requirements of English luxury, and the extent of English wealth, by almost entirely refurnishing it, and engaging a large suite of Italian servants in addition to their English ones.

In this, one of the most splendid residences of Italy, Lady Blessington again became, for nearly three years, the centre of all that was brilliant among her own travelling compatriots, and of much that was distinguished among the Italian nobility and literati.

In February, 1826, they left Naples, and the next year was passed between Rome, Florence, Genoa, and Pisa. The remainder of their residence in Italy was completed by another few months at Rome, and about a year more between the other principal cities of Italy that the travellers had not previously visited.

In the June of next year (1828) we again find Lady Blessington at Paris, after an absence of more than six years; and here it was her destiny to witness the events of the last days of the old Bourbon dynasty, and this in the almost daily presence of and intercourse with those personal friends and near family connexions who were the most devoted and chivalrous of its supporters, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, the Duc de Grammont (father of the Duc de Guiche), the venerable Madame Crauford, the Duc de Cazes, Prince Polignac, &c. The splendour and luxury with which Lady Blessington was at this, as at all other periods of her marriage, surrounded by the somewhat too gorgeous taste of her doting husband, may be judged of by a brief description of her *chambre à coucher* and dressing-room, in the superb hotel (formerly that of Marshal Ney) which they occupied in the Rue de Bourbon, its principal rooms looking on the Quay d'Orsay and the Tuilleries gardens. The bed, which stood as usual in a recess, rested upon the backs of two exquisitely carved silver swans, every feather being carved in high relief. The recess was lined throughout with white fluted silk bordered with blue embossed lace, the frieze of the recess being hung with curtains of pale blue silk lined with white satin. The remainder of the furniture, namely, a richly-carved sofa, occupying one entire side of the room, an *écritoire*, a *bergère*, a book-stand, a Psyche-glass, and two *coffres* for jewels, lace, &c., were all of similar fancy and workmanship, and all silvered, to match the bed. The carpet was of rich uncut pile, of a pale blue. The hangings of the dressing-room were of blue silk, covered with lace, and richly trimmed with frills of the same; so also were the toilette-table, the *chaise-longue*, the dressing-stools, &c. There was a *salle de bain* attached, draped throughout with white muslin trimmed with lace, and containing a sofa and *bergère* covered with the same. The bath of white marble was inserted in the floor, and on the ceiling was painted a Flora scattering flowers with one hand, and suspending in the other an alabaster lamp, in the shape of a lotus.

The whole of the vast hotel occupied by the Blessingtons during the first year of this their second lengthened residence in Paris was fitted up with a luxury and at a cost no less lavish than those bestowed on the rooms I have just described. But it is proper to state here that Lady Blessington herself, though possessing exquisite taste

in such matters, by no means coveted or encouraged the lavish expense which her husband bestowed upon her; and in the case of the particular rooms just described, he so managed as not to let her see them till they were completed, and ready for her reception. Indeed Lady Blessington had, in all pecuniary matters, much more of worldly prudence than her lord. The enormous cost of entirely furnishing a hotel like that in which they now resided, may be judged of by what was said to be the original cost of the ornamental decorations of the walls alone, including mirrors,—namely, a million of francs.

With this year the more than queen-like splendours and luxuries of Lady Blessington's life ceased. In 1829 her husband died, leaving her a jointure of 2,500*l.* a year, and a large amount of personal property, in the shape of furniture, plate, pictures, objects of *vertu*, &c. After witnessing all the excitements of the "Three Days" of July, 1830, and partaking personally in some of the dangers connected with them, Lady Blessington, at the close of the autumn of that year returned to England, there to reside uninterruptedly till within a few weeks of her death.

The following sketches were made in The Ring in Hyde Park about the period of Lady Blessington's London life now referred to:—

"Observe that green chariot just making the turn of the unbroken line of equipages. Though it is now advancing towards us with at least a dozen carriages between, it is to be distinguished from the throng by the elevation of its driver and footman above the ordinary level of the line. As it comes nearer we can observe the particular points which give it that perfectly *distingué* appearance which it bears above all others in the throng. They consist of the *white* wheels lightly picked out with green and crimson; the high-stepping action, blood-like shape, and brilliant *manège* of its dark-bay horses; the perfect *style* of its driver; the height (six feet two) of its slim, spider-limbed, powdered footman, perked up at least three feet above the roof of the carriage, and occupying his eminence with that peculiar air of accidental superiority, half *petit-maître*, half plough-boy, which we take to be the ideal of footman-perfection; and, finally, the exceedingly light, airy, and (if we may so speak) intellectual character of the whole set-out. The arms and supporters blazoned on the centre panels, and the small coronet beneath the window, indicate the nobility of station; and if ever the nobility of nature was blazoned on the 'complement extern' of humanity, it is on the lovely face within—lovely as ever, though it has been loveliest among the lovely for a longer time than we dare call to our own recollection, much less to that of the fair being before us. If the Countess of Blessington (for it is she whom we are asking the reader to admire,—howbeit at second-hand, and through the doubly refracting medium of plate-glass and a blonde veil) is not now so radiant with the bloom of mere youth as when she first put to shame Sir Thomas Lawrence's *chef-d'œuvre* in the form of her own portrait, what she has lost in the graces of mere complexion she has more than gained in those of intellectual expression. Nor can the observer have a better opportunity than the present of admiring that expression; unless, indeed, he is fortunate enough to be admitted to that intellectual converse in which its owner shines

beyond any other females of the day, and with an earnestness, a simplicity, and an *abandon*, as rare in such cases as they are delightful. The lady her companion is the Countess de St. Marsault, her sister, whose finely-cut features and perfectly oval face bear a striking general resemblance to those of Lady B. without being at all *like* them.*

"But see! what is this vision of the age of chivalry, that comes careering towards us on horseback, in the form of a stately cavalier, than whom nothing has been witnessed in modern times more noble in air and bearing, more splendid in person, more *distingué* in dress, more consummate in equestrian skill, more radiant in intellectual expression, and altogether more worthy and fitting to represent one of those knights of the olden time who warred for truth and beauty beneath the banner of Cœur de Lion. It is Count D'O—y, son-in-law of the late Lord Blessington, and brother to the beautiful Duchess de Guiche. Those who have the pleasure of being personally intimate with this accomplished foreigner will confirm our testimony that no man has ever been more popular in the upper circles, or has better deserved to be so. His inexhaustible good spirits and good nature, his lively wit, his generous disposition, and his varied acquirements, make him the favourite companion of his own sex; while his unrivalled personal pretensions render him, to say the least, 'the observed of all observers' of the other sex. Indeed since the loss of poor William Locke there has been nobody to even dispute the palm of female admiration with Count D'O—y."

It is perhaps worth while to remark here, in passing, that Lady Blessington's taste in dress and in equipage was not only essentially correct, but in advance of her time; in proof of which it may be stated that, though the most conspicuous results of that taste stood alone for years after they were first introduced, they at last became the universal fashions of the day. Lady Blessington was the first to introduce the beautifully simple fashion of wearing the hair in bands, but was not imitated in it till she had persevered for at least seven years; and it was the same with the *white wheels*, and peculiar style of *picking out*, of her equipages,—both features being universally adopted some ten or a dozen years after Lady Blessington had introduced and persevered in them.

It was shortly after her return to England that I was personally introduced to Lady Blessington by a mutual friend; and my acquaintance with her continued from that time till her departure from England a few weeks before her death.

At the period of my first introduction to Lady Blessington she had just contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine*, (then under the direction of her friend Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.) the "Conversations with Lord Byron," and they had obtained her a reputation for literary talent, of which her previous efforts,—two slight works entitled "The Magic Lanthorn," and "A Tour in the Netherlands," had given little or no promise. But these Conversations *with* Byron, characteristic as they were both of him and of herself, were flat and spiritless—or rather, marrowless—compared with Lady Blessington's own *viva voce* conversations *of* him, one half-hour of

* Lady Blessington's third sister is the Viscountess Canterbury.

which contained more pith and substance—more that was worth remembering and recording—than the whole octavo volume in which the printed conversations were afterwards collected. In fact, talking, not writing, was Lady Blessington's forte; and the "Conversations" in question, though the slightest and least studied of all her numerous productions, was incomparably the best, because the most consonant, in subject and material, with her intellectual temperament,—which was fluent and impulsive, rather than meditative or sentimental. After reading any one of her books, excepting the "Conversations," you could not help wondering at the reputation Lady Blessington enjoyed, as the companion, on terms of perfect intellectual equality, of the most accomplished and brilliant writers, statesmen, and other celebrities of the day. But the first half-hour of her talk solved the mystery at once. Her genius lay (so to speak) in her tongue. The pen paralysed it—changing what would otherwise have been originality, into a mere echo or recollection—what would have awakened and excited the hearer by its freshness and brilliance, into what wearied and put to sleep the reader by its platitude and commonplace. As a novel-writer Lady Blessington was but a better sort of Lady Stepney or Lady —— ——. But as a talker she was a better sort of De Stael—as acute, as copious, as off-hand, as original, and almost as sparkling; but without a touch of her arrogance, exigence, or pedantry; and with a faculty for listening, that is the happiest and most indispensable of all the talents which go to constitute a good talker; for any talk that is not the actual and immediate result of listening, is at once a bore and an impertinence.

Another of the attractions which contributed to give Lady Blessington that unique position in London society which she held for so many years, and even more exclusively and conspicuously after her husband's death than before it, was that strong personal interest which she felt, and did not scruple to evince, on every topic on which she was called upon to busy herself,—whether it was the fashion of a cap, or the fate of nations. In this her habit of mind was French rather than English—or rather it was Irish—which is no less demonstrative than the French, and infinitely more impressible. Of French demonstrations of sudden interest and goodwill you doubt the sincerity, even while you accept and acknowledge them. They are the shining small change of society, which you accept for their pleasing aspect, but do not take the trouble of carrying them away with you, because you know that before you can get them home they will have melted into thin air. But there was no doubting the cordiality and sincerity of Lady Blessington, while their outward demonstrations lasted; the coin was genuine, however small its current value.

In giving a few extracts from my occasional correspondence with Lady Blessington, I cannot do better than commence them by one of the notes that I received from her at a very early stage of our acquaintance; because it will serve (in my own estimation, at least) to exonerate me from the charge of any unwarrantable intrusion on private life, in these public notices of one whose *social* celebrity at least had acquired a European reputation.

"Seamore Place, Wednesday.

"DEAR SIR,

"A great mistake has crept into the notice of the death of Captain Lock.* He is stated to have been the grandson of the Duke of Leinster. This was not the case. The mother of Captain Lock was Miss Jennings, daughter of the celebrated *Dog* Jennings—so-called from having brought to this country the famous marble known as the Dog of Alcibiades. The brother of Captain Lock's father, the late Charles Lock, Esq., married Miss Ogilvie, daughter of the Duchess Dowager of Leinster.—You have no idea how much importance people attach to such trifles as these, which after all are of no consequence. I happen to have so very numerous an acquaintance that I am *au fait* of genealogies—a stupid, but sometimes useful knowledge.

"I shall be glad to see you when you have leisure, and remain,

"Dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

"M. BLESSINGTON."

"Seamore Place, Monday evening.

"DEAR SIR,

"By mistake I directed my note of Monday morning to Camden Hill instead of Craven Hill. Have you got it? * * * The forthcoming dissection of my 'Conversations,' announced, is said to be from the pen of Mr——; and I think it not unlikely, for he is a reckless person, who has nothing to lose, and who, if common fame speaks true, is a man

"Who dares do more than may become a man,"

or a gentleman at least. Having been at Genoa while we were there, he is probably hurt at not being named in the 'Conversations.' But the truth is, Byron fought so shy of admitting the acquaintance to us, though we knew it existed, that I could say naught but what must have been offensive to his feelings had I named him.

"It was one of the worst traits in Byron, to receive persons in private, and then deny the acquaintance to those whom he considered might disapprove of it. This was in consequence of that want of self-respect which was his bane, but which was the natural consequence of the attacks he had experienced, acting on a very irritable and nervous constitution.

"I have letters from Naples up to the 2nd. Lord Bentinck died there on that day, and is succeeded in his title and fortune by his brother, Mr. Hill, who has been our minister at Naples since 1825, up to the appointment of Lord Ponsonby.

"Very sincerely yours,

"M. BLESSINGTON."

Few readers will expect to find a work like *Jerrold's Magazine* lying on the gilded tables of Gore House. But the following note will shew that Lady Blessington's literary sympathies were not of the "exclusive" order.

"MY DEAR MR. PATMORE,

"I have been reading with great interest and pleasure your 'Recollections' of Hazlitt. They are full of fine tact and percep-

* The singularly beautiful William Lock, of Norbury Park, who was drowned in the Lake of Como, in sight of his newly-wedded bride.

tion, as well as a healthy philosophy. I wish all men of genius had such biographers—men who, alive to their powers of mind, could look with charity and toleration on their failings. Your 'Recollections' of him made me very sad; they explained much that I had not previously comprehended in his troubled life. How he must have suffered!

"What a clever production *Jerrold's Magazine* is, and how admirable are his own contributions! Such writings *must* effect good. Very sincerely yours,

"M. Blessington."

The following little bit of domestic history is not without interest. It refers to a matter (the relinquishment of her house in St. James's Square by the Wyndham Club) which reduced Lady Blessington's income by five hundred a year. It may be here proper to remark that nothing could be more erroneous than the impressions which generally prevailed, as to the supposed extravagance of Lady Blessington, in her equipages, domestic arrangements, &c. There were few more careful or methodical housekeepers, and probably no one ever made a given income go further than she did,—not to mention the constant literary industry she employed in increasing it.

"Gore House, Saturday, April 15, 1837.

"My Dear Mr. Patmore,

"The house in St. James's Square has been resigned by me to the executors of Lord Blessington, Messrs. Norman and Worthington, North Frederick Street, Dublin. They may be written to. Another party is in treaty for the house—a Sir W. Boyd; so that if your friend wishes to secure it, no time should be lost. There are about four years of the lease to expire. The rent paid for the house is 840*l.* a year, unfurnished and exclusive of taxes. The Wyndham Club paid 1350*l.* for it furnished. The furniture is now in a bad state, and the executors would let it, either with or without the furniture, for the whole term, for little more than the rent they pay. "Believe me, dear Mr. Patmore,

"Very sincerely yours,

"M. Blessington."

In recalling to mind the remarkable persons I have met at the house of Lady Blessington, the most celebrated is the Countess Guiccioli, with whom Lady Blessington became intimate after the death of Byron, and maintained a continued correspondence with her. Madame Guiccioli was still very handsome at the time I met her at Seamore Place—I think in 1832-3; but she by no means gave me the impression of a person with whom Byron would be likely to fall in love; and her conversation (for I was specially introduced to her) was quite as little of a character to strike or interest a man so intolerant of the commonplaces of society as Byron. Not that the Countess Guiccioli was a commonplace person; but there was in her manners a total want of that vivacity and demonstrativeness which, though they did not touch Byron's heart, pleased his fancy, and pampered his vanity. Neither was there about her any of that bewitching sweetness and grace, and that winning softness, which usually form the characteristic attractions of women of her complexion and temperament. To see and converse with the Countess Guiccioli was,

in fact, to be satisfied that all Byron's share in the passion which has become so famous as to render no excuse necessary for this allusion to it, was merely a passive permitting himself to be loved: a condition of mind which, after all, is perhaps the happiest and most salutary effect of woman's love, upon men like Byron. And it seems to have been specially so in Byron's case: for the period in which the Gamba family lived under his roof was the only one in the whole of his recorded career to which his friends and admirers can look back with feelings even approaching to satisfaction and respect.

I remember calling on Lady Blessington one day when she had just received a long letter from Madame Guiccioli, a considerable portion of which she read to me, as being singularly characteristic of Italian notions of the *proprieties* of social life. The letter was written apropos to some strictures which had appeared in an English journal, on the impropriety or immorality of the *liaison* between Madame Guiccioli and Byron, and on the fact of the father and brother of the lady having resided in the same house with the lovers. The peculiarity of Madame Guiccioli's letter was the earnest, and at the same time perfectly *naïve* and artless way in which she contended that the main point of the charge against her in the English journal was precisely that on which she rested her entire exculpation from either sin or blame. And she went on to declare, in the most solemn manner, that she had never passed a night under Byron's roof *that was not sanctioned by the presence of her father and brother.* She concluded by earnestly begging Lady Blessington to defend her character from the attacks in question, *on the special ground of the fact just cited!*

Among the other remarkable persons whom I met at Lady Blessington's about this period were the Duc and Duchesse de Grammont, the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, and the Baron D'Haussez,—the two former the chief persons of the household of Charles X. and his family, and the latter one of his ministers. This was almost immediately after the Revolution of July 1830, during the whole period of which the Duc de Guiche had remained in personal attendance on the King. The Duchesse de Guiche was extremely beautiful, and in manner the model of a high-born and high-bred Frenchwoman.

Baron D'Haussez, the minister of marine of Charles X., gave one the idea of anything but a minister of state. He was a plain, good-natured, easy-going person, with little vivacity, much appearance of *bonhommie*, and altogether more English in his manner and temperament than French.

Another of the more recent *habitués* of Gore House was Prince Louis Napoleon, who, after his elevation to power, treated Lady Blessington with marked distinction, and whose favour, together with her family connection and long intimacy with several of the heads of the oldest and noblest families of France, would, had she lived, have given to her a position in the social circles of Paris even more brilliant than that which she had so long held in London.

POETRY VERSUS SCIENCE.

A FRESHMAN'S DREAM.

"Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo!"
HORACE.

You are a Cantab, reader, are you not?
And did you dwell within the gates of Trinity?
I hope you did,—it is a pleasant spot;
Besides, one claims a sort of strange affinity
With those that erst have shared the self-same lot;
In fact it borders upon consanguinity:
Great thoughts expand;—By Jove! I wonder whether
We 've ever smoked, dined, wined, or supp'd together?

Well, did you read? Perhaps it may have been your
Luck to emerge in some immense Degree:
I scarcely dare imagine you were Senior
Wrangler, but so it still perchance may be;
Perhaps you loved the Dons,—perhaps the Dean your
Bosom companion may have been;—to me,
He always bore a most unchristian spite:
I shot his cat,—and screw'd him in one night,

Which he acknowledged by an imposition,
Of grievous length:—I cut the whole concern.
Besides, about that time, I had a Vision;
As in some dozen stanzas you may learn,
Through Mr. Bentley's very kind permission;
So to your college days again return;
Fancy it midnight:—hark, how sweetly swells
The stately chime of old St. Mary's bells!

I closed old Euclid;—for, within the grate,
The dying flames their last faint flicker shed;
Besides, the night was getting pretty late,
Quite time for christian folk to be a-bed,
Who mean to grace the chapel-doors at eight,—
A deed I always contemplate with dread;
For, though I trust, in season, I'm devout,
I must confess, I curse the turning out.

Still, I sat on, to ponder o'er the past,
The present, and the future, wondering long
For what ill deed my lot had thus been cast
Amid dame Granta's stiff and solemn thong,

Chain'd to her dull, disheartening lore ;—at last
  I gave the matter up, and, right or wrong,
Vow'd that I would, eschewing *pros* and *cons*,
Recross för ever " Asinorum Pons."

True " bridge of sighs,"—infernal diagram !
  The boyish tears of generations dead
Thy cruel arch of woe conspire to damn !
  Cane, birch, and block, box'd ears and aching head,
And sleepless nights, and days of weary " cram,"
  Lie all embodied in thine emblem dread !
But, to return :—I " tumbled in :"—to sleep
I went, and going, snored both loud and deep.

How long I slept I know not, 'till a sound
  Of gentle music trembled through the gloom ;
I woke, or thought I woke, and gazed around,
  And, through the shadows of the darken'd room,
Caught a dim outline, fresh and fair and round,
  Unlike the wither'd wanderers of the tomb
That come in ghostly garment, now and then,
To frighten sinful single gentlemen.

Such maidens as " unfortunate Miss Bailey ;"
  Who left the beaten path of love-lorn martyrs,
And, deeming she had acted somewhat frailly,
  Domestically perish'd in her garters ;
Yet rose to dun the naughty captain daily,
  Or rather nightly, in his country quarters,
Until her small account was paid in paper ;
Wherewith she vanish'd with a ghostly caper.

" False Ferdinand " had also to " come down " *
  Though not exactly with a one poun' note,
Which doubtless he had paid, without a frown,
  Could that have saved him from the spectre-boat :
Yet why this green Lothario chose to drown,
  To please a silly ghost, I can't make out ;
Had it been me, I 'd have shamm'd deaf and dumb ;
Or told her roundly that I couldn't come.

There 's nothing in this world, that can compare
  With a good conscience : though, I almost think,
A sound digestion—now almost as rare,—
  (Which helps to form the comfortable link
Between the spirit and the earthenware
  That folds its essence in some airy chink,
None know exactly whereabouts,) is quite
As good a thing :—especially at night.

* See Campbell's well-known ballad, " The Spectre Boat."
" Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace with Heaven !" &c.

I quite admit, a conscience-load of sins
   Is not the thing to go to bed upon:
For, when the work of wickedness begins,
   It very seldom leaves your *sleep* alone;
You see the devil sitting on your shins,
   Or wry-faced fiends, that pull you bone from bone,
While, through the curtain, peers—the nursery Thug—
Old Raw-head's blank, dilapidated mug.

But I had nothing rankling at my breast,
   To make me feel uneasy at a vision;
In fact, if the plain truth must be confess'd,
   I 've always held ghost-learning in derision;
And deem'd such dismal theory, at best,
   Propounded by some school-room politician,
To frighten naughty children into good:
But, on it came!—It look'd like flesh and blood!

She was indeed a bright and lovely maid,
   In the young spring of sweet unsullied youth;
Her silken hair was carelessly array'd
   Above a brow that seem'd all light and truth;
And, loosely wreath'd amid its golden braid,
   Mingled the myrtle and the rose; in sooth,
The last might veil its blushes for the glow
Of those delicious cheeks that warm'd below!

And, oh those lips! their deep, luxurious hue
   Had kindled up the coldest anchorite;
And those dear eyes—the softest, loveliest blue
   That ever yet drank in this earthly light,—
And the pure Grecian profile, ever new,
   And ever brightening on the raptured sight,
That hung upon it with untiring love,
It seem'd just moulded for the worlds above!

But I describe no more: hand, arms, and feet
   Must all be of your own imagination:
Indulgent reader! can you not complete,
   When these are granted without limitation,
A face and form unutterably sweet,
   Quite worthy of your private adoration?
If not—you must excuse the mild misgiving—
You are the very rummest mortal living!

The garlands floating on her gentle head,
   The light, unstudied negligence of dress,
The music rising at her airy tread,
   The halo of entrancing tenderness
That hung upon her looks, and would have shed
   It 's light upon the soul most passionless,
And warm'd its dull, phlegmatic chords to fire,
Proclaim'd alike THE GENIUS OF THE LYRE!

She paused a moment—half irresolute—
  Then, o'er her bright, angelic countenance,
A smile, as quick as the wild stars that shoot
  At midnight through the glittering expanse,
Gleam'd; as I lay in gazing wonder mute,
  Like one just waking from an iron trance:
And, lightly tripping to my side, she laid
Her small, soft hand on mine, and, laughing, said:—

"Forgotten?—and so soon!—you used to swear
  That you were mine for ever; but, it seems,
Such vows as yours are but of worthless air,
  False as the mirage of our summer dreams;
It was not thus when last we wander'd where
  Old Trent rolls dimpling in the pale moonbeams!
Are you neglectful—or unkind—or both?
Or don't you know the 'nature of an oath?'

"Awake—awake!" A sudden thrill went glancing
  Through every vein at those delicious tones:
I jump'd, as jump too curious mortals chancing
  Unwittingly to bring their knuckle-bones
Too near a charged electric:—still advancing,
  Laughed the sweet vision at my drowsy groans;
I started up,—and, for that pure embrace,
A martyr might have left his resting-place!

'Twas like a kiss between first cousins, which
  You know is such a licensed salutation
(Although it seems a sort of moral ditch
  To virgin aunts, and quite a thing that *they* shun—
In pounds and precepts they are always rich),
  It needs no kind of silly affectation;
In fact, it 's quite a case of "give and take,"
Perhaps a pout,—or, "Don't, for goodness sake!"

Just such was ours: and, in the gentle smother,
  Attendant on extempore caresses,
No wonder that I started, as another
  Nocturnal visitant, whose silver tresses
And withered forehead might have graced the mother
  Of the young beauty thus exchanging kisses,
Appeared: I own I wish'd her at the devil,
And, when one 's much put out, one can't be civil.

She seem'd a matron stately and severe,
  And curiously old: I don't pretend
To tell a lady's age within a year,—
  No pleasing acquisition, in a friend,—
But, in the present case, I almost fear
  To venture on a guess, as, in the end,
You 'll find she made some very rash admissions
Concerning divers old geometricians.

Withal, she was a hard, ill-favour'd dame,
And much I wonder'd what it all portended;
Devoutly wishing, if 'twere quite the same
To her and hers, the nightly call were ended:—
But, nearer to my bedside still she came,
And—since we know "least said is soonest mended,"—
I sat in silence, and in some confusion;
This second visit look'd so like intrusion.

The first was well enough; but, really, this
Had placed the matter quite beyond a joke:
Besides, the owner of the ancient phiz
Among my ribs commenced a friendly poke
With a sharp crab-stick, which proceeding is
Effectual, doubtless,—and, when just awoke,
Productive of sensations in the liver,
Particularly pleasing to—the giver.

Then, casting an exterminating scowl,
As if to finish what the thrust began;
While glow'd the indignation of her soul
Along her cheek, she grunted,—"Well, young man,
I came, although you seem, upon the whole,
Quite at your ease without me, just to warn
A simple youth, like you, against the danger
Of listening to that good-for-nothing stranger.

"My name is Science: and a glorious train
Are they who, in their age and generation,
Forsook the false, the frivolous and vain,
To follow me with proper veneration:
I needn't say they quickly found their gain,
Besides conferring honour on the nation.
You needn't stare so, Mr. What's-your-name,
But run your eye along the rolls of Fame!

"Think of old Euclid!—he was one of mine;
So was Pythagoras, Eudoxus, Plato:
We've nothing, in these days of love and wine,
By way of talent, worth a cold potato;
And what we have is wasted at the shrine
Of that unblushing, idle minx, Erato;
The cause of more than half the plagues that are:
I'm sure I often wish her very far!

"Think of old Archimedes! Aristarchus,—
Of Nicomedes,—Eratosthenes,—
Lucretius,—Posidonius, and Hipparchus,—
Of Menelaus, and Sosigenes,—
Of Strabo,—Seneca,—Pliny, and Plutarchus,
Of Aulus Gellius,—Proclus,—Diocles,—
Poor Ptolemy our gratitude, too, taxes,
Just call to mind his Μεγάλη Σύνταξις.

"There 's Leonardo, too, and Roger Bacon,—
Copernicus, and Tycho,—and we find
My Galileo, who had undertaken
That hardest task of all—to teach the blind;
A set of drowsy, drivelling priests to waken,
Who gave, alas! an answer most unkind;
And, pointing to the faggots, fire and post,
Humanely begg'd him to recant—or roast.

"Poor Bruno was less fortunate, and found
Small favour in each stupid heathen heart;
And soon, alas! a glorious bonfire crown'd:
Then Kepler, Huyghens, Napier, and Des Cartes,
With mighty Newton, trod the golden ground;
And Franklin,—Euler,—Herschel, play'd their part,
'Till surly Pluto gave them all their gruel:
But, after all, pray what d' ye think of Whewell?

"He was a son of mine, who dared to tread
The silent walks of science; found 'em flowery;
With inky laurels waving overhead;
Livings and livelong fellowships fell showery:
In short, while buttering his daily bread
With useful knowledge, by my friendly power, he
Was gently wafted onward to the place
He fills with such benignity and grace!

"Yes! there are many prizes, rich and ample,
That strew the paths of mathematic learning,
Of which the Reverend Gent.'s are but a sample,
Though, as you must acknowledge, well worth earning:
And yet, you foolish freshmen turn and trample
Upon my lavish offers, not discerning
Their value till the lucky hour is flown:—
I wish to heaven you 'd let that girl alone!

"You look upon your dons as musty wretches,
A miserable gang of pamper'd sinners;
Bound in white neckcloths, and ill-made black breeches,
And comfortably lined with venison dinners;
Who bloat like drones upon the college riches,
And pass their lives in bullying beginners;
I 'm doting, perhaps,—life's lamp may want the snuffers,—
Still, I could hug them all,—I could, the dear old buffers!

"But where 's the good of raking up the trash
That youth, and ignorance, and idle spite,
Conspire in hurling at pursuits that clash
With the fulfilment of their vain delight?
It sparkles harmless, like your summer flash
Around the eminence it cannot smite.
Disdain their follies; fly the recreant throng!
But, above all things, cut the paths of song!

"The din of battle, and her smoking plain,
Hoof-torn and trampled, are not further set
From the seclusion of my peaceful reign,
Than is the poet's myrtle coronet:
Fantastic, wild, imaginative, vain,
To live in folly, and to die in debt,—
This is his golden recompense, who chooses
To turn quill-driver to the gentle Muses!

"Yet have I seen, with tears in these old eyes,
The midnight wax consume its wasted flame;
While you, neglectful of the precious prize,
Of honour's interest, and of duty's claim;
And all the glory and the gold that lies
Along the paths of academic fame,
While all your friends around were dumb and busy,
Sat worshipping that false and idle hussy!

"Then, once again, forsake her, and a crown
By these old fingers gather'd shall be thine,
More firm and lasting than the light renown
That pays the love-lorn Poet's hungry whine;
Fling down the bay-leaf for the cap and gown;
Once more—and but once more—I say, 'Be mine!'"
She paused:—I answer'd with a vacant stare;
I scarce remember'd what I was, or where.

The camel flounders in the desert sand;
And sinks before Sirocco's murderous flame:
The bird drops powerless by the basilisk scann'd;
And chloroform makes people strangely tame:
'Tis said, one slumbers by a Vampyre fann'd:
If Mesmerism 's true, it 's much the same;
And thus we faint and fail, as o'er us flows
The dreary torrent of long-winded prose!

A genuine scold,—no matter how absurd,—
Must necessarily keep her victim neuter,
Unless you manage to slip in a word;
(Which, ten to one, won't puzzle or confute her;)
Or, as a double-barrel stops a bird,
You somehow cunningly contrive to shoot her;
Which—even if you 're handy with a gun—
Except in savage countries, can't be done.

Were I Sultan and a Despot, thus
Should run the Proclamation of my reign:—
"Long-winded people must be brought to Us,
By all who favour in Our eyes would gain:
And, that their cure may cause no needless fuss,
Nor give our Head Physician work in vain,
We do command him to extract their lungs,
Their jaw-bones dislocate, and split their tongues."

And, if such remedy should prove too mild,
  I shall proceed to raze their habitations;
And then to pillory both man and child
  Upon the list of all their near relations,
Who, being very naturally "riled,"
  Will much discountenance their long orations:
Thus I shall teach my people great propriety,
And in the end, I hope, improve society.

Such is my theory:—I didn't follow
  Its obvious bearing, in the present case,
Simply because I rather thought she 'd hollo,
  And rather more than thought she 'd scratch my face,
If I tried violence; and, by Apollo,
  My patron saint, great were your bard's disgrace
If sound of strife and scientific squealing
Had only penetrated through my ceiling.

Because above me dwelt the Dean; and he
  Being, like other Dons, intensely vicious,
And therefore prone in everything to see
  Something, to say the least of it, suspicious,
Would have descended in his *robe-de-nuit*,
  And, probably, consider'd it judicious
To catch the blooming Genius of the Lyre,
And pitch her, harp and all, behind the fire.

At all events, *her* character and mine
  Would have received a very shocking blow:
I never could have penn'd another line,
  In fact I couldn't have remain'd below;
For Deans assume prerogatives divine,
  And what they say admits no mortal "No."
How he 'd have snubb'd—that monster grave and hairy—
My mild excuse of "Please sir, it 's a fairy!"

I 'm sure I heard him tumble out of bed!
  "Madam! for goodness' sake, depart!" I cried:
"Hark; on the stairs I hear his clumsy tread;
  If you can't vanish, run ma'am—do! and hide."
Madden'd with fear, a good deal more I said;
  To which she, rather haughtily, replied,
"Boy, the brief moment of this present vision
Must carry on its wing your last decision!"

"It shall," rejoin'd the nymph, and o'er the strings,
  Her flying fingers to the words gave time;
And launch'd each syllable on liquid wings,
  Yet melting all in one harmonious chime:
Oh, if the fairy music that she flings,
  Be marr'd by hand of mine, forgive the crime!
Remember that my head, and heart, and hands, are
Completely clogg'd by this unhappy stanza!

"It shall, proud Queen, but not for thee,
Though stores of guerdon-gold be thine!
The nobler heart shall beat for me,
Who only call the myrtle mine;
The brightest immortality—
The foremost niche in Glory's line
Are all for him, and him alone,
Who worships at the Muse's throne!

"Men call me false, and call me vain,
Yet little reck the joys that flow,
Untasted in my glorious fane,
Where thousands learn to smile below,
And millions more, that wear the chain
Of earthly care on breast and brow,
Might sun them at its living fire,
And bless the GENIUS OF THE LYRE!

"But you, ye base mechanic slaves,
To SCIENCE fetter'd, heart and limb,
What know ye of the sparkling waves
On Aganippe's crystal brim,
Or the sweet shadow of her caves,
Where inspiration falls on him
Whose breast can thrill to higher things
Than ever cross'd your visionings?

"The flame that, in the days of yore,
In free, unclouded splendour shone;
And warm'd, on old Achaia's shore,
The warrior men of Marathon,
May light the wondering earth once more,
Resplendent on its island throne,
And, shall he dare forsake my shrine,
Whom I have call'd, and mark'd as mine?"

Already, the ripe garlands of renown
Around my brow their magic lustre shed;
Already, I, the Lion of the town,
Was courted, quoted, praised, caress'd, and fed;
Already, I had knock'd one Proctor down,
And set a price upon the Dean's thick head;
When forms and figures changed, and lights, and hues;
Much in the style of the "Dissolving Views."

Just then Dame Science, quivering, passion-pale,
Sprang forward, like a "Gætula leæna,"
To seize the startled Nymph: of no avail
Seem'd all my desperate attempts to screen her;
My dizzy brain spun round,—a whirlwind gale
Of waking thought confounded all I'd seen or
Fancied in sleep,—and then a sad slow knell:
It was,—no,—yes, it *was* the Chapel Bell!

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"At length the fatal day arrived when it was necessary for me to make my appearance at Versailles. My brother accompanied me to the Maréchal de Duras's, the evening before my presentation. The character of this brave man's mind was so commonplace, that it rendered his manners exceedingly unrefined; nevertheless the good Maréchal inspired me with considerable awe.

"The following day I set out for the château. Those who have never seen the pomp of Versailles, have seen nothing. Louis the Fourteenth seemed to be still there. I felt perfectly self-possessed as long as I had only to cross the Salle des Gardes. Military display always pleased me, and I was never much impressed by it; but when I entered the Œil de Bœuf, and found myself surrounded by courtiers, I became painfully embarrassed. They stared at me, and I heard them ask who I was. The ancient *prestige* of royalty must be borne in mind, in order that the immense importance of a presentation may be thoroughly understood. As soon as the King's levee was announced, those who were not going to be presented took their departure. The door of the King's bedchamber opened, and I witnessed, according to custom, the completion of his Majesty's toilet; that is, I saw him take his hat from his first gentleman in waiting. He moved towards me on his way to mass. I bent to him, and the Maréchal de Duras announced me. "Sire, le chevalier de Chateaubriand." The King looked at me, returned my bow, and hesitated, as if he was going to speak to me. I should have answered him with perfect self-possession; all my embarrassment had vanished, though I scarcely knew why. It appeared quite natural to me to speak to the head of the army and the state. The King appeared far less at ease than I was; as he could not think of any remark to make to me, he passed on. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! This sovereign, whom I beheld for the first time, this all-powerful Monarch, was Louis the Sixteenth, who, six years after, went to the scaffold.

"We hurried along the gallery, in order to meet the Queen on her return from the chapel. She soon made her appearance, surrounded by a numerous and brilliant *cortége*. She made us a very gracious curtsey. How charmed she seemed to be with life, and yet those beautiful hands which supported the sceptre borne by so many kings with such admirable grace, were destined before long to be bound by the executioner!

"My brother vainly entreated me to remain till the evening at Versailles, to join the card-table of the Queen, when the King would most likely address himself to me, and I should be mentioned to the Queen. He could scarcely have furnished me with stronger reasons for at once making my escape. Shortly after the Duc de Coigny sent to inform me that the King invited me to hunt with him in the forest of Saint Germain. Accordingly, one fine morning, I set out to perform my penance, attired as a *débutant*, in a grey coat, red breeches, and waistcoat, topboots, and a little French hat decorated with gold lace. When we reached Versailles, we found three other *débutans* besides myself, the

two Messieurs de Saint Marsault, and the Comte d'Hauteville. The Duc de Coigny gave us a few instructions. He bade us avoid trying to be in at the death, as the King was always greatly displeased if any body attempted to pass between him and the animal.

"The rendezvous was in the vale of the forest of Saint Germain. It was customary to provide those persons who hunted for the first time with the King, with horses chosen from the royal stables. At length the King arrived; he stepped into his carriage, and we followed in the other carriages. We soon came in sight of the rallying point, where a number of saddle-horses awaited us under the trees; their impatience to start could scarcely be restrained. The carriages and guards halting in the forest, the groups of men and women, the eagerness of the hounds, which were with difficulty checked by the huntsmen, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, and the sound of the horns, formed the most animated scene. My head was so full of the particular style of reading to which I had latterly devoted myself, that I saw at every turn a Comtesse de Chateaubriand, a Duchesse d'Etampes, a Gabrielle d'Estrées, or a La Vallière or Montespan. My imagination made me view this chase in an historical point of view, and I felt quite at my ease; besides, I was in a forest, and therefore was thoroughly at home. As soon as we alighted from our carriages, I presented my order to the huntsmen. They had provided me with a mare called Heureuse, a light-footed animal, which had, however, a very hard mouth, and a great many tricks.

"Directly the King was seated in his saddle he started, the rest of the hunters followed him, taking various paths. I remained behind, endeavouring to mount Heureuse, who seemed rather unwilling to submit to her new master, but at last I succeeded in springing on her back: the rest were already far before me. At first I managed Heureuse pretty well. Finding she was obliged to slacken her gallop, she lowered her neck, but the bit and bridle were covered with foam, and every now and then she strove to dash forward, and as soon as she approached the scene of action, it was no longer possible to restrain her. She stretched out her neck, sprang into a full gallop, bringing me into the midst of a group of hunters, causing everybody and everything to move out of her way, till at length she rushed against a lady on horseback, and nearly upset her, much to the laughter of some, and the fright of others. I can no longer remember the name of the lady who so politely received my excuses, but for a considerable time scarcely anything was talked of but the adventure of the *débutant*. My trials were not, however, yet over; about half an hour after my discomfiture, as I was riding leisurely through a deserted part of the wood in a deep reverie, the report of a gun struck upon my ear. Heureuse turned sharply round, pushed her way through the hedges, and carried me to the very spot where the stag had just been taken. The King made his appearance, and then I suddenly recollected the Duc de Coigny's injunctions, but this mistake was entirely occasioned by the mischievous Heureuse. I sprang to the ground, and endeavoured with one hand to force her back, while with the other I took off my hat. The King stared at perceiving that a *débutant* had reached the stag before him. He seemed as if he intended to say something. Instead of appearing displeased, however, he remarked, at length, with a good-natured smile, that my mare had evidently determined not to be long

held back. This is the only sentence I ever heard Louis the Sixteenth pronounce. The rest of the party poured in from all quarters, and appeared surprised to find me talking with the King. The *débutant* Chateaubriand made quite a sensation, but as it has always unluckily happened to him, he neither learned to profit by his good or his bad fortune. The King returned to the vale; he was in excellent spirits, and related in a very lively manner the various adventures of the chase.

"We pursued our way back to Versailles. A fresh disappointment awaited my brother: instead of making my toilet, in order that I might be present when the King's boots were being pulled off, the precise time when favours were generally conferred, I threw myself into my carriage and returned to Paris, heartily delighted to cast off my honours, and to be emancipated from etiquette. Not long after I announced to my brother my determination of going back to Bretagne.

"To conclude the account of my *débût* at Court, I need only mention, that after having visited Bretagne, and returned to Paris and taken up my abode with my two younger sisters, Lucile and Julie, I gave myself up more than ever to my love of solitude. I was continually asked what had ensued from my presentation; matters remained really just as they were.

"'What! are you not going to hunt any more with the King!'

"'No; I have no more idea of hunting with his Majesty, than with the Emperor of China.'

"'Do you not intend to go again to Versailles?'

"'I have been as far as Sèvres twice, but my courage failed me, and I returned to Paris.'

"'What! with your influence and position, do you not seek some advancement?'

"'I have no dream of that kind.'

"'What do you do with yourself then?'

"'I contrive to be wearied and disgusted with everything around me.'

"'Then you have no ambition?'

"'You are right, I have none. I would have given up all my honours, however, to have been the composer of the romance, 'O ma tendre Musette!' or, 'De mon berger volage.' I was capable of doing anything for other people, but, alas! I was not of any service to myself.

"Though my sister's inclination, as well as my own, led us to select our acquaintance from literary people, we were frequently obliged to mix with a different kind of society. My brother's wife's family had naturally some claim upon us, he had married a Mademoiselle de Rosambo. The President Le Pellêtier de Rosambo, who afterwards died with so much courage, was, at the time of my arrival in Paris, a perfect model of frivolity. The minds and manners of people at this period were in a most unhappy state of disorder, a symptom of an approaching revolution. Magistrates blushed to wear their robes, and turned the sobriety of their fathers into ridicule. The Lamoignons, the Molés, the Séguier, and the D'Aguesseau, preferred fighting to administering justice. The *présidentes* ceased to be respectable mothers of families, and quitted their decently ordered hotels for all sorts of brilliant intrigues. The priest in the pulpit avoided making use of the name of Jesus Christ, and spoke only of the legislature of Christians. The ministers were at

continual war with each other, and nobody seemed now to possess any power; the height of good-breeding was to be an American in the city, an Englishman at court, and a Prussian in the army,—to be everything, in short, but a Frenchman. All that people said and did seemed to be nothing but a succession of contradictions.

"M. de Malesherbes had three daughters,—Mesdames de Rosambo, d'Aulnay, and De Montboissier: he loved Madame de Rosambo better than the others, because she held the same opinions as himself. The President de Rosambo had also three daughters, Mesdames de Chateaubriand, D'Aulnay, De Tocqueville, and a son who, in addition to the brilliant talents with which he was endowed, possessed all the Christian graces. M. de Malesherbes was never happier than when he was surrounded by his children, his grandchildren and his great grandchildren. How many times, just at the beginning of the Revolution, have I seen him enter Madame Rosambo's with his head full of harassing political questions, and the next moment he would take off his wig, and throw himself upon the carpet of my sister-in-law's room, and play with a number of noisy children, and allow himself to be teased and tormented by them. He would certainly have been considered rather a vulgar-mannered man, if it had not been for a kind of bluntness in his address, which saved him from appearing quite commonplace; but one discovered directly he opened his mouth that he was a man of good family, and a magistrate of a very superior order. His many amiable qualities were frequently seen to disadvantage, because of his affectation of mixing up philosophy with all subjects and upon all occasions. He was full of information, and was perfectly upright and dauntless, though he was so excitable and passionate, that he said to me one day in speaking of Condorcet, "This man has been my friend, but I should not feel the least scruple in killing him as I would a dog."

"The frank manners of M. de Malesherbes prevented me from experiencing any restraint when I was with him. He found that I was not without some acquirements, and we soon became intimate: we spoke of botany and geography, subjects which he always discussed with interest. It was in the course of some of my conversations with him, that I first formed the idea of going to the north of America, in order to discover that sea which Hearne, and afterwards Mackenzie had seen.* We agreed upon politics; the noble and generous feeling which gave rise to our first troubles, suited my independent disposition, and the natural antipathy which I felt towards the court served to increase my admiration of them. I was on M. de Malesherbes' and Madame de Rosambo's side, against M. de Rosambo and my brother, to whom they had given the surname of the *enragé* Chateaubriand. I should have entirely sympathized with the Revolution, if its commencement had not been marked by crime; but as soon as I beheld the first head which was carried on a pike I drew back with horror and disgust. I cannot conceive for a moment that there is anything grand or noble in murder, or that it is a proof of liberty; I know nothing more servile, more contemptible, more cowardly and narrow-minded, than a terrorist. But to return to M. de Malesherbes: I felt additionally attached to him on account of his partiality for my sister Lucile.

"The measures which were brought forward in 1789 were carried in

* This was afterwards navigated by Captain Franklin and Captain Parry.

1790, the property of the Church which was first placed under the control of the nation was confiscated, and nobility was abolished. I was not present at the confederation in July 1790, on account of a serious illness which confined me to my bed, but I was very much amused beforehand at the wheel-barrow meeting in the Champ de Mars. Madame de Stael has been very successful in describing this scene. Mirabeau lost his popularity in 1790, his connection with the court was too evident. M. Necker resigned the ministry, and retired, and nobody appeared anxious that he should remain in office. Mesdames the King's aunts started for Rome with a passport from the National Assembly. The Duke of Orleans returned from England, and declared himself the King's most humble and obedient servant, and the meetings of friends of the Constitution continued daily to multiply. My regiment, which was quartered at Rouen, preserved its discipline till a very late period; it had a slight engagement with the people on the occasion of Bordier, the actor's, execution; he suffered the last sentence which was issued by the parliamentary authority. At length, however, an insurrection broke out among the soldiers of Navarre. The Marquis de Mortemart emigrated, and the officers followed his example. I had not then either adopted or rejected the new opinions. I felt quite as little disposed to attack them as to further them, and I had neither the inclination to emigrate nor to pursue the military career; accordingly I threw up my commission.

"One desire never ceased to haunt me, the desire of going to the United States; but in this voyage I wished to have a useful object in view, so that I proposed to myself the north-west passage of America: this plan had something in it which suited my poetical nature. Nobody took any notice of me; I was at that time only a simple lieutenant like Buonaparte, and wholly unknown. We emerged from obscurity at precisely the same moment; I set out to search for fame in solitude, and he to seek for glory among men. M. de Malesherbes assisted me in drawing up my plans. I went to him each morning, and we remained for hours buried in maps and drawings; we read the various accounts of the English, Dutch, French, Russian, Swedish, and Danish navigators and travellers; we chatted about the difficulties which there would be to surmount, and the precautions which it would be necessary to take against the climate. "If I were young I would go with you," said this extraordinary man, "and I should then be spared the sight of so many crimes, of so much cowardice and folly; but at my age, one should die where one is. Do not forget to write to me by every vessel, and send me full particulars of your progress and your discoveries. What a pity it is that you do not understand botany!"

"At length, in January 1791, I made my final arrangements. The chaos increased; it was quite sufficient to bear an aristocratic name to be exposed to all kinds of persecutions: the more your opinions were moderate and conscientious the more you were suspected and pursued. I resolved, therefore, to gather up my tent: I left my brother and sisters in Paris, and started for Bretagne. I had decided on embarking from Saint Malo in order that I might have an opportunity of seeing my mother."

MUSICAL NOTES FOR JUNE AND JULY.

BY TARTINI'S FAMILIAR.

"Honest folks like me? How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am? I may be the deevil himself for what ye ken; for he has power to come disguised as an angel of light, and, besides, he's a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to Tartini, ye ken."—SCOTT's *Redgauntlet*.

Now the murder—no, "the melody"—is out! Now *Fanatico* and *Filarmonica Inglese*—now my Lady the Countess, on concert-giving intent—or my Lord the Marquess, on bouquet-throwing bent—*now*, at length, can you understand the causes of the silence of Asmodeus during the past month; which led you to besiege New Burlington Street with questions, and which excited such loud speculations in the pit of both Operas, that the bald-headed Amateur whom every one knoweth (that loveth to hear no one talk save himself)—fairly went home, and took to bed of the *ciarleria!* How *could* I speak—how could I present myself to the public—with such a secret trembling on my tongue—as SONTAG'S RETURN? Your best diplomate (no offence to Count Rossi), is assuredly a dumb man. Had I reported how Mr. Lumley begged and prayed—what the æsthetic Monarch of Prussia said at the farewell audience—at which stage of the difficulty it was necessary to recur to the intervention of our Ambassador, the urbane, obliging Earl of W——, great at a Danish treaty, but great even at oiling the wheels of opera-negotiation—had I whispered so little as a syllable concerning "the golden joys" held out to tempt the star of other days to sit upon *Queen Jenny's* throne—I might have been answerable . . . no one can tell for what *I might not* have been answerable! Broken treaties, empty benches which the brave Alboni as a *soprano* hath failed to fill—subscribers in fits, and the press in agonies how to make up encouraging paragraphs being only a few among the most obvious calamities caused by the eavesdropper's indiscretion. So, like Dorcas Fysshe, in Hood's "Quaker's Conversazione," I held my peace: albeit, what it cost me so to do, this tongue shall never tell.

Here, however, is the original Sontag again!—as fair as if she were not forty and some odd years over, and still holding in goodly possession the voice which was thus besung by the rhymester shortly after her retreat:—

"The stars have voices, Lady, when they lean
Over the dim woods on a summer night,
Or mirrored in the quiet lake are seen
Like lamps some elfin argosie that light;
The stars have voices when the day is high,
And in the cold blue heaven they brighten ere they die.

"And thine is like that melody of morn,
Joyous, abounding,—flowers might haste to spring,
Gold-wingéd myriads to the air be born,
And fountains sparkle up to hear thee sing;
Essence of all things hopeful, fresh, and gay,
Voice of the summer breeze,—where hath it pass'd away?

Somewhat of power is gone—an uppermost argentine note or two must needs be laid by; but the original sunshiny, genial quality of her tone has been preserved by Madame Sontag with wonderful freshness, throughout twenty years of dull retirement into court life, during which younger linnets, larks, nightingales, and thrushes, were making the world musical, and challenging the great lady to come out among them again, and sing them to silence! Madame Sontag can never have ceased to be solicitous in keeping her treasure safe and ready against a rainy—no, a golden day. I was wont—was I not?—to whisper in her dreaming ear, that a good time was coming, when Thrones would reel, and Ambassadors be put upon short allowance — when Patriots would sack the money-chest, and all the splendour of Royalty sicken and grow pale. To which she would

"answer with a smile,"

and sing a scale—others might have thought, in mockery—I knew better!—I knew that like *Henriette* in "L'Ambassadrice" (the opera written by Scribe and Auber to commemorate her departure from the stage) the *grande dame* burned to be at "Le Sultan Misapouf" again—that her shake was laid up in lavender, and her *arpeggi* aired once a day *in petto* for the first "nice vicissitude," which should compel her to do what every favourite of the public so dearly loves and longs to do—namely, once again appeal to public favour. We now profit by her steadiness to her old life, throughout her new one —and so will she, an she but wise—and willing to avoid "the sin by which fell angels,"—namely, indiscreet rivalry. Truth is truth; and she had no call to "walk the mill-wheel" as *Amina*, after Malibran and Persiani, AND Lind!

A word more touching the grateful freshness of Madame Sontag's vocal resources. This is less marvellous than the penny-a-liners would have us believe. In times past—in the great days of the Art of Singing—she would have been at this moment in her prime, and not a wonder, as having kept so much of her power, and so many of her accomplishments. Voices—like silks—wore longer in our grandmothers' days than they do now. They were more thoroughly trained: they were less remorselessly strained. The Gabriellis and Faustinas and Billingtons had been far more elaborately put through their *solfeggi* than most of their successors. Then, too, they were contented to sing with natural voices, not artificial ones. A *fortissimo* note then passed for an "*urlo francese*"—an offence which no audience of taste could bear. Some day or other you may hear what Burney's Ghost thinks about Verdi and Meyerbeer—also "the thrice venerable Shade's" opinions concerning the brass band and the *grosse caisse*, against which even the Opera *pastorella*—let alone the Opera-queen, sorceress, or other strong woman—has "to trill her gladness to the grove!" Had Mlle. Sontag been an impassioned dramatic singer in her time, had she even in her retirement consumed herself with the fancies and ambitions belonging to an *ex*-Medea or an *ex*-Iphigenia—she must, ere this, methinks, have yielded to the common lot. Instead of which, here she is, with a voice, delicate, genial, and limpid,—a beautiful musical style: and a charming volubility of execution, only to be compared to that of Madame Cinti Damoreau. For whereas other florid ladies *work*—these too play with their airs and graces. Then, as to behaviour, never was *artiste* clearer of the

amblings and *agaceries*, which make maturity obvious, disrespectable, and repulsive—for the abominable climax of which see the cordage-worked smiles and curtsies of middle-aged dancers. Look at Mlle. Sontag, and Spite itself must forget the calendar! There's something, too, as *Sartor Resartus* and *Michael Angelo Titmarsh* will assure you, in clothes:—and she is, as she was, the bravest and most consummate dresser of her time! But there's more in manner. "O Youth," &c. sings the German poet (and charmingly and *youthfully* did Mendelssohn set his song)—but "O Art!" crieth *Asmodeus*—"O Art, that makest us forget the flight of Youth! *Thou* art the real enchanter!" Such art had Mademoiselle Mars, and to the last it lightened her step, and cadenced the music of her voice. While Madame Sontag's is one of the most decorous, quiet, and elegantly-mannered *Rosinas*, who ever made "Barber of Seville" her flying post (alack! that she hath a somewhat wooden *Mercury* in the redoubtable Sig. Beletti), she is also one of the youngest!

Without geniality of nature, there is no such art as this; the smile becomes a grin—the curtsey a movement of wood and wire—the laugh a sardonic rattle, hideous to hear. We have more than once seen sempiternal spectres, whom a strangely protracted vitality enabled to present themselves for ever and ever to the reluctant public—dry, unattractive, shameless, horrible creatures. But shall their screams, their rants, and their skippings be confounded with such a charm as *Asmodeus* hath been celebrating? Forbid it, Grace! Forbid it, Taste! Forbid it, Memory!

And, doing loving justice to this geniality of nature in the delightful Madame Sontag, as we do,—think you not, dear public of our *Miscellany*, that here, also, is a case for what G—, (*à propos* of "God save the Queen," so gloriously sung the other day) called a "*do*-monstration?" Is not here a virtue and a merit for bishops to honour, and, no—*not* for the pictorial newspapers and advertising vans to trumpet forth to admiring England and Christendom? I do not believe that the highest worth and the noblest munificence are *black swans* among the singers and the actors. It is far otherwise. Could I—whom you now know as a consummate secret-keeper—divulge the instances of self-sacrifice, delicate benevolence—patience with rapacious and unworthy relatives, which I could personally attest and "total"—the record would

"Draw iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,"

and we should no longer have contemptuous neglect of the Artist in general, accompanied with a more contemptuous parade of one *Artiste* in particular—as the solitary gem amidst a shop-full of paste—as the one flower in a garden of poison-weeds!

All this while sitteth Mademoiselle Jenny, not very far off, "hard by a fountain," the same being one of the Brunnens of Nassau (which springs, be it recollected, all but accessible by the Electric Telegraph), hearing the plaudits which hail her fascinating successor,—counting the bouquets which rain at the Lady's dainty feet, and planning the while her own simple plans. Wait but awhile, and "you shall see what you shall see," or *Asmodeus* is no conjuror!

Let us pass from the Market to the Garden. The retirement of Madame Persiani, too, is an event which has taken place since my last: to be adverted to with no good will by all such as really under-

stand and occupy themselves with the delicacies of what Miss — calls "the oral art." There was about her something individual and peculiar, which I do not recollect to have seen adequately characterized; something which began by arresting, and ended by charming you: that sense of difficulty overcome, and pain endured in her singing, which, repulsive as it sounds, nevertheless ends in exercising a curious mastery, not fascination, over the world of ears and hearts. P— (I do myself violence in not naming at full length the most ill-natured man of my acquaintance) used to say, that Persiani always gave him the impression of having dined particularly badly; of having left a child, with a broken leg, in its cradle; or of having quarrelled violently with her *soubrette* just before she came upon the stage. She was apt to look dispirited, sour, and keen. With most opera *donne* one associates some idea of love-making and courtship; but who could fancy the possibility of any creature, living or dead, "making up" to Persiani? Then, never was seen living woman so gratuitously ill-dressed! One might have believed that she had a sworn antipathy to pure colours, or becoming "cuts." Hot pink, mouldy blue, livid lilac, and diseased green: such were her preferences; and I used to wonder, sometimes, that she did not end by walking forth in that mulberry satin gown which is as constant a feature on every opera stage, as an inaudible *Tisbe* in "La Cenerentola." "Here's a panegyric with a vengeance!" crieth some fool male or some *fat* female, astounded at the colour and quality of the vaunted good-nature of *Asmodeus*. Even so; for what, save consummate skill—what, save indubitable genius—could enable the possessor of such disabilities (if the awkward expression may be allowed) to triumph in spite of them—nay, positively to convert some among them into means and appliances for triumph? Yet this did Madame Persiani. Whereas other artists are studied by the public, she was studied by the artist. Her voice was *aigre*, and organically liable to the worst defect which voice can possess—to wit, sharpness. She had none of those grand qualities or grand faults (like the veil on Pasta's voice) which can be converted into means of grand expression. But there was an intensity in her singing, there was a sincerity of purpose and manner,—a thoroughly musical command over every scrap and fibre of power possessed by her,—a daring, versatile, picturesque fancy in ornament, which seemed to feed itself by exercise—a poignancy and clearness of accent,—such as ended in making her more admired by her congregation than any other vocalist who has appeared for many a long day. "I don't know," once said Mendelssohn, speaking in a society of Germans, who, with their German obtuseness as to vocal accomplishment, were clumsily abusing her for defects which her friends never thought of defending; "I don't know—but there's something about Persiani's singing which I like. It's so bitter, and so very good!" The new-comers must rise early and late take rest, having a long, long journey to go, ere they ever so distantly approach her rare perfection.—'Tis said, too, alas! that she is really, *properly* gone!—"for good and all!"

I could scold—yes, scold—*con brio*, were I not the best natural sprite in the parish of *Pandemonium*, regarding the German Operas, which have expired in a wretchedness even surpassing my expectations. Call the fat little lady with ringlets—who cackled *Miss*

Marlow,— call the lean one who squeaked, Miss *de* Roman; had, in short, either the plump or the meagre warbler been English, she must have been hissed off the stage. But this is not my quarrel. I am made indignant and aggrieved by the starvation and wretchedness of the chorus; dear, hard-working souls, as ignorant of England as our own Mistress, Miss A., Miss E., Miss I., Miss O. and Miss U. Byers would be of the ways, means, lodgements and cookeries of Sirius the Dog Star (supposing the family to go up in a balloon, having taken engagements to lead the choruses of "Elijah" at some planetary festival). The misery which these strong, industrious, hungry people have endured, would make one's heart ache, could it be told. These are the real tragedies of the stage, and not your "Strathmores," or your Mr. —'s comedies, little less lugubrious! Don't let me be thought ultra-despotic in putting the question; but could no protection be awarded to these unfortunates, such as our Hardwickes and Binghams extend to Nassau broom-girls, and Parmesan hurdy-gurdy-cants? Could not the speculator, who brings them hither, be compelled to feed them, and to take them back again? I thought, of late, that some of their voices sounded hollow in the empty theatre; but I wist not that this was because of lack of bread!

Yet, in every evil, there is a grain of good—saith the Wise Man—and even this wretched German Opera of 1849, will be commemorated with a certain complacency by the Chroniclers,—also by the "old Amateurs," who are such a nuisance to singers unwilling to grow old—as the opera which brought us one more valorous German *basso*—Herr Karl Formés. But for experience I should be inclined to call him the most valorous of his race. Never, assuredly, have we heard a new-comer

"Utter forth a glorious voice,"

in a more imposing fashion, than doth Herr Formés. His organ is "a thirty-two feet pipe," mellifluous, robust, grandiose; a sort of voice, it may be fairly said, of which "United Germany" appears to have the monopoly: since, in quality, it is totally dissimilar from the voices of Lablache and Marini,—the most ponderous Italian organs which we know of. There seems, too, to be great dignity, warmth, and musical science in the singing of Herr Formés. Further, he has a fine countenance, somewhat melodramatically framed and fringed by a mane rather than a head of hair; but that's the German student-fashion, and, of course, he would die rather than be cropped like a respectable Englishman, or curled like a polite Frenchman. He is young. But I spoke of "experience," ten lines ago: and this leads me to a certain "*cave*" of temperance in my appreciations and expectations, when German singers are the question. For, truth to say, they are apt to fall off upon intimate acquaintance. They are compelled, by the strange state of their own stage, to fly at every game—to finish nothing completely. They are not presented to a public believing in, or asking for, vocal refinement. Hence, after our first pleasure in their very striking qualities has subsided, when we begin to require more than earnestness and steadiness, we are apt to discover a coarseness, a carelessness, a monotony, which are disappointing in proportion to our former expectations and enjoyments. May Herr Formés prove the exception! He is at present hard at work upon the English of the "Elijah,"—studying

the same with a view to his appearance at the Liverpool Philharmonic Festival. And if he can but manage the "*th*"s and the other odd sounds of our dictionary (not to be facilitated by MM. the Phonetics), he will prove a serious rival to the brave Staudigl, and to the expressive Pischek, or *Asmodeus* is no true prophet.

Thus, merrily, do we approach the close of the season—*Asmodeus* not being called upon to describe Meyerbeer's new opera, "Le Prophète," the last production at Covent Garden, or to praise Madame Viardot, the Prophet's mother; since, you will remember, he brought you the first tidings of both, "hot from the oven," in Paris. Let him rejoice, however, in a line, over the public of London as having been so quick to feel and enjoy a work so noble, and an action so unparagoned. Something, however, ere we part, has to be summed up concerning the London Concert-Music of 1849. The "season" is complained of, on every side, as having been drearily profitless. Wherever this complaint appears, take it for granted that it is because the undertaker (we say *entrepreneur* in French) has been suicidically aimless, or the musician obstinately rapacious. The *Philharmonic Society*, we are assured, has put a guinea or two into the stocking-foot where its gains are laid by; and this in spite of certain un-Philharmonic miscalculations, which have been sharply audited by the daily and weekly journals. The *Sacred Harmonic Society* is in the full tide of revivification—*auspice* Signor Costa—who seems to have the power, in a rare degree, of restoring decaying establishments; and who has assuredly done more for Orchestral Music in this country than any predecessor. The *Wednesday Concerts* have been always crammed to the ceiling—but Gossip Rumour saith—have not "paid." At this *Asmodeus* feeleth a righteous and artistic complacency, having from the first been aggrieved at the temptations they have held out to our English gentlemen and ladies to spoil their chances of progress, by vulgarising their style of singing. Mr. Sims Reeves—little though he may believe it—will have good reason to rejoice should these meetings "know no second spring."—The *Musical Union* has thriven—that hive of lords and ladies who murmur delight over quartett-scores, and who sit through classical hour-long sonatas with a patience which is truly edifying, and rather amazing. But well has the *Musical Union* merited to prosper, were it only for having so liberally treated us to the violin of Herr Ernst, and to the pianoforte of Herr Hallé. This last artist deserves a semibreve (almost "the longest note") of emphatic praise ere our season's register is closed. About pianists *Asmodeus* speaketh dogmatically, and like one familiar with all the "ifs" and "ands" of his subject; and, now that Mendelssohn is gone, he is satisfied that no other player exists so able and willing to render the great music of the great masters as Herr Hallé; so firm and delicate in finger, so deep, without the slightest caricature, in expression. It is his great advantage (in this point of view) not to be a composer: since he is not distracted from the interpretation of other men's thoughts, by a vain desire to exhibit his own crotchets and demisemiquavers. If I were to fill the blank by the name of the richest, most liberal, and most luxurious patron of Art in existence, my court-pianist should Hallé be, and he should play through the sonatas of Beethoven and Weber, and the *Lieder* of Mendelssohn, and (failing Chopin himself who is *impay-*

able) Chopin's dainty, wild, melancholy, brilliant caprices; but, being only "a poor devil," I can merely listen and enjoy. without paying even a pinch of California for my pleasures. Who knoweth, however, whether these words of mine may not, in some sort, prove golden?

As to the *un*benefited Benefit-Concert-givers, who have treated London to entertainments, for which there was the utmost difficulty in finding a public,—as to the abortive attempt of that clever charlatan (yet, nevertheless, *bon diable*—as *Asmodeus* should know) M. Jullien —to fill Exeter Hall with monster audiences, while unprecedented "conglomerations" of talent, home and foreign, made a noise which could be heard as far as St. Paul's,—as for the rumours, which *lie* thick as "autumnal leaves" in the Garden touching the Royal Italians, as to the quotations of the tariff "at which the Haymarketers are willing to amalgamate"—why should I be needlessly tedious by recapitulating failures? Wherefore should I spoil sport, by the few words of mathematical calculation, plain fact and final certainty, which are utterly disconcerting to the lovers of gossip? As he entered, so, also, will *Asmodeus* make his *exit*,—good-natured and discreet. It is Mario, and not your trusty and well-beloved sprite, who is the Prophet of 1849. In 1850—your patience willing— 'twill be easy for Tartini's Familiar to tell you what was going to happen!

THE CAPTIVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

One year of captivity (oh happiness!) gone by!
I see the green leaves,—round my prison-bars they cling;
God be praised, it is spring again!—methought it must be nigh;
Oh, how yearns my longing heart for the sunny realms of spring!

I hear the crystal brooks, rejoicing as they run;
Between the fragrant tendrils the blossoms sprout anew;
Through the gloom of my dungeon darts once again the sun—
Ye green leaves, brightly budding, a blessing upon you!

Woe is me! 'tis the ivy's fix'd entwining I have ta'en—
Its dull verdure—for the bright wreath of soft returning spring,—
For the fresh rosy children she leadeth in her train,
The cold mummy that delights round ruin still to cling!

The ivy's green fetters with the jailor seem in league;
They will not lighten the heavy stones they twine:
Their dull unchanging hue doth my weary heart fatigue;
As her arms bind the turret, they seem faster chaining mine.

Her bitter office is, the sentinel to spare;
Her veil upon the captive through his prison-bars to throw:
She creeps within, a sanction'd spy, all round the weary year;
But no spring—the spring I sigh for—her dull verdure e'er doth know!

Eta.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Vicissitudes of the Eternal City. By James Whiteside, Q.C. Bentley, London.

It is more than thirty years since the greatest poet of his age declared of Rome,—"As a whole—ancient and modern — it beats Greece, Constantinople—everything." This is undeniably true. The cities of Greece have but their ancient monuments of glory—their memories of perished greatness; but they have no present. The City of the Sultans rises from the golden horn in all the splendour of mosque and minaret, kiosk and gilded domes; but she boasts of no past greatness. But Rome "the eternal" links us to the past while she lives in the present. She still bears, in the language of a distinguished traveller, "the evidences of her pristine grandeur, while Athens is a miserable mass of hovels." He who visits Rome, therefore, walks, as it were, in a city of two distinct cycles of time. He beholds disentombed in the heart of the modern city, or standing on her hills, the memorials of ages stretching away into the fabulous monuments, from the days of her twin founders to those of her Cæsars.

> " —— Tu forse a piè dell' Aventino
> O del Celio or t' aggiri; ivi tra l'erbe
> Cercando i grandi avanzi e le superbe
> Reliquie vai dello splendor latino."

While beside and around those "wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm," he finds rising in almost indestructible beauty the churches and palaces of the living city from the days of the Christian emperors to those of her modern popes.

No one then can see Rome to advantage—that is, can know what he sees—who is not skilled in her two topographies. Of modern Rome he has happily no lack of guidance in this respect. The innumerable descriptive works on this subject have been brought down to the present year by Mr. Whiteside's "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," and Sir George Head's "Rome." But the topography of ancient Rome was, until lately, but imperfectly understood, and by no means accessible. The topographies of Faunus Ursinus and Martianus—Bruton Abbey—the "Roma Vetus" of Nardini, bring us down to the early part of the present century, and justify the observation of Sir John Hobhouse, that "A hundred years have but furnished the desired plan of the city."

We wonder not that a traveller of the inquisitive mind and classical tastes of Mr. Whiteside found himself at first somewhat perplexed for a topographical guide through ancient Rome. The labours of the French préfet, the Count de Tournon, while adding to our knowledge had disproved many of the positions of all these writers, and rendered them unsafe and imperfect guides. Happily the universal agreement of all modern antiquaries has pointed out the admirable work of the Cavaliere Canina. Mr. Whiteside could not understand all he saw, and he has evinced his sense of Canina's merit, and bestowed no small

favour upon the English public by giving us a translation of this excellent book, which, with some additional chapters and notes, forms the volume now before us.

To those who are conversant with Italian literature the work of Canina is well known. The mere English reader, and the generality of English tourists have scarce heard of its name. We shall briefly state what this book is, in the words of Mr. Whiteside.

"The work is entitled '*Indicazione Topografica di Roma Antica. Distribuita nelle xiv. Regioni. Del Architetto Cav. Luigi Canina.*' It contains a brief preface, a preliminary discourse, and a topographical description of Ancient Rome, divided into fourteen regions or districts, each numbered. The last edition of the original work is improved by notices of the late excavations, and increased by very important documents which have been fortunately preserved. The book indicates the situation and epoch of the erection of those principal public edifices which were raised on the soil of Ancient Rome from its first existence, down to the removal of the seat of the Roman Empire to the East. The most probable disposition of the city itself, and of its progressive additions, are referred to. A grand topographical map of Ancient Rome elucidates the descriptions of the book. There will be found marked on it the situation of the chief buildings of the city, and of the different fortifications constructed around it, and the form likewise of the hills. Moreover, there is traced in *tinta chiara* the disposition of the principal modern buildings contained within the last enclosure of the city."

The map to which Mr. Whiteside refers is not published with the octavo editions of the topography. It is, however, to be found in the splendid folio edition of the "Architettura Antica" of Canina, prefixed to the volume entitled "Architettura Romana," published in Rome in 1840. Great labour and erudition have been expended on this work by the author, who justly holds the highest place amongst architectural antiquarians. He has concisely and clearly described all the celebrated monuments of the city from the earliest period to the time when the seat of empire was removed by Constantine, sustaining his own views by such authority as is to be found in the writers of antiquity. It would be needless to enter into any details of this topography, but in its English garb it forms a valuable addition to the resources of the tourist in Rome, and the antiquarian in this country. To the translation, which is occasionally judiciously abridged, Mr. Whiteside has appended some very agreeable and well-written chapters, without which the book would not be fully what it is designed to be. Canina only treats of the public buildings. Mr. Whiteside has given us a short sketch of the street architecture of ancient Rome, which will convey to the general reader an admirable idea of what the Rome of the emperors was.

Before the fire in Nero's reign we know the streets were narrow, long, and winding. Tacitus has described the improvements projected and in part executed by that Emperor. Let, however, the "fautor veterum," as he walks through the Corso or Piazza del Popolo, or traverses the Palazzi of the Roman nobles, bless his destiny that it is not the Rome of olden times he inhabits,—the Rome which Mr. Whiteside has graphically sketched for him. The most interesting contribution of Mr. Whiteside to the volume before us is the sketch of "the vicissitudes of the city." Commencing with the removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople, he touches on the assaults of the Goth and the Vandal, and passes on to the twelfth century, up to which period the

city consisted of churches and monasteries, and high unshapely towers and strongholds of the nobility, who seized on the noblest architectural buildings of the empire, desecrating the monuments of the piety of other ages, neither respecting the living nor reverencing the dead. "Add to the above-mentioned causes," says Mr. Whiteside, "the operations of fire, inundations, and earthquakes, and our surprise may well be excited that even so much has remained to us of the buildings of imperial times." During the period when the pontiffs fixed their seat at Avignon, Rome suffered severely. On their return, several of the popes improved and beautified the city, till, in the sixteenth century the sack by the troops of Charles the Fifth destroyed many of the most precious memorials of antiquity. The improvements of Sixtus the Fifth are known to every visitor of Rome, and are very well described in the book before us. We therefore pass to the last epoch in the history of the city, namely, the period of its occupation under Napoleon, in the beginning of the present century. Happily the care of the city was committed to one who knew how to reverence the glorious monuments of civilization, and the Count de Tournon has left an ample account of what has been done to restore and preserve the ancient grandeur of Rome. From the Count's book Mr. Whiteside has given us a most interesting summary of these labours; and we know no more agreeable companion for one who turns his steps to the Forum or the Colosseum than the chapter which we are now considering. Altogether this book is an admirable adjunct to Mr. Whiteside's work on modern Rome, and will be an indispensable hand-book to the English antiquary in Rome.

Amid the strange vicissitudes of the city, that which she has just experienced is not the least remarkable. A Gallic general has again besieged her. The troops of a nation which has vindicated its own right to self-government and popular liberty have, in repudiation of the principles which can alone justify its deposition of the sovereign, arrayed themselves against those who have sought to throw off a yoke the most intolerable and enslaving. The first effort of liberated France is to crush the reviving spirit of liberty in Rome,—to stand forward amid the nations of the world as the friend of despotism; and a modern Brennus has fulfilled the mission of a civilized nation by battering down the churches and palaces of Rome, demolishing her statuary, and shattering her frescoes.

It has been long, as Mr. Whiteside justly remarks, in his eloquent observations upon recent events at Rome, the unjustifiable practice to visit on a gallant people the vices of a despotism under which for ages they have groaned. The modern Romans were branded as cowards. We well remember a contemporary some time since, in reviewing Mr. Whiteside's work on Italy, observed that "independence, freedom, and nationality in Italy meant nothing but aversion to all laws, human and divine,—a burning zeal to get hold of other people's property, and eager schemes to instal a parcel of spouting and scribbling adventurers in stations which they never could fill with decency, and for which not one of them will strike a manly blow." Never was assertion more falsified, the struggle of the Romans is as gallant and noble as any on record; in everything they contrast favourably with their French oppressers; their revolution was conducted with a moderation and dignity which shames and reproves the rabble-sackers of the Louvre; their heroic defence of Rome has filled the world with surprise and

admiration, and their assailants with rage and shame. The handful of brave men have at length yielded to the hosts of Gallic legions when further resistance became impossible, and the French Republicans now occupy Rome, amidst the execrations of her people, and to the disgrace of the age in which we live. What shall be the result to Rome, to civilization, who can yet tell? "History will record," says one of the Roman journals, "what they will do in the name of the holy principle of liberty, equality, and fraternity." Whatever be the result politically, —whether the Romans shall yet achieve a rational liberty, or the Pope be forced back upon them by French bayonets, we know not; but there is one light in which the whole civilized world should regard her—as the treasury of the most precious monuments of art,—the shrine in which the mightiest efforts of human genius are deposited,—as such, she is without the pale of ephemeral politics, she stands above the strife and the struggles of dynasties, challenging the protection of all nations, and stamping as the foe of science and civilisation all who would assail her sacred and time-honoured monuments.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament, by Hermann Olshausen, D.D. Clark, Edinburgh.

There is no doubt of our being, in one sense, a peculiarly wise and understanding people, since whatever we cannot produce ourselves that we care to have, we encourage other nations to produce for us: thus, we cannot produce either cotton or tea, and we therefore import the one from America and the other from China, and we have not for many years past been able to produce any theological works, and these therefore we import—the bad equally with the good—from Germany. Among others, we have imported Olshausen's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans," which is the volume before us, and which in the depth and compass of its learning no one now dreams of attempting here in England.

It would seem, indeed, to be the settled determination of the English bishops to discourage to the utmost all theological works of deep research and laborious investigation from the English clergy,—to withhold every description of preferment, all canonries and benefices, from those men especially, who, the whole church excepting themselves consider, have deserved the most at their hands. Thus, the author of the "Recensio Synoptica" has, in return for his extraordinary industry and exceedingly great usefulness, been frowned down by the whole bench of bishops. They have among them given millions away since he published his "Annotations" in 1828; but most carefully has he been excluded from any participation in their gifts, and so glaring was the neglect, and so deserving the object, that even the government has made him a pensioner on its bounty for two hundred pounds a year. Hartwell Horne also has been left to wear away his life in comparative poverty and neglect; and Professor Lee, the most eminent oriental scholar of his day, whose talents and whose acquirements were of the utmost value to the church in all the departments of its foreign missions and translations, has been treated with the most contemptuous indifference by the whole body of the spiritual peers. Perhaps theology is not a subject the bishops particularly care for; and it would really appear so, if we look to their own publications; for the Bishop of Dur-

ham writes a Greek Lexicon, the Bishop of London edits Greek plays, and the Bishop of Landaff translates Roman histories; and, the consequence of all their most marked discouragement is, that we publish nothing upon theology in England that is worth the reading. America goes to Germany as we do, and for the same reason, that there is nothing published here equal to what is to be found there.

Little, of course, can we here say of the work now before us, otherwise than that every veise throughout the whole of the epistle is brought directly under the reader's observation,—its grammatical structure examined,—its doctrinal teaching explained, and its more especial and general object fully commented on. It is a work evidencing on every page great learning and deep reflection, and to all preachers, and to all students, and, indeed, to all who would learn and fully comprehend all that could be learned of the Epistle to the Romans, we would recommend this book. An extract from the introduction, which is throughout highly instructive, is all we can give to display the author's style and manner of treating his subject. Upon the value and the peculiar character of this epistle he says:—"Among the Epistles of St. Paul three classes may be distinguished; first, epistles of *doctrinal* instruction; next, epistles of practical instruction; and lastly, friendly outpourings of the heart. To the last class belong the Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Philemon. The Epistles to the Corinthians, to Timothy, and to Titus, are those which, while they touch on individual points of doctrine, set especially before our view the ecclesiastical circumstances of the Apostolic age. But the Epistle to the Romans, with those to the Galatians and Thessalonians, belongs, beyond the possibility of mistake, to the first class —the epistles of doctrinal instruction. A writing of such penetrative significancy, which in the course of centuries has been the regulating authority for the Church in the most critical moments of her development, which has already been, is, and to the end of time will continue to be, the regulating authority for persons without number, as to the training of their individual life, must have had the deepest foundation in the life of its author. It was only from lively experience that the Apostle could treat a relation of such uncommon difficulty in such a manner that his words still, after thousands of years, tell as profoundest truth in the hearts of millions, and in the collective consciousness of great ecclesiastical communities. The words of Augustine,—'Da quod jubes, Deus meus, et jube quod vis,' contain the whole system of the Apostle Paul."

A Physician's Holiday; or, A Month in Switzerland, in the Summer of 1848, by John Forbes, M.D. Murray. London.

A life of dire toil is a physician's, if such is his holiday—a life of wearing painful labour if such are his recreations—if to him it is repose and refreshing rest, to rise at five, to clamber up mountains all day, and week after week to wander about, exposed to all the annoyances, and privations, and discomforts of continental travelling by mules, and chars, and diligences, and steamboats. The daily labour of life must be labour indeed, when the four weeks seemed all play, which were employed in traversing the Alps in all directions, with scarcely one night's quantum of sleep, and with no one day's entire

repose from the toil and the heat. From our own experience we know full well what travelling in the Alps means, having crossed on foot almost every mountain-pass between Inspruck and Geneva—but the truth is, in Dr. Forbes's case his month in Switzerland was a holiday to the mind, which in England has no holiday whatever—knows of no intermission from labour—but is working early and late, morning, noon, and night, month after month, with the most stedfast perseverance, and with the utmost diligence. A mind so employed during eleven months might very naturally be supposed to give itself up to the most unrestrained enjoyment of its holiday in the twelfth—and to roam about in its liberty and freedom—anxious about nothing and doing nothing.

Yet how inveterate are habits; Dr. Forbes lives with a pen in his hand here, and he must needs take it, as a part of himself it may be, with him into Switzerland; there it certainly found no holiday, there it worked, and probably at most unseasonable hours, in taking notes on a vast variety of subjects—but never mind, it makes no complaint of its toils, and shews no sign of weariness, and has written out a most lively and entertaining account of Switzerland and its wonders.

We always regret, while reading of such scenery as this volume attempts to describe, that printing is so much cheaper than engraving—that words fill the page instead of views—a few lithographed drawings embellish this volume, but a hundred in addition to these would not have been one too many, and would have proved to the reader how accurately the writer can picture in words, what the eye sees. The Via Mala, the Wallenstatt Lake, the Handeck Falls—the walk between Meyringen and Lauterbrun, surpassed in interest and beauty by no scenery in the world, are all admirably described; but such sights and scenes need more the pencil than the pen, and words alone must ever fail to convey clear ideas to any mind of the awful and the beautiful, the magnificent and sublime scenes which Switzerland so abundantly presents to us.

Among the gloomiest places on the earth for men to live in, and especially to resort to, for either health or pleasure, is Bad-Pfeffers—as one of the most extraordinary sites ever chosen for men to build dwellings on is Albinem, a village to this day to be approached only by ladders, placed one above another, in the face of an almost vertical cliff—and down these all must go, at all risks, men, women, and children, whenever they want to buy or to sell, in the world beneath them. But Switzerland is a land of wonders and surprises—it is ever presenting, in the strongest possible contrast, the beautiful with the awful—astonishment and admiration are ever with the traveller. In the same day he is upon a sea of ice, hundreds of fathoms deep, and then, in a village where the inhabitants boil their provisions in the stream that runs steaming and splashing by the threshold of their door. Now he is on the Rhigi—looking down upon half a score of lakes, and upon hundreds of towns and villages, and before night he may be making his way through the gloomy defiles of the Reus, with the Devil's Bridge before him, frowning rocks above him, and a raging roaring torrent beneath him. A highly interesting notice is that of the inundation of the Valley of Dranse—when a lake of 530,000,000 cubic feet of water discharged itself from its bed in half an hour—300,000 cubic feet rushing along in a body through the valley, with a velocity of thirty-three feet per second—a velocity that is three times

greater than that of any known stream or river. We were upon the spot immediately after the occurrence, and the ruin occasioned by it was as awful as it seemed to be irreparable; and now says Dr. Forbes, "No where could we trace any marks of the ravage either on the soil or its vegetable productions; so admirably had Nature healed all the wounds inflicted and restored all the beauties lost, thirty years before."

Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. By W. F. Lynch, U.S.N. Bentley, London.

Nautical men, in all countries, will necessarily talk of ships and commissions, and they will occasionally talk also of the great men who in their several states preside over such matters; and they will, moreover, at times, animadvert upon the manners and talents of those in office, upon their urbanity or their haughtiness; their use or abuse of the patronage with which they are entrusted; and, certainly, the opening page of this most remarkable of narratives, will give rise to not a few observations upon the difference of systems in different naval departments, and will not a little astonish every English naval officer who reads it. Imagine a time, when Lord Minto was the first lord of the Admiralty, and when every ship of war afloat in the British navy, when anew commissioned, was commanded by an Elliot; and imagine any captain in the English fleet, that was not an Elliot, preferring an application to the Admiralty to be recalled from his station in the West Indies, where he was literally doing nothing, to be appointed, under the authority and at the expense of the British Government, to circumnavigate and to explore the Caspian Sea, with what indignant rebukes would not such an application be met, and with what outpourings of official scoldings would it not be replied to! how sternly would not "my lords" have expressed their sense of the extreme impropriety, to call it by so mild a term, of an English officer presuming to have an opinion of his own, as to where he might, in his country's service, be most usefully employed.

In America, however, they look upon such applications with a more favouring eye, and the heads of the navy department there will actually condescend to consider them, and to deliberate upon them, and at times even to comply with them, as this narrative teaches, in this manner; that a Captain Lynch, finding himself at Vera Cruz, eating the bread of idleness, with nothing whatever in the war line to do, no enemy's fleet to board, no enemy's castle to cannonade, sent off a request to the Secretary of the Navy, that other work might be cut out for him, and that he might be allowed to sail away to the far-east, to sound the depths and to examine the coasts of the Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea of all places! Since this is a sea for which, politically speaking, the American government *could* care nothing; the wildest American imagination never having conceived the idea of using the waters of the Dead Sea as an outlying station for their ships, or of occupying its shores with any object of establishing there either colonies or commerce; nevertheless, although no profit whatever, direct or remote, could accrue to the United States from the examination of this unpeopled inland Asiatic sea, yet, such was the spirit of enterprise, or such the love of science in the navy board, that orders were sent forthwith to Captain Lynch to take the command of an United States ship,

and to supply himself from the public stores with every requisite for the service he had engaged in. How totally different was all this from what, at the very time, Layard was experiencing from us! what did our navy department care for the treasures of art, that had been dug out of the ruined palaces of Nineveh? what were the winged lions to our lords of the Admiralty? or why should the admiral of the Bombay station be troubled to look after the interests of a man who had in himself no parliamentary influence, whose father was not a peer, nor even a member of the Commons house? And if "my lords" cared nothing for Layard, nor yet for the marbles that were lying neglected at Bussorah in the mud of the Euphrates, neither for either need care, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, nor the Secretary of the Colonies, nor the Home Secretary, nor the Secretary of the Fine Arts Commission, nor any other secretary existing,—it was the business of no particular office to interest itself about Mr. Layard and his labours; it was the duty of no especial department of the state to provide means of transport to this country for what Mr. Layard had, at so much cost, and with so much toil, disinterred, and procured for it; but it is the business, strictly and solely, of every one in office in this country to look to that which concerns himself alone, to look after his own interests exclusively, and to give no thought nor care to the interests of others.

We are, in consequence, the more indebted to the Secretary of the American Navy for the very excellent example he has set to all the secretaries of the Old World; and we are bound to thank the American government, moreover, for the encouragement they gave, and the assistance they rendered to their gallant and enterprising officer,—the result of their liberality and of his labours is a mass of information about the Dead Sea and the Jordan, which leaves nothing more to be desired about either, and nothing more probably to be said. Certainly a more complete or a more satisfactory account of both the river and the sea no one would wish for. That wondrous and deadly sea was passed over in every direction, and its depths were everywhere sounded; an exact topography was taken of its shores; the depth, width, and velocity of all its tributaries were ascertained; astronomical and barometrical observations were hourly made, and everything was recorded, both of the sea itself, and of the nature and productions of its shores, that was of any general or scientific interest. Nor is it likely that any other book upon the subject will ever come before us; so perilous to health and life are these researches, that to take again the soundings, and to make again the observations, is to risk the lives of all employed without an object; so full is the information given in this volume, that another volume would merely tell us what we already know; and no party of men, public or private, numerous or few, would be ever likely to do more or to do better than the Americans have done.

Indeed, the shores of this sea are so desolate that nothing to support life can be procured from them: the Arab tribes in the vicinity are of the worst description, and are themselves ever on the verge of starvation, and only a large and well-armed party would be safe for an hour among them.

A tradition prevails among all the Arabs around this sea that no one can pass over its waters and live; they dread it, and call it the sea accursed of God; they fear even to approach it, and plug their noses with onions whenever they go near to it; nor is their awe of it without

cause, nor are their apprehensions of it groundless, nor their prejudices against it without reason; it is a sea equally wonderful and fearful; it is like no other sea on the face of the earth, and it looks like no other sea; it looks only like what it is, as a sea upon which the wrath of the Almighty for ever rests; its extraordinary colour gives it the appearance, when still, of a vast cauldron of molten metal, seen especially through the thin vapour that floats generally above it, and which, from its purple tinge, has the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur; its waters are a nauseous compound of bitters and salts, and differ from all other waters in the world in this, that they contain nothing within them that has life,—under the most powerful microscope they give no evidence of animalculæ or vegetable existence. Barren mountains surround it, with desolate hills, and fragments of rocks blackened by sulphureous deposit. Salt and ashes are mingled with its sands; fetid sulphureous springs trickle down its ravines, and the very air of its shores is tainted, and at times almost poisoned, by the sulphuretted hydrogen with which its banks are impregnated. Like all inland seas which are crested with high hills, so this is subject to sudden and violent storms. Woe to the boat and the boatmen who are then floating upon it, for its perfectly smooth waters will in five minutes be lashed by the wind into a surface of foaming brine; while, from their extreme density, the blows of its waves are equal in force to those from sledge-hammers! On such occasions the sea would be covered by a mist, sometimes of a purple hue, sometimes of a yellow tinge, and the red and the rayless sun would look through the bronzed clouds as it does look when seen through smoked glass. Siroccos, indeed, were almost of daily occurrence; and it was at those times especially, when the air was most still, and the sea as smooth as glass, that a hot and furious hurricane would sweep over it with its fiery blast, blistering, and blinding, and suffocating, and prostrating whoever was exposed to its fury.

But the hardy and daring crew, who were every day periling their lives, and every day undermining their health, and losing their strength, while sounding and examining this wondrous sea with its strange waters, suffered almost as much from calms as from storms. An oppressive stupor, with extreme languor, was then the prevailing feeling—the tendency to sleep even while rowing was almost irresistible; the sailors would pull mechanically with half-closed eyes; and when the sail was set and the oars were shipped, the drowsiness that weighed upon all was painful and fearful. There are some thrilling descriptions of the sufferings of the sailors at such times as they hung over the sides of the boat with their inflamed and swollen faces, with their lips cracked and sore, their hands excoriated by the acrid water, and their whole appearance and the position of their heads and limbs alike proving how utterly overpowered they were by this most unnatural heat and weariness.

For all the details of the soundings, the map which is given of the sea must necessarily be referred to: it is evident, however, from this, that at the bottom of this sea are two plains—one elevated, the other depressed; the one averaging thirteen feet in depth, and the other thirteen hundred. Under the former of these, it is supposed, and now covered with slime and salt, are the two guilty cities whose crimes occasioned all the frightful desolation that we now see there. Mud everywhere forms the bottom of the sea, and mud of various hues—

brown, ashy, blue, yellow, grey, and of all consistencies, from very soft to very hard, generally mixed with large cubic crystals of salt. Fortunately, Capt. Lynch had provided himself with two metallic boats in America, one of copper, the other of galvanized iron—and certainly without these he could by no possibility have made the researches on this sea that he did; as it was, the copper-boat wore away rapidly in its briny waters, and was kept by the action upon them as bright as burnished gold. No native boat ever floats upon the Dead Sea, and only one boat was to be found on the Sea of Tiberias.

From that sea to the Dead Sea, Capt. Lynch coursed the Jordan throughout its whole length—a feat he could not have accomplished but for the metal boats he took with him, so numerous were the rapids, so great the fall of the cataracts, and so bad and perilous the whole navigation of that ever celebrated river. An excellent map of this river, from its exit from the one sea to its entrance into the other, is here given, together with a map of the Dead Sea with all its soundings and the elevation of its coasts. The volume is also enriched with numerous views of scenery and portraits of Arab chiefs: one of these, Akīl Aga, was a character suited to the "Arabian Nights." His history is a romance, as is the history of another of Capt. Lynch's friends, the ex-Sherif of Mecca: indeed, without the assistance which these two men rendered to him, we do not see how he could ever have descended the Jordan, or have escaped with life from the Arab hordes in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea.

Altogether this narrative is full of romantic incidents and scientific details—a work that must amuse, and cannot but instruct—we never knew what the Jordan and the Dead Sea were till now, and we now know all that we care to know, and all that we are ever likely to know.

But Captain Lynch visited many places of great repute and fame besides these, and has made many highly interesting observations upon them. He visited Constantinople on his way, and was favoured with a private interview by the Sultan; he looked in upon various cities in Syria, and between Beïrût and Tiberias, fell into strange and rather unsafe company, and encountered some risk of being plundered, or, worse still, murdered. When his great object was attained, the Jordan navigated, and the Dead Sea explored, he passed on to Jerusalem, then to Jaffa, the source of the Jordan, Damascus, and Baalbek. But here a deadly enemy, the Dead Sea malaria, that had hitherto travelled unperceived in their company, interposed in a manner not to be withstood, to forbid all further researches.

Unlike most of the works that have of late years appeared upon Syria and the Holy Land, this narrative is particularly distinguished by the deeply reverential feelings with which it treats all subjects connected with scripture history. The writer treads with peculiar awe and reverence those spots especially which are made for ever memorable by their intimate connection with the Saviour, and the most devout Christian may walk through and around Jerusalem with Capt. Lynch, and will find him with his pious thoughts and his firm faith and his hallowed associations one of the very best and most profitable of guides that ever pilgrim had through the Holy Land. The man was worthy of the mission he undertook, and this narrative of his travels and discoveries, while it will greatly instruct and delight Christians of all creeds, will highly interest the general reader, and especially interest the man of science and research.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Lottery of Marriage. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Colburn.

Evelyn; or, A Journey from Stockholm to Rome, in 1847-8. By Miss Bunbury. 2 vols. Bentley.

Lady Alice; or, The New Una. 3 vols. Colburn.

Owen Glendower; or, The Prince of Wales. 2 vols. Bentley.

Owen Tudor. By the Author of "Whitefriars." 3 vols. Colburn.

The Albatross; or, Voices from the Ocean. By W. H. G. Kingston, Esq. 3 vols. Hurst and Co.

Valerie, an Autobiography. By Captain Marryat. 2 vols. Colburn.

Léonie Vermont. A Novel. 3 vols. Bentley.

The final test of the excellence of a novel is the effect it produces upon the sympathies of the reader. Does he instantly recognize the truthfulness of such or such a character, or such a developement of circumstances? Is such a scene, or such a touch of pathos or humour, so just and natural that it strikes home to his own experiences? Does such or such a passage really affect or amuse him, awaken his tenderness or provoke his mirth? The novel which produces such results may be set down at once, without troubling oneself with critical crotchets, as having accomplished the object for which it was written.

But the characters and experiences of men are as various as their shapes and sizes; and as no suit of clothes was ever yet made which would fit all men with equal accuracy, so no novel can be expected to make the same impression upon each individual in the miscellaneous round of its readers. People look at pictures of society from special points of sight, and judge accordingly. Some attach importance only to that which happens to come within the range of their direct observation, and are apt to regard all the rest with indifference or contempt, as if there were no world outside their own. Others run into the opposite extreme, and take the greatest delight in the portraiture of classes of whose real life they are utterly ignorant. The silver-fork school, which used to provoke such malicious derision in the higher circles, was read with avidity by the vulgar. Old people, who have survived the fires of passion, skip over love scenes as so much idle trash; young people see nothing else in the book worth reading. The most profound and subtle parts frequently produce no effect at all, while the flimsy and superficial carry off the applause. The course of novel-writing never did run smooth, and, from the nature of the materials with which it works, never can. Let this reflection comfort the novelist who, achieving any sort of reputation, has the mortification of finding it mottled over with an irreconcilable diversity of opinions. He may calculate with certainty, at all events, upon making a hit at random amongst the multitude. Like a man who fires into a crowd, be his aim ever so irregular, and his hand ever so unsteady, his ball is sure to lodge somewhere.

To accomplish universal popularity is the rare fortune of the rarest genius. Fieldings and Scotts arise in the world at long intervals; but

in the meanwhile extensive crops of fiction are constantly growing up, which yield occasional produce well worth the harvesting. Keeping before us this tolerant, and, as it appears to us, very equitable view of the claims of this department of literature, we propose to indicate—for our limits will not permit us to analyse—the leading features of a few recent novels whose titles we have quoted above.

With a vivid recollection of her previous novels, the reader knows pretty well what he has to expect from Mrs. Trollope, and he will not be disappointed in "The Lottery of Marriage." It is distinguished by the same intimate acquaintance with domestic tactics, softened down by rather a greater amount than usual of domestic virtue. A bundle of idle people, who have nothing in the world to do but to spend their money, and angle for sensations, find themselves at Dover: a poor lady of title, with a tall, clever, manœuvring daughter,—a rich vulgar widow, enchanted to take people of rank about in her carriage, and setting her cap at a nobleman young enough to be her son,—young ladies scheming for husbands,—young men of fashion with yachts,—an adventurer who is tricked into a run-a-way match by a girl without a penny, who discovers, when it is too late, that she has caught a beggar instead of a gentleman with 10,000*l.* a-year,—a foolish old lord (capitally drawn) who tries to fasten his daughters upon the affections of every gentleman who flirts with them, and is only laughed at for his pains,—and sundry specimens of grave, sentimental, and shallow humanity, all mixed up together in a fashionable bustle. Out of this crowd of heterogeneous characters, Mrs. Trollope manages with great dexterity to create a picture of a section of society which, although some of its traits are a little exaggerated, is strikingly just upon the main. The canvas is laid with skill in the first instance, and the figures introduced upon it come out in the end exactly as such people might be expected to do in real life.

There is not much substance in the plot. The whole web of the story is made up of drawing-room strategies, visiting, dining, promenading, and the endless trifling of that most wearisome life, in which the actors are incapable of any higher occupation than getting up *liaisons* and flirtations. There is a great deal of conversation, representing fairly enough the ordinary commonplace inherent to such circumstances; and a great deal of motion, but very little action. The distinction is important. People of this stamp are of Mercutio's order, and say more in a minute than they will stand to in a month; and the consciousness of wasted time, produced by the contemplation of this busy routine of idleness, supplies the best practical moral that can be drawn from a novel of this class.

The character of Cassandra is conceived and sustained with great ability. Julian and the loveable little Ethel are paired off to the reader's perfect contentment; and in the midst of the crush of fools and knaves, it is pleasant to find the gay, generous Wigton settled down at last with a lady who, notwithstanding an accidental flaw in her heart, appears admirably adapted to fall in with his whimsical temperament. We cannot say so much about the model lady of the book, Miss Stockton, the governess. We believe it is not usual for ladies of so much sense and discretion to make *confidantes* of their young pupils in their love affairs, or to reveal to them the secret histories of high families in which they had been previously engaged: at all events, we should have entertained a better opinion of Miss Stockton if she had looked out for a more fitting counsellor.

The form of the novel has been frequently employed of late years in the illustration of every possible kind of knowledge. Even the exact sciences have been thus elucidated, through the medium of stories expressly constructed to develope their principles. Such experiments are hazardous at best, and require to be conducted with scrupulous judgment. Availing herself of a plan which, it must be observed, has not often been attended with success, Miss Bunbury has made the novel of "Evelyn" a vehicle for an interesting route of travels from Stockholm to Rome. In this case the application of the double design is less objectionable than in most others, since descriptions of localities, and the actual customs and costume of countries, may be permitted with advantage to enter largely into the framework of a fictitious narrative; and where it is carried out with skill, the two sources of interest may be made to assist each other, and give a strong colouring of verisimilitude to their union. But great art is required in weaving a story into a work of travels. Care must be taken that the interest of the fiction shall not supersede that of the reality; and, on the other hand, that the action on the stage, so to speak, shall not be overpowered by the more brilliant attractions of the scenery. If attention be too much excited in the one direction, it will be at the expense of indifference in the other.

Miss Bunbury has very happily balanced her effects, and produced a work which, regarded in either point of view, will be read with pleasure.

The story is so ingeniously contrived as to bear upon the actual condition of Italy, over which its action is chiefly spread; and the mystery which surrounds the lady, whose journey to Rome furnishes the groundwork of the novel, imparts a tone of romance to the whole which harmonizes effectively with the author's delineations of the country. The tourist is supposed to meet this lady on her journey, and curiosity is wound up to the highest pitch at the strange *imbroglio* in which she becomes involved, especially after she arrives at Rome, where she has an interview with the Pope, and with other people, under circumstances of a dark and suspicious cast. The discovery, however, that she is interested on behalf of friends who are implicated in recent revolutionary movements, and that she is bound to secresy by an oath, clears up all difficulties. There are some excellent descriptions in the book; the route is depicted throughout with accuracy of observation, and in a fresh and poetical spirit; and the story abounds in touches of deep feeling and moral beauty.

The author of "Alice" proposes to himself the solution of a grand problem concerning the purity of woman and the glorification of faith, which he evidently suspects his readers will not be able to understand. We are afraid he is right. The philosophical mist which broods over the book renders its purpose—whatever that may be—perfectly unintelligible. It is a good rule for all writers to keep in mind that if they wish their books to be read they must make them readable. Bentham himself, whose wisdom no man will venture to question, wrote in a jargon which to the English public, in whose language he professed to write, was as incomprehensible as if he had written in hieroglyphics; and Sydney Smith, in noticing his labours in the *Edinburgh Review*, frankly stated that his object was, not to review Bentham, but to interpret him. Now the author of the "New Una" may be quite as great a philosopher as Bentham, for all we know to the contrary; but we can bear honest testimony to the fact that he is equally incomprehensible

without Bentham's weight of diction and unmistakable solidity of thought. The story of "Alice" is a singular braid of strange and highly improbable adventures, during which the heroine enacts some eccentricities, in accordance with the author's theory, which we hold to be exceedingly surprising, and not very creditable in a lady of her birth. Her caprices on the subject of religion may be excused. Young ladies who pretend to too much divinity are not fairly responsible for excesses in the article of faith; but the question of drapery suggested by the second title of the work is quite another affair. The author seems to have had a notion that in a story with a great esoteric aim, it would be perfectly proper to half-allegorize his design. He wishes us to take for real only that which he means as real, and to accept the rest as a symbolical representation of something else. But the difficulty is to know how to discriminate in such cases. "I make it a rule," says a censorious lady in a comedy, "to believe only the one half of what I hear." "Quite right," replies another; "but the puzzle is to know which half to believe."

Let us part from the author of this very mysterious book by saying that we think him capable of better things. There are occasional passages of power and beauty in the work, which evince no mean order of intellect. But he must abandon his philosophical speculations which he never can render clear to his readers, because they are in their own nature crude and chimerical. If he will honestly try the process of endeavouring to master them himself before he submits them to the world, he will see at once what we mean.

The character of Owen Glendower, who in the reign of Henry IV. called up into rebellion the principality of Wales, and continued to the end of his life to wage a successful war against the throne and to preserve his independence, negotiating ransoms with the English, and opening treaties of alliance with France, is one of the most heroic upon the records of history. Although the minute incidents of his career are not well known, the main facts alone having escaped to posterity, the selection of such a subject for a romance, originally suggested by Sir James Mackintosh, was justified by the grandeur of the elementary materials. Even the obscurity in which his personal adventures, apart from his public life, are involved, is not unfavourable to such an undertaking, because it casts the author upon other resources of hardly less value and importance, and renders it the more necessary for her to heighten the interest of the narrative by exhibiting the habits and manners of the Welsh of the fifteenth century, and surrounding her hero with the chivalry of his age. There is scarcely a passage in our annals upon which trustworthy authorities are so few and scanty, or so far out of the general track of historical enquiry. Miss Hardy appears to have set about her task with a full consciousness of these difficulties, and a clear perception of the advantages in the way of license which might be derived from them. She has availed herself successfully of the superstitious machinery of the time, has called in to her assistance the poetical aspects of the semi-barbarous life of the Cambrian mountaineers, portrayed with fidelity the principal persons on both sides who were engaged in the protracted struggle, and supplied, in the form of an exciting romance, the most complete account of the life of "the Prince in Wales," as Owen Glendower was called by his followers, that has yet been attempted. The research indispensable to the execution of this work was much greater than the modesty of the author has suffered her

to lay claim to; but the scholar who is acquainted with the remote lore upon which she has drawn will appreciate her industry and learning.

The author of "Whitefriars" does not improve in the art of building up a story, but he displays more gusto and versatility than ever in the collection of materials. The element which will strike every body most forcibly in the romance of "Owen Tudor," is the wonderful power exhibited by the author of heaping incident on incident, of crushing into a small compass a world of events, of digging up historical characters by the score, and throwing them all into action. There is marvellous gorgeousness of detail in this work, minute and extensive knowledge, singular facility of description, and strength and breadth of execution—but a lack of artistical skill no less remarkable than the lofty faculties in which this unbridled writer excels most of his contemporaries. With half the research and half the vigour of delineation, he might have produced a better book. He scatters his superabundant wealth about him with the hand of a prodigal, and evidently does not understand how to make, not to say the most of his resources, but to lay them out at an average advantage.

The story opens admirably, and nothing can be more distinct or brilliant than its progress until the Welsh hero (whose story is well known to the readers of English history) gets to Paris. From that moment the distracting *mêlée* begins; and while we cannot withhold from the author unmixed admiration for his magnificence in the way of grouping and portrait-painting, we cannot too earnestly protest against the confusion to which this very magnificence commits him. The number of persons who move over the scene, the variety of interests which cross each other in the course of the action, and the maze of incidents, great and small, through which we are conducted to the close, have so bewildering an effect, that we find it difficult, with all our practice in the solution of such perplexities, to disentangle the separate threads of the narrative, and follow them to their issues. The Armagnacs and the Cabochiens, Montsoreau and the Châtelets, Henry V. and his bridal, John of Burgundy and his chivalry, and all the other picturesque and striking heroics of the time, are exhibited with breathless rapidity upon the surface of this vivid panorama. The life of the age, in its royal and warlike aspect, is shown as in a magic glass, but it passes before us so swiftly, that we can catch only its general characteristics and its broad, massive colours. Whenever the author of "Whitefriars" chooses to content himself with a simpler groundwork, and to give space to the developement of passion, liberated from a network of dazzling events, he will achieve the success which he has, beyond doubt, the capacity to command. Even with all its high-pressure action, "Owen Tudor" is an advance upon his previous works.

If Mr. Kingston has not won a place near Cooper and Marryat by his naval story of the "Albatross," he has shown at least a familiar acquaintance with life on ship-board, and considerable flexibility of invention. The difference between this sea-novel and the sea-novels of the regular hands, is much the same as the difference between the nautical knowledge of a yachting amateur and an old commander who has lived upon the waters all his life. We miss the rough edge of the sailor in this book; the salt winds seem to have lost something of their strong flavour in Mr. Kingston's pages; and although we know we are out at sea with him, we feel as if we were only dipping about the coast on an excursion of pleasure. But there is incident and character enough in the

story to make amends for these short-comings, and a dash of love to sweeten it to the popular taste.

In the posthumous novel of "Valerie," Captain Marryat takes his readers ashore, and introduces them to a class of domestic experiences which, *a priori*, we should have thought him not the best qualified writer to explore. Valerie tells her own story, and a strange, touching story it is. She is the daughter of a French officer, and is treated with such barbarous cruelty by her mother, that, in a fit of utter despair, she makes her escape from home, leaving her family under the impression that she has drowned herself in the Seine. She is protected for some time in the house of a French lady, and after passing through other vicissitudes, is at last cast upon her own resources in England, where she supports herself by teaching music. Fighting the terrible battle of life with a strong heart and earnest resolution, she is finally rewarded by an offer of marriage, which places her in a position of independence in her own country.

The design, as we have sketched it, is sufficiently slight; but the excellence of the work consists in the striking reality of the circumstantial details, and the admirable developement of the character of Valerie. The process of daily torture through which she passes in her youth, imparts a severity to her feelings almost amounting to hardness; and although she finally wins upon our respect by the consistency and good sense of her conduct, we are never suffered to lose sight of the great moral effect which, for good or evil as it may chance, is wrought upon a woman's nature by parental harshness and injustice. The book is written with such close and truthful simplicity, as to seem rather like a narrative of real life than an imaginary autobiography.

We have left ourselves scarcely room to notice the novel of "Léonie Vermont," a work of startling power and interest, which has just issued from the press. The purpose of this story is to illustrate the phases of the revolution which overthrew the throne of Louis-Philippe, and to exhibit its action upon the different sections of Parisian society. The author possesses an intimate knowledge of every articulation of her subject, and treats it with a freedom and energy which brings out in strong relief the bold contrasts of the scene. The developement of the aristocratic and republican elements is rendered still more striking, and carried out in a still more interesting direction, by the attachment of the son of an aristocrat of the *ancien régime* for the heroine of the story, who has been educated in the principles of the opposite party. In the progress of the plot, we are introduced to the secret meetings of the Red Republicans, to the bureau of the minister, to the *salons* where conspiracy veils itself in a hundred disguises; and the whole machinery, social and political, by which the stirring events were finally consummated, is exhibited with a firm and skilful hand. The characters are numerous and carefully individualized, and the fiction through which the larger purpose of the author is evolved, displays considerable knowledge of the world—especially of the world of Paris—and consummate dramatic tact. The book cannot fail to attract attention, from the vigour of its delineations and the stirring interest of its subject. It is, beyond comparison, the ablest exposition in this form which has been given to the world of the secret history of that event which, communicating its influence to surrounding countries, threw the whole of Europe into a blaze.

The Conquest of Canada. By the Author of "Hochelaga." 2 vols. R. Bentley.

Sketches of Canadian Life, Lay and Ecclesiastical. Illustrative of Canada and the Canadian Church. By a Presbyter of the Diocese of Toronto. D. Bogue.

The Emigrant Churchman in Canada in 1848. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

The increase of emigration, and of the causes which render it necessary, invest all books relating to our colonial possessions with more than ordinary interest at the present moment. And, of all our possessions, Canada, on many accounts, presents the most urgent claims to attention. Her peculiar circumstances, her mixed and antagonist population, her proximity to a great Republic, which is supposed to regard her with jealous eyes, and the political discontents which have latterly thrown the whole province into a flame, and whose ashes still smoulder, combine to enhance the curiosity with which new publications concerning that colony are received. The three works, whose titles we have given above, are the last which have issued from the press, and present special attractions to the reader. But their attractions are of a very different order. Mr. Warburton's volumes are strictly historical, while the others are filled with useful facts, illustrative of the social life and present condition of the Canadas. The labours of the historian are quite as essential, in a practical sense, as the criticisms and statistics of the resident; for of no country in the world can it be said with greater truth, than of this agitated province, that a knowledge of its antecedents is absolutely indispensable to a thorough comprehension of its existing interests.

Mr. Warburton, beginning with the earliest records of speculation and discovery, carries his narrative down to the death of Wolf, when the British flag for the first time floated from the citadel of Quebec. In the treatment of this large topic, the writer displays considerable research, and an intimate acquaintance with the demands of his subject. The early history is copious and minute, and the contest between the growing power of the French and the English in the Western World, from the first exploring expedition to the final collision on the heights of Abraham, is traced with care and fidelity. The merit of the work does not consist so much in novelty of statement, as in clearness of arrangement and breadth of colouring. The history of Canada has been often related before, but never so completely. Tempted by the picturesque attributes of aboriginal life, the historian has bestowed too much space upon an account of the Indian tribes, which interrupts the course of more important events, and might have been massed with advantage into a smaller compass. Occasionally, too, but not often, in other places, his conscientious industry has betrayed him into an accumulation of details which interfere with the broad effects and more prominent incidents of the picture. But few people, probably, will object to the fullness of a history, in every page of which they will find new springs of interest; and certainly the glowing style in which it is written will leave little reason to regret the elaboration of the materials.

The vicissitudes of the early settlers, and the struggles, perils, and intrigues, through which the Canadas passed before they came under the rule of the English, possess the fascination of a romance. The expedi-

tions from France, lured by flattering reports of the wealth of the country, and the trade that was to be opened with the natives, were exposed to every variety of hardship; and failure after failure marked the disastrous course of French enterprise in this part of the world. At last, having succeeded in establishing themselves on the coast, and forming a friendly intercourse with the natives (who seem, however, to have distrusted them, notwithstanding, from the beginning), the government took possession of the colony. In a general introduction to the history, Mr. Warburton gives us a rapid and lucid sketch of these proceedings, out of which have been subsequently shaped the character and fortunes of the French Canadians. Having fixed their authority at Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec, the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu were partitioned into seigneuries, on the model of the mother-country; the church was set up in full power, the land being divided into dioceses and parishes, and a portion of its produce set apart for the maintenance of the clergy; the State grasped and monopolized all the sources of wealth, and endeavoured to absorb even the profits of individual industry; and popular rights, from the outset, were trampled down by one of the most remarkable experiments in colonial despotism upon record. "The State," says Mr. Warburton, "was everything, the people nothing. Finally, when the power of the State was broken by a foreign foe, there remained no power of the people to supply its place." In fact, the enforced submission of the population to the avaricious tyranny of Church and State destroyed their energy, and reduced them to that condition of utter stagnation, out of which there was no redemption except by rebellion—and they were never strong or united enough for that. The issues of this system were inherent weakness, discords, and jealousies, ending at last in dismemberment. The effects of their miserable training are still evident in the low state of political and social morality which prevails amongst the *habitans*.

The English settlements in America were conducted upon principles the very reverse of these. They reflected in full the institutions of the parent country, and even brought out into bolder developement the elements of popular vigour. The French colonies were founded for the aggrandizement of France—the English for the advancement of civilization and freedom. The contrast, thus illustrated in the very first steps of their establishment, is still more forcibly disclosed in the history of their subsequent career, and in the characteristics of the two races. While trade and commerce, and the blessings of liberty, were cultivated on the one hand, the basest passions were nurtured on the other, society was demoralized to its core, and industry took the forms of rapine and chicanery. It is not surprising, therefore, that when these conflicting races came to an open rupture, the Indians, amongst whom the traditions of the settlements were handed down from generation to generation, should be found arrayed on the side of the British, and not unwilling to avail themselves of the opportunity of satisfying their old grudges against the French.

Mr. Warburton exhibits the whole of this history in a luminous and instructive spirit. He enables us to see clearly the sources of those distinctions which have latterly become so conspicuous in the domestic life of the colony, and he unfolds with great ability the progress of the exciting events which terminated in the overthrow of the French power. The work is not to be considered merely as a chronicle of wars and con-

quest; but also as a philosophical exposition of the foundations of that great western dependency which we won with incalculable toil, and have preserved amidst unparalleled difficulties.

The " Presbyter," who gives us a little volume of Canadian sketches, has evidently lived long in the country, and knows it well. His object is to furnish an accurate view of the wants and resources of life in the towns and backwoods of Upper Canada; and, in order to attain his purpose in the most useful and effective way, he adopts the form of a narrative, in which he traces the experiences of a settler, who, captivated by the prospect of freedom and independence, establishes himself in the bush. The difficulties, privations, and disappointments he encounters are drawn from direct observation, and exhibit a picture of the actual daily routine and general features of colonization in the forest, which every intending emigrant ought to read with attention. The hero of these scenes, being a gentleman by birth and education, and master, consequently, of no useful craft of any kind, finds the work of clearing and farming anything but profitable or agreeable, and so throws it up and goes into the church. In his new character he is enabled to confer essential services upon the settlement, and affords the author an opportunity of entering into the ecclesiastical affairs of the colony.

It would be hardly correct, perhaps, to say that the final impression left by the perusal of this book is unfavourable to emigration; but from a number of scattered passages in which the question is incidentally discussed, and, from the tenor of the hero's experiences, it is evident that the author considers all emigration hopeless, unless the emigrant be prepared to go to work with his own hands, and be fitted for the work by practical knowledge and physical capability. This important truth cannot be too earnestly impressed upon the crowds of people who, under various circumstances, are contemplating rural El Dorados in remote lands. Gentlemen on small fixed incomes, who fancy that they can better their condition by taking a section of uncleared ground, and sitting down to watch their "peaches ripening in the sun," labour under a most melancholy delusion. Harry Vernon, after the first flush of novelty had subsided, found it a very dismal way of life, and when he was reduced to live upon salt-pork, and chop wood all day long, began to suspect that he had made a grand mistake. In one township our sensible author delineates a group of young men who had settled down together, persons of education, and members of highly respectable families, " who had been brought up to do nothing, and who, on arriving at man's estate, found *that* an occupation in which they could not afford to continue." Being fit for nothing in England, their friends sent them to Canada; but, when they got there, they made the disagreeable discovery that people who are fit for nothing at home are not likely to be fit for much abroad. Carrying their idle and reckless habits into a place where the very means of existence depend upon indefatigable exertion, the results of such a speculation may be easily foreseen. The fact is, that gentleman-farming is about as successful an operation as the attempt to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. Not one out of one hundred of the class of gentlemen-farmers know one end of a plough from the other before they go to Canada, and the age of an ox or a cow is an inexplicable enigma to them. Being thus dismally ignorant of the business upon which they are about to expend their resources, no alternative is left but to pay others to do the business

for them. Now this is a burthen which incipient farming in the backwoods is unable to bear; so that, between direct expenditure and indirect fleecing (for, of course, they are always cheated by their labourers), by the time the land is ploughed, the seed put in, the crops cut, threshed, and bagged for market, tolls and market-fees paid, and wear and tear, and a thousand other incidents discharged, they may consider themselves the most fortunate of men if they have covered the naked outlay for wages alone, without allowing one farthing for their own personal expenses, interest on their capital, clothes, on other unavoidable contingencies. And so this desperate project goes on from year to year, the unconscious gentleman-farmer wonders how it is that, with all his anxiety, he cannot make both ends meet.

With the yeoman-farmer, who understands what he is about, and is able to do it himself, it it quite another affair. He is sure to succeed. He cannot be imposed upon. He knows how much work he ought to get for so much wages, and in most cases puts the wages in bis own pocket. The "Emigrant Churchman," whose book is the third on our list, gives us an interesting account of the farming speculations in the neighbourhood of Owen's Sound, where a man can obtain one hundred acres of land for fifteen pounds, which may be converted by his own industry into a valuable property. A poor old Highlander, who had lost his right arm in the Peninsula, obtained one of these lots, and managing with his *left hand* to clear and fence some twenty-six acres, make a garden, and build a good log-house, offers to sell the whole for two-hundred pounds,—a price which he is sure to command. It is by such exertions as these, and in this direction alone, that emigration, even with an abundant capital, has the least chance of leading to prosperity.

In Canada, however, living is cheaper than in England; the interest of money is double what can be obtained at home; the value of land is increasing every year, and there is certainly a better opening for families than in the old country; so that a gentleman with a small income, or a small capital, might get on a great deal better there than here, if he abstained from farming, and applied himself to the simple problem of living on his means, and turning to the best account in the way of investment whatever surplus funds he could command.

The "Emigrant Churchman," whose picture of the country is, upon the whole, more favourable than that of the "Presbyter," strongly urges clergymen to go out, on account of the comparative cheapness of all the necessaries of life, and the spiritual wants of the colony. He specially recommends Kingston to the settler, and the upper province in preference to the lower, assigning as one reason for the choice that there are fewer Roman Catholics in it.

A spirit of hostility to Catholicism pervades his book; but making allowances for his sensibility on that point, he has produced a volume full of valuable practical information, and written with an honesty of purpose which entitles his statements to credit and respect. He touches upon all the principal places, and is remarkably close and quite in earnest in his details, writing with so much simplicity and sincerity, and such an anxious desire to supply the sort of information which is likely to be useful, that the reader who has carefully followed him through his two volumes, will be in possession of a mass of facts and observations which he may safely adopt as his guide if he have any notion of visiting the country.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"REAP AS YOU HAVE SOWED."

"Nothing is wisely begun if its end is not prudently thought upon."
EDMUND CALAMY.

"INEXPLICABLE!" said Bohun, as I detailed the interview,—"inexplicable! and, to add to my perplexities, here's a letter from the Rural Dean. He desires to know, *confidentially*, whether 'there be any foundation for the painful rumours' he has lately heard; and 'whether I have anything particular to say to him relative to a person named Ravenspur.' And then follow, in Mr. Rural Dean's judgment three pointed and truly pertinent questions. 'What may be the age of the party alluded to?' 'Her personal appearance?' 'The nature and extent of the influence ascribed to her over the clergyman complained of? Give instances.'—I 've replied to him," said the old Coroner, significantly, "*in my usual luminous style*. Ha! ha! ha! He 's welcome to all the information my answer may afford him. As if," continued he, indignantly, "I should be likely, at my time of life, to play the eaves-dropper; and specially against one of the clergy of my own Church! A precious estimate Mr. Rural Dean must entertain of the honour of the profession."

"This matter may, therefore, be considered as disposed of," was my joyful conclusion.

"Would it were!" returned my more experienced companion: "another foe is in the field; the needy kinsman is maturing his plans against the liberty and property of this unfortunate Baronet. If my information be correct, Count Fontenay is at this moment prowling about Priorstream, and picking up evidence. The probabilities are that before many hours elapse, he will present himself at the office. If so, refer him to me. Remember, you are possessed of *no* information of *any* kind upon *any* subject. Your mind is a blank sheet of white paper."

So tutored and forewarned, it was without much surprise that I saw an elderly man, of military carriage and grizzled whiskers, stride into the office, and heard him ask for his "old and valued friend Mr. Bohun, with whom he wished to have five minutes' conversation on a particular topic."

Enviable was the tact with which my principal, who was speedily forthcoming, made himself master of the Count's motives for visiting Priorstream.

His first move was to order refreshments. His next to press upon the Count some choice and rather potent Madeira. The chief demurred, and in wily phrase made a show of resistance; declared solemnly that for years he had abjured the wine cup of a morning; averred that the fittest beverage for 'a thoughtful being' was 'the

crystal stream;' and concluded his harangue by tossing off a bumper.

"Alas!" said he, when he drew breath — "alas for the vanity of all human resolutions! My worthy host, you've found me out. Bohun! I've been a free liver."

There was slight need for such an admission: the state of the case was gathered without it. The purple complexion—the ruby nose—the tremulous hand—the glazed eye—the *blasé* look, bespoke the man of habitual excess.

The Count proceeded. "But my profession must procure me absolution." Bohun bowed. "The soldier must have his glass, serve under what flag he may. The true lance shies neither foe nor bumper. Not bad tipple this! 'The King!—God bless him!'

Bohun's grey eye twinkled with pleasure as he saw the schemer gradually yielding to the influence of his subtle enemy.

"By the way——Well! since you're so pressing, another glass, but it must really be the last,—have you heard any rumour lately with reference to the chicken-hearted Sir Philip?"

"Oh yes!" returned his host; "a variety of reports has reached us."

"Ah! of what nature?" responded the Count, with undissembled eagerness — an eagerness based on the hope of being about to receive welcome intelligence.

"Respecting his impending marriage: that event, rumour states, to be on the eve of fulfilment."

"His marriage!" cried the soldier—the contingency was palpably unwelcome,—"His marriage! — A glass of liqueur — yes, '*parfait amour*,' if you please, — is there on earth that reckless woman who would be linked for life to the moody Baronet?"

"Many would need slight pressing," replied Bohun, calmly, "to become Lady de Fontenay; and the presiding genius at the glorious old Court."

"What! with the accompanying penalty of having a maniac husband?"

"A maniac! to whom can you possibly allude?" said his host, with admirably feigned astonishment.

"To your neighbour, Sir Philip:. is it possible that you can be a stranger — A thimble full of cogniac, just by way of a finish!— a stranger to the rumours afloat touching his mental incapacity?"

"Haslam," said Bohun, parrying quick as thought the question, "was with him for some hours last week on a matter of business: ask him—he faces you—whether he saw the slightest indication of insanity in your calumniated kinsman?"

The question, to which a direct answer would have been vastly inconvenient, was not repeated, for the Count, without pausing for a reply, proceeded—

"I can assure you that the written representations made to me of Sir Philip's insanity, have alone drawn me hither."

"Is it possible?" cried Bohun, who now became interested in his turn. "What active imaginations your correspondents from this quarter must possess!"

"Why, they do not all reside in this neighbourhood," said the Count, falling into the snare laid for him, "some who have addressed me dwell at a distance: but the saddest and strangest accounts

of my unfortunate relative, are those which have reached me from members of his own household."

"Indeed!" replied the other, in a careless tone, but with knitted brows and a flashing eye. This fact from the first he had been aiming to ascertain. An instant's pause, and he resumed,—"But, while listening to you, Count, I play the part of a most inhospitable host. Permit me to replenish your glass?"

"Your will must be law in your own house; otherwise," said the fuddled soldier, "I was really thinking of bringing this—this sitting to a close. The fact is, I am assured that Sir Philip is quite under the dominion of his own servants,—of an elderly woman in particular, who rules him as she pleases; and obtains from him money at will. It is a painful task for me to undertake. I don't much relish petitioning for a Commission of Lunacy against my young relative; but its necessity is imperative."

"Oh!" responded my principal, in anything but a tone of assent.

"I enter upon the affair, Bohun, with reluctance; on my honour with real and unfeigned reluctance."

"I detect as much from your manner," observed the Coroner sarcastically.

"But the lawyer fellows told me that, as De Fontenay's next of kin, I was, beyond question, the party who must originate the inquiry. Of the issue I have no doubt."

"Nor have I," said the Coroner, with calm but peculiar emphasis.

"Unless something be done—Well, if it *must be so*, a mere drop; cogniac by preference; there's oceans still in the bottle,—unless some protective measure be taken, and speedily, I shall hear of my poor kinsman being made away with by his servants, like that unhappy Englishman at Tours.—Did I ever tell you the story? It made a great impression on me. I was there when the event took place. A wealthy Englishman, of fine person, and good address,—Well, you may replenish my glass; but *solemnly* on this condition that it's the last,—hired a very pretty villa about a league from Tours. He had no wife—no child—no sister: nor, that I ever heard of, had he a visitor even for a day during the entire period he occupied 'Beaulieu.' His establishment consisted of a husband and wife, who filled the situations of butler and cook; of a young girl their daughter, who acted as housemaid; and of a lad about sixteen, her brother, who looked after the horses, and occasionally lifted a spade in the garden. The Englishman rather shunned than sought society; and, after furnishing a nine days' subject of gossip to our quiet neighbourhood, suddenly withdrew. His dependents gave out that he was absent on a fishing expedition, and would not return for some weeks; and, as he had been heard to make various inquiries relative to streams in the neighbourhood, and had been seen to purchase fishing-tackle, the story passed current.—We'll drink 'The ladies!' of course, a bumper.—Presently, the daughter disappeared; and then the young lad the son; and last of all the husband and wife, leaving the house closely barred and bolted. It thus remained a couple of days. At the end of that time suspicions were aroused: the premises were broken into and searched. They presented a strange spectacle. Every thing that was portable had been carried off: the Englishman's effects had entirely disappeared, but he himself was left behind. He was discovered in a distant out-

house, gagged, bound, beaten, and brutally treated. A placard pinned to a part of his dress contained some doggerel verses, to the effect that he who had always thought of himself first, and of others last, who cared not who starved if he himself was fed, should now know by experience what the pangs of hunger were. He did, poor wretch! for, though breathing and not insensible when found, he was past swallowing any sustenance, and died, beyond dispute, of starvation."

"And his murderers?"

"Were never traced. So much for servants, and the folly of leaving oneself entirely at their mercy. But, by the way, I may add, that the sufferer was a *mauvais sujet*. I forget his name,—it began with a B. He was a lawyer, and had succeeded to some property by the death of a sister, to whom he had not been over kind. Happily, he had ample time for reflection; for the attendant surgeons declared that he had been many days dying, and that his sufferings both from hunger and thirst, must have been intense."

Light seemed to flash on me. "Was the name Biedermann?" said I.

"It was: I am quite clear about it: I recollect it perfectly.—Somebody"—he looked at his host—"somebody, I think, made a remark touching the advent of another bottle. The day is advancing; but, if that proposition was really made, set me down as an assenting party: I never hinder sport.—Biedermann, sir," turning to me, "beyond doubt, was this unhappy gentleman's appellation. Must take better care of my kinsman, the priest-baronet. I drink, sir, to our better acquaintance. 'Never give a servant nor a skittish mare too much head,' was a maxim I often heard when serving in the Bavarian lancers."

Another magnum was brought; but who broached it — who drank it—who babbled over it, are matters on which I can give no account. Biedermann's fate engrossed my thoughts. Thus to die! To have such brief enjoyment of means so vilely purchased!—to perish in the full vigour of manhood!—to yield up life, inch by inch, with such bitter throes, after so protracted a struggle! He, too, who deemed his position so unassailable, and the after-period of his existence so secure against reverses and disaster? Did, during his long and dreary vigil, Zara's features ever recur to him? Did memory restore that loving, gentle, and confiding girl? Was conscience finally silenced; or did it wake during the closing hours of existence, and whisper into his dull and sluggish ear, 'We are alone in the world, Harvey—alone—alone; let us be true to each other: where can love be expected, if orphans cherish it not?" Did he think of her whose death-bed he so scrupulously shunned—her whose benevolent career was so mercilessly shortened? Was the deceived and betrayed one present to him, and did she whisper, as of old, "Tell Harvey that I forgave him; and that I prayed for him?"

On earth she had none to help her; but her wrongs — were they not *remembered and avenged!*

CHAPTER XXVII.

CLEARLY A CASE OF WITCHCRAFT.

"I have seen more than once, my dear Anne, systematic deception shatter the mind of that man who has been rash enough to have recourse to it. It is a slow poison, and pestilent in its effects physically and morally."

Letter from Sir Walter to Miss A. Scott.

With these visions of the past rising thickly around me, I was, speedily, miles away from M—y.—Bohun's antique dwelling; the gloomy dining-room, with its elaborate wainscot of dark oak; the noble pictures which adorned its walls,—the Gainsborough and the Sir Peter Lely of which the owner was so justly proud; these passed away and faded one by one, and in their place appeared the gentle pleading features of her whom I too well remember. Nor, to complete the illusion, were words faintly and feebly uttered, wanting. Again I heard the earnest and affectionate declaration—"Good or evil, Harvey,—good or evil, *we* will brave *together!*" An interval, and I listened to the death-knell faintly tolling at a distance, and caught the heavy measured step of those who bear the dead!

Suddenly there rose a burst of voices,—a thump,—a crash,—a sharp jingling of glasses,—and then, clear above them all, came the words, harshly and discordantly uttered, "Perdition to all law and lawyers! I insist upon the toast being duly honoured."

There was no mistaking the speaker. The Count had become quarrelsome over his liquor.

"Pooh, pooh!" returned Bohun, good humouredly.

The Count continued.

"I never knew a dirty transaction; never heard of any scheme peculiarly dishonest or villanous, in which there was not a country attorney aiding or abetting."

"Tut! tut!" cried the host. "Count, your high military breeding is for the moment deserting you."

"Never more myself than now," cried the soldier, with the stolid obstinacy peculiar to a drunken man. "I'm always on my guard. I weigh my words invariably. 'Perdition to all law and lawyers; especially country attorneys.' Honour the toast, I insist; salt and water—fine—toast—honour—heeltaps." A thump—a bang—another—a heavy fall—and the Count lay prostrate beneath the table.

"Send the gardener and his son hither to remove this miserable specimen of humanity," was the host's joyful order: "and, Hannah,"—this was to his old housekeeper,—"prepare a bed without delay for this well-soaked gentleman. God be thanked!" was his whispered aside, "the long *sederunt* is at last terminated."

From that hour till daybreak the legal veteran wrote without intermission. Contrary to his wont, one or two anxious expressions escaped him, and from them I gathered that his object was to meet the menaced proceedings against Sir Philip. On taking leave at eleven for the night, and asking for instructions for the morrow, "Keep the Count inactive," was the answer, "as long as practicable. Provision him as he lists. Let neither liquor nor pasty be wanting. To any queries touching me, reply, I'm 'absent on business.' Where, to keep you free from falsehood, you shall not know yourself. I shall be in saddle an hour after dawn. Watch the Count.

If he has visitors, note their names. Further counsels are needless. The probability is, that the soldier's slumbers will last till noon."

But the foresight of the spokesman for once was at fault.

The Count was stirring before seven, took a brisk run to the river, and returned to a lengthened and hearty breakfast at nine, looking, the goodfornothing! as fresh and alert as his best friends could wish.

It was positive torture to note the glow of health which mantled on his bronzed and audacious visage. Old Hannah fairly gave in to its irritating influence. After handing to him all he wanted,—not a trifle,—I heard her summary of the affair. "Fair foul the day! One of the devil's decoys! Nowt can be clearer. Nowt, nowt! Primed and seasoned! Yes, yes, one of the devil's special decoys!"

Meanwhile the aspersed gentleman continued his onset and explanations.

"How is my excellent friend, Bohun? This partridge pie is by no means bad. I fear our yesterday's sitting was somewhat protracted. Ha, ha, ha! I've a confused recollection of some toast my host wished to give. Another cup of coffee, and, ay—if you please—a single slice of tongue. I've a confused recollection,—is that anchovy paste in the corner?—I thought so—nothing better,—a confused recollection of some toast he wished to give,—brown bread, I think? Exactly so; a hunch—thick—and Cambridge butter,—a toast which was not altogether admissible. But let yesterday's pranks fade with yesterday's light." Hannah groaned. "Who's that confounded old woman? A decayed relative, eh? You've no idea, young sir, of the virtues of cold water." Hannah coughed. "A bathe and a swim always bring me round. Water rights a man after the hardest day's work. I'm a great friend to water." Hannah paused, and eyed him steadily. "Nothing like water, clear and cold." Hannah shook her head incredulously. "Outwardly, I mean, outwardly. Its internal application,—black tea by all means; as strong as you like, and another relay of toast,—its internal application I know nothing about."

"Oh!" came from a distant corner, near the sideboard.

"That was the sole incident I could never stomach,—I mean no pun,—in the career of my generous master, Nicholas. Once a year, on the day when the river is wholly free from ice, a huge goblet of cold water is brought him from the Neva, which he drains—drains to the dregs. Cold comfort! But his Imperial Majesty tosses it off with an air which would not discredit tokay. Ugh!" and the Count shuddered.

"I erred in judgment when I quitted his service," continued the soldier, musingly. "Always to the humblest and the meanest a generous and most accessible master. No military Sovereign like him; none, none! One who never forgets a service rendered; who has a memory for slight as well as signal deeds of bravery—a rare virtue this in a Ruler; and as for real heart, real affection, real feeling, see him in the bosom of his family. Which of his daughters has he sacrificed to territorial aggrandizement and court policy? None, none. Which adore him most, his family or his soldiery? I may be permitted thus to speak of him. It becomes me. For years

I ate his bread and marched beneath his banner. Would that it waved over me still!"

And the Count lapsed into what was apparently a painful reverie.

Meanwhile, Bohun,—this I learned subsequently,—pressed, at full speed, towards the Court. Sir Philip had not risen when he reached it, but learning his arrival, sent a pencilled note to inquire "Whether any disagreeable intelligence or sudden emergency had brought Mr. Bohun thus early?" His visitor cautiously replied, that he "had long promised himself the pleasure of paying his personal respects to Sir Philip, and, with his permission, would await his summons in the grounds."

Within twenty minutes the Baronet was in the breakfast room.

He looked haggard, pale, nervous, and anxious, and pressed his guest to declare his errand forthwith. This, however, the other managed to waive till the morning meal was over.

He then cautiously and gradually apprized the young man of the steps which were about to be taken against him.

Sir Philip listened attentively but silently; and after a pause of some length, characterised by deep but successfully repressed emotion, inquired,

"Pending the investigation, shall I be obliged to appear before the commissioner and the jury?"

"It will be most advisable that you should do so, and answer off-hand any questions they may think fit to propose."

"But, is my presence indispensable?"

"To success," said Bohun firmly; "and failure is ruin."

The question was repeated once and again; and the lawyer in after days well remembered that to his sensitive client the prospect of appearing before a body of strangers seemed far more formidable than the risk of being pronounced a lunatic, and placed under restraint for life.

"And, to whose testimony against me do you attach the most importance?"

"Spinkle's," cried Bohun,—"Spinkle's, the general practitioner: that vagabond's evidence will be most artfully given; and to a certain extent it will tell."

Sir Philip eyed his faithful monitor earnestly, and then replied,—"I can hardly imagine you can have come over so early—fraught with such truly painful tidings, without being prepared with timely suggestions. Say: what counsel do you give me?"

"Thus appealed to, I recommend," said the elder gentleman, "your ridding yourself, without delay, of Nurse Ravenspur. She is rapacious, insolent, domineering; inaccessible to reason; and prone to forget her position."

"You describe her truly," said the young man, with a quivering lip; "but"—and he hesitated.

"Her reign is over?" suggested the lawyer.

"No! no! *this is her home; here* she must remain till I die."

"You would qualify that determination," said Bohun, "if you were aware of the terms in which she magnifies her influence over you."

The Baronet looked up hopelessly; but attempted no reply.

Bohun, however, hated reserves and half-disclosures, and pertinaciously continued, "It is proper, Sir Philip, that you should know,

at once, and fairly, that the proceedings in progress against your liberty are to a great degree based on the bearing, language, and boasts of this intolerable woman. Dismiss her—dismiss her, and at once."

The party addressed rose, and crossing over to Bohun, whispered in tones remarkable for their despairing sadness, "You propose to me an impracticable course. I am in her power. My home is hers for life."

"An arrangement that cannot last, Sir Philip,—I repeat it, an arrangement that cannot last. The decision is ill-considered and unwise. Reverse it."

"I have not the power," murmured the other, slowly and decisively. "Circumstances which—but we waste time. Your next suggestion?"

The adviser—I quote from his own narrative—was mightily disposed here to terminate his counsels. He was discouraged and disconcerted. Moved, however, by the aspect and increasing feebleness of his client, he resumed, but in moody tones,—"We waste time, Sir Philip, lamentably, if my next suggestion meet with no better acceptance than my last. But, as you wish me to proceed, my further recommendation will be that you resume, either wholly or in part, your professional duties."

The Baronet's reply was a mute gesture of dissent.

"Your determined and continuous withdrawal from all your sacred functions,—your ceasing altogether to appear in public,—and this without being able to assign the disqualifying plea of illness or old age, gives rise to a thousand painful rumours. Silence them by resuming, if only partially, your official duties."

"Never!—never!—on that I am resolved."

"You are aware," persisted Bohun, "of the general and increasing dissatisfaction with which your refusal to take any share of duty, however light, is regarded by your parishioners; of the repeated representations which they have made to the bishop?"

"His lordship has transmitted to me many of their angry letters."

"You cannot but be conscious that your resolute and obstinate seclusion has very materially strengthened the suspicions already rife relative to your mental state of health."

"Yes: I believe it has had that tendency."

"Then demolish it, by sharing with your harassed curates the duties which devolve on you as rector."

"Never again: be the penal consequences what they may."

"Then, Sir Philip, my presuming to advise you becomes a farce: and I may as well at once terminate my visit and my counsels."

"Not in anger," interposed the young man; "nor until you have heard my own counter-statement. I was forced into the church—against my will; my wishes; my convictions; my inclinations. I was no free agent: but a victim. The slave of a hideous deception, from my very birth toils were woven around me, from which escape was — but words are idle — I can only repeat my determination to regard my ministerial life as closed."

Bohun bowed by way of reply: he would not trust himself with words.

"And now," resumed Sir Philip, "have you any other suggestion to offer me?"

"With suggestions I have done," said the lawyer sharply; "too many have been made already; I see their utter futility. I hazard, however, one passing remark. You are in the habit, Sir Philip, of alluding to your mother, and have been heard but too often to express a doubt as to her happiness in that unseen world to which she has passed. It is a subject on which I believe you are peculiarly sensitive."

"And justly," returned the Baronet, in a tone in which fear and sorrow were painfully blended.

"It is highly probable that advantage will be taken of your susceptibility on this point, and that more questions than one relative to Lady Cecilia will be put to you. Arm yourself for this contingency. Be guarded. Speak slowly—speak briefly; and let me conjure you—favourably."

"I cannot; if there be a heaven beyond the grave it exists not for her."

"If there be—what strange words are these?"

"Mistake me not," cried the young man, wildly; "holy men, and soothing records and wearied and aching hearts alike admonish us of a state of rest beyond the grave; but there she is not—she cannot be—if God be true."

Bohun was startled and distressed. He had roused the very feelings which he desired to allay. How to repair his error puzzled him. Something by way of explanation he felt he must venture; but, by some inadvertence, explanation assumed the form of reproof.

"With the memory of the dead,—Sir Philip,—it behoves us to deal tenderly. They are silent and defenceless; and upon their actions and errors, especially in the case of relatives we are bound to place the most favourable construction. With reference to Lady Cecilia that most watchful of mothers"—

"Name her not!" interrupted her son with frenzied earnestness; "name her not, or I shall curse her even in her grave. To her I owe the obloquy, mystery, slavery that enfold and crush me. Mother, do you call her? Mother! Profane not that hallowed name. She has made me the wretch I am!"

He strove to speak further and more vehemently; but increasing emotion checked his utterance. At length with a wild wave of the hand, and with agony painted in his troubled eye, he staggered from the apartment.

Bohun turned to the window. "The wretch I am!" he repeated; and gazed deliberately on the scene presented to him from below.

The fountain was playing merrily in the sunshine. The stately oaks were waving slowly in the breeze. The flowers were flinging up their thousand odours from the gay parterres below. The deer in groups were browsing leisurely and boldly—here in sunshine, there in shadow—on the closely cropped herbage of the undulating park; while ever and anon a hare would start from her form and indulge in a merry scamper across the uplands; and the pheasant—fearless of keeper's gun—would descend from his airy resting place; and like a beau exhibit with stately step his glorious plumage in the mid-day sun.

"The wretch I am!" The expression sounds oddly from the lips of a possessor of a place like this! "The wretch I am!" Oh,

well! One or two of these outbreaks, and a sprinkling here and there of these ill-advised expressions before the Commissioner and the Jury, and it is easy to foresee the conclusion each and all will arrive at.

In anything but complacent mood he descended the stairs. On the last step duly shawled and bonneted—with a band-box in one hand, and a cotton umbrella in the other—evidently equipped for a journey sat in an attitude of expectation, Mrs. Hilda Ravenspur.

"Your commands, sir?" said that paragon of audacity.

"My commands?" repeated the Coroner.

"Yes, sir; I wait your pleasure,—*when am I to start?*"

The Coroner frowned fiercely, but in vain.

"Name your time, sir, I'm yours to a minute! If I *am* to leave, let it be in your company."

"Haslam!" cried Bohun; "you're aware I hold a judicial character. My Court is a Court of Justice; and my position would have permitted no such *escapade*. To lay hands upon a woman was out of the question; but how I longed to put my dignity in my pocket, and give that infernal bonnet-box a kick which should shiver it to atoms."

But this was not the only tax which the events of the morning furnished on the patience of my much-enduring master. At tne end of the avenue leading to the Court,—a couple of yards beyond the gate,—perched in a high gig, and straining his eyes in the direction of the servants' offices — the very prototype of measureless curiosity, sat the inquisitive Mr. Spinkle. His address was prompt; and delivered with abounding satisfaction.

"Mr. Bohun, your most obedient! Thought it was your bay pony trotting down the avenue. Delighted to see you looking so well! How is that melancholy maniac, Sir Philip? Never pry into my neighbour's business—never—never! But I've fathomed your errand. Curious that we should both be so early abroad on the same scent. You to counsel the Priest Baronet how to resist the inquiry; I to give to the solicitors of the next of kin a *resumé* of my forthcoming evidence—conclusive, sir,—quite conclusive as to Sir Philip's mania. Facts admirably got up, and irresistible. Will be under restraint before six weeks are over. So best! So best! We've a tall and commanding keeper quite prepared to undertake him."

"Till that hour," concluded Bohun, "I never fully felt the restraining force of the Decalogue. I looked at the grinning wretch before me; and repeated once, twice, almost audibly—'*Thou shalt do no murder.*'"

DIONYSIUS O'DOGHERTY, ESQ.

WITH A FEW EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

MARVELLOUS are the differences in man's tastes. A butcher's boy considers that mortal felicity lies in witnessing a brindled bull-bitch destroy half a hundred hocussed rats in some dog-pit, whose locality is near unto Smithfield. A sailor declines a shipmate's invitation to an early breakfast, including attendance on an execution at the Old Bailey. His vessel drops down the river on the evening tide; and as he is always infelicitous in the pleasure line, much as he should be delighted to see the man hanged, still, obedient to the call of duty, he must forego a morning's innocent amusement. Without even a pretence of business, an Irishman will travel twenty miles to attend a fair, leaving his *placens uxor* to sod the potatoes in his absence. At curfew hour, if he be not *moribund* in the county hospital, he returns home sadder than when he departed at cock-crow—the police—bad luck attend the inventor of them! having spoiled a beautiful faction-fight between the Carneys and the Callaghans; and one of the villains, to wit the police, having also made an intercostal insertion with a bayonet on his person that will prevent him—Lord look down upon the family! from sticking a spade in the sod for the next "month of Sundays." An "Ebrew Jew" obtains the sweet voices of a majority of cockney Christians—presents himself, rejoicing, at the door of the Commons House—is told that there is no admission there for "the twelve tribes"—that every thing associated with Petticoat-lane is utterly tabooed—and the sweetest singer that ever warbled in a synagogue will not, in Saint Stephen's, be allowed to favour that assemblage of collective wisdom with a single quaver. "A gentleman *from Ireland*"—observe the distinction—not an Irish gentleman—on the look out for the metalics matrimonially, drops upon the very article he wants—namely, an heiress,—in the Ramsgate boat. In military parlance, he pushes his approaches vigorously—and before "the Gem" has reached the Foreland, between hot love and a very nasty sea, the lady yields to the double assault, and surrenders at discretion—granting permission to the gallant Captain—a gentleman on the half-pay list of that distinguished corps, the *Horse Marines*—to break the matter to *dear papa* the next morning. Until the correct hour for the call upon the "old Governor" shall arrive, Captain O'Driscol dawdles over his congo and the "Times." Alas! it is decreed that the hymeneal embassy won't come off after all—for, in the morning paper he is informed that Emanuel Stubbs, currier, leather-cutter, and chapman, of Back Lane, Bermondsey, is honoured with a leading place in the day's "Gazette"—not as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Lumber Troop—but an intimation that he has a free permission from Mr. Commissioner Black, or Brown, or Green, to appear before him, or any of them, on an early day, and, then and there, deliver in due form, a full account of his stewardship.

Mr. Tomkins, the eminent melter in Mint-alley, has been apprized

by the early delivery post, that his valued correspondent, Mr. Snobson, will pay an afternoon visit to the modern Babylon. But last week, he, Tomkins, forwarded to him, Snobson, fifty casks of "yellow Russia," and who can tell what a tallow dealer's luck may be, or say that as many of "white Petersburgh" may not be added to the tale. Accordingly, Mr. Tomkins prepares for the advent of his respected friend—forwards a turbot from Leadenhall Market to his residence in Doughty-street, accompanied by a lobster, with an earnest entreaty to the cook, that the fish-kettle shall be watched, and that, too, carefully as the cot of an only child in the last stage of scarlatina. The hour comes, but not the man—the writing is already on the wall —and the decree is posted in Fate's ledger, and Mr. Emanuel Snobson will never more insert a leg under Timothy Tomkins' mahogany. The postman's knock is heard next door. Mr. T., who has carefully brushed his hat, and actually assumed his umbrella, merely waits for an expected letter. He is not disappointed. An epistle is delivered, but it is innocent of the anticipated order upon Spooner, Atwood, and Company, and cometh from the respected rustic who was to have been at four o'clock in Doughty-street, there to be a demolisher of turbot, and all that formeth the pleasant adjuncts to the same. Mr. Snobson intimates that he hath been afflicted with monetary disappointments, and consequently, that he can neither come to London or *the scratch;* but he trusts that by a liberal indulgence from his creditors, with six or eight months' leisure to wind-up, by mercantile exertions on his part, which rarely have been equalled and never shall be surpassed, he will pay all claimants on his estate a dividend of ninepence halfpenny in the pound. Is not that pleasing intelligence for the fish-fancier? a man, who in the plenitude of mercantile confidence, not three hours before, had invested twelve and sixpence in a turbot, and secured a beauty of a lobster, by the further outlay of half-a-crown!

Indeed, there is no certainty in sublunary events, nor can any sure dependence be reposed in mortal wisdom. Jews have been victimized to their hearts' content; and Quakers done brown as the garment of sombre hue, which protected the nether extremities of their outward man.

It might be supposed, that to their own species, male delinquencies should and would be restricted; but, in her sex's helplessness, woman cannot calculate on security from the unscrupulous rapacity of a determined fortune-seeker. Irishmen, *en masse*, have been falsely accused of being matrimonial adventurers—and that charge, like many others brought against them, is generally unfounded.

Debarred ourselves by professional and prudential considerations from entering into the honourable estate, still we regard matrimony with proper respect; and we feel convinced that when it can be prudently effected, it offers through after life the smoothest path a human pilgrim can select to travel to the narrow house by.

Dionysius Dogherty was pretty much of our own opinion. *Anno ætatis,* Dion was on the verge of twenty-five, in height six feet two, and for his weight, a tip-top rider. He had never been accused of craning a fence even by an enemy; and his pistol practice was much admired, as he could take the centre point out of the nine of diamonds at twelve paces. He played very passably on the fiddle—tied a killing salmon-fly—there was not a better hurler in the barony—and at love-making he was the devil himself—or why should Father Paul Macgreal have cursed him from the altar once a quarter as he did regularly?

And yet, no matter how the clergy, priest, and parson, may abuse it, love-making is a pleasant way of passing an idle hour. In point of fact, how could an Irish gentleman fill up time and get on without it? Down comes, what they call in the Highlands, "a spaight;"* the water is turbid as sour porter; and the boldest salmon would not touch the most artful fabrications of feathers with his tail. The gun is useless as the fishing-rod—for no bird will repose himself on the saturated surface. The grouse become evanescent at a quarter of a mile—and snipes go off in *a wisp*, before the most prudent pointer can approach within long range. Men will not, and horses cannot, follow hounds, bogged every second stride to the saddle girth. The post comes in but twice a week—the piper, from heavy exertions at the last pattern, is laid up in pleurisy. There is no club-house for an Irish gentleman to repair to, and the nearest billiard-room is distant twenty miles. He may clean over every gun in the house, mend an old wheelbarrow, listen to his grand aunt giving an account of her first appearance in public at the state-ball at the Dublin Rotunda, fifty-seven years ago. His mother may labour hard at the netting-frame—the priest mutter some *formula* from his missal, and cross himself for exercise, as he moves from the window to the door—but what can an Irish gentleman do? No *placens uxor* to fondle—no image of himself to whip—no friend with whom to play backgammon or blind-hookey. Nothing but a choice of evils is left. He must drink his right hand against his left—or make love in the gate-house.

Dionysius O'Dogherty, by birth and education, was a gentleman. His progenitor came over with the Phœnicians, and his mother was an heiress of the O'Tools—a lady of large expectations, which are, as Naty Kelley the attorney declared, certain to be realized. Yet, an Irish chancellor is a very slow coach—and the fidelity with which he secures all property committed to his safe-keeping is exemplary. Fifty years have passed since Mrs. O'D. was committed to his, the chancellor's safe custody, and a king and a chancellor are immortal. They never become legally defunct—and every successor to the great seal, holds it to be a bounden duty to hand to the learned Theban who shall succeed him, after a reign of five-and-twenty years, all impounded stocks, cash, and securities, precisely as he received them himself. Virgil declares that a man once lodged in Pandemonium is a safe fixture there. He would be equally so in a Court of Equity. In both cases, the analogy is striking—any man anxious to get into hell or chancery can do so easily—"facilis decensus est." Within half a term an attorney, or Hygæist, will do the trick, while the angel Gabriel could not liberate client or patient once there, even to the Greek Kalends. But to return to Dionysius.

Circumstances evoke men's energies, and Dionysius, who might have tied flies, made love, and played the fiddle for another quarter of a century, was roused by necessity to exertion. He was the *spes ultima* of the house, and that of O'Dogherty was trembling in the balance. Dangerous-looking wafer-sealed letters arrived by every post, and most of them were indited upon the moiety of a sheet of foolscap. The head of the O'Dogherties had evidently no fancy to collect autographs,—for, interesting as the morning's correspondence might be, it was committed invariably to the fire, and generally without being read.

* *Anglicè*, a thunder-shower.

The time-honoured establishment evidenced unmistakeable symptoms of monetary tightness—and, at last, the king's portrait upon metal, white or yellow, became almost a curiosity. Money must be had, and where was it to come from? Tradition named divers places in the neighbourhood, where pots of gold had been formerly discovered. Nobody in existence, however, had seen the specie—and to rummage an Irish bog on speculation would be an unsafe provision for a bill approaching to maturity. California was then unknown, and even had its mineral treasures been disclosed, they would have profited Dion nothing. He was not a digger, never having sodded a potato in his life. It was a well-established fact, that two heiresses had been imported, respectively, from Cheapside and Cheltenham, within a dozen years. Surely the stock was not exhausted yet—and the choice only lay between a city ball and the pump-room of a watering-place.

Great men keep diaries—solicitors, accoucheurs, bailiffs, betting-men, west-end waiters, and gentlemen who take the omnibus census from the door of a public-house. Mr. Pepys recorded all diurnal transactions, and so did Mr. Dionysius O'Dogherty—his nocturnal ones inclusive—when he happened in the morning—to be sufficiently sober to hold a pen.

These valuable memoranda were indited for the edification of two cousins, who were over six feet, and totally unprovided for. These young gentlemen, halted between two opinions at the time, whether to proceed to the country of kangaroos at once, or repair to London, try the matrimonial market—and, if that failed, list in the Life Guards.

DIARY OF DIONYSIUS O'DOGHERTY, ESQ.

July 2nd.—Arrived in London. One light portmanteau and a carpet-bag. Weather warm. Upper garments a bore. If faith may be placed in advertisements, paletots are plenty. I have been told that you should always come to town in light marching order, for fashions change every week, to the crown *ex pede.* Mr. Moses will fit you out in fifteen minutes. The designs—some, as it has been whispered, from the burin of the Prince Consort, and the material, from the central portion of the Black Forest, where Thibet wool has been brought to the ultra limits of perfection. No trouble as to measurement. Cards and plain directions sent by post. The twist of a shoulder, or height of the hump, only required to be accurately defined, and a correct fit warranted. Messrs. Moses' system being Shakspearian —"pitch and pay"—a post-office order, or a reference for cash in town indispensable. Take the address correctly, several Moseses being in the market. No security else that you hit on the real Hebrew. All sport long noses, and keep a poet—one who will write a sonnet to a pair of trousers in ten minutes. Garments in the east are manufactured rather with regard to elegance than durability. Are you a betting man? lay you ten sovs.—that in two turns round a potato field, your nether habiliments, like Nora Crina's petticoat, will be 'floating loose as mountain breezes.' Well, fashion is fugitive—and why should Mr. Moses entail upon you a garment that should outlast Ajax's bull-hided shield, which, like Mr. Widdicomb's wig, stood the wear and tear of half a century?

July 4th.—The first care of a gentleman from Ireland, after a safe

deposit of his person in his hotel, is to make himself acquainted with equine and carriage statistics—the amount of a tiger's outfit—and whether a ready-furnished house in Berkeley-square—every conveniency and elegance duly guaranteed — club apartments — or plain west-end lodgings, at six guineas a week, should be his selection. Let him, if he be prudent, go into lodgings; but, curse them—I mean the proprietors—they have a nasty fashion of sending in a weekly bill. What a deal of trouble it would save to all concerned, were this stupid ceremony enacted only once a quarter!

July 6th.—Men visit London with very opposite intentions. Some come to look for money, and others come to spend it. Light baggage, as I assume yours to be, generally is accompanied with short credit. You probably, have no banker to refer to—therefore, take an early opportunity to insinuate to the waiter, that your business in the modern Babylon is to administer to the last will and testament of your aunt Deborah—and sell out (if so advised) 46,000*l.* 13*s.* 8½*d.*—and invest the same in lands, tenements, and houses.

July 7th.—Saw in the morning paper advertised a pleasure excursion to Richmond—there and back again, ticket 2*s.* 6*d.* A quadrille band—select company—every delicacy of the season at a low figure—obliging waiters—and the general respectability of the concern attested by seventeen licensed victuallers, whose signs and names were duly attached. The city is the place for money—the regular *aragud sheish.** Repaired to Hungerford Market—embarked—total absence of the aristocracy—so much the better—no matter—we have blood enough at home—all we want is a little suet. Up through Westminster Bridge—dancing intimated—ball opened by a gentleman in a monkey jacket, and vest illustrated with parrots and birds of Paradise. I cannot dance, although a young lady has kindly proposed to me—and I have very reluctantly declined the honour, being lamed by an angry corn and tight boot—a great misfortune—for fortune may have thus eluded my grasp, through the agency of constricted calf-skin. Looked mournfully at "the gay fantastic throng." *I* cannot figure there. Off go the leading couple—for the opening performance is a *contre danse.* Heaven grant me patience! The villain who leads a lady in canary-coloured *gros de Naple* down the centre, is the pedal assassin! He, promising, when I protested against tightness over the centre toe, that with half-an-hour's wear his accursed boots would fit

"like a Limerick glove."

Is it—or rather, should it be—murder, to throw an 18*s.* 6*d.* shoemaker into the Thames—he having lamed you for life? I opine not. Is it just that a domestic invasion shall cost the inflictor a thousand pounds, and that you may be lamed for life, and your solicitor tell you an action will not lie? How anomalous is English jurisprudence! For deliverance from a lady wife who has kicked over the traces, you are comforted with a cash consideration—while any felonious bootmaker may render you eligible for "the town's end," without exposing himself to the penalties of the statute against cutting and maiming! What a humbug is British law! The malicious damage of a wooden leg will warrant either civil or criminal proceeding, while a fabricator of what the fancy politely term "trotter-cases," may cripple your fo life, and laugh at you for complaining.

* *Anglicè*, ready money.

July 9th.—Came home—marvelled at that depletion of the purse so incident to a residence in London. I have now but half a score sovereigns left. Saints and angels! I have not one—pocket picked by a very respectable-looking clergyman who sat beside me in the omnibus. Applied to the waiter for a loan; with reluctance he advanced a guinea—and intimated that from eternal spoliation, the most faithful of the pantler tribe had become infidels at last.

July 12th.—Receive a small remittance—cannot stand a west-end hotel another fortnight—move, therefore, to private lodgings, as I am told in London you can live comfortably upon half nothing, if you only know the way to do it. Took apartments in —— Street—landlady intelligent and obliging, with sandy hair, and three interesting daughters. Plate scarce—asked for a second table-spoon—one implement not being correctly adapted for discussing stewed eels and currant pudding. Maid of all work, Irish—great affection for the ould country—very communicative, and we converse in the vernacular—which, to the rest of the household, is an unknown tongue. She advises me to be off to-morrow—landlord coming to distrain next day. He will get the cumbrous articles—namely, kitchen table, metal boiler, and the water-butt — for an uncle of the landlady has kindly taken charge of plate and linen. I may easily ascertain the domicile of this affectionate relative—corner shop, with a triad of golden balls above it. Women meet with sympathy—a most obliging Jew will remove the heavier furniture at twelve P.M. *Mem.*, never take apartments in the house of any gentlewoman whose hair even approximates to auburn.

July 13th.—Beat a safe retreat, and established my household gods in a domicile of a different description. Nothing Scandinavian about the proprietrix—eye, nose, and colour, marking her unmistakeably a daughter of the family of promise. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the character she gives herself. She is scrupulously conscientious —and as she cannot be accountable for servants—implores me to be careful in locking up. I have not sported deaf adder to the hint, and yet my brandy-bottle is decidedly consumptive. Can it be evaporation—depression? three inches and a half since morning. Hinted the singularity of this alcoholic phenomenon to the maid-of-all-work, and received a confidential whisper, that missus had a duplicate key for every lock in the house. Further, that she was much addicted to broiled flat-fish—cramp in the stomach consequent, and a little brandy, neat first, and burnt afterwards, was always a panacea for these abdominal visitations. We have, also, a devil of a cat—curious, but mischievous, animal—he unlocked the safe last night, and levanted with a duck larger than himself. Colonel O'Shaughnessy, who had been my predecessor, being under medical advice, was ordered much physic, and a generous regimen. He complained bitterly of abstracted soups and jellies; and it was a singular fact, that though medicine came in by the dozen, he never could trace an invaded phial, and pill-boxes were scrupulously respected. There was also the same spirituous evaporation incident to his decanters that have afflicted mine—and on returning after a week's absence, half a dozen of curious old port had miraculously levanted, and even with their corks and bottles. I drink but weak tea, and yet the eternal demands on Twining are astounding.

July 9th.—Caught old Nancy in the act—lip and bottle united like the Siamese twins. Have moved accordingly—selected Highgate—

hearing it was equally celebrated for pure air and rustic innocence. There one can inhale pure breezes, a rural walk, and

"Breast the keen air, and carol as he goes,"—

should he have any propensity to indulge in sweet sounds. No innovation on his purse—no mendicant to interrupt his quiet meditations with vexatious importunity — he may pick buttercups under any hedge, and no policeman order him to "move on,"—and in his solitary ramblings he has nothing to dread but a gipsy fortune-teller, and a sticking cow.

July 17th.—Never more astray in my calculations. Encountered at the corner of a green lane by a butcher's boy and runaway horse—carried home—put to bed—and on being restored to sensibility, received a comfortable assurance from the practitioner that I had great reason to rejoice three only of my ribs *were* dislocated, and in two months there was every reason to expect that I might take gentle exercise on a crutch.

July 19th.—How widely learned Pundits differ in the treatment of diseases, and advocate the most opposite theories. I have a brace of advisers. One insists upon Thames water by the gallon—a ninety-seventh portion of a grain of calomel having been previously infused—the other recommends rump-steaks, Guinness's XXX, and a bottle of old port afterwards. I lean to the latter—"water swells a man,"—and Napoleon never detested calomel more heartily than I do. I'll follow the advice of No. 2. Strange how doctors will disagree! In practice, the poles are not more apart—but in one thing they harmonize in opinion, and act upon it religiously, *i. e.* never to decline a sovereign.

July 20th.—Ventured into town—can manage matters with a stick—tired of Highgate—butcher's daughter opposite makes strong love, and when I retire from the window she inditeth an epistle. I wish she would place a stamp upon the corner—for three *per diem* would consume a private's pension. D——n it, I might stand the nuisance if she stuck to prose—but latterly she has come out in poetry. I'm off to-morrow.

July 21st.—The younger of the Griskin family favoured me with an evening call—a letter of his sister's was discovered, and he wishes to know are my intentions honourable,—whether I have any trade, or am a servant out of place. Replied by discharging a boot-jack at him—a dead hit and black eye—

"So much for Buckingham!"

July 22nd.—Before Mr. Allspice, a retired grocer and justice of the peace, and bound over to be of the peace for twelvemonths to the Griskin family, young and old, in the penal sum of 20*l.*

July 23rd.—Located in a sky parlour in Jermyn-street, and hope that in a few weeks I shall be right upon my pins again. Ran against a gentleman in Pall Mall, to whom, when he was a detached subaltern, I had three years before been a little civil. Curse the receiver! We were not then under his tender care, and could offer a fat goose, leg of mutton, and warm bed, to any gentleman who would accept them, and the longer he stayed, the better. *Eheu! mutatus*—as the poor priest often said.

July 24th.—Accepted my friend's invitation to go down to Wales—quiet and change of air will be the life of me—start accordingly this evening.

Aug. 1*st.*—A week in the country—how beautiful the mountain scenery is, and what a splendid woman his sister! She has 30,000*l.* in her own right—and, blessed Anthony! what a foot and ankle!

Aug. 3*rd.*—The stick is discarded—Dion's himself again!

Aug. 5*th.*—Day named for my departure. Ah! Julia, would to Heaven I were owner of a coronet, and it should be laid incontinently at your pretty feet. But honour bright, Dion! *You* have no pretensions to an heiress—no attempt on your part to sneak into any family in the empire shall be made—you must not compromise all you can lay claim to—your honour; and thank God! that is still your own.

Aug. 6*th.*—Julia seems dispirited—as to me, I am dull as Moor ditch. My friend opines that I am not in marching order yet, and avers that another week will make me quite ready for the road. A slight demur has been offered to the proposition—overruled—as they say in law—unpacked the portmanteau.

Aug. 7*th.*—I hold strong suspicions that I have found favour in Julia's sight.

Aug. 8*th.*—Doubt upon the subject dissipated, for in an evening stroll through the hazle coppice, the murder has come out.

"And so you are determined to leave to-morrow. Will you not extend your visit a few days longer?" Accent strong upon the word *will,* with a furtive inquiry by a side glance from an eye, bright and black as a Border gipsy's.

"Alas! Miss Julia, I must reluctantly drag myself from this sweet seclusion, and your fair self—to return to that racketty and rascally metropolis."

"And do you really like the country? Would you not weary of solitude like ours?"

"Were I arbiter of my own destinies, sweet Julia, I would bid farewell to 'the flaunting town' for ever."

"And why not adopt a rural life—and—"

"Because, my fair friend, circumstances imperiously forbid it. I have no concealments, Julia—and cannot recall to memory an act that should redden my cheek. Why then withhold from *you* a full disclosure? Others have wrecked my fortunes, and reduced what should have been a goodly property to little beyond the name. A few years will close the history of an ancient family—and the roof-tree of the O'Dogherties, which covered my ancestors for five centuries, ere long will shelter the stranger who shall purchase our reduced inheritance. Julia, I am young—my spirits are elastic—my health vigorous—the world's a wide one—and while youth and health encourage the essay, I will find my way to independence, or, at least the attempt shall be stoutly made. Should I succeed, I will secure at least an humble home wherein to wear the winter of my life away, when these black hairs have changed to grey, and age demands repose. If not, I shall console myself by thinking that although the essay failed it was from no lack of energy on my part. I may succeed—as broken ships as mine have come to port; and if the bark founder, why thousands of nobler argosies have gone down before my paltry skiff."

Nature's eloquence surpasses that of the school's immeasurably; and mine came gushing from the heart. Julia, in smothered sobs, bore mute testimony to the antiquated truism, that artless pleading like—

> "Silence, in love, will more avail
> Than words, however witty;"

while I—an impulsive animal—caught her to my breast, and, tell it not in Gath! pressed my lips most impudently to hers,

"and yet she chid not."

In sublunary affairs there is no security. That thicket was cut out, as it would seem, for love's confessional. The blackbird whistled, and a dozen minor birds warbled to the best of their ability: who, then and there, could suspect that aught but love was waking; but, as the little god is described as being rather stout and plethoric, he might have been taking a sleep after dinner—and small blame to him.

"Julia, I must leave you."

"Upon my soul you shall not, Mr. O'Dogherty," said a voice from behind the clump of evergreens. "I can't remove the *sombrero* from the knave of spades—nor is there time to practise, *more Hibernico*, at a chalked-out man upon a barn-door—"

I interrupted him.

"You fancy that you have cause to upbraid me with—"

"For fancy, say feel. This angle in the plantation is a *cul-de-sac*. What brought me there is immaterial. But there I have been imprisoned—lost my own liberty in mine own domain—and am threatened with the loss of my sister also. Pray, sir, what pretensions can you advance to seek this lady's hand?" and his gravity was imperturbable.

"None, sir," I answered, calling dignity to my aid. "In fortune none—in all besides, I feel myself your equal."

"And let me demand by what authority you dared to touch her lips?"

Julia and I looked extremely foolish.

"I—I—I—"—

"Oh! curse your stammering," and he burst into a roar of laughter as he looked at us. "Be off, Julia. Supper on the table in ten minutes, or I'll demolish the household; and, worthy sir, if you think that love and a grilled chicken will harmonize, I pray you to accompany the lady."

Supper passed over. Neither Julia nor I was on a bed of roses; and she hastily retired, bidding us good night. Williams shoved the brandy-flask across the table.

"They said, while I was shooting in the Highlands last year, that 'a brandered grous required a gude drappie;' and, as I suppose, a grilled chicken also demands its concomitant in brandy and water. I was not this evening an intentional eaves-dropper; but, blockaded in my own premises, and my aural functions being correct, I could not play deaf adder. Let us understand each other, Mr. O'Dogherty. My sister is my ward—and in that trust my duty will require that every shilling—namely, 20,000*l.*—shall be rigidly settled for matrimonial purposes. From some accidental remarks which fell from you, I regret to say that I must conclude your paternal property is seriously embarrassed. Might not a lady, whose fortune was more disposable, suit better than my sister?"

My face flushed. I could have knocked him down.

"Now don't be angry. My sister's fortune is, and shall be tied up strictly; 5000*l.*, I fancy, would not liquidate the claims upon that devil-may-care concern, in which I ate the finest turkeys, drank the best poteeine, and slept in as snug a bed as ever a tired snipe-shooter

reposed in—I mean your family abiding place. Now can *you* raise the money? Do that—come with a cleared title—and we'll talk of matters touching matrimony hereafter. Come, pass the brandy."

"I fear," I replied, *sotto voce*, "that what you propose is an Augean task, and I am no Hercules."

"How much would clear the encumbrances. Five thousand?"

I shook my head.

"Six?"

Another shake.

"Curse it, speak out, man. Is the estate worth redemption, eh?"

"Billy Davis," I replied, as subdued as a well-whipped schoolboy, "mentioned that, if properly applied, 8000*l.* would remove every claim."

He took a couple of turns across the room.

"You must—and it sounds an inhospitable annunciation—abridge your visit here. No meeting with my sister. I shall order the carriage to-morrow morning in time to catch the London coach—and you shall carry in the mail bag a letter to Messrs. ——" and he named some eminent solicitors. "Call at their office on your arrival, and my decision, as guardian and brother, shall be then and there waiting for you. Take—what did you call it in Ireland *dog—doch*."

"*Doch an durris*."

"That *doch an durris* often settled me. Well, no more. Was not the coursing excellent. I would not part with my brindled bitch to be made a captain in the militia."

I filled my glass mechanically—and would not have cared if the brindled bitch had broken her own back, and not that of the timid animal that Cowper weeps over in maudlin poetry.

Aug. 12th.—I reached London, after violating the injunctions of my brother elect, by obtaining an interview with the fair Julia, and receiving a most comfortable assurance, that, like Tony Lumpkin's filial obedience, her deference to her guardian should be exemplary, provided she should be permitted to have everything her own way. Although a midnight meeting in a lady's chamber might be considered by the fastidious as not exactly *selon le regle*—still, on our part, a rigid attention to decorum was observed—for Julia's maid sate at the top of the stairs outside, not only to sanction the interview, but also to tap at the door on the first movement of an intrusionist.

On reaching London, I presented my credentials to the lawyers in Lincoln's-Inn, and found that a letter was there waiting for me. It was from Julia's brother, and it ran thus—

"MY DEAR O'DOGHERTY,

"I FANCY you are a better hand at making love—maiming a private gentleman honourably—and fencing a stiff country, than in disentangling the complicated liabilities inflicted generally on an Irish estate. Now, in full confidence, touching the candour of your confessions, I have directed my solicitors to dispatch an astute agent instanter, to wipe off the encumbrances on your family property—and also to tie your worthy father down neck and heels; so that when a perfect deliverance shall be effected, he shall go and sin no more. Indeed, there is little fear of future laches on his part. The gout will be a tolerable security against exuberance in his orders to the wine-merchant—and, as he is not younger, and as I hear considerably fatter

than when I was a recipient of his hospitality, I presume he would not venture to ride after a rheumatic fox—*ergo,* we are secure against extravagance in horse-flesh.

"If you can manage to keep out of trouble for a week, at the end of that period it is my intention to proceed to town, and take charge of you for the present.

"I want private lodgings any place near Bond-street, including suitable accommodation for my sister, who intends to accompany me to town, and by a large investment in gloves and ribands give declining trade a powerful impetus.—Yours, &c."

"I have given every information and full instructions to the lawyers—and Mr. Sharpset, the junior partner, has started on his Irish mission."

Aug. 14th.—Despatches from the gem of the ocean—Ireland, to wit—they are satisfactory—half the alleged claims upon my father prove fictitious—they are chiefly bills of costs—and, in most cases, four times charged out of five, turn out mere fabrications. Mr. Sharpset has used the pruning knife unmercifully—a *gompeein-man,* cut down seventy per cent., has threatened *felo-de-se,* and his razors are impounded—sixteen attorneys are actually in sackcloth and ashes—the receiver has taken his departure—and Richard 's himself again.

Welsh detachment arrived safe in town—Williams has made us a present of 5,000*l.* to commence housekeeping. He can't spare more, as he expects within the year that there will be a demand upon him for baby linen.

Aug. 20th.—Married—selected Brighton as a proper place wherein to hide our blushes.

In Wales—six moons have waned—extremely happy—Julia prettier than ever, but looks a little delicate.

Extract from the "Llangothlen Mercury":—

"At Aberdovey House, the residence of her brother, William Wynn Williams, Esq., the lady of Dionysius O'Dogherty, Esq., of Clonsilla Castle, county of Galway, of a son and heir."

A leading paragraph gave an interesting account of beer, bonfires, Welsh harpers, and general rejoicings—and a bulletin was annexed by Doctor Morgan, declaring that the lady was recovering beautifully, and the heir, if he lived, would prove a broth of a boy.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE CITY OF LONDON.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Nurse of art! The city rear'd,
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head,
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew
From twining woody haunts or the tough yew,
To bows strong training her aspiring sons.
Then commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames!
Large, gentle, deep, majestic King of Floods,
Chose for his grand resort. THOMSON.

CHAPTER I.

Charles the Second's Opinion of the Citizens.—Aristocracy.—Queen Elizabeth's ancestor.—William the Conqueror.—Charters granted by him.—Henry I.—Bartholomew Fair instituted 1102.—Henry II.—London-Bridge built.—First Mayor, 1192. — Aldermen. — Richard's Ransom. — Conservatorship of the Thames.—Standard Weights and Measures.—John.—National Debt.—Destruction of London-Bridge.—Baynard Castle, its owner.—Gold coin.—Henry III. Parliamentary Freedom.—First Water-rate, 1246.—Pawning Crown Jewels.—First Order of Common Council.—Edward II.—Edward III.—Roads and ways: first toll.—1354, First *Lord* Mayor.—The Black Prince.—1361, Prohibition of Slaughter-houses in the Metropolis.—Richard II.—1380, City Companies chartered. — Henry IV. — Custody of Newgate, &c. — Streets lighted. — Caxton. — Election of Sheriffs.—Old Custom.—The City Walls, 1488.—Total Prevention of Slaughter-houses within the Precincts of the City.—Henry VII.—Extortion. —Sir Henry Colet's Patriotism.—The State of Surgery.—1514, An Attempt to enclose Moorfields.—Riot caused.—The Battle of the Weavers and Butchers.—1521, The City's Refusal to pay benevolence to Cardinal Wolsey.—1533, The Strand joined to Westminster. — Monopoly of the Butchers and Graziers. — Catharine of Arragon's Salad.—Edward VI.—Combination of Workmen Act. —1550, Merchant Tailors' School.—Merchants of the Steel-yard.—Borough of Southwark.—St. Thomas's Hospital.—Christ's Hospital.—Bridewell.—Value of Cattle, &c.—City Feeding, &c.—Queen Mary.

CHARLES II. shrewdly observed, "that the tradesmen were the only gentry in England." Although a king, his travels had taught him that without the merchant and the shopkeeper the gentry, who did not keep shops, would soon be in a lamentably needy condition. Many of our most illustrious and thriving genealogical trees have their roots imbedded in the city mud. Queen Elizabeth herself was the close descendant of a Lord Mayor of London, Sir Godfrey Bullen. I could make a long list of aristocratic names, the owners of which would now shudder to pass under Temple-bar, having a positive contempt for the city. Yet the names of which they are so proud have figured on shop-fronts and common-place bales of merchandise.

Citizens have taken again and again their kings and their aristocracy out of pawn, and saved the nation from bankruptcy, fighting most heroically with the good sword, when such was needed, for securing their liberties and rights. Before the Conquest they were the victims of the tyrants and madmen that successively succeeded, by fraud or murder, to the throne, each monarch, by his extortion, killing the geese for their golden eggs. No positive improvement could there-

fore be expected in times of such perpetual agitation when the law was only the will of the barbarian occupying the dangerous position of king. Agriculture was naturally neglected, when continual invasions made it doubtful who should reap the toilsome sowing. Thieving and murder were the occupation by sea and land of all ranks, pirates swarming the sea, wolves and no less wolfish banditti infesting the land; the language being a barbarous jargon, made up for the convenience of the conquered and the conquerors. William the Norman wisely saw the vital importance of the welfare and protection of the citizens, and the positive necessity of granting them charters that would give them confidence in their pursuit of wealth, he, accordingly, confirmed all the privileges bestowed upon them by his predecessor by such charters, which were full of expression of friendship and protection.

Henry I., who courted the goodwill of the powerful citizens, as he felt his title to the crown to be very slender, was, however, the first king who granted them a positively comprehensive charter that ascertained and established their rights. Guilds, and association of trades and professions, thenceforth assumed the dignity of a legal form, having been governed hitherto only by the authority of practice. In this reign, A. D. 1102, St. Bartholomew's Hospital and priory were built, to which many great privileges were granted; amongst which Bartholomew Fair, for three days. Smithfield, at that time, bore no sweet name, as it was merely a laystall for filth and ordure, and the scene of public executions. The reign of Stephen was a blow to the prosperity of the city, it being alike the prey to the contending parties and the horrors of famine, added to which it was nearly consumed by fire. Under the reign of the equitable and mild Henry, his successor, the city of London recovered from the effects of the disastrous struggle of the previous reign; and, amongst other improvements, London Bridge was for the first time built of stone.

His son, Richard I., who was wasteful and reckless in his expenditure, was a great settler of liberties and charters to cities and towns.

The principal magistrate in the year 1192 first assumed the title of *mayor*,* having hitherto only enjoyed that of *bailiff;* as also twelve out of the council, then first called *aldermen*,† were sworn in as his assistants, to inspect and conduct the city improvements in the newly constituted wards; but principally to see that all houses thereafter erected should be built of stone, with party-walls of the same, and covered with slate or tiles, the houses hitherto having been built of wood thatched with straw or reeds, giving rather the appearances of barns than respectable habitations. The city raised, with most ready

* The person of this magistrate was formerly held inviolable; for, during a riot in the time of Edward III. two persons assaulted and struck the mayor, for which they were instantly seized and beheaded in Cheapside, *the King applauding the measure.*

† Stowe mentions certain curious rules and customs written in the records of the city chamber concerning aldermen.—"In the reign of Richard II. anno 1394, it was by Parliament enacted, that the aldermen of the city of London should not thenceforth be elected annually, but continue in their several offices during life, *or good behaviour.* An *alderman* or *common council* removed from their dignities not to be *re-elected.* If an alderman *lined not his cloak*, which he used in procession, it was adjudged by the court, that *the mayor and aldermen should all breakfast with him*, as a suitable punishment for his great covetousness! One was imprisoned, and *his right hand cut off*, because he made an assault upon an alderman: another imprisoned for rebellion to an alderman. Rebellion to an alderman was made imprisonment for a year and a day, besides loss of the freedom of the city."

compliance, one thousand five hundred marks, towards the ransom of their romantic chivalrous king, to release him from his imprisonment, into which he was betrayed during the mania of crusading, which sent all ranks on a bootless errand from their homes, to the utter ruin of their affairs.

The patriotic citizens indeed received him with such magnificence and pomp upon his return from his captivity, that a German nobleman, in his suite, observed, "That had the Emperor been acquainted with the affluence of Richard's subjects, he would have demanded a more exorbitant sum for his release."

Richard, however, did not, it seems, appear ungrateful to them, for he granted the charter which created the Mayor of London the conservator of the Thames; also giving him the power, conjointly with the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, to fix the standard for weights and measures for the whole realm.

The wily John, who usurped the throne, which really belonged to his nephew Prince Arthur, was exceedingly kind and civil to the citizens; as a return for which he made them disburse to a great extent. In 1215 they were obliged to subscribe two thousand marks towards *liquidating the National Debt;* for, the thoughtless and intriguing John, by his reckless expenditure and rapacity, involved both the nation and the city in the greatest difficulties, without the capacity to point out a way to relieve them from the consequence of his squanderings upon his unprofitable measures. In the midst of the other troubles and difficulties, the destruction of the new bridge added greatly to the city's distresses; in the endeavours to save it, the almost incredible number of three thousand persons perished. John, having wreaked his vengeance on a citizen, Robert Fitzwalter, castellan and standard-bearer to the city, who had dared to resist his wanton tyranny, by entirely demolishing his residence, called Baynard's Castle, stirred up the people to resistance, and to finally wrest from him the *Magna Charta,* which secured most important liberties and privileges to every rank of men in the kingdom. He is said to have been the first monarch who appropriated gold coin as a circulating medium of commerce.

Henry III., in his government, was a weak prince, unjust in his decisions, and oppressive in his measures, towards the city, although it must be remembered that his reign gave birth to *parliamentary freedom.* A curious incident is mentioned by Hunter in his history, connected with the city laws and fashions of this time, which is kept in our remembrance at the yearly swearing-in of our sheriffs:—One Walter le Bruin, a farrier, obtained a grant from the crown of a certain spot of ground in the Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, whereon to erect a forge for carrying on his trade. For this the city was to pay annually an acknowledgment or quit-rent of *six horse-shoes, with the nails appertaining,* at the King's Exchequer, Westminster. The forge and manufacture exist no longer, but the acknowledgment, after a lapse of so many years, continues still to be paid.

The western part of the city and adjacent villages, previous to this period, had been supplied with water by the river of Wells, called so from the influx of various springs in the neighbourhood, such as Turnmill brook, Oldbourne, &c. The water to the other parts of the city had been raised from the Thames, Wallbrook, Langbourn, Sherbourn, Clerkenwell, &c. But these not being found sufficient for the rapidly increasing city and population, Gilbert de Sandford, lord of the manor

of Tyebourne, was applied to, to allow the conveyance of water, in leaden pipes of six inches in diameter, for the better supply of the city from certain springs in that manor. This project entailing considerable labour and expence, the foreign merchants, particularly of Germany and Flanders, were assessed in the sum of one hundred pounds of the time, by paying which, and further the sum of forty marks annually, into the city treasury, they acquired the privilege of *landing*, housing, and vending wood, and other bulky commodities, having been compelled before to expose and sell their goods *on shipboard only*.

In 1246 London had so increased in opulence that they took the crown jewels in pawn, which the king was obliged to leave as security for a large sum borrowed to meet his necessities, consequent on the extravagance of his court. He was much enraged to find that all the cash remaining in the kingdom was in the city coffers, and said that, "Were the treasures of Augustus Cæsar exposed to sale the City of London would buy them."

Edward I., his son, seemed to know how to keep fair with the citizens, for he preferred the Mayor of London, Gregory de Rokesbie, as his ambassador, before many dignitaries in Church and State. In the year 1277 appeared the *first order of Common Council* on record, prohibiting the market being held on London-bridge. It was not until the year 1306 that *the use of coal* became common, and gave rise to a proclamation, *prohibiting it under severe penalties;* but the increasing scarcity of wood soon made such proclamation null.

The reign of Edward II., which was one continued scene of broils and imbecility, put a stop to all great improvements. A favourable change, however, took place in the succeeding reign of Edward III.; and the city and its officers enjoyed much more consideration and respect, both from the proper dignity they assumed and the increasing opulence of the citizens, who advanced to the king the enormous sum of *twenty thousand marks*. In 1346 Edward granted a commission to the master of the hospital of Saint Giles-in-the-Fields, empowering him to lay *a toll on all sorts of carriages for the keeping in repair certain highways*, which from frequent passing of carts, wains, horses, and cattle, had become so miry and deep, as to be almost impassable, particularly the highway leading from Temple-bar to the gate of the abbey of Westminster, which was so broken and worn as to be very dangerous both to men and horses. This act, no doubt, was the prolific parent of turnpikes. This king, in 1354, granted to the chief magistrate the privilege of having gold and silver maces carried before him, every corporate body having been hitherto prohibited from carrying other than maces of copper; he also allowed him to assume the title of *Lord Mayor*. As a mark of gratitude for these favours the city supplied to the Black Prince in 1355 twenty-five men completely armed, and five hundred archers habited in uniform, who behaved boldly and like good citizens at the ensuing battle of Poictiers.

This hero's public entry into London after his victories, with his royal prisoner John by his side, was greeted by the most gorgeous display of all the riches, beauty, and splendour of an opulent metropolis. Tapestry and streamers of silk decorated every mansion, whilst the wealth of the inhabitants was shown by the liberal display of their vessels of gold and silver.

In 1361, our ancestors displayed much more sense than the men in power of the present day, for immediately upon the plague breaking

out, which soon made dreadful ravages, the king, without wasting months in argument, issued a proclamation to the effect that, "Because by killing of beasts, &c., the air of the city is very much corrupted, whence most abominable and filthy stinks proceed, sicknesses, and many other evils have happened," &c. For the safety of the people, therefore, it was ordered that no beasts should be slain nearer than the town of Stratford on one side of London, and the town of Knightsbridge on the other; and that all butchers doing otherwise to be *chastised* and punished.

Henry Picard, citizen and lord mayor, displayed his hospitality and magnificence by entertaining, with unequalled splendour, at his own private house, the Scottish and French monarchs and the King of Cyprus, accompanied by his own sovereign. Several religious houses were erected in the city and liberties during this reign, among which the *Chartreuse,* founded by Sir Walter Manny.

During the reign of Richard II. the city councils were not less troubled, inconsistent, and irregular than the rest of the kingdom, and suffered severely under the government of a misguided boy as king, who, in manhood, was rash and inconsiderate. The insurrection which commenced in Essex in 1380, consequent on the poll-tax, as it was called, the proceeds of which had been farmed out to a set of rapacious persons, who exacted it with the greatest rigour from the people, causing dreadful slaughter and retribution from the poorer classes, who felt the deep injustice of the levy. A citizen again shone forth in the person of Walworth, the loyal and courageous mayor, who slew the principal rebel, Wat Tyler, who was insolent and threatening to his sovereign. In this reign a great number of trading guilds or companies were incorporated. The *Weavers'* company probably was the first legalised corporation. Mr. Madox, in his "Firma Burgi," states that the guilds and fellowships of *Weavers* and *Bakers* were the most ancient; which is probable, since food and clothing are immediately necessary to mankind.

Henry IV., the unopposed usurper of the throne at Richard's death, wishing to conciliate the city, urged the parliament to pass sundry laws highly beneficial to the citizens. In 1401 the city obtained a charter for the sole custody of Newgate and Ludgate, with all gates and posterns of the city boundaries. The remainder of Henry's reign produced nothing memorable except the foundation of the Guildhall in 1411.*

Henry V.'s reign was productive of many benefits to the city: the gate named Moorgate was built, leading out to the great *wild waste,* called *Moorfields. Lanterns were also hung up to light the streets.*

Edward IV.'s reign produced the great Caxton, citizen and mercer, who introduced the valuable art of printing. The present mode of electing the chief magistrate and sheriffs came into vogue in 1473.

In the year 1476 the patriotic lord mayor, Sir Ralph Jocelyne, obtained an act of council for repairing the city walls with brick, made of earth tempered and burnt in Moorfields; his own company, the Drapers, finishing the portion between Allhallows and Bishopsgate, as far as Moorgate. The Skinners undertook the portion between Aldgate and Bevies Marks; the executors of Sir John Crosby, a

* There is nothing left of the original building but its fine proportions, and the crypt, the carved oak roof being destroyed by the great fire, as well as the principal front. The giants, Hone says in his "Table Book," vol. ii. p.613, were carved by a Richard Sanders, and set up in the Hall as late as 1708.

fourth part; and the other companies completed the wall as far as Cripplegate and Aldersgate.

In 1488 a salutary act passed for the total prevention of the slaughtering of cattle *within the city precincts,* which was held by all "an intolerable nuisance, and destructive to the healthfulness and convenience of the capital."

Henry VII. by his selfish and narrow-minded government yielded few benefits to the City of London. Fabian, in his "Chronicle," mentions a sumptuous entertainment given by the king to Ralph Ansty, the lord mayor, whom he knighted on the occasion; the revel continued till next morning at daylight. The avaricious Henry, however, made the city pay dearly for this condescending conviviality by extorting from the flattered citizens prodigious sums upon the most scandalous and oppressive expedients. Notwithstanding which, however, an act of public generosity was performed by a patriotic individual, Sir Henry Colet, father of the beneficent founder of St. Paul's School, who gave his personal security in support of his sovereign's honour, at the time that the rest of the corporation had refused to join as hostages for a treaty of peace and mercantile intercourse between England and Flanders.

By an act passed in the third year of the reign of Henry VIII., it was declared illegal to practise physic or surgery within the City of London, and seven miles round, till the candidate was previously examined by the Bishop of London, or the Dean of St. Paul's, assisted by four gentlemen of the faculty. For, as Gale mentions the learned profession in his book, it must have been most irregular. He says: —"In the time of that most famous prince, King Henry VIII. there was a great rabblement, that took on them to be surgeons, some were sow-gelders, and some horse-curers, with tinkers and cobblers. This noble sect did such great cures, that they got themselves a perpetual name; for, like as Thessalus's sect were called Thessalians, so was this noble rabblement, for their notorious cures, called dog-leaches; for in two dressings they did make their cures sound and whole for ever, so that they neither felt heat nor cold, nor no manner of pain after." He goes on with much humour to describe these worthy followers of Esculapius, "as how they were taken by force and examined as to their learning and capabilities, and to whom they had served their apprenticeship; to which they would answer, giving always the names of men *which* was dead." The stuffs with which they perfected their cures were also of a questionable character, for some would show a pot or a horn, which they carried in their knapsacks, "wherein was such trumpery as they did use to grease horses' heels withal; and others, that were cobblers and tinkers, used shoemaker's wax, with the *rust of old pans,* and made wherewithal a noble salve, as they did term." Such men as are here described were permitted to act and receive the pay of surgeons in our armies at this time, until their glaring inefficiency, and the numbers that died under their hands of small wounds and trifling hurts, called for a strict reform, and examination of the empirics.*

* In Henry the Eighth's reign the surgeons and barbers of London were first united. The giving of these charters by the monarch is immortalized by the picture commemorating the fact, by the great Holbein. This corporate union was dissolved in 1745, although for many years the art of surgery was practised by the barbers, who still in many places exhibit the sign of the bleeding-pole and bandage.

An attempt to enclose the ground in and about Moorfields, for the purposes of agriculture, in 1514, caused a great riot and loss of property; for the citizens, old and young, looked upon the spot as their lawful play-ground, and at the same time having a wholesome horror of being built out of the pure air. Hawes mentions it "as a field for many years burrowed and crossed with deep stinking ditches, and noisome common sewers, and was of former times held impossible to be reformed." It was, however, partially drained by the city in 1527, but not laid out for walks until nearly a century after. The commencement of anything like permanent building was first attempted late in the reign of Charles II. It remained, however, many years as a site for sports and rude encounters between the citizens.

In Pepys's Diary, 26th July, 1664, he mentions a remarkable encounter between the weavers and the butchers, saying, "At first the butchers knocked down all the weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised, till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling a 100*l*. for a butcher." A pretty picture this of the lax authority so late in the march of civilization as 1664!

In 1521 the city magistrates had such firm standing and privilege, that they had the hardihood to resist the call of the omnipotent Cardinal Wolsey when he issued commissions in the king's name for levying a sixth part of all property belonging to the laity, and a fourth of that of the clergy, which was looked upon by all as an arbitrary and excessive imposition. The king upon finding the powerful feeling engendered by this measure, wrote a letter to the lord mayor and citizens, declaring that he would not allow any illegal exaction to be made, throwing himself upon their benevolence for the needful supply. Even this had no effect upon the stubborn citizens, who were forthwith sent for by the irate cardinal, who argued the point in dispute with as little success. The Recorder having the courage to reply "That by a statute of the first of Richard III., the levying of such *benevolence* was abolished," the haughty minister tried individual coaxing; but the sturdy citizens felt their power, and refused to comply. Such a stand for the true spirit of liberty was most wonderful and startling in such times, and with such an arbitrary prince and wily counsellor. It had its full effect, for the subsidy was refused firmly everywhere. In 1533 the Strand became joined to Westminster, so as to be a continuous street: before this time it was entirely cut off from Westminster, except by a few scattered houses, and the small village which afterwards gave a name to the whole. Anderson, in his History of Commerce, tells us that the butchers in London and the suburbs at this period did not exceed eighty, each of whom killed nine oxen a-week, which multiplied by forty-six, the weeks in the year, (for during six weeks in Lent no flesh was eaten,) gives thirty-three thousand one hundred and twenty as the total annual consumption of beef in London. In 1540 a statute passed for paving certain streets, for which the lord mayor and aldermen were invested with the power to make the necessary assessments and punish defaulters. The streets paved under this act were Aldgate High Street, as far as Whitechapel Church, and Chancery Lane, so as to form a cross road into Holborn, which was also partially paved. Anderson also mentions a curious circumstance, showing the little progress made in England in the art of

gardening, and states, that Henry VIII. sent to the Netherlands for a gardener who understood the art of raising a salad, to which Catherine of Aragon, his queen, was particularly partial. This, no doubt, gave rise to the story that this arbitrary monarch indulged his appetite to that extent, that fancying he should like a salad, he sent couriers to the Netherlands, at an immense expense, to bring over in sealed bottles the wished-for delicacy.

The reign of Edward VI. was productive of several very salutary statutes, among others a measure was adopted *to protect masters against the combination of their workmen*, by which heavy penalties were enforced, even to the extent of being set in the pillory, and having one ear cut off, and being rendered *infamous and incapable of giving evidence upon oath*.

The much-prized school of Merchant Tailors, where so many men of fame and talent have been educated, was founded in the year 1550, by Richard Hills, a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company, he giving the munificent sum of *five hundred pounds* towards purchasing certain tenements, called the Manor of Rose, on the east side of Suffolk Lane, Dowgate; and also giving them a plot of ground adjoining to Crutched Friars, Tower Hill, on which to erect almshouses for the accommodation of single women. This splendid institution, the work of one citizen, has become, by subsequent endowments, in imitation of his magnificent example, one of the most celebrated seats of classic literature in the metropolis.

The commerce of England, since the time of Henry III., had been most unaccountably and blindly left in the hands of foreigners, particularly of the Hanseatic or Easterling merchants. For three centuries had the whole foreign trade of the kingdom been engrossed by those strangers, denominated, in their patents, "Merchants of the Steelyard," who, of course, employed only the shipping of their own country. The Earl of Warwick, during his vigorous administration, saw the effect of this ruinous policy, and immediately set about the remedy, by forfeiting the Hanseatic privileges, and putting on, in place of one, a duty of twenty per cent. on all their imports and exports, as on those of other aliens; by which bold step the English merchant was awakened from his lethargy, and a spirit of energy and industry was kindled throughout the kingdom.

During this reign the city obtained a confirmation of their title to the ancient borough of Southwark. Among other acquisitions made by the city in Southwark, was an hospital dedicated to St. Thomas the Apostle, which had been swallowed up in the dissolution of monasteries in the last reign. It was now repaired, enlarged, and appropriated to its original charitable uses.

The kind and benevolent Edward also, in the last year of his too short reign, founded and richly endowed Christ's Hospital, as a seminary for youth, on the site of the convent of Grey Friars.*

The ancient palace, called Bridewell, was also granted, to be converted into a house of reception for *poor wayfaring persons*, and for the correction and employment of vagabonds, street-walkers, and

* This youthful and benevolent King founded this school ten days before his death, June 26th, 1553, *for poor fatherless children and foundlings*, as an hospital of goodly charity. On the 23rd of November of the same year almost four hundred poor fatherless children were taken into the house, dressed in russet-brown. In the ensuing Easter they were put into the blue dress worn at the present day, by a very different class of children.

idlers! One most excellent regulation made during this reign was that respecting the prices of provisions, for it was discovered that owing to a combination between the graziers and salesmen the price of meat was much enhanced, causing great imposition on the people. By which we find that a good *fat ox* from Midsummer to Michaelmas only cost *two pounds five,* rising one shilling from Hallowmas to Christmas, and from Christmas to Shrovetide three shillings and fourpence; and a good fat wether averaging four shillings and four-pence through the year; Essex barrelled butter being at the same time but three farthings per pound, the cheese fetching the same price, all others producing a farthing less.

The reign of Mary* was less fortunate to the city and its liberties, and therefore will be but slightly touched upon in this Gossip, which does not in any way pretend to be a history, but a mere stringing together of incidents. This in a future stage will be illustrated by anecdote and amusing tales connected with the reigns hereinbefore mentioned, and some of the worthies who shone above their brothers in their march to civilization, one mark of which was, in this reign, an Act to restrain the inordinate outlay in eating and drinking at the lord mayor's table: this praiseworthy attempt had, however, no effect, although full of threatening penalties. In one clause we find that to assist the lord mayor to bear the expence of his inauguration feast, the city made *annually* a free gift of *one hundred pounds.*

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Of good and guardian angels, the old nurse spoke to me,
She taught me too a suppliant prayer of much simplicity;
And well I lov'd the sweet belief that angels hover'd near,
When stars were shining brightly, and nights were still and clear.

I fancied that good angels came all in the pure moonlight,
To guard and bless me as I slept through dangers of the night,—
And in the summer evenings a casement open'd nigh,
Where I could watch as one by one the stars shone in the sky.

One evening on my little couch I rested quite alone,
When to this open casement there came down a shining one!
Ah! well do I remember all the feelings of that time,
The perfume of the garden flowers—the distant village chime.

And I was borne upon the air in noiseless, rapid flight,
Far, far away, 'mid worlds of space, near a broad dazzling light:
I heard the choir of seraphim—ineffable that melody,—
"Behold the gate of Heaven, my child," the angel whisper'd me.

Raised I not my hands in prayer—a child's beseeching prayer—
To the good angel, that he would gain entrance for me there:
He heeded not, but onward sped, the brilliant light soon past,
And horror fell upon my soul, for we descended fast.

Faster and faster, till a gleam of lurid flame we neared,
Coming from out a dismal gulf which far beneath appeared;
"Tremble, my child, 'tis Hades' gate,"—the shining spirit spake—
And calling loud on Jesus' name, they found me yet awake.

The perfume of the garden flowers the dews of eve were bringing,—
The distant sounds so clear and sad of village bells were ringing,—
The stars in myriads looking down, the tree tops waving nigh,—
I knew all this—yet—yet they urged, 'twas *no reality!*

Hath time not proved the solemn truth my infant days have known?
In mercy was the warning sent from the "all-glorious One;"
Still lead me to Thy blest abodes, good angels ever near—
Still, oh! my soul, to Jesus turn, in every doubt and fear. C. A. M. W.

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* The Stationers' Company was incorporated May 4, 1557, by charter of Philip and Mary.

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY I. E. WARREN.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Night-Scene in the Harbour of Para. — Mr. Campbell. — Cribbage. — Jenks Again.—The "Una" and Taaou.—A new Acquaintance, Captain Hayden.—Present of a Boa Constrictor.—A Walk to Mr. Campbell's Roscenia.—Travellers' Tales.—A Fourth of July Dinner.

THE schooner was moored about forty rods from the shore, and at this distance the appearance of the city was truly romantic, if not beautiful. The moon had not yet risen, but myriads of lustrous stars were beaming like angels' eyes upon the enchanting scenery which surrounded us. The little islands, too, which dotted here and there the lake-like expanse of the river, loomed up in the distance like the palaces of sylvan deities, while the gloomy forest, which stood in all its solemn magnificence along the Amazonian banks, seemed like a gigantic and impenetrable wall of strange and never-fading verdure.

It was late; and the spirit of silence brooded over the slumbering city! The only sounds which came to our ears were the occasional harsh cries of the pative, the washing of the tide upon the beach, and the doleful notes of nocturnal birds. So captivating was the scene, that for hours after my arrival I thought not of repose, but paced up and down the deck like an unlaid ghost; until at last, nature becoming exhausted, I consigned myself to my hammock, to dream of the pleasures I had already experienced, and of the kind friends I expected to meet on the morrow.

Soon after sunrise Gaviono had my luggage all placed in the montaria, and accompanied me himself, not only to the shore, but even to Mr. Campbell's house. As soon as I had shaken hands with Mr. Campbell, who received me with the kindness of a father, my first inquiries were concerning my beloved companion, "Jenks," who, the reader will remember, separated from me at Jungcal.

"You will find him in his room, I think," said Mr. Campbell. "He did not retire until very late last night, and I hardly think that he has yet risen. We spent the evening together in playing cribbage."

"A delightful game it is," replied I; "and I feel under great obligations to you for the lessons you have given me. It is a game which is seldom, if ever, played in the United States, although I believe it is considered a favourite with the English aristocracy."

"You are right," replied Mr. Campbell: "with the exception of chess, I know of no game which is better regarded in England, unless, perhaps, it may be whist. It not only surpasses in interest all other games of cards with which I am acquainted, but it also affords better exercise for the mind, calling into action as it does so many of its

faculties, — memory, judgment, comparison, discrimination, and causality."

At this moment Jenks emerged from his apartment and presented himself before me.

"By the powers! I am overjoyed to see you, Jack," exclaimed he, as soon as we had embraced each other: "really I have felt just like a disconsolate widower ever since I parted from you on Marajo,—you have no idea how much anxiety your absence has given me."

"Neither can you imagine, Jenks," answered I, "how much, indeed, I have missed *you*,—you have hardly been absent from my thoughts for an hour at any time, not even during my slumbers, for we have met often, and hunted together as of yore in my midnight dreams! Pray, where have you been, and what have you done since our separation?"

"My head-quarters," replied he, "have been at Nazere, but a considerable portion of my time has been spent in the city. Last week I revisited Caripe, and succeeded in getting some new birds and shells. The recollection, however, of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, who were drowned there so recently, rendered the place more solitary and lonely than ever, and clouded the enjoyment, which I otherwise would have experienced. I made trips, moreover to Tāāou, and the "Una," which were both very pleasant."

"How long did you remain at these places?" I inquired.

"I spent only an afternoon and night at the 'Una,'" said Jenks, and returned the following morning. The distance is not more than three or four miles, which we passed over on foot. I went down there to attend a kind of jubilee or festival, and we had a very jovial time. The evening was devoted to music, dancing, and feasting, and that, too, in the beautifully laid-out grounds of the garden. I wished heartily that you had been with me, for I know that you would have enjoyed yourself exceedingly. I was at Tāāou for full three days: this is an estate, you are aware, belonging to Archibald Campbell, Esq. It is situated on a high bank, and is decidedly the most charming spot I have yet seen in Brazil. I killed several fine toucans there, and some other rare as well as handsome birds. The natives procured for me quite a number of curiosities, among which was a large sloth, two or three kinds of armadilloes, together with a miscellaneous assortment of insects and reptiles, all of which I preserved and brought with me to the city."

"You certainly have been making the most of your time," I replied; "but have you decided where we are to go next?"

"By all means," said Jenks, "provided you are willing and in readiness. We will go to Mr. Upton's rice-mills at Maguary without delay—say the day after to-morrow."

"The very place," I exclaimed with delight. "We will go thither on the morning of the fifth. Do the Americans purpose making any manifestation to-morrow, the glorious anniversary of our independence?"

"They have made preparations for having a grand national dinner, to which we are both invited," said he. "It will, doubtless, be a very interesting affair, and there will, probably, be as many Englishmen present as Americans."

"And as many toasts, I suppose, given in honour of her Most

Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and the worthies of England, as in favour of Washington and the heroes of the revolution. Nothing shall prevent me from attending. Will you be present?" I inquired of Mr. Campbell.

"I do not think that I shall be able to attend," said he; "but if I do not, Peter, the Dutchman, shall go as my substitute. He well deserves that privilege, for the old fellow fought bravely for the honour of the United States on board the 'Constitution,' during her engagement with the 'Guerrière.' Although he has a Dutch stomach, yet his heart is truly American.'

During the continuation of the foregoing conversation an important visitor arrived: it was Captain Hayden, commander of the port of Para, and, for the time being, second only in rank to the established governor of the province. He was an intimate friend of the Campbell's, and for some weeks past had been rusticating at the Roscenia of his brother, Archibald, which is delightfully located within the suburbs of the town. He had, at the moment we have introduced him to the reader, just concluded his morning's promenade, and had stopped at the Campbell's, as he was wont to do often, for the purpose of breakfasting with him. A nobler specimen of man, as regards symmetry of form and dignity of aspect, could not easily be found. He was above six feet in height, with extremely broad shoulders and a wonderfully capacious chest, which filled out to advantage his richly-worked military waistcoat, the left side of which was superbly decorated with two golden stars, pendant from gay ribbons and glittering with the richest gems. These were royal insignias, which had been presented to him by the emperor, in commemoration of certain military services which he had rendered to the country. The epaulettes with which his coat was mounted were of a prodigious size and exceedingly beautiful; and the magnificent sword, which was suspended from his waist, completed his brilliant costume. Within a few minutes after his reception, on invitation of Mr. Campbell, he doffed his cumbrous military coat, and put on in its stead a light cotton jacket or blouse, which was furnished him by his kind and accommodating host. A slave now announced to us that breakfast was ready, so we lost no time in taking our seats at the table. In five minutes we were each supplied with a steaming cup of tea—coffee, it will be borne in mind, being only served at sunrise and immediately after dinner.

"Young men," said the Captain, addressing us in the blandest manner possible, while a smile of ineffable goodness lighted up his benignant countenance, "it gives me great pleasure to have met you. Suffice it for me to say, that as you are the friends of Mr. Campbell, from this time henceforth you are my friends, and if I can do you any service whatever, it shall be cheerfully performed. I have heard Mr. Campbell and others speak of you frequently as the 'young American naturalists,' who had been so industrious in collecting the different birds and animals of this province. I suppose you must have now quite an extensive cabinet, which I must take a peep at some time. By the way, I have a rare curiosity for you out at the Roscenia, which you are at perfect liberty to take away whenever you please. It is a young boa-constrictor, about fifteen feet in length, handsomely marked, and very lively. I have kept him confined in a

barrel for some weeks past, but he has two or three times escaped from his prison, and we have on such occasions had not a little difficulty in capturing him again. I should be pleased to have you walk out with me this morning and pay your compliments to his snakeship. He would, doubtless, be glad to see his new masters."

"Your kindness to two youthful adventurers," replied Jenks, "and those almost entire strangers to you, is generous in the extreme. I beg leave to assure you of our gratitude, and to state with sincerity, that even if we should live for centuries, such unexampled good-will as you have manifested for us could never be forgotten. Many thanks for the boa; you could not have made us a more acceptable present. For myself, I should like very much to go out and see him. What say you, Jack?"

"Nothing would please me more," I answered. "We have no engagements to-day that I am aware of. Therefore, Captain, with a thousand thanks for your invitation, we will be in readiness to accompany you as soon as it is your desire to go."

"Then, my boys," said the warm-hearted captain, "we had better start before the sun gets much higher: otherwise, unless you are perfect salamanders, you will be pretty thoroughly baked before we reach the Roscenia. It will be well for you to carry your guns along, as it is not improbable that we may meet with game of some kind on the route."

"Thank you for the hint," exclaimed Jenks; "and if you will excuse us for a few moments while we retire to our room, we will accoutre ourselves immediately for the excursion."

Returning shortly, we presented quite a hostile appearance, with our long hunting-boots, white pantaloons, loose blouses, and broad-brimmed Panama hats. On our left sides were suspended our fringed game-pouches, while with one hand we carried our faithful guns, and in the other our trusty *tracados*, or wood-knives. Thus equipped we set out with the Captain for the Roscenia.

The morning was unusually pleasant, and the temperature of the atmosphere not uncomfortable. A light breeze was blowing from the forest, freighted with the aroma of its numerous flowers, while the air itself was so transparent, that it seemed to offer no barrier whatever to our vision. Had we the sun-proof eyes of the eagle, by heavens! I believe we could have seen the stars. The life and vivacity of the mottled crowd with which the streets were thronged, formed a striking contrast to the prevailing stillness and native solitude of Marajo. Fruit-women were marching about with huge trays on their heads, covered with a tempting variety of tropical fruits; parties of negroes were sauntering through the street, engaged in transporting burthens of different kinds; officers and soldiers on guard were strolling indolently up and down; while hosts of juveniles of both sexes, *in puris naturalibus*, were as gleesome and happy as so many unsophisticated doves!

"If I am not too bold," inquired Jenks of the Captain, "pardon me for saying that I think you cannot be a Brazilian by birth. Are you not an Englishman?"

"I certainly am neither a native Brazilian, nor of Brazilian parentage," replied the Captain good-humouredly; "but for nearly twenty-five years have I been in the service of this country, and am, there-

fore, by this time pretty well acclimated. In reality, I am a son of Erin, and love my country well; but circumstances, and not choice, have controlled my destiny, and forced me to seek my fortune, my honour, and my rank in this foreign land. In early life I served as a midshipman in the English navy, some years afterwards I married a lady of rank at Rio de Janeiro, and this is the secret of my life."

"And is she living now?" asked Jenks.

"Oh, yes, she is still alive, thank God!" said the Captain, "and resides at Rio de Janeiro. I have a small yet delightful estate just in the outskirts of the town, where she lives, and which I consider my home. True, my situation of post-captain keeps me absent from it for a great portion of the year, yet it is none the less my home; for where a man's heart and affections are centered, there, oh, there, for ever is his home!"

Engaged in such conversation as this, which made us better and better acquainted with the character of our noble-hearted companion, increasing our love and admiration for him through sympathy, we at length arrived at his head-quarters for the present—Mr. Campbell's Roscenia!

Its situation was very convenient as well as retired. The house, although rather smaller than the one we occupied at Nazere, was, nevertheless, quite comfortable, and exceedingly well adapted for a bachelor's hall. It had a cheerful little verandah, and, like most Brazilian mansions, was roofed with earthenware tiles. A slave opened the door, and we entered into the Captain's principal apartment. It was strewed with books, musical instruments, and military accoutrements, and was well supplied with chairs and other articles of furniture, which had evidently been brought from his vessel. The Captain's steward soon brought and placed before us a tempting collation of rare fruit, cake, and sparkling wine. Having regaled ourselves to our entire satisfaction, Captain Hayden presented us with some superior cigars, which we straightway ignited, and then proceeded forthwith to take a rambling stroll about the garden.

"Where is the boa of which you spoke to us?" I asked.

"I will show him to you presently," said the Captain: "he is confined in that large barrel under the verandah. So come with me, and we will take a look at his lordship."

Approaching the barrel, we perceived that its cover was supplied with a kind of trap-door, made of netted wire. Looking through this, as the light shone upon it, we had an excellent view of the slumbering serpent, coiled up as he was in prodigious folds, pile upon pile, until he almost reached the top of the cask. The Captain gave the barrel a hard kick with his foot, which roused the drowsy animal from its death-like stupor, when opening his capacious mouth, and thrusting out his forked tongue, he hissed so loudly, that the infernal sound might have been heard by a listening ear at the extremest part of the garden. Breaking upon the silence of a lonely forest, how intensely fearful must it be!

"To what length do these boas sometimes attain?" inquired Jenks.

"That I cannot exactly say," responded the Captain; "stories are often told by travellers of their reaching the length of forty, fifty, and even sixty feet, but long as I have lived in Brazil (which may be

said to be their favourite home), I have never seen one more than twenty, and never heard a well authenticated account of one that was above thirty, feet in length. Travellers often indulge in monstrous stories, sometimes bordering upon Gulliverism or Munchausanism. In reading the narratives of unknown adventurers, especially of the young and inexperienced, I always make the necessary, and in some instances a tremendous discount. In this age, truth seems to be depreciating, and he to get the greatest credit who perpetrates the most ingenious fibs."

"I believe you are not far from the right," said Jenks; "but men sometimes are guilty of most preposterous exaggerations, when they themselves think they are adhering rather too strictly to the truth. Men sometimes deceive themselves as egregiously as they do others. A sea-faring friend of mine, in whom I place sincere confidence, told me that on one occasion, while he was walking in the woods of Guiana, he came across the body of an enormous snake, who had unintentionally committed suicide by swallowing a deer, the horns of which had stuck in his throat, thereby choking him to death. He stated, moreover, that at another time, with the assistance of his crew, that he succeeded in killing a snake in the forest, which he should judge must have been between seventy and eighty feet in length! I immediately began to suspect that his optics were of a deceptive nature, therefore said I to him, 'Captain, how far do you think it is from the place where you now stand to yonder tree?' pointing a certain one out to him. 'About the length of my snake,' I should think, said he. We measured the distance, and found it to be, not eighty, but only thirty feet! The captain was nonplused, and, as you may suppose, my risibilities were considerably excited."

In the further part of the garden we observed a kind of open shed, beneath which were a number of slaves engaged in making farinha, the manufacture of which, however, has been detailed in a preceding chapter. The fruit-trees of the Roscenia were various, but the most conspicuous were those laden with oranges, mangoes, and alligator pears. There were a few cocoa-nut trees, too, and plants and flowers of a hundred kinds. From the topmost branches of one of the loftiest trees on the place, hung an extraordinary species of vine, which appeared to derive its nourishment from the air alone. At our desire, one of the young negro-lads climbed up into the tree and cut it off about midway to the top. The portion we thus secured was nearly fifty feet in length. In pliability and toughness it was not at all inferior to rope, as a substitute for which it is universally used by the natives.

We saw several bright birds which were flying about among the fruit-trees of the Roscenia. Among the rarest, were a pair of blue and yellow creepers, a couple of ruby-throated humming-birds, and a single azure-winged and purple-throated chatterer. Besides these, we collected a number of butterflies, moths, and beetles, some of which were of astonishing size, and of remarkable beauty.

Thus we spent the morning with the Captain, and at two o'clock P.M., took leave of him, having promised Mr. Campbell to be back in time for dinner.

"The Captain is a wonderfully clever fellow," said Jenks, soon after leaving the Roscenia. "Verily, I am pleased to have made his

acquaintance. That boa he presented us with, is a right valuable prize, and will make rather an unusual companion for us on our return voyage to the United States. Perhaps the sailors may take it into their heads to heave him overboard, as an offering to Neptune, in which case we would be bereaved indeed. What a sensation his advent will create in the pleasant little city of Troy, if he should be so fortunate as ever to get there. What an excitement there will be among the juveniles to see him. What flutterings among the damsels whenever his name is mentioned; and what grave speculations among the philosophers of the Lyceum! and what solicitations for his skin by the proprietors of the different museums! Oh! most amiable of boas, are you aware of the distinction that is before thee!"

"Upon my word, Jenks," you have delivered yourself of a very odd rhapsody, and now, I suppose, it is my turn. The Captain, I agree with you, is a glorious fellow, and an invaluable acquaintance; but, oh, ye stars! what a treasure we have secured in that gigantic snake! He is not only enormous, but, in my humble estimation, positively handsome, and this opinion I will maintain in defiance of all adversaries. How rich are the tints of his skin! and who shall say that those large leopard-like spots with which he is mottled are not really beautiful! Then what a smooth and sharp-pointed head! what white and shining teeth, and what a long and arrow-like tongue! But oh that horrible soul-penetrating hiss, it rings in my ears at this moment, and if not soon banished from my mind, will surely haunt me in my dreams! But why should we fear, when we know that fear is but the result in a great measure of association. The falsely educated become nervously and unnaturally timid: to such, the gloaming of eve is fraught with images of terror; and shrouded by the dusky twilight, every waving tree becomes an apparition, and every snow-white sheet—a ghost! But how different is the case with those whose imaginations have been properly curbed and restrained in early youth. How brave, how bold, how lion-hearted are they! These are the men who dread no evil by day, or think not of horrors by night; these are the men who can look with a just appreciation upon the mysterious works of their infinite Creator, without that recoil upon themselves which the fearful experience; and again, these are the men, too, who are seen in the foremost ranks of battle, animating their followers by their courageous example, and who, like 'Captain Lawton of the *Spy*,' when encompassed by enemies, fall heroically in the defence of their country, with their sabres wheeling round their heads, and their last words re-echoing his heroic, yet proud defiance —'Come on!' Thus also does beauty depend greatly upon association. There is beauty in everything, although but few have the power of discerning it. What exquisite pleasure, Jenks, do we now derive from the sight of a new bird! This has not been so always; there was a time when the brightest plumes would scarcely arrest our attention. With what ecstasy will a mineralogist gaze upon an apparently coarse and common stone! With what ardour will a botanist feast his eyes upon an unknown plant, however insignificant to the ignorant it may appear! and with what delight will a conchologist chirp over the smallest and darkest shell, if it is one which he has never seen before! Do not these men see beauty where others see it not? If so, the conclusion is unavoidable then, that if persons had

the ability to appreciate, everything would be beautiful, and this dreamy world, as some unfortunate misanthropes term it, would be a paradise indeed—a fitting habitation for the soul, while imprisoned in this perishable tabernacle of flesh! Our boa, then, Jenks, is a beauty—is he not? Deny it, and you immediately confess your own ignorance!"

We reached Mr. Campbell's just in time for the first course, which consisted of a delicious kind of soup, of which the component parts seemed to be bread and rice. After dinner, followed coffee of excellent flavour and well made, and then cigars (the use of which, lest you may think us more vicious than we actually are, gentle reader, we have abandoned as a pernicious habit since our return). The remainder of the afternoon we spent in chit-chat and sight-seeing from the window balconies, which jutted out over the street. The evening was exclusively devoted to cribbage.

The following morning was as serene and lovely as even the Americans themselves could desire. It was the birth-day of their boasted independence. Its dawn was ushered by no roar of cannon, ringing of bells, or pealing of artillery. The sun-light of the tropics came in solemn splendour, and the whisperings of the fragrant zephyrs and the warbling of early birds, were the only sounds which accompanied it. All was still; but it was a day sacred to the goddess of Liberty!

The national flag, which floated from one of the upper windows of the house where the dinner was to take place, was the only evidence during the morning that the day was one of peculiar importance to the American people. At three o'clock P.M. we were summoned to the banquet. The dinner, as far as edibles and potables were concerned, was much better than we could have anticipated, and several dishes had been prepared for the occasion which we had never met with before in Brazil. The room was not a room in fact, but a species of verandah or piazza, and was appropriately bedizened with flags of many nations. The guests numbered thirty-five, and a more miscellaneous assortment could not easily have been selected. The English and Americans were about equal in number; then there were Irishmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Portuguese, Brazilians, and some others. The toasts, which were numerous, were as various in their character as the different banners which decked the apartment. Everything was conducted with perfect decorum and order, and all appeared to be well satisfied with their share of the entertainment. Throughout the repast, a fine band of thirty musicians continued to play national airs in an adjoining room, which added much to the festivities of the occasion. At nine o'clock the company retired for their respective homes.

On the morrow we were to leave for Maguary. This place, in a direct line, is not more than twelve miles from the city, although by water the distance is much greater. We proposed making the trip on foot, as the route through the forest was so much the shortest, and, for strangers, altogether the most pleasant and interesting. As our luggage and ammunition had been sent by the canoe in the morning, there was nothing to hinder us from taking this course. We therefore adopted it.

SPRING-TIDE;

OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

THIRD DAY.

SENEX.—JULIAN.—SIMON PARADICE.

Time—The peep of day.

JULIAN. What a lovely morning! we are up before the sun.

SENEX. He will rise in ten minutes, if the calendar tell truly. I am glad we are stirring so early, for sunrise at this season should tempt every man from his bed. What says Dan Chaucer?—

> "For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
> The seson priketh every gentil herte,
> And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
> And sayth 'arise, and do thin observance.'"

The notes of birds alone break the hushy stillness that reigns around us. The lark, the throstle, the ouzle, and the whole tribe of songsters have commenced their hosannahs. Every insect is on the move, the grasshopper bestirs himself, and the spider looks out on his dew-bespangled tracery. The morning-star is fading before the approach of day. The owl, weary of night-prowling, hurries away to his retreat in the old barn, and the magpie in yonder elm, with his pert chatter, provokes the jay in the thicket:—

> "The jay, the rook, the daw,
> And each harsh pipe (discordant heard alone)
> Aid the full concert, while the stock-dove breathes
> A melancholy murmur through the whole."

JULIAN. What a strange nest the magpie builds! I remember, when a boy, trying to rob one and scratching my hands sadly.

SENEX. It is certainly a curious piece of bird-architecture, and shows the superior cunning of the pie to the rook and the crow. Piers the Plowman, has something to say of its structure:—

> "I had wonder at whom,
> And wher the pye lerned
> To ligge the stikkes
> In which she leyeth and bredeth.
> There nys wrighte, as I wene,
> Sholde werche hir nestes to paye;
> If any mason made a molde thereto,
> Muche wonder it were."

The pie is a beautiful and cheerful bird: and though man resents severely his little larcenies, he yet loves to build near a homestead despite of ill-usage.

JULIAN. The country-people are at enmity, I believe, with all carrion-birds, and the pie is one of the most mischievous of this class.

SENEX. All birds are occasionally mischievous, but the good many of them perform more than counterbalances the evil. Remember, I am no stickler for all the prejudice and superstition of my humble neighbours, who are often blindly wrong. There is some reason for their hostility to the crow and the pie, but the war of extermination which

they carry on against many of the feathered race can only be excused on the ground of ignorance and their attachment to old notions and prejudices, from which the better educated of the last century were not free. For instance, you will find them hereabouts destroy that beautiful and sagacious bird the starling, because they believe it kills the young pigeons. Now, the starling is an insectivorous bird, which must devour myriads of destructive creatures every season. He must be a welcome visitor to flocks of sheep, about which we generally see them congregated, sometimes running on their backs and freeing them from the foul, ugly, and annoying tick which so often troubles that animal. Another bird—which is an especial favourite with me—is much persecuted by the country people, namely, the *titmouse;* and yet a pair of these little creatures, if undisturbed, will almost keep a fair-sized garden free from insects and reptiles. A friend of mine, who lives in the neighbourhood of London, occupies one of a row of houses, the gardens of which, as usual, adjoin each other. His neighbour, a door or two off, an idle fellow, often amuses himself by shooting the small birds, and last year he kept up this manly pastime so vigorously, that not even a sparrow could show itself on his premises. Summer came, and with it swarms of that destructive reptile the small green caterpillar, which literally ate up everything in the garden of the cockney sportsman. Not so with my friend's garden, the fruit in which was unusually fine and abundant, a circumstance which he attributes entirely to the fact of a pair of the smaller species of titmouse having made their nest in a hole in the garden-wall and bred up a family, which they appeared to feed entirely on this very reptile, bringing in thirty or forty in an hour to the nest, to the great glee of their little ones, who testified their delight at every arrival by audible chirpings.

Julian. I have often thought that an occasional rigorous winter and the preying of the larger species were sufficient to check the too great increase of small birds. Not only does intense cold destroy numbers of the feathered race, but, according to a friend of mine, who has an estate in Scotland, hunger converts the graminivorous bird into a bird of prey at such times. In one hard winter, a few years since, the rooks attacked and killed all the wood-pigeons in his plantations.

Senex. I do not doubt it, though I have never witnessed such an onslaught here. The wood-pigeon must be a feeble opponent of the rook, whose hard bill will make more impression on the frost-bound earth on a winter's morning than you can make with a knife. He is formidable, too, on account of his numbers. But see, as we ascend the hill, the sun rises to meet us, and chanticleer, from the old grange yonder, proclaims his approach. Hark! how the shrill reveille is repeated around, a note of warning to the village clown, who turns heavily on his pallet and lapses into another nap ere he rises for the day's toil. The lark starts from his bed and, shaking the dew from his wing, pours out a flood of melody as he ascends into the yet misty air. Are not these sights and scenes that should make a man love the country, even though at other seasons,

"When blood is nipt and ways be foul,"

and the swoln streams deluge the meadows, he turns to and prefers the comforts of his fireside.

JULIAN. I confess they are. I am almost moved to indulge in a rhapsody myself.

SENEX. You smile at this doting of an old man on the scenes of his youth.

JULIAN. Nay, you wrong me. I smiled, but not in derision. Dull indeed must he be who could look unmoved on such a scene as this. Yonder is the river, its pale stream brightening into gold. I see the moor-hen moving upon it unconscious of our approach. Shall we have a fine day?

SENEX. A good day for the angler, but not for a pic-nic. I think there will be rain: the sun shines out too brightly at its rising, and, if I mistake not, those clouds rising in the south will bring wet with them. There was rain last night, as you will see by the state of this field we are now entering. It is very slippery on this path. What was that story you were telling me about young Joe Chivers, Simon?

SIMON. Haw, about's zlippin back, zur? Why young Joe went to school wi owld Tommy Stretch, zo one day a never coomed tillamwoast night. What's th' razon you be here at this time? zays Tommy. Joe hackered wi' vear—'Begs yer pardon, zays he, 'twas zo uncommon slippy, ev'ry step I tuk vorrad I went two backerds. Ye young wosbird, zays Tommy, if ye'd done that, ye woudn't be here at all, zo I'll gie't to 'e unmarcivul—that's what I wool vor tellin zich lies. Oh dwont 'e! dwont 'e! zays Joey: I'll tell 'e how 'twere. I gied up gettin here at all, zo I turned back to gwo to mother's and I zlipped back here, zo dwon't 'e wallop I.—Did 'e ever hear the stwory o' Joe's vather on th' bridge yander? A rum owld customer was owld Joe.

SENEX. Well, tell us the story, Simon.

SIMON. Why one marnin, many years ago, owld Joe was lukin' auver the bridge, a watchin' the vishes, when a genelman vrom Lunnun coomed by. I zay vather, zays the strainger, what d'ye caall this out here bruk? Th' owld bwoy was a leetle bit dunch, and a didn't year'n very plain. "D'zay?" zays he. "How d'ye caal this bruk?" zays the strainger agen. Haw,—*caal* un, zays owld Joe; um dwont caal un at ael um dwont: a allus cooms this woy wihout callin'! Zo the cockney went off in a girt pelt and towld un to gwo and hang 's zelf.

SENEX (*aside to* JULIAN). I believe that story was known long before old Joe was born, but the paternity of many better ones might with as much justice be questioned. Here 's the river. Let us put to, and try our luck at this spot. I have often had good sport here.

JULIAN. I am ready—where shall we begin?

SENEX. Try a cast under that patch of weeds, where the shadow is deepest.

JULIAN. I have a fish, and a mettlesome one, too, but I find I am getting the better of him—he shows now. Pshaw! he is but small, after all, but he tugged like a fish of a couple of pounds.

SENEX. Doubtless he did, for, see, you have hooked him foul, near the ventral fin, which makes all the difference in the world, and gives a fish full power to plunge in all directions. Come, clear your line, and take another cast a little lower down. A good fish generally lies near that sluice. Well done, you have him—don't let him take you too far—that 's right; now you have turned him, and

he begins to grow weary. The net, Simon. So, that was well done; he 's a fine fellow, and, if we kill a few more such, you will forgive my calling you so early.

Julian. Nay, I am delighted at your having helped me to throw off sloth, and tempted me abroad. It is a reproach to a man to lie a-bed at such a season. The river appears deep here, and less exposed to poachers.

Senex. Yes. The fish are safe in this spot, and the river is well staked. The mention of poaching reminds me of an event which happened in the north of England about twenty years since. On the 15th of June, 1827, the two brothers of a man named Winter, a notorious poacher, came to the Steward of the late Sir Philip Musgrave at Edenhall, to request that a boat might be lent them that they might search in the river for their brother, who had been a short time missing. His landing-net having been found floating down the stream, it was supposed that he was drowned. The Steward accompanied the men to the river Eamont, which they dragged in different places with a net, and, after some hours' toil, they succeeded in drawing out the body from a deep pool in the river, under some rocks called the Giant's Cave; and, singular enough, at the same haul they caught one of the largest trouts ever found in that river, weighing nearly seven pounds. The men seemed more anxious to secure the fish than the body of their drowned brother; but the gamekeeper being one of the dragging party, took the prize up to the Hall. A Coroner's Inquest was duly held on the body, and a verdict found "Accidentally Drowned." The country people laid the homicide on the fish, who, they said, had dragged the poacher from a slippery stone into the pool as a judgment for *stealing!* And this was the moral for about three years afterwards, when an old Irishman, nicknamed Sandy, an idle character, who supported himself by any chance employment, eked out by a little poaching, was taken dangerously ill. Finding himself on his death-bed, he declared he could not die easy unless he made a clean breast and confessed a great crime that he had been guilty of. He then stated that a few nights before the discovery of Winter's body, he was going to fish in the pool under the Giant's Cave, and being on the top of the rocks he looked down and saw Winter there busily fishing. He halloed to him to go away from that spot, as it was his part of the river, and Winter had no right to be there. Winter refused to go, and replied he had as much right to be there as Sandy, upon which the later threw a large stone on the poacher below, and knocked him down into the river. He then ran away, and when he afterwards heard of Winter being discovered drowned, he kept the occurrence a secret until he found himself dying.

Julian. A curious story, truly. It might furnish matter for a Melodrama. I believe the trout in the Eamont do not usually exceed three to the pound?

Senex. No: the gentleman who communicated to me the above particulars, informed me that he never saw one more than four pounds weight, excepting that taken with the body of the drowned poacher. By-the-by, Simon, what has become of old Iles? he was the most wary poacher in these parts—the keepers could never come up with him.

SIMON. Haw, a's very bad, zur; a's got the rheumatiz in's jintes, and caant craal out ov 's bed. A was a terrable chap var a hur (hare) to be zhure when a was younger. Our measter had a man veaw hurs under the linchards, and the tenant's dogs, used to caddle 'um vinely, and cot zum on 'um—zo a zays to 'um ael, zays he—if you dwon't hang them grayhounds o' yourn, I 'll turn you out o' yer varms, that 's what I wool. Mwost on 'um did as they was ardered, but Jerry Sage (queer owld chap he were zhurel*y*)—zays to I, dang it, Zimon, if I ha' anything to do wi' killin' th' owld dog, and when measter went to 'un to bleaw 'un up vinely var kippin' on hin—Jerry zays to 'n. Ax yer pardun, zur, zhure enough I havn't hang'd un, but a bean't a grayhound now. Bean't a greyhound? why, what do 'e mane? Why, zur, when us yeard o' yer arder us takes a pair o' zhears and cuts his ears and tayl off and made a *maastif* on hin, and caals 'un *Lion*.

SENEX. There's a story for you in a choice Anglo-Saxon dialect: I 'll supply the gloss at some other time. What think you of the scenery hereabouts?

JULIAN. It is certainly charming, and appears to advantage in the morning sun.

SENEX. This spot is a favourite one with me.

> Here nature in her unaffected dress,
> Plaited with valleys and embossed with hills,
> Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
> Sits lovely in her native russet.

Fewer traces of the hand of man are to be found here than in most rural districts. I love these sequestered nooks, where a man may rest, and, calling home his thoughts, commune with himself and be still.

> Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
> That man acquainted with himself dost make,
> And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
> With thee I here converse at will,
> And would be glad to do so still,
> For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

And now I shall leave you for a short time, and fish up this little tributary stream. I will rejoin you at the old pollard willow which you see by the brook's side yonder. [*Exeunt.*

The old pollard willow. SENEX, JULIAN, SIMON PARADICE *meeting.*

SENEX. Well, what sport?

JULIAN. Excellent. I have three brace; but there is a fish rising yonder far beyond my reach. I have tried in vain to throw to him.

SENEX. I don't doubt it, I could not throw so far myself, but a little wading will sometimes make up for such deficiency. The water is not above mid-thigh, and though I prefer generally a dry skin to a wet one, I don't like to be defied in any weather—much less on such a mild day as this. It is shallow water where that fish is rising (*he wades*). There! I have your friend.

JULIAN. You have, and he's a fine fellow. Give me the landing-net, Simon.

SENEX. Steady: he is somewhat headstrong, and is not to be got out so readily; wait till I first land myself, for this is a fish of met-

tle. There, now I am fairly ashore again I can gently bring him to the bank:—out with him!

JULIAN. What a lovely trout! he looks like a piece of beautiful enamelled work, studded with bright rubies, and his colours seemed heightened by the bright greensward on which he lies. What is his weight?

SENEX. About two pounds; but he is unusually well fed, and no doubt has kept that shallow against all comers for some time past—lying in wait during the day for any fly that may sail over him, and at night supping on the shoals of minnows which abound in some parts of this stream. I am acquainted with a small stream which, towards autumn, is much contracted by the growth of weeds, causing the formation of pools, in each of which a large trout lies in wait for everything that comes down. I have seldom thrown into one of these pools without hooking its tenant, and his place is invariably taken by the fish next in size.

JULIAN. I have heard, that in the smaller streams in Scotland, the biggest fish take up their stations in these pools, devour their own progeny one by one, and then, like famished wolves, snatch at almost anything that may be offered them, to their inevitable destruction.

SENEX. A large trout is little inferior to the pike in voracity; but he is not so indiscriminate, nor so rash: the pike dashes at anything, animate or inanimate, that comes near him. I have heard of more than one instance of his seizing the plummet of the angler while trying the depth of the stream; and a friend of mine, while bottom-fishing some years since, caught a perch which, while landing, was seized by a pike, who, however, managed to get free again.

JULIAN. I have known instances of their seizing a hooked fish. This disposition of the pike to prey upon the hooked or helpless fish, is favourable to the troller.

SENEX. No doubt it is, if a fish is in any way crippled, or spawning, it must be an easy prey to its ferocious enemies. A very ludicrous instance of the voracity of the pike was related to me a short time since. A gentleman, in Northamptonshire, was seated quietly in a summer-house, by the margin of a large pond, watching the water-fowl feeding upon it. Suddenly the geese and ducks rose from the water and took flight with loud cries, one old goose making more noise than the rest. A large pike had seized her foot, and in her flight she had dragged the old tyrant clean out of the water and shaken herself free from his grasp.

SIMON. I do b'lieve nothing comes amiss to um. Last zummer, zome o' the bwoys was a rat huntin' up by the bridge, and the dogs started a girt rat, and off a went acrass the bruk, when, jist as a'd got to th' middle, up cum'd a pur o' jaaws as big as a gray-hound's, and down went the rat in a minnit! Owld Iles once cot a pike, and when a aupened hin a found a girt rat, dree callow wablins, part of a good-sized vish, and two other thengs as um couldn't quite make out.

SENEX. Ay, I remember that fish being caught and cut open. The "dree callow wablins" were the three unfledged nestlings of a yellow-hammer, and the wonder was how the creature had obtained them. The country-people, knowing that the yellow-hammer is a careless builder, and choosing a very low situation for its nest, sup-

posed the pike had invaded it and kidnapped the young brood; but it is not improbable that some ruthless urchins had been a bird's nesting, and plundered a nest of its callow brood, which they afterwards threw into the river, where they were, of course, soon appropriated. And now, let us sit down and repair this rod of mine, which, in the last bout, showed symptoms of weakness that should be looked to in time. Let me see,—yes—heie it is.

JULIAN. What—do you use your knife?

SENEX. Yes: it is best to do so at once and splice the parts, which may be easily effected with a length of waxed silk. I am always prepared for such a contingency, and would advise you to follow my example; for, to break your rod at a distance from home and not have the means of repairing the damage, is a mischance which argues against the providence of the angler. See, by carefully adapting the severed parts, I bind them together thus, and the rod is as serviceable as ever.

JULIAN. I shall endeavour to profit by your advice and teaching. You are right in your prognostic of a wet day. The sun is already deprived of half its lustre, and there is a rainbow yonder, which is the herald of wet, I believe, when seen in the morning. What says Simon?

SIMON. Eez, zur—it's allus a zign o' wet: as we zays in this country—

> The rainbow in th' marnin'
> Gies the shepherd warnin'
> To car' his girt cwoat on his back;

But,

> The rainbow at night
> Is the shepherd's delight.

JULIAN. How lovely the landscape looks beneath that splendid arc, while the birds seem to sing with tenfold vehemence as it brightens. The thrush's song, in yonder hawthorn bush, is delightfully sweet.

SENEX. Yes, he has already breakfasted on the snails which this humid morning has tempted to venture forth. The angler does not find a meal so readily, and I must presently entreat the hospitality of an honest miller, who has before now given me both food and shelter.

SIMON. The dreshes gwoin' a gogglin' afore it's light. When I was a bwoy, I used to find they was allus afore a body, get up when ye would.

JULIAN. I am a little at fault again. Pray, what does Simon mean by "gwoin' a *goggling*?"

SENEX. A *goggle* is a snail's shell. The word, though in a corrupt form, is one of the few in provincial use derived from the Norman-French—*coquille*. To go a goggling is to go a picking up snails' shells—a favourite pastime of country urchins. Simon alludes to the habits of the thrushes and blackbirds, who prey upon these snails, first cracking the shell by seizing it in their beaks and dashing it against a stone. In this way they destroy thousands of the most brilliant-coloured shells, which are always brighter than those the creature has vacated.

JULIAN. Yes, I am told that some of the dealers in foreign shells, in London, have a trick of varnishing what they call a "dead shell,"

so as to make it appear like one from which the snail has been extracted.

SENEX. Well, then you will easily see why Simon complains that he was always forestalled by the thrushes and blackbirds, when he went "a goggling." You can seldom traverse a green lane at this season without disturbing some of these birds thus engaged, who testify their displeasure at your approach and fly off with a saucy sort of scream.

JULIAN. I believe it is White, in his delightful "History of Selborne," who remarks that the thrush, the blackbird, the woodlark and the willow-wren, become silent about Midsummer, and take up their song again in September. He seems to think that birds are then inclined to sing because the temperature of spring and autumn is about equal.

SENEX. His inference is a very natural one. The robin is a very good illustration of this, for he sings again in the autumn, even when the lime-tree—his favourite haunt—is denuded of its leaves. I have heard both the lark and the thrush singing delightfully on a warm day in January. These birds are moved to sing by various sounds—you will often find them swelling their little throats, pent up in cages, in the noisiest thoroughfares in London. I remember a lark, at an oyster-shop, which I was once in the habit of passing, in one of the squalid-looking courts in the purlieus of Drury Lane, which used to sing till near midnight—the gas-light its bright sun in that murky and impure region, and the little patch of grass on which it stood and sang, an apology for its native meadows; no bad type of thousands of the young and healthy who quit the country to toil and perish in an hugely overgrown and overgrowing city!

JULIAN. If I loved you less, I should envy you this return to and enjoyment of the scenes and habits of your youth.

SENEX. It appears to me to be the natural feeling of the healthy-minded in advancing age. How many affecting instances are on record of persons returning, after a life of almost perpetual wandering, to seek a last refuge in the place of their birth and childhood. Shakspere quitted the company of all that were witty and learned, leaving the dissolute companions of his earlier days to strut and fret their hour, to die in his native town; and does he not picture to us old debauched Sir John, in his last moments, "babbling o' green fields?"

JULIAN. True, true: if you run on thus, I shall forswear the town, and betake me to a country life.

SENEX. Don't misunderstand me. I do not say that London is without its attractions—its antiquity—its noble river—its localities, consecrated by a thousand recollections and associations—render it one of the most interesting cities on earth. Its history is less bloody than that of Paris and other cities of the Continent; and, although it has often been the theatre of violence and cruelty, it has not witnessed the scenes which have rendered Venice for ever infamous; but a couple of months in London, in the winter, are sufficient for a man who really loves the country. See, the storm is coming over us. If you would avoid a wet skin, you had better cross the bridge, and seek shelter in the miller's house, which you will find at the end of the lane. I shall fish during the shower.

JULIAN. As my coat is a light one, I shall take your hint, and

run on to the miller's; but, first, tell me the name of the bird running up that tree yonder?

SENEX. That bird is the wryneck, the herald of the cuckoo in the spring, as the redwing is of the woodcock in winter. We have a great variety of birds in this district, and it is not surprising that they should love such a neighbourhood. I can easily imagine why birds haunt such scenes as these; but I confess I have occasionally been somewhat at a loss to account for our finding them in wild districts, where a patch of verdure is not seen for miles. I remember, when in Ireland some years ago, strolling out very early one beautiful summer's morning in the neighbourhood of Glenties, in the wilds of Donegal, and hearing at one and the same time the cuckoo among the hills, the corncrake in the scanty patches of long coarse grass, the skylark in the air, and the chattering of three magpies in a clump of small lime-trees—the only trees within miles of the spot, and certainly the only ones within sight—at the rear of a house near the town. In this wild and barren region, each of these creatures must have found its proper food. It is not surprising to see the gull, the hawk, the kite, and the hooded-crow in such desolate tracts; but it is difficult to learn how the smaller birds subsist upon them, and protect their young from birds of prey in places utterly destitute of shelter. See, the storm is upon you. You had better run to the miller's, while I fish up to the mill-head, for I have always taken fine fish during a shower. [*Exeunt.*

THE BROOK.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

MID-JUNE is blazing in its fiercest might;
  But what delicious coolness here! its flowers
  The laurel shows from its thick glossy bowers;
Trees twine an arbour o'er so dense, the sight
Sees the blue sky in speckles; and the light
Dances like golden insects on the water.
The snowy lily, that most delicate daughter
Of all the graceful offspring of the brook,
Stoops to the hair-foot of the velvet bee;
And now it dips, as from yon soft, dark nook
A furrow meets it by the wild duck's breast,
Raised as she launches dart-like from her nest
And seeks yon isle of water-cresses. See
Yon gleaming shape, the snowy crane out dashes
From the soft marge where he so long has stood
Poising his neck for prey; his plumage flashes
An instant and is gone. How beautiful
  Yon sight! the little timid musk-rat swimming
  By that smooth greensward the full current rimming;
Nibbling yon plant, then giving hasty pull
  To the long vine that hangs down its green trimming.
But now his keen black beads of eyes have caught
My form, and he is gone. Most sweet the purl
Of this small waterbreak, one rising curl
Of foam (a fairy Venus) from the plunge;
Whilst this sand-margin yields round like a sponge
Filling my tracks with silver. Oh, how fraught
With lovely things is every part and spot
  Of nature! God hath made His world o'erflowing
  In beauty; and with heart and soul all glowing
To Him, our praise should rise and weary not.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

No. VIII.—THE BATTLE OF CHALONS, A. D. 451.

"Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world, in all its subsequent scenes,—Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, CHALONS, and Leipsic."—HALLAM.

"The discomfiture of the mighty attempt of Attila to found a new Anti-Christian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome, at the end of the term of twelve hundred years, to which its duration had been limited by the forebodings of the heathen."—HERBERT.

A BROAD expanse of plains, the Campi Catalaunici of the ancients, spreads far and wide around the city of Châlons, in the north-east of France. The long rows of poplars, through which the river Marne winds its way, and a few thinly-scattered villages are almost the only objects that vary the monotonous aspect of the greater part of this region. But about five miles from Châlons, near the little hamlets of Chape and Cuperly, the ground is indented and heaped up in ranges of grassy mounds and trenches, which attest the work of man's hands in ages past; and which, to the practised eye, demonstrate that this quiet spot has once been the fortified position of a huge military host.

Local tradition gives to these ancient earth-works the name of Attila's Camp. Nor is there any reason to question the correctness of the title, or to doubt that behind these very ramparts it was that 1398 years ago the most powerful Heathen king that ever ruled in Europe, mustered the remnants of his vast army, which had striven on these plains against the Christian soldiery of Thoulouse and Rome. Here it was that Attila prepared to resist to the death his victors in the field; and here he heaped up the treasures of his camp in one vast pile, which was to be his funeral pyre should his camp be stormed. It was here that the Gothic and Italian forces watched, but dared not assail their enemy in his despair, after that great and terrible day of battle.

The victory which the Roman general, Aetius, with his Gothic allies, then gained over the Huns, was the last victory of Imperial Rome. But among the long Fasti of her triumphs few can be found that, for their importance and ultimate benefit to mankind, are comparable with this expiring effort of her arms. It did not, indeed, open to her any new career of conquest,—it did not consolidate the relics of her power,—it did not turn the rapid ebb of her fortunes. The mission of Imperial Rome was, in truth, already accomplished. She had received and transmitted through her once ample dominion the civilization of Greece. She had broken up the barriers of narrow nationalities among the various states and tribes that dwelt around the coasts of the Mediterranean. She had fused these and many other races into one organized empire, bound together by a community of laws, of government, and institutions. Under the shelter of her full power the True Faith had arisen in the earth, and during the years of her decline it had been nourished to maturity, it had overspread all the

provinces that ever obeyed her sway. For no beneficial purpose to mankind could the dominion of the seven-hilled city have been restored or prolonged. But it was all-important to mankind what nations should divide among them Rome's rich inheritance of empire:—whether the Germanic races should form states and kingdoms out of the fragments of her domain, and become the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe; or whether pagan savages, from the wilds of Central Asia, should crush the relics of classic civilization and the early institutions of the Christianized Germans in one hopeless chaos of barbaric conquest. The Christian Visigoths of King Theodoric fought and triumphed at Châlons side by side with the legions of Aetius. Their joint victory over the Hunnish host not only rescued for a time from destruction the old age of Rome, but preserved for centuries of power and glory the Germanic element in the civilization of modern Europe.

By the middle of the fifth century, Germanic nations had settled themselves in many of the fairest regions of the Roman Empire, had imposed their yoke on the provincials, and had undergone, to a considerable extent, that moral conquest, which the arts and refinements of the vanquished in arms have so often achieved over the rough victor. The Visigoths held the north of Spain, and Gaul south of the Loire. Franks, Allemanni, Alans, and Burgundians, had established themselves in other Gallic provinces, and the Suevi were masters of a large southern portion of the Spanish peninsula. A King of the Vandals reigned in North Africa: and the Ostrogoths had firmly planted themselves in the provinces north of Italy. Of these powers and principalities that of the Visigoths, under their King Theodoric, son of Alaric, was by far the first in power and in civilization.

The pressure of the Huns upon Europe had first been felt in the fourth century of our era. They had long been formidable to the Chinese Empire; but the ascendancy in arms which another Nomadic tribe of Central Asia, the Sienpi, gained over them, drove the Huns from their Chinese conquest westward; and this movement once being communicated to the whole chain of barbaric nations that dwelt northward of the Black Sea and the Roman Empire, tribe after tribe of savage warriors broke in upon the barriers of civilized Europe, "*Velut unda supervenit undam.*" The Huns crossed the Tanais into Europe in 375, and soon reduced to subjection the Alans, the Ostrogoths, and other tribes, that were then dwelling along the course of the Danube. The armies of the Roman Emperors that tried to check their progress, were cut to pieces by them, and Pannonia and other provinces south of the Danube were occupied by the victorious cavalry of these new invaders. Not merely the degenerate Romans, but the bold and hardy warriors of Germany and Scandinavia were appalled at the numbers, the ferocity, the ghastly appearance, and the lightning-like rapidity of the Huns. Strange and loathsome legends were coined and credited, which attributed their origin to the union of

"Midnight foul and hideous hags"

with the evil spirits of the wilderness. Tribe after tribe and city after city fell before them. Then came a pause in their career of conquest in south-western Europe, caused probably by dissensions among their chiefs, and also by their arms being employed in attacks upon the Scandinavian nations. But when Attila (or Atzel, as he is called in

the Hungarian language) became their ruler, the torrent of their arms was directed with augmented terrors upon the West and the South; and their myriads marched beneath the guidance of one master-mind to the overthrow both of the new and the old powers of the earth.

Recent events have thrown such a strong interest over everything connected with the Hungarian name, that even the terrible renown of Attila now impresses us the more vividly while we are watching the exploits of those who claim to be descended from his warriors, and "ambitiously insert the name of Attila among their native kings." The authenticity of this martial genealogy is denied by some writers and questioned by more. But it is at least certain that the Magyars of Arpad, who are the immediate ancestors of the bulk of the modern Hungarians, and who conquered the country which bears the name of Hungary in A. D. 889, were of the same stock of mankind as the Huns of Attila were, even if they did not belong to the same subdivision of that stock. Nor is there any improbability in the tradition that after Attila's death many of his warriors remained in Hungary, and that their descendants afterwards joined the Huns of Arpad in their career of conquest. It is certain that Attila made Hungary the seat of his empire. It seems also susceptible of clear proof that the territory was then called Hungvar and Attila's soldiers Hungvari. Both the Huns of Attila and those of Arpad came from the family of Nomadic nations, whose primitive regions were those vast wildernesses of High Asia, which are included between the Altaic and the Himalayan mountain-chains. The inroads of these tribes upon the lower regions of Asia, and into Europe, have caused many of the most remarkable revolutions in the history of the world. There is every reason to believe that swarms of these nations made their way into distant parts of the earth at periods long before the date of the Scythian invasion of Asia, which is the earliest inroad of the Nomadic race that history records. The first, as far as we can conjecture, in respect to the time of their descent, were the Finnish and Ugrian tribes, who appear to have come down from the Altaic border of High Asia towards the north-west, in which direction they advanced to the Uralian mountains. There they established themselves, and that mountain-chain, with its valleys and pasture-lands, became to them a new country, whence they sent out colonies on every side; but the Ugrian colony which, under Arpad, occupied Hungary, and became the ancestors of the bulk of the present Hungarian nation, did not quit their settlements on the Uralian mountains till a very late period, and not until four centuries after the time when Attila led from the primary seats of the Nomadic races in High Asia, the host with which he advanced into the heart of France.*

Attila was not one of the vulgar herd of barbaric conquerors. Consummate military skill may be traced in his campaigns; and he relied far less on the brute force of armies for the aggrandizement of his empire, than on the unbounded influence over the affections and the fears of friends and foes, which his genius enabled him to acquire. Austerely sober in his private life,—severely just on the judgment-seat,—conspicuous among a nation of warriors for hardihood, strength, and skill in every martial exercise,—grave and deliberate in counsel, but rapid and remorseless in execution,—he gave safety and security to all who were under his dominion, while he waged a warfare of

* See Pritchard's Researches.

extermination against all who opposed or sought to escape from it. He watched the national passions, the prejudices, the creeds, and the superstitions of the varied nations over which he ruled, and of those which he sought to reduce beneath his sway. All these feelings he had the skill to turn to his own account. His own warriors believed him to be the inspired favourite of their deities, and followed him with fanatic zeal: his enemies looked on him as the pre-appointed minister of heaven's wrath against themselves; and though they believed not in his creed, their own made them tremble before him.

In one of his early campaigns he appeared before his troops with an ancient iron sword in his grasp, which he told them was the god of war whom their ancestors had worshipped. It is certain that the nomadic tribes of Northern Asia, whom Herodotus described under the name of Scythians, from the earliest times worshipped as their god a bare sword. That sword-god was supposed, in Attila's time, to have disappeared from earth; but the Hunnish king now claimed to have received it by special revelation. It was said that a herdsman, who was tracking in the desert a wounded heifer by the drops of blood, found the mysterious sword standing fixed in the ground, as if it had darted down from heaven. The herdsman bore it to Attila, who thenceforth was believed by the Huns to wield the Spirit of Death in battle; and their seers prophesied that this sword was to destroy the world. A Roman,* who was on an embassy to the Hunnish camp, recorded in his memoirs Attila's acquisition of this supernatural weapon, and the immense influence over the minds of the barbaric tribes which its possession gave him. In the title which he assumed, we shall see the skill with which he availed himself of the legends and creeds of other nations as well as of his own. He designated himself "ATTILA Descendant of the Great Nimrod. Nurtured in Engaddi. By the Grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes. The Dread of the World."

Herbert states that Attila is represented on an old medallion with a Teraphim, or a head, on his breast; and the same writer adds: "We know, from the 'Hamartigenea' of Prudentius, that Nimrod, with a snakey-haired head, was the object of adoration of the heretical followers of Marcion; and the same head was the palladium set up by Antiochus Epiphanes over the gates of Antioch, though it has been called the visage of Charon. The memory of Nimrod was certainly regarded with mystic veneration by many, and by asserting himself to be the heir of that mighty hunter before the Lord, he vindicated to himself at least the whole Babylonian kingdom.

"The singular assertion in his style that he was nurtured in Engaddi, where he certainly had never been, will be more easily understood on reference to the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelations, concerning the woman clothed with the sun, who was to bring forth in the wilderness—'where she hath a place prepared of God'—a man-child, who was to contend with the dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and rule all nations with a rod of iron. This prophecy was at that time understood universally by the sincere Christians to refer to the birth of Constantine, who was to overwhelm the paganism of the city on the seven hills, and it is still so explained; but it is evident that the heathens must have looked on it in a different light, and have

* Priscus apud Jornandem.

regarded it as a foretelling of the birth of that Great One who should master the temporal power of Rome. The assertion, therefore, that he was nurtured in Engaddi, is a claim to be looked upon as that man-child who was to be brought forth in a place prepared of God in the wilderness. Engaddi means a place of palms and vines in the desert; it was hard by Zoar, the city of refuge, which was saved in the vale of Siddim, or Demons, when the rest were destroyed by fire and brimstone from the Lord in heaven, and might, therefore, be especially called a place prepared of God in the wilderness." *

It is obvious enough why he styled himself "By the Grace of God, King of the Huns and Goths;" and it seems far from difficult to see why he added the names of the Medes and the Danes. His armies had been engaged in warfare against the Persian kingdom of the Sassanidæ, and it is certain † that he meditated the invasion and overthrow of the Medo-Persian power. Probably some of the northern provinces of that kingdom had been compelled to pay him tribute; and this would account for his styling himself King of the Medes, they being his remotest subjects to the south. From a similar cause he may have called himself King of the Danes, as his power may well have extended northwards as far as the nearest of the Scandinavian nations; and this mention of Medes and Danes as his subjects, would serve at once to indicate the vast extent of his dominion.‡

The immense territory north of the Danube and Black Sea, and eastward of Caucasus, over which Attila ruled, first in conjunction with his brother Bleda, and afterwards alone, cannot be very accurately defined, but it must have comprised within it, besides the Huns, many nations of Slavic, Gothic, Teutonic, and Finnish origin. South also of the Danube, the country, from the river Sau as far as Novi in Thrace, was a Hunnish province. Such was the empire of the Huns in A. D. 445; a memorable year in which Attila founded Buda on the Danube, as his capital city, and ridded himself of his brother by a crime which seems to have been prompted not only by selfish ambition, but also by a desire of turning to his purpose the legends and forebodings which then were universally spread throughout the Roman Empire, and must have been well known to the watchful and ruthless Hun.

The year 445 of our era completed the twelfth century from the foundation of Rome, according to the best chronologers. It had always been believed among the Romans that the twelve vultures which were said to have appeared to Romulus, when he founded the city, signified the time during which the Roman power should endure. The twelve vultures denoted twelve centuries. This interpretation of the vision of the birds of destiny was current among learned Romans, even when there were yet many of the twelve centuries to run, and while the imperial city was at the zenith of its power. But as the allotted time drew nearer and nearer to its conclusion, and as Rome grew weaker and weaker beneath the blows of barbaric invaders, the terrible omen was more and more talked and thought of; and in Attila's time, men watched for the momentary extinction of the Roman State with the last beat of the last vulture's

* See the Notes to Herbert's Attila.

† See the narrative of Priscus.

‡ In the "Niebelungen-Lied," the old poet who describes the reception of the heroine Chrimhild by Attila [Etsel], says that Attila's dominions were so vast, that among his subject-warriors there were Russian, Greek, Wallachian, Polish, *and even Danish knights.*

wing. Moreover, among the numerous legends connected with the foundation of the city, and the fratricidal death of Remus, there was one most terrible one, which told that Romulus did not put his brother to death in accident, or in hasty quarrel, but that

> "He slew his gallant twin
> With inexpiable sin,"

deliberately, and in compliance with the warnings of supernatural powers. The shedding of a brother's blood was believed to have been the price at which the founder of Rome had purchased from destiny her twelve centuries of existence.*

We may imagine, therefore, with what terror in this, the twelve hundredth year after the foundation of Rome, the inhabitants of the Roman Empire must have heard the tidings, that the royal brethren Attila and Bleda had founded a new Capitol on the Danube, which was designed to rule over the ancient Capitol on the Tiber; and that Attila, like Romulus, had consecrated the foundation of his new city by murdering his brother, so that for the new cycle of centuries then about to commence, dominion had been bought from the gloomy spirits of destiny in favour of the Hun, by a sacrifice of equal awe and value with that, which had formerly obtained it for the Roman.

It is to be remembered that not only the pagans, but also the Christians of that age, knew and believed in these legends and omens, however they might differ as to the nature of the superhuman agency by which such mysteries had been made known to mankind. And we may observe, with Herbert, a modern learned dignitary of our church, how remarkably this augury was fulfilled. For, "if to the twelve centuries denoted by the twelve vultures that appeared to Romulus we add for the six birds that appeared to Remus six lustra, or periods of five years each, by which the Romans were wont to number their time, it brings us precisely to the year 476, in which the Roman Empire was finally extinguished by Odoacer."

An attempt to assassinate Attila, made, or supposed to have been made, at the instigation of Theodoric the younger, the Emperor of Constantinople, drew the Hunnish armies, in 445, upon the Eastern Empire, and delayed for a time the destined blow against Rome. Probably a more important cause of delay was the revolt of some of the Hunnish tribes to the north of the Black Sea against Attila, which broke out about this period, and is cursorily mentioned by the Byzantine writers. Attila quelled this revolt, and having thus consolidated his power, and having punished the presumption of the Eastern Roman Emperor by fearful ravages of his fairest provinces, Attila, in 450 B. C., prepared to set his vast forces in motion for the Conquest of Western Europe. He sought unsuccessfully by diplomatic intrigues to detach the King of the Visigoths from his alliance with Rome, and he resolved first to crush the power of Theodoric, and then to advance with overwhelming power to trample out the last sparks of the doomed Roman Empire.

A strange invitation from a Roman princess gave him a pretext for the war, and threw an air of chivalric enterprise over his invasion. Honoria, sister of Valentinian III., the Emperor of the West, had sent to Attila to offer him her hand and her supposed right to share in

* See a curious justification of Attila for murdering his brother, by a zealous Hungarian advocate, in the note to Pray's "Annales Hunnorum," p. 117. The example of Romulus is the main authority quoted.

the imperial power. This had been discovered by the Romans, and Honoria had been forthwith closely imprisoned. Attila now pretended to take up arms in behalf of his self-promised bride, and proclaimed that he was about to march to Rome to redress Honoria's wrongs. Ambition and spite against her brother must have been the sole motives that led the lady to woo the royal Hun; for Attila's face and person had all the natural ugliness of his race, and the description given of him by a Byzantine ambassador must have been well known in the imperial courts. Herbert has well versified the portrait drawn by Priscus of the great enemy of both Byzantium and Rome:—

> "Terrific was his semblance, in no mould
> Of beautiful proportion cast; his limbs
> Nothing exalted, but with sinews braced
> Of Chalybæan temper, agile, lithe,
> And swifter than the roe; his ample chest
> Was over-brow'd by a gigantic head,
> With eyes keen, deeply sunk, and small, that gleam'd
> Strangely in wrath, as though some spirit unclean
> Within that corporal tenement install'd
> Look'd from its windows, but with temper'd fire
> Beam'd mildly on the unresisting. Thin
> His beard and hoary; his flat nostrils crown'd
> A cicatrized, swart visage,—but withal
> That questionable shape such glory wore
> That mortals quail'd beneath him."

Two chiefs of the Franks, who were then settled on the Lower Rhine, were at this period engaged in a feud with each other; and while one of them appealed to the Romans for aid, the other invoked the assistance and protection of the Huns. Attila thus obtained an ally, whose co-operation secured for him the passage of the Rhine; and it was this circumstance which caused him to take a northward route from Hungary for his attack upon Gaul. The muster of the Hunnish hosts was swollen by warriors of every tribe that they had subjugated; nor is there any reason to suspect the old chroniclers of wilful exaggeration in estimating Attila's army at seven hundred thousand strong. Having crossed the Rhine, probably a little below Coblentz, he defeated the King of the Burgundians, who endeavoured to bar his progress. He then divided his vast forces into two armies,—one of which marched north-west upon Tongres and Arras, and the other cities of that part of France; while the main body, under Attila himself, marched up the Moselle, and destroyed Besançon, and other towns in the country of the Burgundians. One of the latest and best biographers of Attila* well observes, that "having thus conquered the eastern part of France, Attila prepared for an invasion of the West Gothic territories beyond the Loire. He marched upon Orléans where he intended to force the passage of that river, and only a little attention is requisite to enable us to perceive that he proceeded on a systematic plan: he had his right wing on the north for the protection of his Frank allies; his left wing on the south for the purpose of preventing the Burgundians from rallying, and of menacing the passes of the Alps from Italy; and he led his centre towards the chief object of the campaign—the conquest of Orléans, and an easy passage into the West Gothic dominion. The whole plan is very like that

* Biographical Dictionary commenced by the Useful Knowledge Society in 1841.

of the allied powers in 1814, with this difference, that their left wing entered France through the defiles of the Jura, in the direction of Lyons, and that the military object of the campaign was the capture of Paris."

It was not until the year 451 that the Huns commenced the siege of Orléans; and during their campaign in Eastern Gaul the Roman general Aetius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organising such an army as might, when united to the soldiery of the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the field. He enlisted every subject of the Roman Empire whose patriotism, courage, or compulsion could collect beneath the standards; and round these troops, which assumed the once proud title of the legions of Rome, he arrayed the large forces of barbaric auxiliaries, whom pay, persuasion, or the general hate and dread of the Huns, brought to the camp of the last of the Roman generals. King Theodoric exerted himself with equal energy. Orleans resisted her besiegers bravely as in after times. The passage of the Loire was skilfully defended against the Huns; and Aetius and Theodoric after much manœuvring and difficulty, effected a junction of their armies to the south of that important river.

On the advance of the allies upon Orleans, Attila instantly broke up the siege of that city, and retreated towards the Marne. He did not choose to risk a decisive battle with only the central corps of his army against the combined power of his enemies; and he therefore fell back upon his base of operations; calling in his wings from Arras and Besançon, and concentrating the whole of the Hunnish forces on the vast plains of Chalons-sur-Marne. A glance at the map will show how scientifically this place was chosen by the Hunnish general, as the point for his scattered forces to converge upon; and the nature of the ground was eminently favourable for the operations of cavalry, the arm in which Attila's strength peculiarly lay.

It was during the retreat from Orleans that a Christian hermit is reported to have approached the Hunnish king, and said to him, "Thou art the Scourge of God for the chastisement of the Christians." Attila instantly assumed this new title of terror, which thenceforth became the appellation, by which he was most widely and most fearfully known.

The confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths at last met their great adversary, face to face, on the ample battle-ground of the Châlons plains. Aetius commanded on the right of the allies; King Theodoric on the left; and Sangipan, King of the Alans, whose fidelity was suspected, was placed purposely in the centre, and in the very front of the battle. Attila commanded his centre in person, at the head of his own countrymen, while the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ, and the other subject allies of the Huns, were drawn up on the wings. Some manœuvring appears to have occurred before the engagement, in which Aetius had the advantage, inasmuch as he succeeded in occupying a sloping hill, which commanded the left flank of the Huns. Attila saw the importance of the position taken by Aetius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his centre to aid his left. The Romans, having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns, and while the allies gained

this advantage on their right, their left, under King Theodoric, assailed the Ostrogoths, who formed the right of Attila's army. The gallant king was himself struck down by a javelin, as he rode onward at the head of his men, and his own cavalry charging over him trampled him to death in the confusion. But the Visigoths, infuriated, not dispirited, by their monarch's fall, routed the enemies opposed to them, and then wheeled upon the flank of the Hunnish centre, which had been engaged in a sanguinary and indecisive contest with the Alans.

In this peril Attila made his centre fall back upon his camp; and when the shelter of its intrenchments and waggons had once been gained, the Hunnish archers repulsed, without difficulty, the charges of the vengeful Gothic cavalry. Aetius had not pressed the advantage which he gained on his side of the field, and when night fell over the wild scene of havock, Attila's left was still undefeated, but his right had been routed, and his centre forced back upon his camp.

Expecting an assault on the morrow, Attila stationed his best archers in front of the cars and waggons, which were drawn up as a fortification along his lines, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance. But the "Scourge of God" resolved that no man should boast of the honour of having either captured or slain him; and he caused to be raised in the centre of his encampment a huge pyramid of the wooden saddles of his cavalry: round it he heaped the spoils and the wealth that he had won; on it he stationed his wives who had accompanied him in the campaign; and on the summit Attila placed himself, ready to perish in the flames, and baulk the victorious foe of their choicest booty, should they succeed in storming his defences.

But when the morning broke and revealed the extent of the carnage, with which the plains were heaped for miles, the successful allies saw also and respected the resolute attitude of their antagonist. Neither were any measures taken to blockade him in his camp, and so to extort by famine that submission, which it was too plainly perilous to enforce with the sword. Attila was allowed to march back the remnants of his army without molestation, and even with the semblance of success.

It is probable that the crafty Aetius was unwilling to be too victorious. He dreaded the glory which his allies the Visigoths had acquired; and feared that Rome might find a second Alaric in Prince Thorismund, who had signalised himself in the battle, and had been chosen on the field to succeed his father Theodoric. He persuaded the young king to return at once to his capital; and thus relieved himself at the same time of the presence of a dangerous friend, as well as of a formidable though beaten foe.

Attila's attacks on the Western Empire were soon renewed; but never with such peril to the civilized world as had menaced it before his defeat at Chalons. And on his death two years after that battle, the vast empire which his genius had founded, was soon dissevered by the successful revolts of the subject nations. The name of the Huns ceased for some centuries to inspire terror in Western Europe, and their ascendancy passed away with the life of the great king, by whom it had been so fearfully augmented.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT CAVERN OF SERK.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

"I can believe any tale about the sagacity of a dog."—Scott.

On a brilliant day in August I left Guernsey, and after about an hour's sail was driven by a fresh breeze under the perpendicular granite walls of Serk. It was worth the voyage to see how dexterously the island boatmen avoided the multitude of bristling jagged rocks with which this singular spot is barricaded. Their sharp points make a sort of marine *cheveaux de frize*, whereupon any luckless mariner, unacquainted with their intricate navigation, would be sure to be impaled. Even with the skill and local knowledge which the Serk pilots possess, destruction often seems inevitable, for the tidal currents literally *race* through the confused and winding channels formed by the rocks with a velocity that leaves an impression of danger upon the mind, not easily eradicated. During this exciting navigation a Serkman stands at the head of the vessel watching every eddy, the slightest motion of whose finger is sufficient to warn the man at the helm of the nature of the danger, and how it is to be avoided, for it is absolutely necessary that both should act in concert, or it would be almost impossible to pass in safety through this sea of tribulation. However, perfection is the child of practice, and a Serk trading cutter affords a striking illustration of the truth of the proverb, by daily threading these watery mazes, and carrying a sound keel into harbour.

After running the gauntlet of this reef of rocks and whirlpools, it is with unmixed sensations of delight that the visitor enters the most unique, toylike haven imaginable. It presents a scene of perfect repose, rendered doubly charming when contrasted with the vexed sea so recently traversed, and he soon yearns to stand upon its bright shingle beach; but as landing at Serk is, like everything else appertaining to Serk, peculiar, I must entreat the reader to tarry with me while I describe the process.

Let him picture a small snug rocky cove, in shape something like a horse shoe, surrounded everywhere, except at the entrance, by lofty walls of cliff. To assist his fancy it is suggested he may have seen a rocky wilderness painted on a tea-tray, and meant for a coast scene, or perhaps a moonlit shore in a fairy piece at a theatre, places which every body imagines, are too pretty, too romantic to have any resemblance to nature. Well, for once every body is wrong; the originals are here, there 's the tumbling cascade, the yawning cavern, the picturesque grotto, the arched rock, the azure water, and the golden sand as seen in the last marine ballet, perfect in every particular, mermaids excepted.

Sailing into one of these beautiful coves—there are several—the stranger spies a rope dangling from the top of the cliffs, and reaching down to the water. He is puzzled to imagine its use, but he soon discovers that notches are cut in the rock, offering resting places for

the sole of the foot. If he has a touch of the harlequin in his make, he may by these aids pull himself up the face of the granite walls of Serk, and gain an introduction to the island. I confess, however, that, much as I admired the romantic grottos and pretty cascades, I declined shinning up the rocks, with my carpet bag bobbing about my heels, and preferred the more dignified and legitimate entrance by way of the harbour.

But here another novelty awaits the visitor, for even on landing at the harbour, he is still *outside* the island. I was never more puzzled than when I stepped from the cutter to the beach, as usual I looked out for the rope, but a glance at the rocks was enough. I felt satisfied, a cat would justly forfeit her nine lives if she was mad enough to try to scale them. At length an islander who had amused himself at my bewilderment slily pointed to a hole in the solid rock. Half inclined to suspect some trick, I cautiously walked towards it, wondering, like the sailor in the conjuror's booth, "what the devil was to happen next:" upon a close inspection it turned out to be a tunnel, through which my first glimpse of the interior was gained.

Delight but imperfectly expresses the emotions of the traveller after he plunges into this natural archway, and is fairly admitted within the precincts of the isle. As if by magic, the barren scowling rocks, and chafing angry sea are changed for a view, presenting a series of luxuriant undulating hills, none very high, having only such gentle advantage of ground, swelling above the plain, as betoken the full breasts of a land flowing with milk and honey.

There is something singularly novel in the sensations which arise in the mind after being whizzed through the air by the "boat and the rail" from the crowded thoroughfares of London to this singular island. The quickness of the transit barely allows us to accommodate our natures to the change, and accordingly I was unprepared to find myself plumped down in the midst of a community to whom the conveniencies of city life were known only by name. Under these circumstances I was compelled to "take my ease" not "at mine inn," but at a fisherman's hut, and sleep upon a bed of fern or feathers as the case might be. However I found but little difficulty in fixing my quarters, which was most romantically placed in the throat of a narrow ravine, down the centre of which scampered a little termagant of a brook, its noisy brawling course continuing, until it reached a tabular piece of projecting rock, where, apparently disgusted with its fidgety existence, it commits a perpetual suicide, by flinging itself over in a vapoury fume into the sea.

Baudin was the name of my host; his residence is called Havre Groslin; he was a good-tempered Norman, and one of the best fishermen in the island. His worldly gear consisted of sundry ashen fishing rods, about an acre of nets, and two ditto of land, and he passed his time alternately between fishing and agriculture. However he seemed happy and contented, for, as he said, "his yoke sat easy, and his burden was light."

After having sighted all the *lions* in the island I think it must be admitted that the real wonders of Serk are the caves. One extremity of the island is perforated like a honeycomb. The lovers of cavern scenery can scarcely find anything subterranean, more attractive than "The Grande Boutique." And here perhaps it is necessary to men-

tion that the common name for cave, in Serk, is *boutique* or shop. But the "Grande Boutique" is a shop which must be entered with deliberation, for although there are two entrances, yet both are delightfully difficult. One way of gaining admission is by landing from a boat at an entrance facing the sea, the other by lowering oneself down a precipitous ravine to an aperture in a cleft or chasm a few hundred yards inland.

At first the boat seems to be the easiest method of the two; such however, is not the case, in consequence of the swell, which at all times washes the hundreds of snarling ragged bits of rock, which, like so many dragons' teeth, are stuck about the cavern's mouth. Accordingly the entrance in the chasm was my only resource, but; unfortunately, not being able to postpone my visit any longer, I made my attempt at the time when Baudin was busy harvesting his half acre of wheat, and was compelled to accept his son, a lad about ten years of age as his substitute, he carrying a coil of rope, and I—a faggot to make a fire; and we were followed at a respectful distance by "Napoleon," an intelligent wire-haired French poodle.

Our plan of operations was as follows. First, a stout stake was driven into the earth, to which one end of the rope was fastened, the faggot was then tied to the other end and lowered down to the entrance of the cave, which is not at the bottom of the ravine, but about half way therefrom. These preliminaries arranged, the next step I took was over the edge of the chasm, which, be it understood, is not quite perpendicular, but consists of an angle of inclination so acute, that to go down without the aid of a rope, would evince a considerable deal more rashness than courage.

Before I had descended fifty feet, I questioned the propriety of my conduct, and wished that "The Grande Boutique" had an easier mode of access; but it is a long line which has no end, and assisted by gravitation and great good luck, at length I came to the end of mine, where I found the faggot resting upon a flat piece of stone in front of an opening formed like a lancet-shaped gothic window. This was the land portal to the cavern, and, untying the faggot, I approached the yawning aperture with steps full of caution.

As I came prepared to pass some time in wandering about the cavern, I had brought rolled up in the faggot a torch, made of old rope, saturated with pitch. Getting as near as possible into the centre of the cavern, I set fire to the faggot, when the scene which burst forth out of the gloom was most surprising. Flying buttresses, lofty arches, pinnacles and towers, as if by magic sprung out of the walls. Huge monsters of every shape and hue, were revealed to the busy imagination by the blaze of the fire, and were confusedly blended with every style of architecture. The grotesque and hideous forms of some, were strangely contrasted with the life-like appearance of others; and, as though nothing should be wanting to form the perfection of the picturesque, these remarkable forms were further assisted by the sounds of nature. There was the plaintive sighing of the passing currents of air, the sobbing splash of running water, in the distant ramifications of the cavern; the hoarse moaning of the sea, with its mysterious and solemn tones; and then occasionally some solitary sea-gull, wheeling on outspread wing into the cave, would utter its harsh, laughing, startled scream, on finding its haunt

thus strangely invaded; and if to the effect produced by these sights and sounds be added the feeling of intense solitude, it is easy to imagine the picturesque rising into the sublime.

By the time I had sufficiently examined this strange scene, the dull red glow of the embers of the faggot, warned me that its blaze was about to expire, and hastening towards it, I plunged the end of my torch amongst them and kindled it.

Baudin had cautioned me not to be tempted to enter any of the passages leading from the main cavern, they are so crooked and winding, said he, that a retreat is often attended with considerable trouble; but my curiosity had been so excited by the wonders of that portion of the cave I had seen, that, although his parting admonition was still ringing in my ears, it failed to have the desired effect, and so, after holding a brief council with myself before a mysterious opening, I trimmed my torch and started on my enterprise.

After passing up some distance I found myself suddenly exposed to the glare of the sun, which came down in a bar of light through an opening from above. Deriving fresh confidence from his cheerful beams, I went on in fancied security, taking especial care, as I thought, not to deviate from a straight line, noting at the same time peculiar shaped rocks, and the size and form of pools of water, as marks to guide me on my return. "Thus far into the bowels of the land I had marched on without impediment;" but here my progress was arrested by one of the most frightful noises imaginable. My amazement was so profound, that it was some moments before I could ascertain the cause. It seemed that some portion of the cavern had fallen in, and I soon discovered that a mass of rock of several tons weight having become detached from the roof of the cavern, had fallen within a nerve-shattering distance, with a hideous crash upon the floor. I had passed various fragments of similar stone, without thinking how they came there, but in an instant every one of them was to me a most eloquent chronicle, and as they lay thickly strewed about, I felt assured their visits were not like angels', "few and far between."

This incident had a strange effect upon my imagination. I felt that every lump of rock in the roof of the cave, was like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a hair above my head, which the least breath of wind might shake down upon me. With a nervous feeling never before experienced, I turned round and commenced retracing my steps, but whether the alarm caused by the falling rock occasioned me to swerve from the true path, or that I had unknowingly entered another passage, I am unable to say, but certainly the scenes which rapidly followed are so permanently marked upon my memory, that it will take old Father Time some trouble to trample them out.

After retreating over such a distance as I fancied ought to have brought me to the natural "skylight," I felt some misgivings at its non-appearance; but as yet having no serious apprehension that I had lost my way, I pooh! pooh'd! myself into the conviction that it was further on. "Psha!" said I again, "I cannot have wandered out of the passage; besides, did I not pass 'the lizard rock,' one I had so named from its fancied resemblance to that reptile, 'the circular pool,' too, was on my right, and the 'dripping stones' were just where they ought to be." Having regained some confidence

from these consoling assurances, I laughed outright at the idea of losing my way. But alas! I did not then know that the ramifications of this cavern are most bewildering, neither was I aware how easily one object may be mistaken for another in its deep gloom, particularly when seen under the influence of alarm, and by the uncertain glare of a flickering torch.

To be brief, in less time than it takes me to tell it, the hideous truth was forced upon me, that I was at fault, and, sitting down upon a stone, I endeavoured to recollect where I had turned out of the true path, when a spark from my torch fixed my attention upon it for the first time. How vehemently it blazed and sputtered away, and my heart sickened when I saw how short it was. There was a terrible reality in its appearance that roused me to a sense of my desperate situation. With frantic zeal I started up again to try to extricate myself from my prison. It was strange that although I knew I might as well have shouted to the man in the moon, as to the boy on the cliff, yet I shouted, and then I laughed with a reckless merriment at my vain attempt, the countless echoes of the cavern, like so many mocking fiends repeating my frenzied mirth in distant reverberations.

But "in the lowest depth, there is a lower still." My torch had been for some time inconvenient to hold—it had now become impossible. Already I had shifted it from one scorched hand to another, until every nail was burnt to the quick, and every finger roasted. At length the pain caused by the burning was more intolerable than the dread of darkness, and it fell from my blistered hands upon the cavern floor. Its light was already beginning to be swallowed up in the thick unutterable gloom, and I could perceive the folds of impenetrable darkness begin to toss me about. My light grew faint, then for a moment revived,—then fainter still—it flickered for an instant, and in one long blaze expired. I was in utter darkness.

I believe that anticipation, whether of good or evil, generally surpasses reality. Previous to the extinction of my light, I would have given the most precious treasure for its continuance, but when it was really out, my thoughts which had been directed towards its preservation, took a different turn. True, I was not insensible to the value of my torch, as it warned me of the inequalities of the cavern floor, and of deep pools of water, besides it was a sort of connection with the world above,—but now that I had leisure for reflection, I derived considerable consolation, from the knowledge that Baudin would be impatient at my absence and would come to my rescue.

However, it was impossible to divest myself of the dread of being crushed beneath a falling rock, or of being overwhelmed by the tide, for I knew that the sea flooded the portion of the cave on which I stood, for the pools of water near me were salt. What if Baudin did not come in time? While I was speculating upon this unpleasant emergency, a rushing noise, like the passage of a rocket, flew through the arches of the cavern. What could it mean? was it the pent up air expelled from some deeply-seated vault, by the rising of the tide, hastening to find an exit at some distant opening? It was, indeed, nature's solemn warning, it was her voice proclaiming that the waters were rising. I could hear the hoarse bellowing of the sea, roaring for admittance—death was coming surrounded by horrors. On the

open sea there is always hope—a spar, a vessel—the companionship of light, but to be pursued by the rising flood in this dark cavern, retreating inch by inch to its extremity, was too horrible to dwell upon, when luckily I stumbled against a fragment of rock, and fell heavily upon the cavern floor.

Some time elapsed during my insensibility, but with returning consciousness I thought I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. I listened, hoping it might be some one coming to my assistance. I called Baudin, Baudin, but there was no reply, except the echoes of my own voice. Still I thought I heard something move, and putting my ear to the ground, I again endeavoured to catch the slightest sound. It was nothing. I had hoped against hope, and as I lay extended upon the floor of the cave, I groaned aloud in an agony of despair, and franticly flinging my arms about, my right hand struck against a living animal.

If an adder had stung me I could not more quickly have snatched my arm away. For an instant my heart ceased throbbing, my tongue clove to my mouth, and I could scarcely breathe—what vile sea-monster could it be. Ah! it moved again. Oh! for a spark of light to see my enemy, to grapple with it, to note its vulnerable points. I would have given one of my eyes for a lucifer match. Again it moved—this time it approached. I could hear it pant—its hot breath came thick upon me, and then its cold heavy snout was thrust against my face.

In a instant I was upon my feet, determined to sell my life as dearly as I could—monster or devil, I would have a struggle for it, and now, feeling it move round my legs, I stooped down and seized my foe by the long curly hair of its back. Mechanically my hand ran over its body, to endeavour to ascertain its form, but while doing so, expected every instant to feel its teeth penetrate the sinews of my fingers, and it was not until I had grasped a short stumpy tail, with a force that produced a long continued howl, that I discovered I was grappling with dear honest Old Nap, the French poodle.

How I kissed his rough old face, and hugged the good old dog, and then he wagged his tail against my legs, and whining, said as plain as he well could say, "What a stupid fellow you are to remain in this miserable dark hole," and then he frisked about, and his cheerful bark put new life in me. Confidence returned with this trusty ally, for I reckoned, that as Old Nap had found me without a torch, he could also find his way back again. The difficulty was to make him understand what I wished him to do, for something must be done, and promptly, as the rising of the waters could not be misunderstood.

Necessity makes a quick wit, and I soon thought of an expedient by which I could tell the dog my wishes, and those who know anything of the extraordinary sagacity of the French poodle, will readily comprehend that it proved successful.

Calling him to my side I tied my handkerchief to his collar, keeping the other end in my hand, holding it so as just to *feel* him, and then, in an angry tone of voice, as though I was chiding, said "Go home, sir." It was with considerable anxiety that I waited the result of my experiment. At first he did not move, but after repeating my commands two or three times, he slowly crept along. Of course I implicitly relied upon his mysterious instinct, for my boasted reason-

ing faculties were of no avail; and thus I went on repeating "Go home, sir," following close upon his rear, like a blind man led by his dog.

It would only be tiring the reader's patience to detail all the bumps and tumbles which fell to my lot, before the success of my plan was revealed—but let it be briefly told that the dog soon brought me to the long lost "skylight," and the remainder of the way being tolerably plain, I untied my handkerchief and gave him his liberty, determined, when I saw his master, either to beg, buy, borrow, or steal him, and make him my companion for the rest of his days.

We, Nap and myself, soon passed through the main cavern, climbed up the church window—seized the rope—scampered up the ravine. On reaching the top, I found that the boy, alarmed at my prolonged absence, had *sent* the dog after me, but finding that we did not return so soon as he expected, he had run home to his father, whom I soon after met with half a score Serkese, with ropes and lanterns coming to the rescue. My ragged clothes and broiled fingers told my story to these sympathizing islanders more eloquently than any description I could give, and Baudin readily transferred Old Napoleon to my care, saddled with this condition—that I would never again attempt to explore the Grande Boutique alone. *I kept my word.*

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND;

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER XI.

Departure for the Derby.—The Coupè.—The Platform at Rugby.—The Tunnel. —Mr. Hope Johnstone.—His horse, the "Era."—The Loo Party.—Fatty Sutherland.—A slight Refreshment at Greenwich.—The Turnstile.—The Athol Canteen.—"Hell in Harness."—Premature Deaths of Racing Men.—Arrival in Town.

The Derby, to which every other racing event pales in lustre and interest, was now close at hand! and though the interval remaining to us was too short to render a renewed visit, on my part, to Dallas' house otherwise than tantalizing, rather than one of pleasure, it was incumbent on him to return home, if but for a day or two, to arrange matters too important to be deferred; and more serious, in fact, than he at the time made me acquainted with. My friend, therefore, left me immediately after the settling for the Cup, *viâ* Liverpool railway, ordering his man to proceed with his own horses to London, and promising to meet us both there, at all events, on or before "the Sunday before the Derby," as the sporting old dignitary of the church, described in a foregoing chapter, is reported to

have given out as the collect for the day, on this, to him, the most exciting of all sabbath mornings.

I, in the mean time, rode into Montgomeryshire, and over a portion of the county of Denbigh, crossed the Mersey, after making the needful *detour* at Birkenhead; and, finally, after remaining a few days at the best hotel in Europe, bar none, viz. at Lynn's of the "Waterloo" in Liverpool, I stabled my nag on the London and North Western line, seated myself in the *coupé*, and wizzed off in as happy a state of pleasurable agitation as ever gentleman departed on a journey, not exactly knowing what he was in search of, or likely to encounter.

It was my first Derby. I had, in mere speculative pleasantrie, "thrown away a pony" on an outsider in the great race at a thousand to twenty-five, and now beheld his name at five to one "taken freely" with several prophecies in print of my horse's absolutely winning attached to it; being assured by the knowing ones that before the day I should certainly have hedging at two to one or six to four. This only made me regret not having "thrown away" a hundred on the same terms, like an ungrateful fellow, stricken thus early by the incurable malady of the insatiate, all serving to increase the excitement under which I departed for Epsom Downs.

I cannot, indeed, adequately portray the undefinable sensation of adventure which took whole and sole possession of my mind and reasoning, or rather imaginative faculties in the anticipated delight of seeing the Derby run! The bet fanned the flaming fancy there is no doubt, and appeared written thus "25/1000 on Launcelot" as the mystic shaft to some future gold mine! The immense field of horses, the vast concourse of spectators, the whirl of life and gaiety that I looked forward to move amidst in the southern regions of the turf, so oft read and talked of in the tranquil north, served to set me in a thrill of excitement far greater than I ever experienced on any after occasion. The long line of iron road over which we rolled so smoothly at rocket speed; myself, an agent of freedom, ensconsed so snugly in the superb carriage with the large windows open to leeward, a table in front covered with our newspapers and magazine—the brilliant weather, the many beautiful stations and gleaming points of view past which our mail train shot, caused the blood to riot through our veins in delicious phrensy!

With our nag at hand ready to receive us on his back and bound across the carpet downs of Mickleham, and through the shady byelanes of Surrey in pursuit of sport; the favourites on our books at 40/1; with neither incipient spleen, nor "unrequited love," nor debt, nor yellow indigestion to tinge our spirit, it is no wonder that we started thus gaily from the platform of the noble station at Liverpool in the ripe and luscious end of May.

In a narrative like the present, a familiar essay, partaking of the confessional or diary, and an untrammelled style of letter-writing, to escape the insidious attacks of that musquito in print the ungraceful, hateful, "pronoun personal," is all but an impossibility; and, it is therefore hoped that a fair share of indulgence will be vouchsafed to the scribe in his difficulty, in furtherance of his aim at an unvarnished exposition of a pursuit so popular, so absorbing, so seductive, and so ruinous to the masses participating in it in purse and person as the turf.

To arrive at this moral terminus to our discourse, we can but chronicle our own sensations and impressions, and gather the fruit acquired through an average modicum of the gift of observation; hoping that, like old Pepy's Diary, our delineations may bear the stamp of truthfulness, if they lack in metaphor and the art of book-craft, and consequently be of assistance in promoting our studies of men and manners, as well as being a handy tool for an occasional thrust at a heavy half-hour.

This fruit of experience, carefully preserved, if somewhat too candid, the writer offers in the shape of a country trifle," assuring the reader, that amidst the, possibly, superabundance of froth, he may find the ring and motto, if lucky enough to fish it out, recurring only to the gist of his aspirations from an involuntary shudder at his unavoidable egotism, to explain away and apologize for which he only makes bad worse, and loses the thread of his story.

We promise no more of this, and hasten onwards to Rugby, at the rate of forty miles an hour; at which station our train was joined to the York and Northern divisions, filled with sporting characters of every grade and cut, *en route* for Epsom.

There are few more stirring scenes of life, or more exciting eddies in its stream, than the platform of any great railway station, as at Rugby, Wolverton, Derby, or Birmingham, during the short stoppage of the trains for the purposes of junction or refreshment. The strange rencontres with unexpected friends, the hurried exclamation of pleasure and surprise made in the momentary halt of the belching, fire-fed steed,—the long line of corroded carriages, the exactitude and dispatch displayed by the well-trained officials, the terrific voice of steam whistling the signal for departure—all serve to render these fleeting episodes of travel as exciting as a short tack in a gale with the rugged cliffs of Flamborough Head close under our lee!

When embowelled for miles within the frightful tunnels of the dark earth into whose deep and yawning jaws we rush at lightning speed, we encounter the whirring, gleaming array of the clanging train " giving us the meeting " in the very midst of the black abyss! our nerves for the instant become unstrung and leave us a prey to every imaginary horror and wild conjecture. The mind shudders at the thought of a smash in one of these fearful caverns of the line! and dares scarcely contemplate the slender moorings of human forethought, intelligence, and method, by which alone our lives are lashed to comparative security. And, when we know what an imperfect rail, or a stone laid across one, a broken axle-tree, or a drunken driver could effect in our passage through these dismal cuttings! no wonder we rejoice on emerging safely into daylight, and the upper air.

But a quarter of an hour's halt on the platform of any considerable station, especially on great occasions as during a junction of trains at the Derby time, is a gay and pleasant stoppage in our journey of life; and at Rugby on the one alluded to in our narrative, the whole *tableau* was something so new and animating that I must be forgiven if I attempt to take a cast from the impression bequeathed by the adventure.

The first person I encountered was Hope Johnstone, Jun of that, Ilk, with Mat Dawson his trainer, and a " murdering black eye," in

personal charge of a van or two containing some animals of his own intended to run in the south.

"Hope told a flattering tale" of these quadrupeds; and, in explanation of the dusky orb, anything but a complimentary one to the fistic reputation of a gang of fellows he had "leathered at Northallerton to their hearts content," having had a fray in the hotel when he licked the landlord, Tom Dawson, Bob Nesletine, the guard of the mail, and a recruiting officer, one after the other, being ready to *feicht* them again if they had na had a belly fu, as he assured me.

This worthy, a brawny Scott, with all the accent, seldom got over a meeting without having a "turn up" with some one, having an innate relish for the pastime, though entirely "free from vice." On one occasion, in the betting-rooms at Doncaster, he was tried by a London leg if he would stand drawing twice, the bet having been paid on the course, when Master Johnstone gave the burly ruffian a dressing, without an instant's hesitation, he did not forget for a week or two. In this he did the Ring a "yeoman's service." He was a very pleasant fellow, but had an odd way of showing it,—it was nothing more. His best spec was in buying the "Era" out of Scott's stable for an "old song," and afterwards winning the "Northumberland Plate," the "Liverpool Cup," and several other great races with him, the Scotts never being able to make the horse run a yard. Johnstone had also a good animal in "William le Gros," with whom he won a match over Doncaster, against the "British Yeoman," for a thousand guineas, the owner himself riding. With the air of a raw heather-laird and the accent of a drover, this northern turfite combined a naturally acute and resolute line of action, that very shortly served to make him more than a match for the most clever men "about town," whilst his infernal knuckles and readiness for using them were not without their influence in the Pandemonia of the metropolis.

Proceeding with my survey of the huge train, I heard a voice exclaim from one carriage past which I walked on the platform, "Play for a loo, Fatty! play for a loo! Nay, d—n it, play for a loo!" and on my poking my head inside, as if in search of a seat, there was poor old Fatty Sutherland and four other fellows too hard at work at a "bit of unlimited," with a fiver or two and some sovereigns down on a tea-board they had bought for the purpose of doing duty as a card-table, to think of descending for an instant.

Sutherland at that time was about thirty years of age, and weighed as many stone, or more. He was the man whom the wags gazetted out of the dragoons as a "Heavy loss to the British Service;" and was now over head and ears in turf, plethora, chichen-hazard, and mountains of fat. A more good-hearted, generous, even-tempered, reckless being than poor Fatty never groaned,—for breathe he could not!—nor could a man carry a more legible index to all these virtues than Sutherland did in his open, clear, and handsome countenance. With apoplexy hanging over him by a broken hair, Fatty eat and drank, and dwelt in an incessant whirl of excitement, as if as thin and cool as Captain Higgins; saying, "He could not hedge: his book was too bad," and that he must stand to be "shot at."

He once insisted upon my dining with him at the "Ship" at Greenwich *tête-à-tête;* when, after a dinner of a dozen kinds of fish, the usual duck and green-peas, cutlets, whitebait, stacks of

brown bread and butter, pink champagne and stout, besides a lagoon of a cider-cup, Fatty walked into a magnum of "Strong Military Port,"—as Sneed and Barton invoiced their black-strap to the "Heavies,"—and at least a couple of ditto of Lafitte to his "own cheek," and what a cheek it was!

Our dinner over and the last steamer long since moored, I advised taking the railway up to town; but Sutherland insisted upon having a carriage and four horses,—fewer could not have drawn him easily, —telling me, when I demurred in favour of the rail, that it was "all d—d fine for me to go that way," but begging to know, with comical earnestness, "how, in the name of Blubber and Lady le Gros, he was to get through the turnstile that led to the platform?" This feat, I believe, he could not have accomplished, and was hence obliged to post home. Poor fellow! he died on walking down stairs to dinner at his own place in Scotland, I believe without an instant's warning, having suffered his share on the turf before he was finally laid under it.

He was now hard at work trying to loo two other fellows playing against him in the railway carriage, being hardened on by the non-players, who, of course, only desired to see some one victimised to serve their own turn the next deal. There being a vacant seat in this carriage, I joined the loo party in preference to accepting one in the next, in which a lot of Manchester fellows and the red-faced country leg were playing chicken-hazard on the top of a hat-box, amidst shouts of "Five's the main! Five!" "Seven to five!" "I'll take three halves to two." "Five out!" A well-dressed, respectable-looking man, not from Manchester, had the box. Then followed another voice, "Gentlemen, take your places!" a shrill whistle succeeded, and away we went from Rugby, Fatty telling me to look under the seat for an Atholl canteen, a large basket lined with tin, in which a huge venison pasty, a two-quart case-bottle of fine old Glenlivet, and a couple of hundred cigars were stowed, just to keep soul and body together till dinner-time. Faith, we had a merry time of it all the way to town! slanging the fellows in the neighbouring den playing "chicken,"—literally a "hell in harness," —embowelling the pasty, hob-a-nobbing the whiskey, and playing "old gooseberry" in our locomotive snuggery.

Fatty had called at York, *en route* from Scotland, purposely to pick up Bill Scott and little Charley Robinson: the hairy captain, Taylor, was also pressed into the service, armed with his case-bottle of gout mixture,—to wit, a quart of cognac; and there we were, with all the creature comforts, high spirits, and the winning jock of the age in company, whizzing and phizzing, and larking under the blue canopy of heaven, performing one of the gyrations of life.

Of Fatty, Bill Scott, the Captain, Little Charley, and poor George Boyd, as gentlemanlike a creature as ever put a toe in stirrup; also of the party not half a dozen years ago—not one remains!

"They are all dead,
In the church-yard laid."

Scarcely one having exceeded the period of middle age, but having all expended an amount of nerve and mental labour, on a few Derbies and Legers, enough to set up a bevy of Professors or M.P.'s, or to stock the brain pans of ten thousand traders, parsons, or

farmers. Poor Sutherland was an exception; but Boyd was a five foot ten man, not eleven stone; clean as a new copper cap! an habitual walker or rider for the sake of exercise—extremely temperate—or, alas! the contrary, when sick and sad, through incessant losses or want of stimulant, and died under forty at a moment's notice.

Lord George Bentinck the same; he being more excited during the last forty-eight hours of his existence, through his horse winning the Leger, than in the three or four fagging years of his parliamentary life. And these premature deaths to be recorded in my immediate sketch of a railway carriage, and its occupants, for it was not long afterwards that I made one of a party with Lord George, and nearly the same persons I have named, on the platform at Rugby. Poor Bill Scott was one, and "dropped a couple of thousands" to his lordship, I remember, on Red Deer for the Leger. Lord George very mild laying "Mr. Scott seven thousand to two" against him, to save him the trouble of collecting it in small sums.

However, away we rattled, in every respect—on our journey under memory—and landed safely at Euston-square, whence Fatty took a "bus" to himself for Limmer's; Bill Scott a cab to the White Bear; and Boyd and myself one to my old, snug quarters, the little "Blenheim," where I was ever well treated, always at home, and excessively comfortable.

My hack I stabled at the adjoining mews; and thus I commenced the season in town, though still *en route* to the "Downs of England."

CHAPTER XII.

The early Morning-watch.—Second Sleep.—The Season in Town.—Launcelot's Year.—Cotherstone.—The West-End in May and November.—The Duke of Limbs in "the Garden."—A Buggy-horse, and Drive to Epsom.—Prowling in Town.—London Tradesmen.—The City.—The Tower.—A wide step.

Roused by the plaintive, and not displeasing cry, of "Wa—ter cree—ses!" beneath my window, I awoke to all the excitement of my "whereabouts" and racing adventure; every attempt at a second sleep being speedily banished by the recollection of the errand I was on, that flashed with the rush of dazzling light across my brain, and quickly routed every dozing fancy.

At a later period of my turf career, when awakened probably before sunrise by a spasmodic dream of horses struggling on the post, after a couple or three hours of troubled slumber, and I have soberly reasoned with myself upon the folly of losing a night's rest from thus thinking upon that which must, whatever the consequences, remain in *statu quo*, till after breakfast-time; this second sleep was not to be wooed; however, I resolved upon conquest through an appeal to common sense or assumed indifference.

As for poor Dallas, he confessed, on my finding him walking his room at Letherhead on the eve of the Derby, before three o'clock had well struck—his betting-book in hand—that for many years he had never slept after that hour. If he retired to rest at two o'clock, he awoke at three, with eyes and brain unrefreshed, but perfectly denuded from the soothing film of slumber. Nay, so acutely sensitive to the least noise, and instantaneously impressed with the

remembrance of his heavy engagements and desperate chances on the turf was he, that did he shut his eyes, he assured me he could distinguish every article in the room, as well as every figure on his betting-book, so plainly, that nothing but an amusing volume, or a long and brisk walk, early as it was, saved him from actual torture.

His nerve and manhood prevented the effects of these sleepless vigils from being observed by the many when the day was "aired" for business, and the lively tongue served to disguise the anxious thought; but I saw it, and grieved from my heart to behold the gallant country gentleman thus suffering gradually, yet incurably in his nervous system and constitution, equally, alas! with his mental attainments and fortune. But this is anticipating, though very slightly.

London was now—London! The mighty Babylon was full to overflowing. It was the "Derby Time," and "everybody" was in town. The season was at its greatest altitude and fervour. "The Favourite" was notoriously threatened by the Poisoner and the Incendiary, and "Lord George" stood to win one hundred and fifty thousand pounds upon Gaper! Need more be said to prove our cup of happiness an effervescing one, as we put it to our lips on our first important visit to the teeming hive?—ourselves a denizen of a sylvan bye-lane, leading from the sands of the German Ocean to the wavy, silent Wold!

We have already averred that we are not intending a "Return List" in our lucubrations; and assure the reader it is not our intention to be easily tracked through the Calendar, in our reminiscences and experiences of Turf matters. Thus, though we set out with Launcelot [good old British name!] on our book from Liverpool, we have now a mind to banish from our memory all recollection of a horse that floored us by running second, with our pony on him, at 40/1, all through poor Bill Scott's riding "too jolly"—as the *artistes* expressed themselves at the time,—Little Wonder beating him on the post, having an inclination rather to "lay our Derby" at a later and more interesting period, when as magnificent an animal as ever rounded Tattenham Corner—viz. Mr. Bowe's Cotherstone, by Touchstone, out of Emma by Blacklock—won the Derby, and defeated Gaper, on whose over-rated capacity Lord George Bentinck had staked, probably, the heaviest amount of money ever committed to the chances of a single race.

Our impressions of London, and the scenes incidental to our several visits, are sketched within the range of a few short years—past on electric pinions!—and are given as random records of actual life, though void of dates and statistical lore, neither, we opine, being essential or favourable to our undertaking.

Any one who really knows London in the latter end of May and in the middle of a drear November, will readily acquiesce in the possibility of the West-end, at all events, being "full" or "empty," as it is said to be on those occasions, everything being judged by comparison; but, on the eve of the Derby, the mighty Estuary of Life is at flood, and ripples far beyond its usual high-water-mark.

From the west end of New Bond-street to Covent Garden, passing Conduit-street, Hatchett's, the White Bear in Piccadilly, through the classic alley of Cranbourne, and so on to the Piazza, you pop upon a country-fellow bound for Epsom at every turn. This

re-union of friends in the metropolis, forms one of the most pleasing episodes in the gay crusade, to which the universal tone of heartiness and "bit of dinner" propensities on the part of the rustic sportsmen, all, more or less, children in London, are a congenial and befitting accompaniment.

Our noble friend, the Duke of Limbs, hanging out at "the Garden"—influenced in the choice of his quarters from the cooling euphony of the mere word!—we headed towards his retreat, by the route I have named, and experienced all the delight of a saunter over the smooth pave which led through the crowded, yet decorous, thoroughfares from the west to the city end of London.

On our opening the door of his sitting-room, his Grace emerged from the lusty embrace of a cool tankard, and addressed himself vigorously to the notice of a stack of Wiltshire bacon, piled in fragrant rashers at his elbow, which, with a four-pound brown loaf, formed his morning meal, sobbing out a view halloo! before he set to work, and shouting to us to "cut in." He had got the loan of a buggy-horse from a friend for the week, that he assured me was the most magnificent animal in harness ever man sat behind, and insisted upon my being his companion to the Downs. I willingly agreed to his proposal, and certainly never beheld so splendid a creature as the one tooled by the Duke—after a "quiet dinner," from the Garden to Letherhead—on the day after the arrangement was made.

The horse — of a brilliant bay, with four black legs, and the courage of a lion—was a thorough Londoner, being trained to street manœuvres by night or day, and the crash of charioteering from his youth upwards. Exceeding sixteen hands in height, with a stately forehead, step, and glittering eye,—when let out along Piccadilly and fair Pimlico—he bounded onwards at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and would, I believe, have faced a park of artillery or a burning street, without showing any symptoms of terror. He neither looked to the right nor left, but stepped along majestically and swift; leaving all to the driver, and obeying, instantly, the slightest signal from his hand.

And well old Joe drove the noble brute! swearing he was "fed upon thunder-bolts, and had a stain of Juno herself in his veins."

We shaved past cab and 'bus, and coach and brougham, dashed over Battersea Bridge, and ground the gravel of the fine Surrey roads under our whirring buggy-wheels, till we pulled up at our friend Lumley's, at Epsom; and then, after an hour's bait, resumed our drive along the bye-lanes to Letherhead, where we had taken quarters for the week.

It was, in truth, a drive worthy the fastest days of the Olympic era, and a pace to have made Phaeton himself nervous, after dinner! but the Duke of Limbs sat, as if in his "Flower-woven arbour," as gay as you please, fingering his nag's mouth as lightly as a fairy braiding her hair, puffing out quarto volumes of smoke to leeward, and occasionally addressing a rolling volley of admiration at the horse's gallantry and action. . . . . .

I love a single month in Town! but if compelled to abide within its dusky folds much beyond that period, I am little less than wretched till I succeed in putting at least half a county of grass and an atmosphere meet for human lungs, between my ear and its incessant, bewildering hum.

I love to prowl about old book-stalls and curiosity-shops—Wardour Street is my delight!—to wander for leagues, as you can only in London, past brick and stone, and stone and brick—street after street of interminable town!—peopling house after house according to the appearance of a door—or its mere knocker or a window-blind. Then to make out the passers by—ay, and follow them occasionally, for the sake of instruction, to the entrance to quarters you would little suspect to be their abiding-places, from the "watered silk" and gay "Chesterfield" in which the stately wearers were so carefully and artistically "got up."

I love to stroll in the beauteous Parks, so green, so free from nuisance, so thoroughly English, so unequalled are they in their features of metropolitan pleasure-grounds: parks only to be met with in London; for neither Paris, nor other capital that I wot of, has a blade of grass to boast after May, if, indeed, a true one is to be seen in them at all. Nor is there a Square, planted or kept in such exquisite order, in Europe, as our own in Belgravia, Hanover, Bryanston, or even the most easterly square in London.

I like to drop in at the "Blue Posts," the "Piazza," or e'en the "Cheshire Cheese," and refresh my inward man from the boiled round and punch at the first, the haunch and Chateaux Margaux at the next, the chop "hot-and-hot, at the "Cheese," and to study men and manners in them all.

I delight in, and honour a London tradesman of old standing and character, especially any of the fancy dealers—as, your fishing-tackle maker, gunsmith, watchmaker, cutler, or bookseller.

To all of these we proceed in our daily saunter, and are sure of a pleasant chat, and equally certain of a *boná fide* genuine article at the hands of these most honourable dealers if we make a purchase, as well as a full share of civility and attention over an "eighteen-penny" reparation of any of our little matters, as if we laid out "a hundred." It was a pleasure, indeed, to hold a confab with any of these "Deacons of the Craft," and a true comfort to possess——especially abroad—any of the unrivalled articles at that day vended only in London. Long may they continue to flourish! and, above all, to continue to despise and leave to a fair trial the cheapened, spurious manufactures of what is miscalled Free Trade; for, if any young man will take the trouble to examine his Sire's "double-milled kersey," his repeater, gun, shooting-boots, table-spoons, or beaver—supposing him to possess such—and will, in turn, compare all these with the same appliances in daily use, and made within the last few years, he will not be long in detecting the alloy, the cotton-warp and hasty finish.

The impression made by London on me, from the first to the tenth visit, is perfectly indelible; after this period, the freshness and vastness of the change wore off, and I looked upon streets as I did at my own bye-lanes. The East, or City end, jammed with humanity, and struggling with the fleeting hour, struck me far more forcibly than the most crowded park or drawing-room.

Viewed from St. Paul's—the streams of men wending their way and crossing at every angle, eager and intent—appeared more like a swarm of ants than human beings; whilst the intricate tracery of the streets and lanes seemed to resemble a mighty chart or model of a fabulous city, rather than the thoroughfares of actual life.

The greatest amount of delight, shaded by an involuntary sensation of sadness, I ever experienced in sight-seeing, was certainly on my first visit to the Tower, the proudest monument of antiquity, considered with reference to its historical associations which our own or any other country possesses; nor do I remember ever passing half a day so wrought upon by imagination, as when, wandering within the precincts of this solemn, blood-stained pile, viewed in its "triple light of a palace, a prison, and a fortress."

There was no counterfeit here! The very material and chisel-marks were Norman; the Caen stone and its fashioning being equally evident and beautiful. The Beauchamp Tower, the block whereon Anne Boleyn's fair cheek and luxuriant tresses lay dabbled in gore, and from whose granite-like grain the Lady Jane Grey's gentle spirit fled—were before me. I was in the apartment wherein they had breathed: I trod the gloomy corridors, along whose flooring they had erewhile so lightly tripped, or been led, affrighted and crushed, to execution—and beheld history authenticated by the very incision of the axe.

Then the Abbey, the Halls of Court, the Hospital at Greenwich, the old "Dreadnought," the Life Guards, Museum, and the "Quadrant," had all their charms for the stranger's eye, from the contemplation and enjoyment of which no Derby or its consequences ever —heaven be praised!—debarred us, nor shall any needless qualms on the score of stepping "out of line" for a second or two, prevent us the present gratification of recurring to.

From the vaulted passages and winding staircases of the gloomy Tower to the half-smoky, half betting-room of Limmer's! from the solemn fane of Westminster to the "Corner," is a wide step. From the gorget of the Cœur de Lion to the "Assassin's Tie," is another; yet we made them both in the course of our day's work, and give them place now, as the main epochs in our town history and mental wanderings.

A TRUE POET.

FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

"If, in the *poet*," says one, "I discover not the *man*, then, however lofty his compositions may be, they are for me nought but a vain and empty delusion. And if, on the other hand, nothing more is to be seen in the poem than the being who wrote it, then have I no need of his rhyming, since common-place realities are everywhere surrounding us."

In the true poet both are united. For poetry is a stream that not only shows the pebbles over which it flows, but seems *to impart to them its own transparency*—it not only presents to our view the blue heavens, *in a depth far greater than its own*, but by the reflection of its bright surface, *encircles all with the ethereal vaults above.*

THE IRISH LOCHINVAR.

Now droopes our bride, and in her virgin state
Seemes like Electra 'mongst the Pleyades.—CHR. BROOKE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

I.

THE Bay of Galway presents the boldest and most picturesque ocean panorama on the western coast of Ireland. It is eight miles across, and vessels of twelve hundred tons burthen can float upon its waters up to the quay of the old Spanish town. Standing on the shore you look out over the broad Atlantic, and if your sight were long enough to carry you such a distance you could see the headlands of Labrador straight before you. One side of this bay is in the county of Galway, and the other side in the county of Clare, a geographical division of some importance in the incident we are about to relate.

Early in the present century a few cottages stood on the hill that overlooks the Clare side of the bay, commanding from their rustic windows a clear view of tho intervening waters and the opposite shore. In the winter season, when the storms, which, on this coast, are sometimes very wild, happen to run high, it is a service of danger to cross from shore to shore in an open boat. But the people of this region, especially the fearless dwellers in the fishing village of the Claddagh, are not much given to making calculations of perils if they have any motive for putting out to sea. The spot upon which the cottages stood is now a waste, choked up with weeds and fern. The desertion of the place originated in the following circumstances.

Two brothers, Hugh and Teague Feely, inhabited one of these dwellings, which they had inherited from their father, with a few acres of potato ground, and a stretch of meadow. The rebellion of 1798 had brought heavy calamities upon the family; and, although it does not come within the proper limits of our story to trace any of the historical antecedents of the Feely sept, we are bound to say that these two brothers would have found themselves in much more comfortable circumstances if some of their relations had been better farmers and more discreet patriots. As it was, they had to struggle hard to live upon a legacy heavily mortgaged with domestic incumbrances. But Hugh, the elder brother, was a steady and resolute man, and by dint of unfaltering perseverance he succeeded in recovering the position, which, before the time ofthe troubles, had been held in that locality by his family. He was even reputed to be rich—a term which must always, in such cases, be taken in a relative, and not in a positive sense.

Hugh had enjoyed the advantage of a complete course of education at a hedge-school. Poor Teague had never received any education at all; and the superior attainments of the elder brother were brought ought in remarkable relief whenever the subject in discussion between them happened to turn upon reading and writing, which were as profound mysteries to Teague as the riddles of the Sphinx or the Sybilline leaves. But people must pay some penalties for their accomplishments; and if Hugh had the advantage over Teague in the way of erudition, Teague took revenge upon him by the airiness and vivacity of his jokes.

Hugh was a very reserved man, reserved almost to gloom; perhaps it was his scholarship that made him so grave and silent. Now Teague, who was not burthened with learning of any sort, would rattle away like the wheel of a mill, and was the merriest fellow in the whole country round. So that if Hugh had the best of the argument, whenever matters resolved themselves into that shape, Teague had the best of the fun, whatever shape they took. There was also another difference between them, which told very considerably in favour of Teague's side of the question. Hugh had lived for a year or two in Dublin, and had picked up notions of breeding which rendered his manners peculiarly remote and grand. Amongst other refinements, he endeavoured to get rid of his provincial dialect, clipping his words very carefully, and speaking as little as possible to avoid committing himself to any involuntary vulgarisms. Teague, on the other hand, had never been in the capital, and his ignorance of fashionable life afforded him a perpetual source of pleasantry, which no man could avail himself of with more whimsical humour. And in addition to this, he gloried in a rich Connaught brogue, which he would not turn his back upon for the finest gentleman in the land, and which, to confess to a trifling frailty of his, he would every now and then heighten and exaggerate, with the malicious design of showing off the weak point of his brother's character. The characteristics of the two brothers were so strongly opposed, and so notorious in the neighbourhood, that they at last passed into "nicknames," the people of Galway being famous for their talent at fastening *soubriquets* upon their friends. Hugh was familiarly known as Grim Hugh, and Teague was popularly called Teague the Rattler.

II.

At the hour of five, on a cold winter's morning, a light was seen moving backwards and forwards in the parlour window of Feely's cottage on the Clare heights. It was the indefatigable Teague, who was the earliest riser of the family, and who was preparing his toilet to make an excursion to the barn. In a few minutes he opened the latch, and, with his lantern in his hand, proceeded, under the shelter of a low mud wall, towards a roofless tattered enclosure, which was jocularly called the barn. The sleep was not yet quite out of his eyes, and he staggered along very much after the manner of a sailor in a high wind, picking himself up rather awkwardly at every alternate step, to steady himself towards the point of his destination. As he advanced in this way, he suddenly struck against some person who seemed to be standing bolt upright in the angle between the wall and the barn. Teague was never put out by accidents of any kind.

"Holloa!" he exclaimed; "it's there you are, whoever you are; and what the divil brings you there, I'd like to know. The top o' the morning to you, and maybe it's in your bed you'd be if I wanted you."

The man made no reply, but, evidently anxious to avoid observation, endeavoured to get away, when Teague clutched at his short freize jacket, and, with a sudden jerk, brought him back again.

"No, jewel, you shan't slip through my fingers, if you were twice as big. Speak out; what are you doing lurking here in the grey of the morning, like an evil spirit?" and raising the lantern, he looked into

the face of the stranger, making a discovery which threw him into a violent paroxysm of laughter.

"Hugh—ha—ho, ha, ho, ho! why, I'd as soon have thought of meeting ould Nick himself at this blessed hour. What 's come to you, man? Is n't it well you are? And dressed too, by the powers? Sure you knew I had the *kays*."

"Do I not often rise early, brother?" demanded Hugh, in a peculiarly gruff and disagreeable voice.

"Ah! then may be you do," answered Teague, with a long whistle, which was meant to imply that he had no great confidence in the truth of the hypothesis he had just ventured upon.

"It 's a cold morning," said Hugh. "Are we to have rain to-day?"

"Why, then," said Teague, "I can't exactly say. It looks mighty *quare*, and there 's a *sough* in the wind that 's enough to wet one to the heart."

"Don't say that, Teague," replied Hugh, quickly; "don't say that."

"Ah, what matter what I say," answered Teague. "If it 's determined to rain, I can't prevent it.

'Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,
And happy is the corpse that the rain rains on!'

As I 'm neither a bride nor a corpse, the divil a hair it matters to me whether it rains or not."

"But it does to me, Teague," said Hugh.

"In the regard of what?" demanded Teague.

"In the regard of a certain business that is to be done to-day."

"And what 's that, Hugh?"

"Where is your Sunday coat, Teague?" inquired Hugh. "Are your pumps clean? You must dress yourself neat to-night."

"I must, must I? Well, that 'll be no great trouble to me. But what am I to dress myself for?"

"To dance at your brother's wedding, Teague," replied Hugh.

Teague was, for once in his life, perfectly astonished. He held the lantern up to his brother's face, and, after throwing the light as straight as he could into his eyes, he went on,—"Dance at your wedding? Is it dreaming you are? Divil a dream. I know that eye of yours of ould. Divil a dream in that eye. And it 's to dance you want me: would you have any objection if I were to sing into the bargain?"

"I want you to get Brallaghan to bring his pipes," said Hugh; "and mind that you put on your best for the wedding. We must have no work to-day, Teague. It 's a great holiday, and you must make the old place rock with fun. I depend upon you for that."

"Just stop a bit," replied Teague; "I don't know whether you 're making a fool of me or of yourself; but if it was your wake you were asking me to instead of your wedding, Hugh, avourneen, you know you might depind upon me for the fun. But I 'm thinking—the Lord save us!—that you 're walking in your sleep, and don't know rightly what you 're talking about. Will you answer me one question, Hugh? Now stand there straight before me, and put your hands behind your back, and look at me, and answer me—is it Martha Burke that 's to the fore in this wedding?"

"You 're a bit of a conjurer, Teague," returned Hugh, with a very grim smile; "it 's Martha, sure enough. And the Burkes are coming,

and Jim Doolan, and everybody; and as the honour of the family 's at stake, we must give them a welcome

'that will ne'er be forgot
By them that was there, and them that was not.'"

"Hough!" exclaimed Teague, springing up into the air with a sort of ecstacy, and swinging the lantern round his head so furiously that the light was blown out, "I can hardly keep the jig out of my feet already. And it 's going to be married you are! Oh, then more of that to you, Hugh! By my faith, I 'm thinking it isn't so early you 'll be getting up to-morrow morning, Hugh, *avick!* Bad luck, and a pair of them, to that dirty lantern that wouldn't keep steady. Its easy to see that the light doesn't shine on you this morning, Hugh; but you 'll have plenty of it to-night, you divil!" and Teague, groping his way by the wall, for the sky was dismally dark and heavy, turned back towards the house to relight his lantern.

Hugh stood for a moment, with the grisly air of a man who was revolving some very profound problem in his mind, and then began muttering to himself, as he moved away into the darkness towards a scrambling path that led down the face of the cliff to the strand below:

"'Happy is the bride that the sun shines on!' Was that a drop of rain? I wonder whether Martha 's stirring yet. What would she say if she knew that the first light I saw this morning went out upon me? The rain is coming—Lord defend us!—and a storm is on the sea. But the sun 's not up yet. There 's comfort in that, and it 's natural too that it should rain in winter. Of course, of course, let it rain till it 's tired. I wonder I 'm such a fool. And maybe, after all, the sun 'll shine out by and by;" and thus, with many broken words of doubt and fear, summoning up hope and bravado as well as he could against the grain of his superstitions, Hugh descended to the beach.

III.

Miles Burke was a character such as is not to be met in any part of the habitable world except the west of Ireland. There are many lines of Burkes in that quarter, and each of them claims an antiquity which, for the common honour and glory of the name, none of them are ever known to dispute; and as the tribes of Burkes that are found wandering in a variety of costumes, and under as great a variety of circumstances and occupations over the wilds of Connemara and the mountainous ranges of Clare, are nearly as numerous as pebbles on the sea-shore, it follows, as an unimpeachable corollary, that the individual Burke whose local reputation should eclipse that of all his namesakes put together, must have been a remarkable man. And that man was Miles Burke. Whether he was entitled to the distinction by the remoteness of his descent, or the force of his personal merits, we are not able to say; but certain it is that Miles Burke was the most notorious man of his name in the whole province of Munster, a pre-eminence of fame which cannot be appreciated by people who have not had the advantage of being bred up amongst the Burkes.

Con Burke, the father of Miles Burke, used to declare that he was lineally descended from Con of the Hundred Battles. But ten thousand battles lying so far back on the genealogical roll, are of no avail to a man who is put to extremities in fighting the battle of life. The family

inheritance was wonderfully disproportionate to the dignity of its traditions, and Con, having inherited nothing else, not even a spark of the heroic fire of his great ancestor, endeavoured to repair the shattered fortunes of his house by embarking in some way of retail business in Dublin, a blot on his escutcheon the particulars of which history has with great magnanimity refused to record. His ostensible object was to make money; but it is difficult for an Irishman, under any imaginable circumstances, to avoid making love, and so it happened that, following out the irresistible instincts of his nature, Con Burke made love first, and set about making money afterwards. He succeeded in the first with astonishing rapidity, but although he applied himself to the task for many years with as much assiduity as he could, he never succeeded in the second.

Miles Burke was the eldest son of Con. He was like his father in everything except the possibility of sitting down to business of any kind. He loathed business, not merely as a matter of drudgery at which his independent spirit revolted, but as a degradation. Con of the Hundred Battles was revived in Miles. He was a modern Con, and if he had not fought a hundred battles royal before he was twenty, it was no fault of his own. Miles was as brave as a lion, as proud as Belzebub, and as poor as a rat.

Miles' father had a vote in Dublin. At that time votes had a pecuniary value attached to them, and Con Burke was not above temptation. There was a fiercely contested election; and a certain vagrant attorney, who was doing bribery and corruption by deputation for the government, intimated to Con that he might have whatever he asked for his vote. Con went home elated by the mysterious hint, and drank hard that night in anticipation of the bright future that lay before him.

"What am I to ask for?" said Con looking inquisitively at a spoon that hung suspended between his finger and thumb over a tumbler of punch.

Miles was at that time eighteen years of age. He was seated in a dark corner of the room when his father put this question. Leaping up out of his chair with the fury of inspiration, he rushed over to the table, and striking it with a vehemence which made the aforesaid spoon jump to a considerable distance out of his father's hand, smashing the tumbler in its progress, he exclaimed,

"Ask for a commission in the army for me!"

Con stared at him with an incredulous gasp. But Con was quite wrong. He thought that a commission in the army was as much above his reach as the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Con knew nothing about it. In three days Miles Burke was gazetted an ensign in a marching regiment, and in a fortnight he marched away from his father's house to attend the call of glory in the West Indies.

Now this was a life exactly suited to Miles Burke. He was omnipotent at the mess. His animal spirits were indomitable. He would fight any man, without even putting him to the preliminary trouble of quarrelling with him. He could sing more songs (some of them being copyright of his own) than any man in the universe. And in an age when men could drink like fishes, he showed a capacity for potations which, had he been a fish, must have sensibly affected high-water-mark in the world.

Miles was as expert at love-making as at drinking. The stories he used to tell of his exploits in that way would have furnished materials

for a complete hand-book to the art. But he got married one day, and all his gallantries expired. His mode of life was not specially calculated to keep up the vigour of his constitution; and at five and forty he had the aspect of a battered, but still a gay and belligerent rake. It was about this period of his life that a great misfortune happened to him. He fell out with the colonel of his regiment, and sent him a challenge. Poor Miles Burke, to avert the disgrace of being cashiered, threw up his commission; and retired like an injured gentleman to his paternal estate in the county of Clare. Luckily his wife was dead, and he had only one child, a little girl; for we are forced to confess that the estate upon which he retired consisted merely of a field on the side of a hill, planted chiefly with heather and loose stones, and a small barn built of the latter on the brink of a running stream. This was all the property appertaining to the royal domains of the Burkes which his father had been able to preserve.

Martha Burke was quite a child at this time. Her father had no money to get her taught anything, and no inclination if he had. So Martha grew up like a wild flower, very pretty and delicate, but without any culture. Miles, having all the remains of a fine body of a man, and a wonderful deal of pluck in conversation, with a life of diversified experiences to draw upon in garnishing it, and being, moreover, a capital boon companion, was as much sought after as poor Martha was neglected. And, as it usually happens with individuals of this kind towards the close of their lives, he sank down lower and lower in his associations, and came at last to hold the indefinite rank of a decayed gentleman amongst his neighbours, who were glad to have such a fiery fallen planet dropped down amongst them from its high sphere. He was the king of the company wherever he went, a position which ensured him the unlimited bacchanalian prerogatives that exactly suited his taste.

While Miles Burke was scattering himself over the country, enjoying all the wild hospitality that offered, Martha was left to grow up into womanhood as she might. There was a poor neighbour—a small, rack-rented cottier—who took an interest in her situation, and who supplied her as well as he could with the means of education. At sixteen she could read and write—her progress stopped here. The Irish peasant's library is too scanty to carry education much farther. But Martha was educated through her heart, which, with women even in higher circumstances, is sometimes the best medium for forming the character. In her tasks and in her solitude, she had one constant companion, the son of her kind protector, much about her own age, perhaps a year or so older. Loneliness is a dangerous atmosphere for young people to breathe; and when two children are thus thrown together, and kept together by common pursuits, till they approach that maturity which enables then to feel that they are children no longer, the consequences are, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, such as it requires no ghost to tell us. Martha Burke and Terry French were in love with each other long before they knew anything about it; and it was not until it became absolutely necessary for Terry to look out for some source of employment that they looked into each other's eyes, and discovered the secret.

This discovery was made at a very awkward time. Terry's father had just died, and the boy was thrown upon the world a beggar. It is astonishing how sorrow brings out the affections. These poor young

people, without any friends or advisers, or any means of support, found out that they were indispensable to each other's happiness at the very moment when they also found out that their separation was inevitable. Terry had no alternative but to go abroad as a soldier. It is not desirable to make a scene of the parting of lovers. It is the wilful infliction of an agony which, of all others, the reader can best afford to be spared. In this instance, the pangs of parting were sharpened by the natural warmth and sensibility of these young Irish natures, and floods of tears and mournful wails, in which their hearts seemed to break, burst from them as they stood together for the last time on the lonely beach, under the shadow of two great jutting cliffs called, oddly enough, The Meeting Rocks. A mutual vow of fidelity passed between them, and was repeated a hundred times as well as their choking utterance would suffer them to articulate the words. They thought of an exchange of gifts to remember each other by, as if in their desolation they required any tokens of that kind; and Martha had nothing to bestow but a small signet-ring, which she had saved from the wreck of her father's fortunes, and which her trembling hands placed in silence upon his finger. When the darkness fell that night, the broad waters of the Atlantic rolled between the lovers.

The human heart, like all other created things, yields at last to the influence of time. Happy for the world that it is so, or the keen griefs of youth would destroy the energies of life at their spring. Years passed away, long years of suffering and struggle; and through them all Martha retained a sad and tender memory of her early love. And as time swept on, and hope grew fainter and fainter, she would look back upon it as the passion of her youth which was never to take a shape more real; and so at last it assumed the tints of a poetical ideality, which could exercise no further power than to shed its melancholy sweetness upon her secret thoughts and hallow them in solitude. She believed, in the end, that this love was but an idle dream, and that Terry would never appear to her again; and she survived that belief. Sometimes there were misgivings of other kinds, apprehensions, terrors, bright gleams of expectation, but they all died away in succession; and she became passive under that great sorrow which lost much of its bitterness in the final conviction that it was past remedy.

It was during these latter passages of the fading pageant of early love, that Hugh Feely first saw Martha Burke. The natural reserve of his manners, and a certain shyness with women, which men of the most robust temperament frequently betray, gave him that sort of interest in her eyes which grows out of a sense of entire security. He had as little of the aspect or the likelihood of a lover about him as could be suspected of a man of five-and-thirty. On the contrary, he seemed very much shut up in himself, as if he was always plodding upon matters of a much more prosaic cast. But such a man will very often throw a woman off her guard, and take her by surprise when she least suspects him, and is often in turn taken by surprise himself. We must not attempt to speculate on these mysteries; nor can we explain how it was that Hugh wooed and won Martha. It went on very slowly at first; and Hugh, when he began to detect in himself a new sensation, took sedulous opportunities, for he was thoughtful and sagacious, of improving his position; was very gentle and considerate to Martha; and, knowing the way to her father's good opinion, which was to be bought up as the

first settlers used to buy up hunting-grounds from the Indians, took care to secure himself there before he went any farther. Five years and upwards—a long interval in the biography of a young heart!—had elapsed since Terry had left the shores of Ireland. Nothing had been heard of him since. And times had been very bad, and Martha had grown old enough to feel the pressure of other troubles than those of the affections; her father was fast breaking up; and the prospects for her on all sides were bleak and gloomy. Poor child! her steadfastness had held out till there was nothing more to cling to. The hopes she had so firmly grasped had melted away, and not her strength or resolution. No great wonder was it, then, that so staid a man as Hugh Feely should have gained her hand in marriage. There was reason to look for calm and settlement in such a marriage; nor did it shock her sensibility by any violent appeals to her feelings. Nor was she conscious of any reluctance when the day of her wedding arrived. There was a little flurry of preparations as usual on such occasions, and Martha appeared to be quite as much engrossed in them as everybody else.

IV.

The first thing Teague did as soon as the daylight crept up the sky, was to set out for the mountain shebeen, where Brallaghan, the piper, had established his head-quarters. Nor was he satisfied with providing the best pipes, but he must needs exceed his commission by securing the services of a blind harper. "By the powers," cried Teague, "we'll have music enough, at all events," and although he said this only to himself on the brink of a rock, where there was not a soul within sight or hearing, he could not help accompanying the mental exultation with a jump into the air, cutting six before he lighted on his feet again.

The next thing was to see to the in-door arrangements. The feast was to be on a scale of prodigal liberality, and there was no end throughout the day to the manufacture of punch in all sorts of vessels, which were put away and locked up to get cold for the guests at night. All these details being concluded, Teague determined to indulge himself in a device of his own, which he had been working up in his mind for the purpose of giving his brother an agreeable surprise. This was no less than a bonfire half-way up the cliff, the combustible materials of which he laid with his own hands, intending to fire the pile at night, when the company should be at the height of their revels.

The rain had fallen incessantly all day; and as the evening closed in the heavy boom of the waters announced the rising of a tempest. But these ominous appearances had no effect upon the enthusiasm of the guests who assembled at an early hour to witness the ceremony of the marriage. The group gathered together in the parlour, (which, for this occasion, embraced the whole of the ground-floor, the slight partitions of the hall and an opposite chamber being removed to increase the accommodation,) was not wanting in national characteristics. On one side stood Hugh, looking very sheepish, as if he was afraid or ashamed, his hands hanging foolishly by his side, or twirling a small round hat, which he frequently threatened to crush to atoms; on the other side was Martha, as composed and tranquil as a child, neither blushing nor looking pale, but perfectly self-possessed; and between them stood the priest, upon whose large merry face there sat an expres-

sion of curiosity not very appropriate to the business he had to perform. But priests are depositaries of family secrets, and must have more reason for curiosity than other people. The next most important person in the group was Captain Burke (he was always called Captain), whose red and bloated face, full of a sly, languid humour, suggested a remarkable contrast to the placid features of his daughter. Teague was next to the Captain, and kept his countenance with the most praiseworthy decorum, considering how anxiously he looked forward to the end of the ceremony that they might strike up and begin the fun. The room all round was crowded with innumerable Burkes, and Morrises, and Blakes, and Lynches, seated and standing about, and interrupting the ceremony continually by invoking all manner of blessings upon the heads of the happy couple.

And thus, amidst a hurricane of benedictions, was celebrated the marriage of Hugh Feely and Martha Burke.

V.

Mr. Brallaghan arrived rather late, and the mountain tracks were so deep from the floods which had fallen throughout the morning, that the company had reason to congratulate themselves that he was not lost by the way. Mr. Brallaghan was not a very comely man to look upon at any time, being low in stature, a circumstance not much improved by a wonderfully wizened body, a great head, with elf-locks hanging over his shoulders, long, thin hands, and semi-circular legs that, without any stress upon the muscles, might have been converted into a hoop for a barrel. Indifferent in his appearance, considered as a model, on ordinary occasions, he now presented an aspect which threw the guests into a panic. Teague, who had been sitting very uneasily in a corner, twisting his feet round the legs of a ricketty chair until it was a wonder that he did not come down head-foremost, leaped up the moment Brallaghan came in, and uttered a "Tear and 'ouns! it 's the piper's ghost, boys!" that threw the assembly into confusion. Mr. Brallaghan certainly at the first glance exhibited some alarming symptoms. He was drenched and dripping from head to foot; his hat, originally of a very irregular shape, was melted and beaten in by the rain; his freize upper coat was so saturated that it clung tightly to his body, and exposed his spectral proportions rather painfully; and as he limped across the room, mumping his great head at the people, for he was too cold and wet to speak, a general apprehension seized upon the spectators that the pipes, which he drew slowly out from under his coat, must be utterly ruined. But a glass of whiskey and a change of garments set all to rights, and it was soon made evident, to the uproarious delight of the company, that although the piper was lame, there was no halt in his music.

The dance began, and was maintained, as the newspapers say, with unabated spirit. The bridegroom selected a partner, and, while the rest of the company were arranged in an applauding circle round the board on which they performed, displayed brawny power of limb in a furious jig, until the lady gave up from fair exhaustion, and was dismissed with a kiss whose echoes made the roof ring; her place was instantly supplied by another, who being worn out in like manner, resigned in favour of a third, the lusty execution of Hugh eliciting continual roars of laughter and clapping of hands. Teague followed, and in justice to him it must

be declared that he was a more skilful artist than his brother. Instead of wasting his strength at first in violent efforts, he began with remarkable coolness, kept time with the accuracy of an instrument, threw in a surprising and unexpected cut here and there to provoke mirth and keep the game alive, and it was only as each succeeding partner (for he danced down six of them) began to give way that he threw out his vigour and agility. As the dance was drawing to a conclusion his enthusiasm reached the culminating point, and he wound up with an exhibition of frantic energy that produced loud bursts of delight from the spectators, whom he had wrought up to a state of uncontrollable frenzy. Before Teague had finished there was not a brogue in the room that might not have been heard shuffling on the floor.

In the intervals of the dancing, goblets and wooden mugs, charged to the brim with cold punch, were handed round, and the piper, occasionally relieved by the harper, entertained the revellers with some of the plaintive airs of the country. The effect of these pathetic compositions was quite as powerful as that of the riotous jigs; and the audience, who only a moment before had been raised to the top of their animal spirits, were now subdued into silence, and sat listening to the mournful strains with stricken faces and suppressed breath.

Teague, who had not lost sight of the little stratagem he had laid for making a grand illumination down on the rocks in honour of his brother's wedding, took advantage of one of these pauses and stole quietly out of the cottage, leaving the door ajar that he might be able to return without being perceived.

He had not left the house more than a few minutes when the door was slowly moved open, and a stranger, whose person was concealed under a large mantle, advanced into the room. His entrance did not excite much attention at first; but a whisper went round, and in a few minutes all eyes were turned upon him. He stood apart gazing into the group; a slouched hat covered his brows, and threw its broad shadow over the lower part of his face; his glance was quick and intrepid; and he evidently sought out some person, for or against whom he entertained some strong feeling of interest or revenge. There was a profound emotion of some kind visibly labouring in his mind, yet the surface was fixed and resolute.

Nobody present knew him—indeed, if anybody had known him, it would have been difficult to have identified him under the shadow of that huge hat. Great curiosity prevailed amongst them to find out who he could be, and what was his business; but it did not last long; the "barbarous virtue" of hospitality soon swept down all other considerations, and Hugh, as became him, advanced from the side of his bride with a goblet in his hand, and approaching the stranger, bade him welcome.

"Welcome, sir," he exclaimed, "whoever you are, welcome to our wedding. It is a rough night out of doors, and you 're welcome to the best we have. I pledge you!" and after putting the goblet to his lips, he handed it to the stranger.

"To the health of the bride," said the stranger, drinking off the contents of the goblet, and directing his eye to where Martha sat, with an expression of mingled sorrow and bitterness. "My service to the bride!" he added, in a tone so husky that it was not easy to determine whether it was choked by suffering or rage.

Martha felt that his eye was upon her. It transfixed her where she

sat. Wonder, consternation, terror, flitted across her face in fluctuating streams of colour which sank as fast as they rose. She grasped the sides of her chair, and leaning forward looked into the face of the stranger, whose eyes never moved from hers. Her eye fell upon his out stretched hand, on one finger of which was a signet-ring. For an instant there was doubt and fear—then conviction—and, as if a paralysis had struck her frame, she fell back without uttering a word.

"She is fainting," cried the stranger, reaching over to her, and, as most of the people thought, very unceremoniously throwing his arm round her to raise her up; but the Irish are a very good-natured people, and are willing to dispense with forms in moments of distress. "She is fainting. Why do you stand looking so helplessly at her," he exclaimed to Hugh; "water, water, man!" and Hugh, perplexed and embarrassed by the suddenness of the scene, rushed out to procure it.

Martha rapidly revived, flurried and bewildered. The stranger raised her to her feet, and as she stood trembling at his side, he placed her head on his shoulder, and murmured in her ear, "Martha—Martha—you know me; Martha—you have *not* forgotten me!" An agony of tears came to her relief, and she sobbed aloud. "There, there, darling! hush! no tears now;" and then raising his voice, he called to the huddled group who were gazing upon him with intense astonishment, "Air, air, give her air—the heat of the place is too much for her;" and then he whispered to her, "On the beach, under the Meeting Rocks, the air is fresh—*that* will restore you—quick! have no fear—do not look back—I, alone, will follow you!" and so he led her towards the door. "Let her pass, boys—let her pass; see, she is better already—let her pass into the air," and having handed her across the threshold, he suddenly closed the door from within, and placed his back against it.

"Now, then, I'll drink to you. Fill up to the brim, a glass to the health of the bride. He who doesn't drink that toast, why may he never have a bride of his own!"

The guests looked marvellously foolish at this speech, and, there were apparent movements amongst them, as if they thought they ought to do something else under the circumstances than drink the bride's health; but the repeated demands of the stranger, and the tone of determination in which he addressed them, at last produced a clatter of glasses, for they were nothing loth to accept any excuse for a fresh bumper.

"You're all strangers to me, and I to you—but I'll drink to our next merry meeting for all that. Now, fill your glasses again, and give us an hurrah! to our next merry meeting!"

The glasses were filled again, and clinked violently in every corner of the room, the blind harper and the little piper especially enjoying their part of the entertainment—but not a word was spoken.

"What! you wont drink my health. Then I suppose you're tired of my company. That's hard, too, upon a stranger who has travelled a long way on a wet night to see you all. If that's the case, I must leave you as I came, and so my benison upon you!" and turning to open the door with a sudden movement, several of the guests leaped to their feet, and rushed forward with the evident intention of intercepting his retreat.

"Stand back!" he roared in a voice of thunder, and placing his back again against the door, he drew a pistol from his coat which he presented at them. There was a loud shriek amongst the women, and no great

inclination amongst the men to tempt their fate by a closer approach to their desperate antagonist. "Stand back, I tell you. The first man who moves hand or foot to follow me—stand back!—I'll blow his brains out. You understand that language? Give me room—leave my path free—" and he opened the door, still presenting the pistol. "I have warned you—and I will do what I say. The first man who stirs out of this door to track my steps, never returns alive!" and then gliding into the darkness, he swiftly closed the door behind him.

VI.

When Terry French (for you know well enough, reader, without being told, that it was the lover of Martha) gained the table-land on the cliffs outside the cottage door, he stood in the shadow for a few seconds to ascertain whether he was pursued, and finding that all was still within the cottage, he looked about for the old track with which he had been familiar many years before, and then flinging himself down by the rocks, he descended from crag to crag, through winding paths, till he reached the strand. A natural cavern flooded by the waters of the bay, formed a shelter for a boat that lay tossing up and down in the darkness. The boat was moored to a fragment of rock. It was the work of a moment to loosen the rope, and spring in. A few strokes of the oar carried him up the beach to that point where the Meeting Rocks jutted over the waves. The darkness of the night massed all objects into one vast sheet of gloom; but as Terry neared the rocks, a light figure gradually became visible.

"Are you alone?" inquired Terry.

"Yes."

"Do not tremble—place your foot upon the oar—and give me your hand." He reached out his hand, and placed an oar from the edge of the boat to the strand. In one moment more the boat was cutting rapidly against the waves.

In the meanwhile the people in the cottage were relieved by the return of Hugh from the discussion of the dilemma which Terry had submitted to their consideration. Upon being informed of what had taken place, which he gathered rather imperfectly from the crude and conflicting statements with which he was stunned on his arrival, his first impulse was to go in quest of Martha, and accordingly, followed by the whole party, he rushed out on the cliffs. Every nook and cranny was explored from the barn to the roof in vain. They stopped and listened at intervals, but could hear nothing except the sullen plashing of the waters, and the distant soughing of the winds. There, collected on the edge of the precipice, peering into the darkness, and hardly daring to breathe to each other the gloomy suspicions that took possession of them, stood the bridegroom and his friends, hoping against hope, and watching for chances that never came.

By the time they were all concentrated on this spot, which looked out over the bay, Teague had succeeded in getting his apparatus ready for firing the heap of combustibles he had prepared half-way down the rocks. On a sudden the whole mass was ignited, and flung its broad red light to a considerable distance over the strand and the waters. Objects, before invisible, now became fitfully apparent; and the gazers on the cliff were enabled to discern a small boat directing its

course across the bay to the opposite coast of Galway. When poor Teague afterwards learned who was in that boat, he was ready to chop off his right hand that set fire to the brands which revealed to his brother the flight of his bride.

The story is a true one—romantic as it may appear. That night Terry and Martha reached Galway in safety, and were married by a priest within a quarter of an hour after they landed. It was no use to dispute the legality of the proceeding, even if the low estate of the chief actors in it had not rendered such a measure impossible. It was a clear case of abduction by consent; and Hugh, who could not bear the spot where he had suffered this grievous humiliation, soon afterwards went out of the country, and left Terry and Martha free to the realization of their dream of early love.

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"At Fougères I met with the Marquis de la Rouërie, who was good enough to furnish me with a letter of introduction to General Washington. The marquis, upon whom the name of Colonel Armand had been bestowed by the Americans, had distinguished himself in their great struggle for independence; he afterwards became still more celebrated on account of his mixing himself up in the royalist conspiracy. He was the rival of Lafayette and Lauzun, though he possessed much greater talent than either of them; but he had fought many more duels than the former, and had carried off a great many more actresses from the opera than the latter. His manners were exceedingly elegant, yet he was a fine manly fellow, and very handsome; he resembled strikingly some of the portraits of the young nobles of the League.

"On reaching Philadelphia, I found that Washington was not there, and that it would be nearly ten days before he would return. When I saw him pass in a carriage and four with outriders, my astonishment was considerable. Washington, according to my ideas, was necessarily a Cincinnatus; now Cincinnatus riding in a carriage rather upset my Roman Republic of the year '96. Was it possible that Washington the president could assume any other character than that of a plain rustic following his plough? When I went to him with my letter of introduction, however, I found all the simplicity of the old Roman. The palace of the President of the United States was only a small house, exactly like those which joined it. There were no guards, not even men-servants, in attendance. The door was opened to me by a young girl, of whom I inquired whether the general was at home, and on her answering in the affirmative, I mentioned that I had a letter which I wished to present to him myself. She asked me for my name, which she found much difficulty in pronouncing, and at length she said very quietly, 'Walk in, sir.' I followed her through one of those narrow passages which are called halls in English houses, and she soon showed me into a parlour, where she begged me to wait while she went to announce me to the general.

"In a few minutes he came into the room. He was very tall, and the expression of his countenance appeared to me cold and stern rather than dignified. I gave him my letter without speaking, and as soon as he had opened it, he turned hastily to the signature, which he read aloud with an exclamation of astonishment, 'Colonel Armand!' The Marquis de la Rouërie had so signed himself, and Washington always spoke of him by this name. We sat down, and I endeavoured, as far as possible, to explain the object of my voyage to him, he answered me only in French and English monosyllables, and evidently listened to me with considerable astonishment. I soon perceived it, and said to him rather warmly, 'But it is not so difficult to discover the north-west passage as to form a people such as you have formed.' 'Well, well! young man,' and he held out his hand, and after inviting me to dine with him the next day, we separated.

"I did not fail to keep this engagement. There were only five or six persons at table besides myself, and the conversation turned upon the French Revolution. The general showed us a key which belonged to the Bastille: three years later the President of the United States might have been presented with the bolt which belonged to the prison of the unfortunate monarch who gave liberty to France as well as to America; but if Washington had seen *les vainqueurs de la Bastille* in the kennels of Paris, he would not have treasured his relic quite so much. I took leave of my host about ten o'clock at night, and I never saw him afterwards: he left the following day, and I too set out on my journey. I travelled in a kind of stage-coach from Philadelphia to New York, a very gay city, which carried on considerable commerce and contained a large population, but which was probably very different to what it is likely to become in a few years, for the United States increase much more rapidly than my memoirs. I made a pilgrimage to Boston, in order to gaze upon the field where the first battle for American liberty was fought. I beheld the fields of Lexington, and sought, as afterwards in Sparta, for the graves of those warriors who died 'in obeying the sacred laws of their country.' From New York I took the steamer to Albany. On my arrival, I went immediately to a Mr. Swift, to whom I had a letter of introduction. This Mr. Swift traded in furs with those Indian tribes which were included in the territory which England had made over to the United States: for in America both the republican and monarchical civilized powers share without the least ceremony those territories to which they have no manner of claim.

"After Mr. Swift had listened calmly to my plan, he pointed out to me some very reasonable difficulties which there would be in carrying it out. In the first place, he explained to me that it would be quite impossible for me to undertake a scheme of so much importance alone, unsupported by any authority, without even having been recommended to the English, American, and Spanish stations through which I should be compelled to pass; so that, perhaps, after I had successfully journeyed through many vast wildernesses, I should at length come upon frozen regions, and very likely perish with cold and hunger. He advised me first to accustom myself to the climate, and persuaded me to learn the various Indian dialects of the Sioux, the Iroquois, and the Esquimaux, to live among the hunters of the prairies, and with the agents of the Hudson Bay Company. He observed that after I had gained some necessary experience, and made myself acquainted with some few details, I could then, very probably, in about four or

five years, with the aid of the French government, set out on my hazardous undertaking. This advice did not at all please me, though I could not help acknowledging to myself that it was very sensible. I do really believe, if I had followed my first impulse, that I should have started at once for the North Pole with as little hesitation as I should have set off from Paris to Pontoise. I endeavoured, however, to conceal my vexation as well as I could from Mr. Swift, and asked him to be good enough to procure me a guide and some horses, in order that I might proceed to Niagara and Pittsburg. At Pittsburg I should go down the Ohio, and thus I should gather some useful information, which might afterwards be of advantage to me, for my first idea had never ceased to haunt me. Mr. Swift engaged a Dutch guide for me, who was able to speak several of the Indian dialects: I bought two horses, and bade adieu to Albany.

"On entering those gigantic forests, where the lofty timber had never yet been cut down, I was almost intoxicated with the unrestrained feeling of liberty which I experienced: I started from tree to tree, and flew from right to left, exclaiming rapturously, 'Here, at least, are no roads, no cities, no monarchy, no republic, no presidents, no kings, and not even men!" and in order fully to enjoy my newly-acquired liberty, I performed the most extravagant freaks, much to the annoyance of my guide, who seemed to think that I must be out of my senses.

"I bought myself a complete costume of some Indians, two bear-skins, one for a kind of demi-toga, and the other to make a bed at night; in addition, I purchased a cloth-cap and a loose sort of coat, the shoulder-belt of the prairie-hunters, and the horn to call my dogs about me. I permitted my hair to flow over my uncovered throat and wore my beard very long. I looked not unlike a savage, a bold hunter, or a missionary. On reaching the lake of the Ondagas, the Dutchman selected a suitable spot for pitching our tent; a river flowed out of the lake, and we chose our resting-place near the bend of this river. We fastened little bells to our horses' necks, and let them loose in the adjacent wood, but they did not stray far from our tent. When I bivouacked, fifteen years afterwards, on the sands of the desert of Sabba, on the borders of the Dead Sea, a short distance only from the Jordan, our beautiful and almost intelligent Arabian steeds seemed actually to be listening to the scheik's stories, and to be quite interested with the history of Antar and Job's horse.

"As it was not more than four o'clock in the afternoon, I took my gun and wandered a little distance from our temporary resting-place, but there were not many birds; a solitary couple only flew before me, like the birds which I pursued in my father's woods. From the colour of the male I recognised the white sparrow, *Passer nivalis* of the ornithologist. I heard also the scream of the ospray. The next day I went to pay a visit to the sachem of the Ondagas: I reached his village about ten o'clock in the morning. I was immediately surrounded by a number of young savages, who addressed me in their own language, interspersed occasionally, however, with some English sentences and a few French words. They made a great noise, and appeared quite as delighted to see me as some of the first Turks with whom I met at Coron, when I landed on Grecian soil. The sachem of the Ondagas was an old Iroquois, in the strictest sense of the word; he gave me a good reception, and made me sit down upon a mat. As he spoke English and understood French, and as my guide was

acquainted with Iroquois, we conversed very easily with each other.

"Among other things, the old man remarked, that though his nation had been at war with ours, he had always held it in high estimation. He complained much of the Americans; he considered them grasping and unjust, and regretted very much that in the division of the Indian territory his tribe had not increased the English portion.

"The women prepared us a repast. Even amidst European civilization hospitality is a virtue carried to a much less extent than among savages; the hearth with them was formerly as sacred as the altar. When a tribe was driven from its own woods, or a man came to crave hospitality, the stranger began by performing what was called the suppliant's dance, and the child of the owner of the dwelling came to the threshold of the door and exclaimed, 'Behold a stranger!' and the chief replied, 'Child, bring the man into the hut.' The stranger entered under the child's protection, and seated himself at the hearth, and the women sang the song of consolation—'The stranger has found a mother and a wife; the sun will rise and set for him as formerly.' After a short stay, my guide and I mounted our horses and set out on our way to Niagara. We had only eight or nine miles to reach our destination, when we perceived, through a grove of oaks, that a fire had been kindled by some savages who had halted on the border of a stream, where we had ourselves calculated upon bivouacking. We availed ourselves of their preparations, and sat cross-legged, like tailors, near their blazing pile, in order that we might cook some maize. The family consisted of two women, two infants at the breast, and three warriors. The conversation became general; I joined in it with a great deal of gesture, but with very few words. At length everybody fell asleep, exactly in the place where they were seated, and I was the only one who remained awake. I moved a little distance off, and reclined on the trunk of a tree which was on the border of a stream. The moon was visible through the tops of the trees; she, the lovely queen of the night! brought with her a perfumed breeze from the East, her own sweet breath, with which she softly fanned the leaves in the forests, before she rose in all her majesty. A solitary star took its course calmly through the heavens: sometimes it could be distinctly seen, and then it was hidden by a bank of clouds which looked like a lofty chain of mountains crowned with snow. Profound silence would have reigned but for the occasional fall of leaves, the musical murmuring of the wind, and the distant sound of the rushing waterfall of Niagara.

"The next day the Indians prepared for departure, the men armed themselves, and the women gathered up the baggage. We touched each other's forehead and breast, and said farewell; the warriors shouted the word for marching, and moved forward; the women walked behind, with their children fastened to their backs; I watched the whole troop till they disappeared amidst the trees of the forest. After staying two days longer in the Indian village, and taking the opportunity of dispatching a letter to M. Malesherbes, I set out for Niagara. We were four leagues from the cataract, and we found that it would take us as many hours to reach it. When we were about six miles off, a column of vapour discovered to me where the waterfall was situated. My heart beat strangely with a mixture of joy and awe as I entered the wood which was to unveil to me one of the grandest spectacles which nature has ever offered to the eyes of

man. We dismounted, and led our horses by the bridle. We soon came to some shrubs and thickets on the banks of the river Niagara; I, however, continued to move forward, till the guide suddenly dragged me back by the arm, just as I was on the brink of the cataract, and on the point of being carried away by the force of the water, which swept forward with the velocity of an arrow. It did not boil and foam, but glided down the rock's declivity in one glassy sheet. The guide still held my arm, for it seemed as if the rush of water must drag me along with it; nay, I almost felt an inclination to throw myself in it.

"I had wound my horse's bridle round my arm; suddenly a serpent made its appearance in the bushes; my horse became so frightened that it reared and backed towards the waterfall. I could not disengage my arm from the reins; the poor animal grew still more restive, and dragged me after him. His fore feet had already quitted the ground, and he had thrown himself on his haunches, on the brink of the abyss, the reins alone prevented him from falling; but my business was settled as soon as he perceived the fresh danger that awaited him, for he sprang, with one bound, into the middle of the abyss, carrying me with him.

"This was not the only accident I encountered at Niagara. There was a ladder of twigs by which the Indians descended into the lower basin, but it was broken, and as I was anxious to see the cataract from below as well as from above, I determined to venture, in spite of the representations of my guide, along the side of an almost perpendicular rock. Notwithstanding the roaring of the water, which frothed beneath me, I did not feel the least giddy till I was within forty feet of the bottom, but at this point the rock was so bare and perpendicular, that I could not any longer hold by it, and I remained suspended by one hand, with which I had seized the last root, feeling every minute as if my fingers must give way from the weight of my body. Few men could have spent, in the whole course of their lives, two such awful minutes as I passed on this occasion. At length my hand became incapable of retaining its grasp, and I fell, but, by a wonderful piece of good fortune, I alighted on the slope of a rock, upon which it seemed impossible that I could have escaped being dashed to pieces, and yet I did not feel very much hurt. I was only half a foot from the abyss, and I had not fallen into it; but when the cold and the damp began to affect me, I found that I was more injured than I had at first imagined, for my left arm was broken just below the elbow. My guide, who was gazing upon me from above, and to whom I called for assistance, went immediately to seek for some savages. They carried me up in a kind of hammock of skins, and conveyed me to their village. As I had only met with a simple fracture, two laths, a bandage, and a sling, were all that was necessary for my cure.

"I stayed about ten days with my physicians, the Indians. I saw the tribes which came from those territories situated on the south and east of the Lake Erie, and from the Strait, and I endeavoured to gain information about their manners, by giving them little presents, I soon learned much that was curious concerning their ancient customs, for many of these customs no longer exist, though even at the commencement of the American war the Indians ate their prisoners, or, more frequently perhaps, killed them. An English captain was once drawing up a ladle full of soup out of an Indian porridge pot, when he perceived that he had brought up a hand.

"I wished very much to hear some of the Indian airs. A little Indian girl, about fourteen, called Mila, belonging to the party of savages who nursed me, and who was exceedingly pretty (the Indian women are only pretty at that age), sung me a very pleasing melody, to the following couplet, quoted, I believe, by Montaigne:—'Adder, stay awhile; stay yet a little while, oh, shining adder! that my sister may fashion after the rich fancy of thy skin a glorious zone, which I may give unto my beloved; henceforth shalt thou be preferred before all serpents for thy beauty and thy wisdom.'

"The tribe to which Mila belonged took their departure, and my Dutch guide refused to accompany me any farther than the cataract, therefore I paid him, and joined myself to a party of traders who were setting off to go down the Ohio. Before we started, I cast a last look upon the lakes of Canada. It is impossible to conceive a more desolate scene than those lakes present; nothing meets the eye but a wide waste of water, which joins a wilderness, and solitudes succeed to solitudes. After we left the lakes we came in to Pittsburg, at the conflux of the rivers Kentucky and Ohio. The landscape at this point is truly magnificent, yet this beautiful country is called Kentucky, from the name of its river, which signifies, river of blood. To its beauty it owes this name. For more than two centuries the tribes on the Cherokee side, and those on the side of the Iroquois, disputed the right of hunting over it. I became so enchanted with my wanderings, that I no longer thought of my voyage to the Pole, and as I met with some more traders who were journeying from the Creeks in the Floridas, and who were civil enough to allow me to travel with them, we set out towards those territories which were then known under the general name of the Floridas, but where, in the present day, the States of Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina extend. A fresh wind favoured us. The Ohio, which was swollen by a hundred rivers, sometimes became lost in the lakes which met us on our passage, and sometimes amidst woods. In the middle of the lakes were islands; we steered our course towards one of the largest, and landed upon it about eight o'clock in the morning. I passed through a meadow covered with a sort of yellow-groundsel, and a variety of other bright flowers. An Indian ruin caught my eye. How powerfully was I impressed by the striking contrast which existed between this decayed monument of mankind, and the freshness and beauty of the surrounding landscape. What people could have inhabited this isle, what name did they bear, and from what race did they spring, were the questions which rapidly suggested themselves to me. I discovered more ruins and some tumuli peeping out from masses of crimson poppies. There was a little stream in this island, garlanded with flowers; around it buzzed myriads of ephemeral insects; varieties of beetles and butterflies, with brilliant wings, added their many colours to the numberless flowers with which the meadow was covered. The savages of Florida tell you that there is an island in one of the lakes, where the most beautiful women in the world have their dwelling. The Muscogulgues several times attempted its conquest, but this Eden seemed suddenly to disappear before their eyes, when they had reached it with their canoes, exactly like those chimeras which take wing when we desire to give them form. This island contained also a fountain, the waters of which renewed youth in those persons who drank it.

"We soon had occasion to believe that some of these tales were on the point of being realized, for at the moment when we least expected

it, we perceived a flotilla of canoes, some with sails and some with oars, which gradually approached our island and at length landed. They brought two families from the Creeks; one was of the tribe Seminola, and the other of that of the Muscogulgues; there were also some Cherokees of the party. The Seminolas and the Muscogulgues are rather tall, but their mothers, wives, and daughters form a strange contrast to them, being the smallest race of women in America. The Indian women who came upon shore had in their veins a mixture of Cherokee and Castilian blood and were decidedly tall; two among the number were like the creoles of St. Domingo and of the Isle of France, but they were sallow and delicate like the women of the Ganges. These two interesting creatures were the models from which I drew Atala and Celuta, only that I found it impossible to give an adequate idea of the variety of expression which their countenance and feelings were capable of assuming. There was a sort of indescribable charm in their oval faces, in their dusky complexions, their shining jet hair, their beautiful eyes and long silken eyelashes, and their soft velvet lids which they lifted so lazily—they united, in short, all the fascination of the Indian and Spanish woman.

"The addition which this fresh arrival made to our party caused us to look out for other quarters, and we accordingly resolved to take up our abode where we could meet with horses. The plain upon which we pitched our tent was covered with bulls, cows, bisons, buffaloes, horses, cranes, turkeys, and pelicans. While the hunters went forth to their daily occupations, I remained with the women and children. I determined not to quit my two sylvan beauties. One was haughty, the other was sad. I could not understand a word they said, and they were quite as unable to comprehend me; but I brought them water in their little goblet, branches for their fire, and gathered mosses for their couch. They wore a short petticoat, large sleeves slashed *à l'Espagnole*, and the Indian bodice and cloak. Their naked legs were ornamented with strips of the bark of the birch-tree; they bound flowers in their hair, and decked themselves with glass-bead chains and necklaces. They had a little parrot which chattered, sometimes it would fasten on their shoulder like an emerald, and sometimes they would carry it hoodwinked on their hand, as the great ladies of the fifteenth century carried their hawks. I amused myself in adorning their heads with a kind of drapery. They submitted very gently, though, as they believed in magic, they imagined I was weaving some spell around them. One of them, she who was haughty, prayed frequently; indeed, she appeared to me almost half a Christian. The other chanted something in a very melodious voice, but at the end of each sentence she uttered a painful cry. Occasionally they spoke quite eagerly to each other, and I fancied that I could detect something like jealousy in their expressions; but the melancholy one wept, and then they were both silent. When night set in I quitted my companions, and sought repose under a group of trees, the thickly-tangled branches of which completely sheltered me. A variety of shining insects sparkled in the bushes, but as they flitted nearer the moonbeams, their brilliant colours became eclipsed. I listened to the ebb and flow of the lake, and distinguished the leaps of the golden fish, and the unfrequent cry of the plunging duck. I gazed upon the waters till sleep gradually stole over me, that sleep which is known only to those who have traversed the wide world."

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Liberty of Rome; a History. By Samuel Eliot. 2 vols. Bentley: London.

The literature of America is yearly increasing in interest and importance, and must, from its intrinsic excellence, become more and more popular with the English public. The New World gives rise to new ideas, to new thoughts on old subjects; and there is a peculiar freedom of thought, and an originality of conception, in the American writers of late years, and they are evidently inclined, and from various circumstances, induced to go beyond the usual range of European thought,—in the treatment equally as in the selection of their subjects. They show, moreover, an increasing desire to grapple with subjects requiring great reading and severe study, much patient research, much close and persevering investigation, and the result of their labours, in every department of literature, in which they have laboured, is highly satisfactory and highly encouraging.

The History before us, of the Liberty of Rome, is a proof in point—for it is not a history of the olden time wrought out chiefly from a modern writer's imagination—not a history built upon some fanciful theory, nor written to establish certain political principles, but a veritable history of facts, compiled from existing historical documents, and which have the authority of very great names for their claim to our attention: thus we must combine with the name of Eliot, the names of Livy, of Dionysius, of Cicero, and, indeed, of all the old writers upon Roman history and jurisprudence, and to these we might add the modern but still renowned names of De Sevigny and Walter, with other German writers of high repute upon Roman civil law.

Nevertheless, this history is perfectly original, both in its general plan and its details; we had nothing before like it, no one had previously thought out the design of it, and yet we now see of how large a stock of information we should have been deprived through the want of it. The title, however, very feebly expresses what the contents of the book are, and what is the moral they would teach; since no common subject has Mr. Eliot chosen to work upon, and no common motives have urged him to write at all; but he writes as the true patriot, and the sincere Christian should write, to instruct and to benefit mankind; he writes to prove what true liberty is, how only it can be gained by a nation, how only preserved; and the reverential spirit in which he writes, peculiarly claims our notice and our admiration;—"The universality of the Divine government, as the spring of all human responsibilities, is," in his judgment, "the ground-work of every history that deserves the name; and to be made of any efficacy, it must not only inform us in regard to the past, but console us with regard to the future." What other historian could we name, who commenced his work with this acknowledgment, and under this impression; and yet how highly is the history of a nation, ennobled by its combination with revelation; and how highly instructive it becomes, when man's doings are seen in con-

nection with their Creator's designs:—"I have, therefore, endeavoured," says Mr. Eliot, "to represent the history of antiquity as that of a period over which Providence was as continually watchful as over our own, and yet without venturing to introduce any religious meditations or aspirations."

We are quite safe with a writer who could feel and say this; and we were sure when we read it, that we had to do with an author who would think out his thoughts for himself, upon sound Christian principles, and who would say whatever he did think of classes or persons, very decisively and very charitably; nor has the perusal of these volumes done otherwise than impress us with equal respect and admiration for the heart and the understanding of the writer; his subject, an exceedingly difficult one, has been masterly handled; such liberty as Rome at all times had, from the period of the foundation to the close of the Republic, is clearly shown—and all the chief actors in those many extraordinary scenes, of which Rome was so long the theatre, are brought successively, and with powerful dramatic effect, under our observation. Never since the days they lived on the earth were the hearts and the objects of the old Roman chiefs and legislators so closely and so severely scrutinised as they are in these volumes; the tendency of their every speech and deed,—to increase or to diminish the liberty of the people—is closely looked into; and the struggles of factions, their several objects and results, the fate of their leaders, is told in a simplicity and force of language that rivets the attention of the reader to the narrative of the writer.

Indeed, a more stirring and exciting narrative we have never read, than that of the Gracchi, with whose failure Mr. Eliot connects the failure of liberty in Rome; but the chapters that follow, upon Marius, and Scilla and Pompey, and especially of Cicero, are admirably written, and display a thorough acquaintance with his subject with a rare facility and comprehensiveness of language. The whole work is, in fact, a profoundly philosophical work, in which there is more deep and earnest thought than is usually to be found in a hundred octavo volumes—and although it is a history of an exclusively Pagan people, yet it is so written, as deeply to interest and largely to instruct all Christian nations; it is written, we may say, for our improvement, and for our guidance, and contains much acute and able reasoning upon liberty, and upon the multiplied and unconquerable difficulties that every heathen nation met with in their endeavours to engraft it into their institutions. We dread definitions, generally, of abstract terms, such as liberty, or good government, which, in their aggregate, mean a great deal, but which to define is usually to mystify; but Mr. Eliot's definitions are more than usually free from the too common objection; he defines liberty as the means of exercising power, while the possession of power, he contends, is worth nothing without its employment in liberty; and he marks three degrees of power in man, the physical, intellectual, and moral, and three degrees of liberty—the personal, social, and political; and as without moral powers there can be no rightful and fruitful use of liberty among men, so, he argues, that the liberty so defective in ancient times, combined with the religions so pernicious, were the causes of the very insufficient civilization; and that unless religion provides the desire to be strong and wise, and liberty adds the ability to become so—there can be no abiding civilization with any people.

The history of the world, ever since it began to provide materials for history, is in perfect agreement with Mr. Eliot's opinion; indeed, the facts of history forced him to this conclusion; he has in consequence, in these volumes, spoken not of the liberty of Rome only, but of the liberty of still more ancient nations; of India, Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, of the Greeks, and the Jews; the kind and the degree of liberty prevailing among these several people, or as the author would call it, the quantity and the quality which belonged to them; and as Roman history is the conclusion of ancient history, and Rome came in contact with all the then known nations of antiquity, and conquered most, and imposed her laws on most, it is a very proper subject of inquiry, whether any and what freedom was to be found among the various nations she subdued, and whether she herself improved upon her own institutions, and benefited her own citizens by the better legislation she found elsewhere.

Mr. Eliot thinks and says that no race of which the memory has been retained on the earth, ever lived for itself alone, and that the purposes for which they were, one after another, brought into existence, we may most profitably inquire into, and for practically useful purposes to our own generation, provided we inquire, "in that largeness of heart toward men, and that devotion of spirit towards God, which can alone suffice to the knowledge of the utility of any history." So, after a brief and most interesting survey of the liberty, such as it was, of the most celebrated of the ancient nations, and of the prostration of heathen civilization generally, he leads us to Rome, the great conqueror of all, and to reflections on her laws and institutions, her great advantages, and her signal failures; and, accounting the fall of Rome as the fall of heathenism, he writes this history that we may, with him, "comprehend the manner in which strength so wide was obtained, and dissolution so universal was accomplished."

But valuable as undoubtedly we consider this history in itself to be, and especially in opening new trains of thought upon a subject, for which modern Rome, together with almost every nation in Europe, is now struggling and contending, yet is its value greatly enhanced by its forming one of a series of works—on the Liberty of Nations; this, on the Liberty of Rome, is to be followed by one on the Liberty of the Early Christian Ages; and this by another, on the Liberty of the Middle Ages to the Reformation; then of the Liberty of Europe since the Reformation, together with the Liberty of England, and the Liberty of America. These are immense undertakings, for which the longest life, the most vigorous powers, and the most intense application of mind and thought to the work, would be no more, if not less, than sufficient; but still, no one, we are convinced, could better complete this vast design, nor even attempt it, than he who has proposed it, and burdened himself with it, and pledged himself to it; and the man is precisely suited to the work, his talents and his attainments, especially qualifying him for the office, with all its labours, and all its honours of historian, of the liberty of all civilized nations. Had his views of liberty been otherwise than rational; had he been fettered by systems or crotchets of any kind; had he taken any one state or nation as a model, and judged of the liberties of every other people by that one standard, we should have given but little heed to his present book, and should have taken but little interest in his further proceedings—but writing as he does write,

he commands both interest and attention; he takes the most enlarged views of his subject; he brings the whole of the past ages connectedly under our observation, linking the past with the present, and proving that whatever was done in times gone by, is by no means unimportant to us now, but affords to us still most valuable lessons of instruction, and sure beacons for our guidance or avoidance; he has besides a clear comprehension of what the word liberty, as applied to a nation, means, equally of what it consists, and of the circumstances which render its attainment by any people possible or impossible. The sooner, therefore, the second work in the series follows upon the first the better—the first has established Mr. Eliot's reputation as an historian, and as an historian inferior to none, and superior to most, in the extent of his readings, the soundness of his conclusions, the philanthropy of his feelings—in his freedom from all prejudices,—and in the sincerity and strength of his religious principles.

Scripture Sites and Scenes, from actual survey, in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine. Hall and Co., London.

Scripture Sites and Scenes must ever form a delightful subject to read of and to think upon; and they are here in great abundance, neatly compressed, and comprised in a charming little volume of less than two hundred pages, and which is moreover adorned with more than half a hundred of engravings, on wood and on steel, of places and objects that will ever interest the Christian world, more than all else in the world besides. The scenes of the Exodus are very admirably described, and a map of the Peninsula of Mount Sinai enables the reader to trace, with the greatest exactness, the daily journeyings of the Israelites after their departure from Egypt; as the dozen or more of views of the scenery on the route, enables him also to understand why four or five millions of people should complain that they were led out from the fruitful land they had left, to pass through such sterile tracts and all but impassable defiles. The three engravings of the three several mountains, which divide between them the public opinion as to which is the actual mount upon which Moses received the law, are beautifully executed; and what is said in the letterpress upon the subject is well said, and gives, clearly and briefly, all the information we can require, or indeed are ever likely to receive.

It is in the country below Mount Sinai, and on the face of every rock that is accessible, and on some that are now inaccessible, that we meet with those mysterious Sinaitic characters and inscriptions which have hitherto baffled all human learning to decipher, and all human ingenuity to account for. They form the subject of some of the engravings in this volume; but, if report speaks true, we shall very soon be able to read these with the same facility as we read our own language, since "the Rev. Mr. Foster," says this writer, "who is so well known as the author of a work on "the Arabians," and who so astounded the religious world by his observations upon Mohammed, and his Koran, and his creed, is now engaged in an elaborate essay on the subject of this and other obscure inscriptions throughout the world, and is said to have translated more than a hundred of the Sinaitic inscriptions, and to have proved them to be records of various incidents in the Exodus." This is wonderful, indeed, if true.

The observations upon that fearful desert, the Arabah Valley, will be new to many, as well as the fact that in its whole length of one hundred miles, it falls away from the head of the Akaba Gulf of the Red Sea, till it joins the Dead Sea—and the waters of the Dead Sea are in consequence probably two hundred feet below the waters of the Red Sea. About half way up this sandy valley is Petra, in the neighbourhood of Mount Hor: this city of ruins the writer visited, and some beautiful views and excellent descriptions he has given us of one of the most remarkable places ever seen or inhabited by man.

But Jerusalem, Jerusalem, is necessarily the object with all who travel to the Holy Land, and about one-third of the volume is devoted to the past and present condition of the once Holy City. Three several engravings of rare excellence, give from different hills, general views of the entire city, and about a score of views are added of the most interesting localities, and portions within it and around it. So far as it is possible to gain a clear knowledge of Jerusalem without personally inspecting it, this little volume will give it; and the author merits our warmest thanks for the very great care and thought he has bestowed upon this portion of his work, and for making this most interesting of all the cities on the earth so perfectly well known to us. Mr. Catherwood, whose panorama of Jerusalem, some years since, so instructed and delighted us, has added a short paper, and a highly interesting one it is, upon his daring exploit in venturing without authority into the courts of the great Mosque of Omar, and remaining there for six weeks, taking notes and sketches of every thing that is remarkable within it. Until he told us, no one in Europe knew with what surpassing elegance this Mosque is finished in its internal decorations, or that there is within it fifty-six pointed windows, filled with the most beautiful stained glass imaginable, perhaps of greater brilliancy than the finest specimens of our own cathedrals.

We should be truly glad if, before the second edition of this work came out, some judicious clerical friend was allowed to run his pen through some three or four passages which we believe that many persons will consider objectionable: this done, we should rejoice to see the book run through twenty editions; we would recommend it to the notice of every school and every family—no household should be without it, and it would form one of the most lastingly useful, and instructive, and pleasing gifts that any child could receive, or that any pious friend or parent could bestow.

Four Years in the Pacific, in her Majesty's Ship "Collingwood." From 1844 to 1848. By Lieut. the Hon. Fred. Walpole, R. N. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

A pleasanter book of travels than this we have not fallen in with for many a long day. Mr. Walpole inherits the vivacity of his famous ancestor, grafted upon a stronger constitution, and sustained by more robust animal spirits. He writes with the rapidity, freshness, and dash of a sailor, is a quick observer of national characteristics, and when he touches shore after a dreary voyage, and runs up to the nearest town, or takes a "jolly cruise" amongst the natives, he brings back a budget of stories and descriptions which he relates with a hearty gusto that communicates its hilarity to every page of his book.

The plan of the work is excellent. Instead of sitting down to a formal account of the places he visited during the four years he passed in the Pacific, Mr. Walpole seizes only upon the most prominent scenes and adventures, which he gives us in a succession of independent chapters, connected by an obvious continuity of design, but relieved of the dreary regularity of the log-book. We thus have the essence of his observations, without being required to distil it for ourselves from a heap of tedious details.

The voyage out is capitally described. We are introduced at once on board ship, and make familiar acquaintance with the ways of life at sea. We next touch at Madeira, of which we have a dashing panorama, then at Rio, Valparaiso, and Santiago, and so on to the principal points of interest in Chili, Peru, Mexico, and the islands of the Pacific, agreeably diversified by sketches of history, manners and costumes, distinguished by vigour and animation. In addition to the advantages of a lively and picturesque style, the work deserves high commendation for the valuable information it contains respecting those regions, and the social condition of the people. It abounds in traits of character, and developes with masterly ability the modes and habits of the strange varieties of races that populate the stretch of country from the Andes to the sea. The whole is written in a spirit of youth and enjoyment very rare in works of this description.

The first approach to Rio appears to have made a strong impression upon the author. The picture he gives of it is striking: the bay, with its clusters of islands covered with verdure, peaks and mountains on all sides, and the town rising from the waters, deeply embowered in trees, "lining the shores of quiet coves, or hanging on crags amidst huge boulders of rock." The vegetation is luxurious and profoundly green, and the soil is so fertile as to yield the largest possible returns from the smallest possible outlay of labour, a condition of things peculiarly adapted to the indolence of the inhabitants. In the midst of these prodigal gifts of Nature, we are suddenly checked in our enthusiasm by being carried into the slave-market, a miserable hole where young girls are sold by auction, and where even nigger babies are hawked about and offered to the passers-by "at a very small price, perhaps by their own mothers!" Mr. Walpole, as might be expected, shrinks from this institution of slavery, but thinks that the slaves are unfit for freedom, and that the work of emancipation must be left to time. He certainly goes to the root of the question when he says, that if there were no market for the slaves, they would be butchered at home, and that the only effectual remedy is to civilize and educate the rising generation in Africa. We entirely agree with him, but he has overlooked a slight difficulty in the way of his proposition—its utter impracticability.

The Portuguese settlements in the Brazils present this superiority over the Spanish settlements, that the people are more industrious and better off, and tolerably free from the taint of mendicancy. Mr. Walpole saw but one beggar at Rio, and he was an English gentleman—at least he said so. But it seems that the Spaniards hold the Portuguese in a sort of lofty contempt, natural enough, perhaps, in a race of men who will not work themselves, and who despise people who do. "Take from a Spaniard all his good qualities," they say, "and there remains a very respectable Portuguese." From this point we get a distinct perception of those national differences which enter into the whole business of

their lives. While the Brazils are comparatively prosperous, Chili and Perú, although making visible advances within the last quarter of a century, still lag heavily in the rear of civilisation. From the account which Mr. Walpole gives of the modes of travelling in these countries, the lasso bridges and other reliques of barbarous ages, it is evident that the efforts of the people towards the achievement of practical improvements are marvellously deficient in skill and energy.

Mexico appears to be in a worse condition than any of the neighbouring states. The seaport of San Blas, formerly a place of considerable traffic, is now reduced to the lowest state of wretchedness. The people live chiefly in rude huts, and the fine old houses of the town are deserted and falling into ruins. During Mr. Walpole's visit he was present at a grand *fiesta*, which drew out in full bloom the reckless character of the people. It consisted of dancing, music, and drinking, and lasted two nights and a day and a half. So great was the fearful excitement of the inhabitants, that they pawned everything they had, even to their swords, for drink, and money to gamble with. The fury of the scene rose to a pitch of delirious frenzy, which must have ended in a frightful carnage, if the women had not been careful to hide the weapons of the revellers. The passion for gambling is no doubt a legacy of the old Spanish settlers, but our author tells us that the Spaniard is free from the habit of intoxication, which prevails to an alarming extent amongst the lower classes of South America. The dregs of the worst vices of the early adventurers are thickly deposited in the rank soil.

Amongst the numerous passages of a novel and attractive kind which are scattered through these volumes, and to which our limits will permit us to make only a general allusion, we may draw attention specially to the sports and amusements of the people, the bull-fights, guanaca hunting in the Andes, the *fiestas* and *tertulias*, the pictures of in-door life, and life in the inns, and the visits to the islands of the Pacific, including sketches of Queen Pomare, and other royal and distinguished personages rendered famous by their local achievements, or by having been mixed up in disputes and negociations from which they have derived no further profit than a dismal notoriety. The work is liberally and tastefully illustrated, and presents, upon the whole, the most complete account extant of the social and scenic aspects of the wide extent of surface it traverses.

The King and the Countess. A Romance. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

A romance of the age of the Chevalier *sans peur, sans reproche*, full of movement, and developing some power of invention in the way of plot. This is the whole merit of the work; for the numerous scenes hang so loosely together that the main thread of the action is frequently lost in the confusion, and the personages introduced are so shadowy and insubstantial that the only interest they create lies in the *imbroglio* to which they contribute. Had this story been published in the days when Charlotte Smith and Mrs. Roche painted the distresses of ladies in hoops and friendless heroines, or even when Miss Porter awakened the public curiosity by her broad Polish *tableaux*, it might have commanded a wide audience. In the present day, such a romance is an

experiment on public taste. Nor is it unlikely that it may succeed to a certain extent, since there will always be found readers who are pleased with a fiction which undertakes to supply a view of history as superficial and elusive as the pictures in a magic lantern, and which furnishes a transitory entertainment without making any perceptible strain on the faculty of attention.

"The King and the Countess" is precisely of this class. The writer has read up the details of the history, and made acquaintance with the names of all the historical personages of the times of Francis I., and then mixing up truths and fable in a general whirl of incidents, has evolved a romance in which the critic detects a total want of art in the structure; and of passion, consistency and individuality in the characters. Fidelity to history, in the most prosaic sense, must not be looked for in a work of this description. Historical portraiture is out of the question. The most generous people come upon the scene and go off again without leaving the slightest impression behind, and when we have arrived at the close of the story we have about as distinct a notion of its material progress as if we had been watching the freaks of a phantasmagoria. Yet such is the rapidity with which we are carried along, as to produce at last a sort of heroic indifference to all historical obligations and truthfulness of delineation; and so, yielding to the torrent, away we go down the vagrant stream, at the height of a desperate enjoyment of wind and current, without any definite object whatever before us. There is some merit in being able to stimulate and sustain curiosity by any means; but with such a hero as Bayard, and such romantic sources to draw upon, it is surprising the writer should have failed in inspiring the subject with a higher human and chivalric interest.

Memoirs of the House of Orleans; including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most Distinguished Characters in France during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

The essence of this work is anecdote. The historical element which enters into its composition bears about the same proportion to the whole as vinegar in a French salad. It hardly flavours it; but it subdues the flavour of the rest, and makes the dish palatable. Dr. Taylor has mixed his ingredients so skilfully, and has so thoroughly *fatigué* them, that people who like the peculiar taste of the *Memoires pour servir* will recognise the hand of an artist in his delectable pages.

There was no other way to deal with the fortunes of the House of Orleans. From first to last, from Louis XIII., with whom the book begins, to Louis Philippe, with whom it ends, the main interest is of a personal character. The nature of the interest which attaches to these persons is a different question. A more complete record of royal criminalities of all sorts can hardly be conceived; yet, although English morality may shrink at the display, we are of opinion that Dr. Taylor has done good service in setting up a mirror in which to glass the true features of the Orleans family. Since the conduct of such people unavoidably enters into the very grain of history, and cannot be banished into oblivion, it was desirable that a dispassionate exposition of their lives should have been undertaken by some qualified writer, who had

nerve enough to sift the voluminous materials with which France is inundated on this subject. The task could not have fallen into safer hands. The examination of a great number of authorities has enabled Dr. Taylor to correct several popular errors and exaggerations, and to reduce a heap of scandalous innendos and apochryphal stories to their true value. He has set a series of remarkable portraits in a flowing and animated narrative; and it would not be easy to point out any work containing within the same compass such an extraordinary variety of curious personal details. The sketches of character are cleverly executed; the biographies of the principal members of the House of Orleans are as full as the most eager curiosity can desire; and, without being able to discover a solitary grace or noble quality in any one of his illustrious heroes, Dr. Taylor exercises so judicial a spirit in his delineation of them as to induce us to suspect, for the first time, that some of these great delinquents were not quite so black as they were painted.

The most imaginative romances are mere idle fantasies compared with the revelations of the private lives of the Orleans family. Vices of the courtly kind, and debaucheries of the lowest cast, ran in the blood of these Bourbons, and descended from father to son with unfailing regularity. The Regent Orleans carried the family licentiousness to a height probably unparalleled in the world; yet, admitting the depravity of his life, Dr. Taylor, we think successfully, relieves him of other charges of a darker kind. It was quite necessary to investigate all such charges, for the spirit of lampoon and defamation which prevailed in that age, and which has been sedulously cultivated in reference to it ever since, is not to be trusted unless better witnesses can be called into court to support its wanton accusations. If the speeches of the Regent and the young King, when the latter assumed the sovereignty, may be relied upon, the charges against the Regent of having contemplated the murder of his nephew was utterly groundless. The Regent may fairly be acquitted of so monstrous a design. He had enough to answer for, without having the catalogue increased by the iniquitous invention of his enemies.

Dr. Taylor has taken great pains with the character of Egalité, who, coming nearer to our own times, and being identified with events whose remote effects are still felt, may be expected to attract more attention than most of his predecessors. He vindicates him from part of the odium which attaches to his name, and is disposed upon the whole to regard him rather as a weak and vicious man, easily worked upon, than as an original criminal. There is some truth in this; but not the whole truth. Egalité was a vain man, a sensual and unscrupulous man, and a man of rash and blind impulses. He was not so facile as Dr. Taylor describes him to have been; he always believed, or thought, he had an object in view, and he was always ready to endeavour at its attainment by any means that lay within reach. It is very likely that such a character, trained under healthy influences, might have been rendered capable of good, although his frivolous and selfish nature must have shown itself under any circumstances. But we are bound to take him as we find him, and to judge of him, not by what he might have done in any other position, but by that which he did do in the position in which he was placed. If, intoxicated by applause, he fell into temptations that committed him to crime, it ought not to be forgotten that the station he occupied, the popularity he enjoyed, and the power he wielded, afforded

him an opportunity which no other man in the kingdom possessed, of rendering the most important services to his country. The excuse which is set up for him in the weakness of his character, and the temptations to which he was exposed, seems to us to be the heaviest condemnation that can be pronounced against him. Few men ever held in their hands such means of good, or abused them so grossly.

The life of Louis Philippe is traced down to his abdication, and we have more than enough of him, although Dr. Taylor apprehends that less space has been given to him than his readers will be prepared to expect. We confess we should havo been perfectly satisfied if even these particulars had been compressed within narrower limits.

We have been compelled, for the sake of brevity, to deal generally with this work. It is beyond the capacity of our pages to enter into details. But we cannot dismiss the volumes without observing that their anecdotical interest is sustained throughout with unflagging zest, and that we are not acquainted with any publication which throws so broad a light upon the intrigues, plots, and stratagems which marked the course of the long hereditary jealousy of the two branches of the Bourbons.

Dictionnaire Général, Anglais-Français et Français-Anglais; nouvellement rédigé d'apres Johnson, Webster, Richardson, &c. Par A. Spiers, Professeur d'Anglais à l'Ecole Royale des Ponts et Chaussées, au College Royal de Bourbon et à l'Ecole Spéciale du Commerce de Paris, &c. 2 tom. Baudry, Paris.

The reader who has had occasion to consult the French and English Dictionaries in general vogue must have been occasionally obstructed by some very embarrassing omissions, and perplexed by some equally embarrassing definitions. He has discovered, for instance, no equivalent in either language for the modern terms used on railroads and in steam-packets, and has learned, on the other hand, that the Louvre in Paris is the King's palace. Between the want of information applicable to the existing state of society, and the bountiful supply of information applicable only to a state of society long since extinct, most people who have opened these dictionaries for any more practical purpose than the gratification of curiosity must have found them something worse than useless. The cause of this is susceptible of a very simple explanation.

It is exactly one hundred and fifty years since Boyer published his French and English Dictionary. It was a great work in its way—a great pioneer for subsequent labourers, and received a sanction from the *savans* which established it at once as an authority. It would be a palpable injustice to deny to Boyer a fraction of the merit which belongs to every man who clears the ground in the first instance. His requisites for the task, however, were not of the highest order. His French was not pure; he was ignorant of the idiom of English; and, although not wanting in industry, he was utterly deficient in system. But his book was a boon at that time, and, even in its short-comings valuable as a precedent. Now, it will scarcely be credited that from that day to the present no attempt, worthy of being distinguished from tho mass of parroting vocabularies, has been made to improve upon the foundations of Boyer, or even to profit by his errors. In most cases he has been merely abridged, mutilated, and reprinted, all his obsolete words and

exploded interpretations carefully retained, and hardly anything new added. Not only is the ancient language preserved in its integrity, but the modern language, which has superseded it, is omitted; the compilers being apparently ignorant of the fact that the business of a new dictionary is much the same as that of a new almanack, and that it would be just as available for present purposes to reprint the first annual of Francis Moore, physician, as to supply us from time to time with modifications of Boyer.

This want of a French and English Dictionary, which should really reflect the language of the literature and life of our own times, was universally felt, when Professor Spiers, who occupies a distinguished position in the educational institutes of Paris, undertook to supply the *desideratum.* No man could be better qualified for such a labour. An Englishman by birth, and a Parisian by long residence, familiar with the idiomatic peculiarities of both languages from his daily habits and pursuits; possessed of great energy and perseverance, and commanding the best sources of information through the leading men of letters and science in England and France, he brought peculiar advantages to the undertaking. And, certainly, never was any work more conscientiously executed. Fourteen years of unremitting labour have been dedicated to the production of these volumes; and we do not in the slightest degree magnify their importance in saying that they constitute a monument of learning, diligence, and accuracy, which will transmit the name of their author to posterity as long as either language is read or spoken.

The special features of this dictionary may be briefly enumerated. It embraces all the words now used in the literature, arts, sciences, manufactures, trades, and professions of both countries, by which a vast accession is made to the international vocabulary. It gives the compounds of words, and all idioms and familiar phrases—features which have never before, obvious as is their utility, entered into the contemplation of the compilers of dictionaries. It distinguishes the literal from the figurative uses of words, and marks out obsolete words and words but little used, showing also the various kinds of style in which they are employed. In addition to these valuable, and, for the most part, novel elements, the system upon which the dictionary is arranged deserves the highest commendation. The various acceptations of words are exhibited in their logical order; and the reader, instead of being compelled to explore the different meanings of a word for that particular meaning which he wants, and which in the old dictionaries he is obliged to take upon speculation, is here guided at once by a distinct indication to the special sense he is in search of. All doubts and difficulties of every kind are removed by the admirable order in which the explanations and applications of words are set out. The modification of the sense by the addition of adjectives, prepositions, adverbs, &c., is shewn; all prepositions governed by verbs, adjectives, &c., are given; and all irregularities of pronunciation clearly explained. In short, this dictionary, in addition to being the fullest that has ever issued from the press, presents the most complete analysis of the mechanism of the two languages that has hitherto been attempted. It has already achieved the highest honour that can be conferred on such a work, having been adopted by the University of France for the use of the French Colleges, and been distinguished by the special approbation of the Institute.

Past and Future Emigration; or, the Book of the Cape. Edited by the Author of "Five Years in Kafirland." T. C. Newby.

The whole history of the Kafir wars and Boer disaffection is reopened in this volume. The question of emigration, which gives the title to the book, and which is the most attractive matter it contains, occupies an inconsiderable space. The emigrant, who is contemplating a visit to the Cape, and who consults the work in the hope of acquiring the practical information he requires, will, consequently, be disappointed.

So much has been already written about the Kafirs and the Boers, and the subject has been so thoroughly thrashed on both sides, that we could have spared the confused and declamatory details furnished by the author, who, Mrs. Ward informs us, is a military man. In common with most people of a sanguine temperament, who happen to be thrown into the midst of a colonial feud, the writer deals with his topic in the spirit of a heated and unreasoning partizan. He commits the usual mistake of supposing that we are all ignorant here at home of the true state of the case, and that we are greatly in want of such authorities as himself to enlighten us. It never occurs to him that a judicial judgment ought to be founded, not upon individual impressions, or *ex-parte* testimony, but upon well-attested facts, and the statements of opposite parties, upon a large collection of evidence. He would have us believe that the Boers are the most injured race on the face of the globe, although, with all his eagerness to sustain them, he finds it impossible to justify their proceedings. His efforts in that direction are ludicrous. The imperative duty forced upon the Government of refusing to negotiate with rebels, and the violation of all recognized law and authority committed by a handful of British subjects, in setting up an independent state of their own, appear to have escaped his consideration. He sees nothing but the grievances of the Boers, and the wilful ignorance of the authorities. It may be as well, once for all, to observe, that this question, like most others involving the interests of conflicting races drawn together under a common rule, is of a mixed and perplexing nature, and that great errors have been committed, both by the colonists and the Government. Nobody pretends that the administration of our colonies has been uniformly conducted on the wisest principles; but he who sets about the task of rectifying past mistakes, must bring to the undertaking a mind perfectly free from prejudices, and must remember, above all things, that it is essential to the maintenance of order that the authority of the Government be upheld under all circumstances. It is not suffered by any established constitution, and least of all by a free constitution which affords legitimate modes of redress by peaceful means, that people who complain of grievances should take the remedy into their own hands.

Mrs. Ward's chapters on emigration will be read with interest. They do not enter into much detail, but they supply an agreeable picture of the climate, scenery, and general resources of Southern Africa, a region which she considers preferable for the purposes of colonization to Australia or New Zealand. Her observations on the proposal for transporting convicts to the Cape betray so much incertitude of opinion, that they will hardly satisfy either the supporters or opponents of that measure.

Sketches of Character, and other Pieces in Verse. By Anna H. Potts. J. W. Parker.

A domestic morality pervades these little poems, which are entitled, from the purity of their sentiments, to gentle treatment. A true woman's nature is in every page, and although the lines are faulty in structure, and generally prosaic in the cast and turn of expression, we yet recur with pleasure to the healthy purpose which the author never fails to inculcate. She chiefly aims at developing the proper sphere of her sex, by pointing out the duties of women under the various circumstances in which they are placed, showing the importance of patience and forbearance, truthfulness and constancy, and a reliance upon the practical influence of religion. These topics are urged in various forms, with clearness and simplicity. There is not much imagination, and still less art, in the poems; and certainly their current value would have been considerably enhanced if the blemishes to which we have alluded, and which might have been easily removed, had been submitted to judicious revision before publication.

The Fortunes of Woman: Memoirs, Edited by Miss Lamont. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

The impression made by the early chapters of this novel is so disagreeable that it will require some courage on the part of the reader to proceed much further. If he advance he will discover evidences of unquestionable ability in the close texture of the characterization, in small touches of keen observation, and in the shrewd knowledge displayed here and there, not of the nobler elements of nature, but of the dark and mean aspects of society. If he read to the end, the final effect will be painful, such as may be expected to be produced by the application of cleverness and sagacity to a repulsive subject.

The novel is in the form of an auto-biography, and a glance at its main features will sufficiently indicate the sort of interest it inspires. Bessy Hummins tells her own story, and a strange story it is, quite true to the hard, selfish side of the English character, and showing by what patient, manœuvring, and artful ways low, cunning persons may finally succeed in turning adverse circumstances to their own advantage. She is the daughter of a shoemaker in a small village in one of the eastern counties. When she is about eight years of age, her mother, who is the village milliner, elopes with a lord; and even at this period the precocious child has such a worldly sense of things that when her schoolfellows reproach her with her mother's degradation, she partly replies that there is not a woman in the village who would not have done the same if the opportunity had offered. From this point the story starts, and from this incident it derives its constitutional complexion, as the flowers of bulbs are said to take their tints from colours laid at their roots.

She is taken under the protection of the ladies residing at the Hall, partly from commiseration of her destitute situation, and partly to remove her out of the scandal of the neighbourhood for the sake of his lordship's reputation. In this position she contrives to ingratiate herself with the family by the exercise of her skill in mimicry, her adroitness

in ministering to the vanities and follies of her superiors, by securing the confidence of the menials, developing a talent for listening and eaves-dropping, and making profitable use of personal foibles and domestic secrets. These odious qualities expand themselves more boldly afterwards in the larger and more ambitious transactions of life in which she becomes engaged; and if the portrait be one from which we instinctively shrink, it is only justice to the skilful hand by which it is drawn to observe that its consistency is wonderfully preserved to the end. Throughout the various scenes of her subsequent career, she never once deviates even by accident into an amiable weakness. Her whole purpose is to work her way to independence, and she achieves it at last by the steady exercise of minute artifices, constant vigilance, despicable flatteries, and a perpetual watchfulness over trifles, out of which she sedulously extracts the means of self-advancement, slight in themselves, but powerful when combined and rendered subservient to her final design. The course of her life is varied and crowded with adventures. She passes from one class of experiences into another; and becomes in turn a lady's maid, an assistant at a boarding-school, a private governess, and a confidante; undergoes numberless reverses, sometimes lifted to the height of good fortune, sometimes reduced to the narrowed straits, but still looking strenuously forwards, and terminating, after a course of marvellous stratagems, as mistress of the Hall which she originally entered as a ragged dependant. How she accomplishes this result, and the tortuous circumstances through which it is brought about must be learned from the novel itself. It is impossible to attempt even a skeleton outline of its vicissitudes.

The plan of the work, like that of Gil Blas, Chrysal, and similar fictions, introduces us from time to time to fresh groups of people; and those are so numerous as to distract attention from every object but the heroine who moves through them all. The canvas is terribly crowded, an obstacle to enjoyment which can be excused only by the unavoidable conditions of the framework. In most cases these new figures are ably, though briefly, sketched, and we have glimpses of character which exhibit considerable powers of observation directed, with few exceptions, to the detection of conventional vices, frailties, and the baser passions. In other cases, these rapid sketches are mere exaggerations thrown off with coarseness or frivolity. The movements of the story may be described in the same terms; in some instances the scenes are natural and life-like, and painted with accurate fidelity; in others, they are brought in to serve a purpose, and are distributed to serve it; and in some they are in the last degree strained and improbable. We have seldom fallen in with a novel exhibiting so much power in conception and occasional delineation, which was so singularly unequal in the execution.

The great merit of the book is in the portrait of the heroine. And this merit is of a high order. The great fault is in the selection of a character which, from the beginning to the end, cannot be regarded without aversion. We are not required to enter upon the question of the responsibilities of the writer of a novel in the choice of materials; but there can be no doubt that the author of this work has done injustice to her own talents in suffering the whole action of her story, or stories, to revolve round a being so utterly contemptible, selfish, and unloveable. The relief derived from the amiable ladies' of the Hall, and one or two other charac-

ters, whose virtues shine out like straggling lights through the narrative, is too slight to afford much alleviation of the unpleasant sensations with which we follow the wily course of the lady who sits in the Confessional.

It is desirable, on all accounts, that works of fiction, while they expose social delinquencies, should aim at the higher purpose of giving us something hopeful and strengthening to rest upon; and the author of this novel has but to exercise a sounder discretion in the selection of her subjects, if she would take the place amongst her contemporaries to which she is entitled by her knowledge of life and her literary power.

Excitement; a Tale of our Own Times. 2 vols. Orger and Meryon.

The title of this story hints at a moral which the incidents are intended to enforce. An irritable old gentleman, in a fit of rage arising from a difference of opinion on politial questions, dismisses from his house the accepted lover of his daughter, and afterwards, becoming reduced in circumstances by the failure of railroad speculations, endeavours to compel the lady into a marriage with a rich gambler. In the interval of banishment the true lover suffers under calumnies which inflict much anguish on his mistress; but her constancy triumphs in the end, and, her father having relented on his death-bed, the story winds up with a peal of marriage bells. It is thus that we are shown the danger of giving way to an excitable temperament, and of allowing political discussions to degenerate into formal controversies. The principal actors undergo a great deal of unnecessary misery, which the intervention of a little common sense might have averted from the beginning—a sort of wilfulness sufficiently common in real life to justify its employment by the novelist. But such subjects require a closer insight into the infirmities of nature than the author of this story exhibits. It is deficient in earnestness and power; the portraits are faintly coloured; the conversation languid and unreal; and although a certain quiet interest insensibly grows up as the tale advances, lack of skill in the treatment prevents it from making a strong or permanent impression. It is creditable to the author that he, or she, in publishing this book, is actuated by a better motive than that of literary ambition. The proceeds are intended for the benefit of an excellent charity, and the good intentions which pervade the story will amply justify the encouragement of its sale.

ondon Richard Bentley 1849

MEMOIR OF MISS PARDOE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

The lady whose portrait forms the illustration to our present number, is one who has largely ministered to the instruction, as well as the amusement of the age.

Miss Pardoe is the second daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, of the Royal Waggon Train, an able and meritorious officer, who, after having partaken of the hardships and shared the glories of the Peninsular campaigns, concluded a brilliant military career on the field of Waterloo, and has not since been engaged in active service. It is but doing bare justice to this amiable and excellent man to say that he was as much beloved by the men whom he commanded, as he was popular among his fellow-officers, and his honourable retirement is still cheered by the regard and respect of all who have ever known him.

Miss Pardoe gave promise, at a very early age, of those talents which have since so greatly distinguished her. Her first work, a poetical production, was dedicated to her uncle, Captain William Pardoe, of the Royal Navy, but is not much known, and though exhibiting considerable merit, will hardly bear comparison with her more mature and finished productions. The earliest of her publications which attained much notice, was her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," a book which was extensively read and admired. Written in early youth and amid all the brilliant scenes which she describes, there is a freshness and charm about it, which cannot fail to interest and delight the reader.

The good reception which this work met with, determined the fair author to court again the public favour, and she published several novels in succession—"Lord Morcar," "Hereward," "Speculation," and "The Mardyns and Daventrys." In these it is easy to trace a gradual progress, both in power and style, and the last-named especially is a work worthy of a better fate than the generality of novels. But we are now approaching an era in the life of Miss Pardoe. In the year 1836 she accompanied her father to Constantinople, and, struck by the gorgeous scenery and interesting manners of the east, she embodied her impressions in one of the most popular works which have for many years issued from the press. "The City of the Sultan" at once raised her to the height of popularity. The vividness of the descriptions, their evident truthfulness, the ample opportunities she enjoyed of seeing the interior of Turkish life, all conspired to render her work universally known and as universally admired. This was speedily followed by "The Beauties of the Bosphorus," a work, like "The City of the Sultan," profusely and splendidly illustrated, and this again by "The Romance of the Harem."

Miss Pardoe's powers of description and habits of observation, appeared to point out to her her line of literature, as peculiarly that of recording the wonders of foreign lands, and a tour which the

family made through the Austrian empire, enabled her to give the world the results of her observations on Hungary in that excellent work "The City of the Magyar," a work now more than ever deserving of public notice—less gay and glittering than "The City of the Sultan," her work on Hungary exhibits deeper research ; its statistics are peculiarly accurate ; and it is on all hands admitted to be one of the best books of travel ever submitted to the public.

A very short time after the publication of this work, appeared "The Hungarian Castle," a collection of Hungarian legends in three volumes, interesting on all grounds, but especially as filling up a very little known page in the legendary history of Europe.

About this time, Miss Pardoe, finding her health suffering from the too great intensity of study and labour to which she had subjected herself, retired from the great metropolis, and has since resided with her parents in a pleasant part of the county of Kent. The first emanation from her retirement was a novel entitled "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," a production which was eagerly read, and rapidly passed into a second edition. In due course of time this was followed by another—"The Rival Beauties." These tales are more able than pleasing; they are powerful pictures of the corruptions prevalent in modern society, and bear too evident marks of being sketches from the life. We have placed "The Rival Beauties" out of its proper order, that we may conclude by a notice of those admirable historical works on which Miss Pardoe's fame will chiefly rest: her "Louis the Fourteenth," and "Francis the First." The extremely interesting character of their times admirably suited Miss Pardoe's powers as a writer, and she has in both cases executed her task with great spirit and equal accuracy. The amount of information displayed in these volumes is really stupendous, and the depth of research necessary to produce it, fully entitles Miss Pardoe to take a very high rank among the writers of history.

Her style is easy, flowing, and spirited, and her delineations of character as vivid as they are just; nor would it be easy to find any historical work in which the *utile* is so mingled with the *dulce,* as in those of Miss Pardoe.

She is now, we hear with much pleasure, engaged on "A Life of Mary de Medici," a subject extremely suited to her pen.

Looking on her portrait, we may trust that she has half her life, or more, still in the future, and may reasonably look to her for many contributions to the delight and learning of ourselves and our posterity.

THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND THE ROYAL FAMILY WITH BISHOP HURD.

From 1776 to 1805.

Richard Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, was a very considerable man in his day. The friend and follower of Warburton, he could read this passage in a letter of his master, "of this Johnson, you, and I, I believe, think much alike," and not feel ashamed of the imputation of contemning so illustrious a man as the author of the English Dictionary. But the world, "which knows not how to spare," has long ago decided which was the greater man of the two; and accordingly, while every man is familiar with all that befel Johnson, the life of Hurd is known comparatively to few; for which reason we subjoin a short account of him.

Richard Hurd was born on the 13th January 1720, at Congreve, in the parish of Penkrich, Staffordshire. He was the second son of John and Hannah Hurd, who, he has himself told us, were "plain, honest, and good people,—farmers, but of a turn of mind that might have honoured any rank and any condition." These worthy people were solicitous to give their son the best and most liberal education, and sent him to the grammar school at Brerewood. In 1733 he was admitted of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but he did not go to reside there until a year or two afterwards. He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1739, and that of Master in 1742; in which year he was elected a fellow, and ordained deacon in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; and in 1744 he was admitted into priest's orders at Cambridge.

Dr. Hurd's first literary production was, Remarks on Weston's "Inquiry into the Rejection of the Christian Miracles by the Heathens," published in 1746; and in 1748, on the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he contributed some verses to the University collection for 1749. In the same year he took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and published his "Commentary on the Ars Poetica of Horace," in which he endeavoured to prove that the Roman poet has treated his subject with systematic order and the strictest method; an idea which has been strenuously combated by several eminent writers. In the preface to this Commentary, he took occasion to compliment Warburton, in a manner which won him the favour of that learned dogmatist, and procured for him a return in kind in the Bishop's edition of "Pope's Works," where Hurd's Commentary is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. This exchange of flattery gave rise to an intimacy between these persons, which continued unbroken during their lives, and is supposed to have exercised considerable influence over the opinions of Hurd, who was long considered as the first scholar in what has been termed the Warburton school. The "Commentary" was reprinted in 1757, with the addition of two dissertations, one on the drama, the other on poetical imitation, and a letter to Mr. Mason on the marks of imitation. In 1765, a fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, was published in three volumes octavo, with a third dissertation on the idea of universal poetry; and the whole was again reprinted in

1776. This work fully established the reputation of Hurd as an elegant and acute, if not always a sound and judicious, critic.

In May 1750, he was appointed by Sherlock, Bishop of London, one of the Whitehall preachers. About this time he entered warmly into a controversy respecting the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, which had been appealed against by some contumacious members of that University; but it is hardly necessary to relate the particulars of the contest.

In 1751 he published a Commentary on the Epistle to Augustus; and in 1753 a new edition of both Commentaries, with a dedication to Warburton. The friendship he had formed with Warburton continued to increase by mutual good offices; and in 1755, Hurd eagerly embraced an opportunity which offered itself of owning the warmth of his attachment. Dr. Jortin having, in his Dissertations, spoken of Warburton with less deference and submission than the exactions of an overbearing and insolent superiority could easily tolerate, Hurd wrote a bitter satire, entitled "The Delicacy of Friendship, a Seventh Dissertation, addressed to the author of the Sixth;" a production in which he was betrayed into too close an imitation of his master's style; and displayed a degree of warmth—also borrowed from Warburton—far beyond anything that the supposed offence could either call for or justify. Hurd, accordingly, took pains to suppress the pamphlet; but in 1788 it was republished in a volume, entitled "Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian."

Hurd continued to reside at Cambridge until 1756, when, on the death of Dr. Arnold, he succeeded, as senior fellow of Emmanuel College, to the rectory of Thurcaston, to which he was instituted in 1757, and where, having entered into residence, he continued to prosecute his studies, which were principally confined to subjects of elegant literature. The remarks on Hume's "Essay on the Natural History of Religion" appeared soon afterwards. But Warburton appears to have had the chief hand in the composition of this part, which we find republished by Hurd in the quarto edition of that prelate's works, and enumerated in the list of them. It appears to have occasioned some uneasiness to Hume, who, in the account of his own life, notices it with a degree of acrimony quite unusual to that impassive philosopher.

In 1759 Hurd published a volume of "Dialogues on Sincerity, Retirement, the Golden Age of Elizabeth, and the Constitution of the English Government;" and this was followed by his "Letters on Chivalry and Romance;" which, with his "Dialogue on Foreign Travel," are republished in the year 1765, with the author's name, and a preface on dialogue writing. In the preceding year he had published another of those zealous tracts in vindication of Warburton which has added little to his fame as a writer, and procured him the reputation of an illiberal and unmannerly polemic. It was entitled, "A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Leland, in which his late dissertation on the principles of human eloquence is criticised, and the Bishop of Gloucester's idea of the nature and character of an inspired language, as delivered in his lordship's doctrine of grace, is vindicated from all the objections of the learned author of the Dissertation." This, with Hurd's other controversial tracts, has been republished in the eighth volume of the authorized edition of his works, where we find prefixed to it, by way of advertisement, the following lines, written by the author not long before his death.

"The controversial tracts which make up this volume were written and published by the author at different times, as opportunity invited, or occasion required. Some sharpness of style may be objected to them, in regard to which he apologizes for himself in the words of the poet:—

> '—— Me quoque pectoris
> Tentavit in dulci juventâ
> Fervor.—
> —— Nunc ego mitibus
> Mutare quæro tristia.'"

This is a very miserable apology, and makes the original offence the greater. The words of the poet might have suggested to him the propriety, while he had the pen in his hand, of castigating these performances. "Pleasant, but wrong," thought Hurd, in his old age, of his tracts. The plea has little penitence in it.

In 1762 the sinecure rectory of Folkton was conferred on him by Lord Chancellor Northington; in 1765 he was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn; and in August, 1767, he was collated to the archdeaconry of Gloucester by Bishop Warburton. In July, 1768, he was admitted doctor of divinity at Cambridge; the same day he was appointed to open the lecture founded by Warburton for the illustration of the prophecies; and the Twelve Discourses which he preached there were published in 1772, under the title of an introduction to the study of the prophecies concerning the Christian church, and in particular concerning the church of Papal Rome.

In 1769, he published the select works of Abraham Cowley, with a preface and notes, in 5 vols. 8vo., an edition which has been condemned as interfering with the integrity of Cowley's works, and which certainly is not the most judicious of Hurd's undertakings. In 1775, he was, by the recommendation of Lord Mansfield, promoted to the Bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, and consecrated early in that year; and soon after entering on the episcopal office, he delivered a charge to the clergy of the diocese, as well as a Fast sermon for "the American rebellion," which was preached before the House of Lords.

In May 1781, Bishop Hurd received a gracious message from his Majesty, George III., conveying to him an offer of the see of Worcester, with the clerkship of the closet, both of which he accepted. Nor did his Majesty's kindness stop here. For on the death of Dr. Cornwallis, in 1783, he was offered the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, with many gracious expressions, and was even pressed to accept it; but he humbly begged leave to decline it, "as a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain in these times," alluding, we presume, to the distractions arising from the conflict of political parties. In 1788, Hurd published a complete edition of the works of Warburton, in 7 vols. 4to.; but the life did not appear till 1795, when it came forth under the title of a discourse by way of general preface to the 4to edition of Bishop Warburton's works, containing some account of the life, writings, and character of the author. This work excited considerable attention, and the style is equally remarkable for its purity and elegance; but the stream of panegyric is too uniform not to subject the author to the suspicion of long-confirmed prejudices. Even the admirers of Warburton would have been content with less laborious efforts to magnify him at the expense of all his contem-

poraries. They conceived that age and reflection should have abated, if not wholly extinguished, the unworty animosities of times gone by. But in this they were disappointed. Hurd was a true disciple of the great dogmatist; and hence it was with regret that they observed the worst characteristic of Warburton—his inveterate dislike, his fierce contempt, and his sneering sarcasm—still employed to perpetuate his personal antipathies, and employed, too, against such men as Secker and Lowth. If these were the feelings of those who venerated Warburton and esteemed Hurd, others, who never had much attachment for the Bishop of Gloucester or his school, found little difficulty in accumulating against his biographer charges of gross partiality and illiberal abuses.

The remainder of Hurd's life was spent in the discharge of his episcopal duties, and in studious retirement. He died on the 28th of May, 1808, being then in his eighty-ninth year. As a writer, his taste, learning, and talents have been universally acknowledged; and though, like his master, contemptuous and intolerant, he was, nevertheless, shrewd, ingenious, and original. In his private character he was in all respects amiable; nor were the relations in life in any degree embittered by the gall and wormwood which so frequently flowed from his pen; an assertion which the following letters will abundantly prove; for they show that he was regarded with the warmest affection by the royal family who addressed them to him.

The first letter requires a brief explanation. In the Gazette of June 8th, 1776, we find the following:—"St. James's. The king has been pleased to appoint his Grace George Duke of Montagu to be governor; Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry to be preceptor; Lieutenant-Colonel George Hotham, sub-governor, and the Rev. William Arnold, B.D. sub-preceptor, to their Royal Highnesses, George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, and to Prince Frederick, Bishop of Osnaburg" (the Duke of York).

Queen's House, June 2nd, 1776.

My Lord,—I have persuaded the Duke of Montagu to accept of the office his brother has declined. His worth is equal to that of the good man we both this day so much regretted. I hope this will also heal a mind I am certain much hurt at being the cause of much pain to me.

I am now going to Kew to notify the change to my sons, and desire you will be here at ten this night, when I will introduce you to the Duke. The similarity of the brothers will, I trust, make this change not material even to you.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. George R.

The next letter is from the young Duke of York, and shows, in its kindness and good humour, that the child was "father of the man."

Kew, August 5th, 1776.

My dear Lord,—I hope you are now arrived safe at Eccleshall, and that you are now quite recovered of your fatigues. With this letter I send you the translation of the Speech of Virginius to the Soldiers in the Camp after the death of his

Daughter. I hope you will excuse the writing of the letter and translation, as I fell down yesterday while I was playing with Mr. Arnold in the garden, and sprained and bruised my second finger on my right hand very much. We hope to finish the first Book of Xenophon on Wednesday. I hope, as you love hot weather, that your climate has been like ours: last Friday, at two o'clock, our thermometer was eighty-seven. It is time for walking, so I will not detain you any longer. Therefore I am,

Your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK.

P.S.—Since I wrote this letter, I have seen Mr. Hawkins, who found that I had put out my finger, and has set it again for me. Good bye.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, Richard, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

And now follows a letter from the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), by which it appears that he had not got far into the first book of Livy. His lesson seems to have been a teaser; for Romulus does not prate away at a fine rate—if by that expression he meant a long rate—neither does he argue with the Sabine women, to whom he gives as sensible advice as possible, under the awkward circumstances of the case.

Kew, August 6th, 1776.

MY DEAR LORD,— I am afraid that the inclosed translation will not prove so delicious a morsel as your Lordship expected to receive. However, I have tried to give it as good a relish as possible; but the author is very difficult, and I not at all versed in translation, as your Lordship knows. Euclid goes on very well, for we are in the middle of the third book; and as to Livy, I have just left Romulus prating away for marriage at a fine rate, though I think he has the best of the argument. We are in hopes of having a most glorious day at Windsor on Monday next. I have a new mare, which, without boasting, I may say is at least as good as your Lordship's. We all long to see you again at Kew, and I am,

With the truest and sincerest affection, yours,

GEORGE P.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

It would seem, from the following, that Arnold, the sub-preceptor, had made great way in the regard of the King.

Windsor Castle, August 24th, 1777.

MY LORD,—I cannot refrain from exercising the great comfort the human mind is capable of—the communicating pleasure to those it esteems. Mr. Arnold has gained the greatest applause from the excellence of his sermon he has just delivered, which could have been equalled by nothing but the decency and modesty of his deportment; indeed, this able, as well as valuable, man does the greatest justice to the propriety of your choice, and

shows that your discernment into the characters of men is as conspicuous as your other great and amiable qualities.

To the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. GEORGE R.

We would now draw attention to a letter from Queen Charlotte, which, bearing in mind that she is writing in a language foreign to her, displays a very lively ability.

MY LORD,—It will be difficult to decide whose conduct deserves the most to be criticised, my eldest daughter's in sending you a present of a young lady, or mine in encouraging her to do so? Suppose, then, I plead guilty! will that satisfy you? I think it will, for you remember well that last Wednesday we agreed that to acknowledge our errors was a virtue we should strive to obtain; but in order to keep up all the decorum necessary for this young lady to get admitted into an episcopal habitation: my daughter Augusta desires an old philosopher would conduct her safely, with hopes that you will take them both under your protection. CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, Friday Morning, January 26th, 1781.
To the Bishop of Worcester.

On May 1, 1781, at the Episcopal Palace, at Chelsea, in the 85th year of his age, died Dr. John Thomas, Lord Bishop of Winchester, clerk of the closet to the King, and prelate of the most noble order of the garter. He succeeded the celebrated Dr. Hoadly in the see of Winchester. We read that "the King and Queen have for some years past honoured his Lordship with an annual visit to Farnham Castle."

Windsor, May 2nd, 1781.

MY GOOD LORD,—I have this instant received the account of the death of my very worthy and much esteemed friend the Bishop of Winchester. To an heart like yours it is easy to conceive that the news could not reach me without causing some emotion, though reason convinces me that for him it is a most welcome event. I therefore lose no time in acquainting you that I cannot think of any person so proper to succeed him as clerk of my closet as yourself; and, indeed, I trust that any opportunity that brings you nearer to my person cannot be unpleasing to you. Relying on this, I have acquainted the Lord Chamberlain to notify this appointment to you, but I thought any mark of my regard would best be conveyed by myself. I trust, therefore, that this letter will reach you before any intimation from him. I have also directed Lord North to acquaint you that I propose to translate you to the See of Worcester. With all the partiality natural to the county of Stafford, I should hope you will allow Hartlebury to be a better summer residence than Eccleshall, and I flatter myself that hereafter you will not object to a situation that may not require so long a journey every year as either of these places. Believe me, at all times,

My good Lord, your very sincere friend,

To the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. GEORGE R.

The Dr. Balguy referred to by the King in the letter we are about to present, was the son of a more eminent divine, who presented him the rectory of North Stoke, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire. He afterwards obtained from Bishop Hoadly a prebend at Winchester; became later Archdeacon of Salisbury, and subsequently was made Archdeacon of Winchester. He owed all his preferments to Bishop Hoadly. In 1775, he preached the sermon on the consecration of Hurd, as Bishop of Lichfield. In 1781, the decay of his sight, which ended at last in total blindness, prevented his acceptance of the Bishopric of Gloucester, to which the King, without solicitation, had nominated him, on the death of Warburton. He died in 1795, leaving behind the character of "a sincere and exemplary Christian, a sound and accurate scholar, a strenuous and able defender of the Christian religion, and of the Church of England.".

My good Lord,—On Monday I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury my inclination to grant Dr. Balguy a dispensation from performing the strict residence required by the Statutes of the Chapter of Winchester, provided the archbishop and the bishop of the diocese (whom I desired him to consult) saw no objection in this particular case to such an indulgence. On Wednesday the archbishop told me he had followed my directions, and that he and the bishop agreed in the propriety of the step, and thanked me for having first asked their opinion, which must prevent this causing any improper precedent. I have now directed Lord Shelburne to have the dispensation prepared for my signature. You may, therefore, now communicate my intention to Dr. Balguy.

I have also acquainted the new lord steward of the right of the deputy clerk of the closet to dine at the chaplain's table, and his servant to dine with the servants. You may therefore acquaint the deputy clerk of the closet in waiting of things being now put on the same foot as previous to the dispute with Lord Talbot. George R.

Queen's House, May 10th, 1782.

I enclose the oration held by the Pope at Vienna, when he gave the cardinal's hat to two who had been long nominated, but could not receive that mark of their advancement, not having before been in his presence. I believe Cicero would not have acknowledged him for a disciple.

Allocutio Sanctissimi Domini Papæ Pii VI. recitata in publico consistorio quod habuit Vindobonæ, in Aula Imperiali, die xix *Aprilis*, 1782.

"Antequam consistoriali huic actioni finem imponamus, quæ latere neminem oportet, ex hoc loco præterire silentio nolumus. Gratum quippe nobis fuit, imperatoriam majestatem, quam semper magni fecimus, coram intueri, ipsumque Cæsarem peramanter complecti. Pro muneris nostri ratione sæpe eum allo-

quuti sumus, et plurimum in eo urbanitatis, qua nos augusto domicilio suo honorificè excepit, et liberali quotidie officio habuit, singularem quoque in Deum devotionem, præstantiam ingenii, summumque in rebus agendis studium admirari debuimus. Neque minori solatio paternum animum nostrum erexit Pietas et Religio, quam in splendida hac urbe, et populis in itinere nobis occurrentibus, sartam incorruptamque manere cognovimus. Quare non modo eum laudare, sed assiduis etiam orationibus precibusque nostris fovere nunquam prætermittimus. Imo Deum optimum maximum vehementer obsecramus, ut qui adeò tendentes non deserit, eos in sancto proposito confirmet, ac uberi cœlestium benedictionum rore profundat."

In the King's hand.—R. W.

Heyne, to whom the King alludes in the following letter, was professor of poetry and eloquence in the University of Gottingen. Having the literary industry common to his learned countrymen, he wrote several ponderous quartos, all of which are to be found in the King's Library.

We would particularly request the attention of our readers to the just sentiments expressed by the King on war, and the education of the people.

Windsor, July 23rd, 1782.

My good Lord,—It is with infinite satisfaction I received on Sunday your letter; by which I find that at last the German books, wrote in Latin, and collected by Professor Heyne, by my directions, for you, are arrived at Hartlebury. I shall certainly continue to authorise him to send any others that he may think, from their subjects or styles, likely to meet with approbation. I own the reputation of the University of Gottingen I have much at heart, from an idea that, if ever mankind reflect, they must allow that those who encourage religion, virtue, and literature, deserve as much solid praise as those who disturb the world, and commit all the horrors of war to gain the reputation of being heroes.

Indeed, my good lord, we live in unprincipled days, and no change can be expected but by an early attention to the education of the rising generation. Where my opinion must be of weight,—I mean, in my electoral dominions,—it shall be the chief object of my care; and, should it be crowned with success, it may incline others to follow the example.

I now come to a part of your letter that gave me much concern; but should at the same time have felt hurt if you had not informed me of. I fear the relapse of poor Dr. Arnold: his conduct during the time he attended you seemed as favourable as any of us could desire. I still hope he will soon be reinstated; and I trust you will not long leave me in suspense upon a subject that greatly interests me, for I ever thought him not only ingenious, but perfectly upright, and, as such, I have a very sincere regard for him. Except the Queen, no one here has the smallest

suspicion of his having a fresh attack, which is an attention* I am certain he every way deserves.

I hope your visitation will be attended with as fine weather as we have enjoyed since the violent rain on Tuesday night, and the whole of Wednesday. I shall ever remain, my good Lord,

Your very affectionate friend,
GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
at Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

The two following letters show the King in a most amiable light, both as a father and a man. Prince Octavius died on the 3rd of May, 1783.

Windsor, Aug. 20th, 1782.

MY GOOD LORD,—There is no probability, and, indeed, scarce a possibility, that my youngest child can survive this day. The knowing you are acquainted with the tender feelings of the Queen's heart, convinces me you will be uneasy till apprized that she is calling the only solid assistant under affliction, religion, to her assistance. She feels the peculiar goodness of Divine Providence in never having before put her to so severe a trial, though she has so numerous a family, I do not deny. I also write to you, my good lord, as a balm to my mind; as I have not you present to converse with, I think it the most pleasing occupation by this means to convey to you that I place my confidence that the Almighty will never fill my cup of sorrow fuller than I can bear; and, when I reflect on the dear cause of our tribulation, I consider his change to be so greatly for his advantage, that I sometimes think it unkind to wish his recovery had been effected. And, when I take this event in another point of view, and reflect how much more miserable it would have been to have seen him lead a life of pain, and perhaps end thus at a more mature age, I also confess that the goodness of the Almighty appears strongly in what certainly gives me great concern, but might have been still more severe. G. R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

MY GOOD LORD,—The humanity which is not among the least auspicious of your excellent qualities, would, I am persuaded, make you feel for the present distress in which the Queen and I are involved, had you not the farther incitement of a sincere attachment to us both. The little object we are deploring was known to you, and consequently his merits; therefore you will not be surprised that the blow is strong. We both call on the sole assistant to those in distress, the dictates of religion. I have proposed to the Queen, and she approves of it, that I should desire you to come on Saturday, and bring Mr. Fisher with you, that, on Sunday, in my chapel in the Castle, we

* Sic in MS. What was the matter with Dr. Arnold, physically, mentally, or morally, I have not been able to ascertain.

may have the comfort of hearing you preach, and receiving from your hands the holy communion. I think this a very proper time for renewing the baptismal vow; and, though greatly grieved, I feel true submission to the decrees of Providence, and great thankfulness for having enjoyed for four years that dear infant. GEORGE R.

Windsor, May 6th, 1783.

The letter from the Queen, which we subjoin, is another evidence of the vivacity of her talent. Having given to Hurd her copy of the essay, no wonder we do not find one in the King's library. There is, however, a copy in the British Museum.

THE book which accompanies this note is an Essay on the Immortality of the Soul, which I received on Saturday last. It appears to be against Mr. Hume's, Voltaire's, and Rousseau's principles, and chiefly against the first of these authors. As I am not in the least acquainted with the writings of those unhappy men, I must beg the bishop to give me his opinion upon this little tract, as the author of it will not publish his name until he knows the reception of it by some able and understanding men.

I do also send the letter of the author, who appears modest and well meaning, and more should be said about him, I believe, but the dedication being to me, I might be suspected of being guided by flattery. You know I hate bribery and corruption; but being corrupted by flattery is worse than money, as it is an open avowal of a corrupted heart, and I hope you do not suspect me of that.

I shall be glad to hear of your being well after the fatigue of yesterday. CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, March 29th, 1784.

Here is the King's estimate of three of his children—the Duke of York, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Cambridge:—

Windsor, July 30th, 1786.

MY GOOD LORD,—Yesterday I received, by the quarterly messenger, some printed copies of the three successful prize dissertations from Gottingen, as also the speech of the pro-rector on declaring to who the prizes are adjudged; Doctor Langford going to-morrow to Worcester, I take this favourable opportunity of sending a copy of each for you. The medal for the Theological Discourse is now undertaken by Mr. Birch; it will be double the weight of the other; on one side will be my profile, as on the other medal, the reverse is to be taken from the seal he cut some years past for you: as soon as the drawing is prepared I will send it for your opinion.

My accounts from Gottingen, of the little colony I have sent there, is very favourable: all three seem highly delighted and pleased with those that have the inspection of them; but what pleases me most is the satisfaction they express at the course of theology they have begun with Professor Less—Professor Heyne

gives them lessons in the classics, and has an assistant for the rougher work; they learn history, geography, moral philosophy, mathematics, and experimental philosophy, so that their time is fully employed; I think Adolphus at present seems the favourite of all, which from his lively manner is natural, but the good sense of Augustus will in the end prove conspicuous. That Adolphus should have gained Frederick could not be otherwise, as in stature, features, and manner, I never saw two persons so much resemble each other: may the younger one do so in the qualities of the heart, which I have every reason to flatter myself.

On Friday I saw Major-General Budé, who told me the disagreeable giddiness you complained of the last winter is much abated; I trust it will enable you, in the autumn, to ride constantly, as that is the best of all remedies. I hope to hear from you how you approve of the small tracts I now send you.

Believe me ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,

George R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

The next letter requires no explanation.

Windsor, Sept. 2nd, 1786.

My good Lord,—Yesterday I received from Birch the design for the reverse of the theological prize medal, which I now communicate to you. The only alterations I have proposed are, that the cross shall not appear so well finished, but of ruder workmanship, and the name of the university as well as the year placed at the bottom as on the other medal.

We have had some alarm in consequence of a spasmodic attack on the breast of Elizabeth, which occasioned some inflammation, but by the skill of Sir George Baker she is now perfectly recovered, and in a few days will resume riding on horseback, which has certainly this summer agreed well with her.

I am glad to find by a letter, which Mrs. Delany has had from Mr. Montagu, that you are preparing to do the same, as I am certain it will contribute to your health, which I flatter myself is improved by your proposing to attempt it this season.

Believe me ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,

George R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

We cannot but perceive in the following letter how dear to the king's heart was national education. Would that the present Government had the power, or those who exercise authority over the people, the will, to carry out the wishes of this (sometimes called) narrow-minded and bigoted Monarch.

Windsor, July 29th, 1787.

My good Lord,—Having learned from Dr. Langford that he sets out to-morrow for Worcester, I cannot omit so favourable an opportunity of enquiring after your health. I shall to-morrow

attend the speeches at Eton, as I wish from time to time to show a regard for the education of youth, on which most essentially depends my hopes of an advantageous change in the manners of the nation. You may easily imagine that I am not a little anxious for the next week, when Frederick will return, from whom I have great reason to expect much comfort. The accounts of the three at Gottingen are very favourable: the youngest has written to me to express a wish to be publicly examined by the two curators of that university on the commemoration in September, when it will have subsisted fifty years. I have taken the hint, and have directed all three to be examined on that solemn occasion. I ever remain, my good lord,

Yours most affectionately,

George R.

The Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle.

The seven succeeding letters call for no comment.

Windsor, the 30th, Feb. 1787.

My Lord,—As I am perfectly unacquainted with the name of the college, in where young Griffith pursued his studies, and therefore less capable of applying to any body about his character, I take the liberty of making him the bearer of this letter, in order that he may answer for himself, totally relying on your goodness that in case he should, after enquiry, not be found what he ought to be, you will forget the application entirely. All I know of him is, that he bears the character of a modest and sober young man, that he behaved extremely well to his mother, who was the Duke of York's nurse, and that he is desirous of being employed in his profession whenever he can. I will now only add, my thanks for your kindness in this affair, and I rejoice to hear that you are a little better, the continuance of which nobody can more sincerely wish than your friend,

To the Bishop of Worcester. Charlotte.

My Lord,—I never wished so much to exercise my power and commands as to day, but I hope you will believe me, when I say, that this desire does not arise from any tyrannical inclination, but from a real regard for you. The wintery feel of this day makes me desirous of preventing your exposing yourself to-morrow morning at court, where I could only see, but not enjoy your company, which pleasure I beg to have any other day, when less inconvenient and less pernicious to your health.

Queen's House, the 17th of January, 1788. Charlotte.
To the Bishop of Worcester.

G. R. Slo, 3 o'clock.

Madam,—I cannot express the sense I have of your Majesty's gracious command to me not to appear at court to-morrow. But for this once, I hope your Majesty will pardon me, if I am not

inclined to yield obedience to it. I have been so well as to take an airing this day, which occasioned me to be from home when the messenger came. I will, therefore, with your Majesty's good leave, attempt to join my brethren to-morrow in the joyful office of the day; and I assure myself the occasion will give me spirits enough to go through it without inconvenience—only it is possible, Madam, I may so far take the benefit of your Majesty's indulgence as not to venture into the crowded drawing-room afterwards. But even this will be a liberty I shall allow myself very unwillingly.

I am, with all possible respect, Madam,

Your Majesty's most obliged and most obedient servant,

R. W.

Windsor, June 8th, 1788.

My good Lord,—Having had rather a smart bilious attack, which, by the goodness of Divine Providence, is quite removed, Sir George Baker has strongly recommended to me the going for a month to Cheltenham, as he thinks that water efficacious on such occasions, and that he thinks an absence from London will keep me free from certain fatigues that attend long audiences: I shall therefore go there on Saturday. I am certain you know the regard that both the queen and I have for you, and that it will be peculiarly agreeable to us to see you at Hartlebury. I shall certainly omit the waters some morning to undertake so charming a party: but that you may know the whole of my schemes, besides getting that day a breakfast there, I mean to remind you that feeding the hungry is among the Christian duties, and that therefore, when I shall visit the cathedral on the day of the sermon for the benefit of the children of the clergy of the three choirs,—which Dr. Langford, as one of the stewards, will get advanced to Wednesday the 6th of August (as I shall return on the 10th to Windsor),—I shall hope to have a little cold meat at your palace before I return to Cheltenham on Friday the 8th. I shall also come to the performance of the "Messiah," and shall hope to have tne same hospitable assistance; both days I shall come to the episcopal palace sufficiently early that I may from thence be in the cathedral by the time appointed for the performances in the church. The post waits for my letter, I therefore can only add that I ever remain, with true regard and, I may say, affection,

My good lord, truly your good friend,

George R.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

Cheltenham, July 25th, 1788.

My good Lord,—Imagining you would like to hear how the visit to Gloucester had succeeded, I deferred writing till I returned from thence. It is impossible for more propriety to have

been shown than both by the bishop and Mr. Holdfast. His speech in his own name and that of the dean and chapter and clergy of the diocese was very proper, and he seemed not to object to my having an answer. I thought it right to command the dean and chapter for the new regulation, by which a more constant attendance is required, and hoping that it would stimulate the rest of the clergy to what is so essential a part of their duty. The cathedral is truly beautiful. I am to attend Divine service there on Sunday. To-morrow is the visit to Croombe, which enables me to fix on Saturday, the 2nd of August, for visiting Hartlebury Castle, where any arrangements for the 6th at Worcester may be explained. All here are well, and insisted on seeing yesterday the room Dr. Hurd used to inhabit at Gloucester: the bishop was obliged to explain Lord Mansfield's prediction on the mitre over the chimney. Had they always been so properly bestowed, the dignity of the Church would have prevented the multitude of sectaries.

Believe me ever your most affectionate friend,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle.

MY LORD,—When I was last night with the king, he inquired very anxiously after you, and seemed pleased to hear of your having been at Kew to inform ourself after him. He also gave me the sermon for you of Mr. Thomas Willis, and ordered me to send it as soon as possible, and to express how much he wished to know your opinion about it. I am likewise to introduce this new acquaintance of ours to you, which I shall do by a letter through him, and I hope, nay, I am pretty sure that you will like him, as he really is a very modest man, and by his conduct in this house gains every body's approbation. I am sorry to hear that your visit at Kew should have proved so painful to you as to give you the gout, but hope to hear that it is not a very severe attack. CHARLOTTE.

MY GOOD LORD,—This letter was wrote yesterday, but no opportunity found to send it; the consequence of which is that the sermon is brought by its author, whom I hope you will approve of.

Kew, the 7th Feb. 1789.

MY LORD,—The bearer of this is the young man in whose behalf you spoke to the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Would you be so kind, with your usual goodness, to direct him what further steps he must take to be introduced to the bishop, and also to give him good advice about his future conduct in life. In doing that you will greatly oblige

Your sincere friend,

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's House, the 8th of April, 1789.
To the Bishop of Worcester.

THE CARVED CABINET OF MAX OF BRUGES.

BY MISS COSTELLO,

AUTHOR OF "CLARA FANE."

WHEN, at the beginning of June, I set out, like a traveller in the eighteenth century who records the same object as mine, on the same coast of Sussex, I scarcely expected to be repaid for following his footsteps. "Proceeding," he says, "along the shore in quest of a house, I came to Southwick village, where there is a harbour for ships to ride in, going or coming into the river, where probably the Portus Adurni of the Romans was, as a village near has the name of Portslade."

Whether the worthy adventurer of a century since succeeded in discovering a rural retreat in which to hide him from the glare of the 'garish eye of day,' he does not go on to inform us, but if he had done so, I am much inclined to think he would have fixed on precisely the same locality, and probably the same tenement, as that which received me, a wanderer in search of the picturesque.

That any one should indulge in so idle a dream as the hope of finding rural beauty four miles from Brighton, and scarcely two from the ugly port of Shoreham, will naturally excite surprise; but still more surprising is the fact that it was found without further looking after. Whether a remarkable season of redundant foliage had clothed the trees with more than usual beauty, and their close concealment had more than usually attracted the birds, certain it is that Southwick shone in my sight like an oasis in the desert.

Perhaps my eyes, like those of Catherine, had

> "So long been dazzled by the sun,
> That ev'ry thing I looked on seemed green,"

and thus I required to go no further, but determined to set up my summer rest, within sight of one of the prettiest little shingle spires, surmounting a square Norman tower, that can be found anywhere.

A curious furze hedge, of ingenious construction, attracted my attention, as I wandered through the village of Southwick, and, following it for a little distance, I reached a rustic gate which led me, between thick shrubs, by a narrow path, to an antique house faced with grey stone, and half covered, from the ground to the roof, with pale roses, which grew at their will, and seemed little indebted to the gardener's care.

There was an air of quiet, of silence, of antique comfort, about the place, which at once succeeded in arresting me, and, without further question, here I resolved to take up my residence for the brief time that my restless star ever allows me to remain in one spot.

From that moment I found myself in as deep seclusion as if I had sought solitude in the distant valleys of Brittany, or North Wales, and but for the occasional booming of the sea when the wind was higher than usual, and the tides were

> "Pressed by the moon, mute arbitress,"

I might have forgotten how near my dwelling was to the shore.

A continual chorus of birds, however, "throstle, thrush, and nightin-

gale," enlivened my retreat, and the sharp, impatient note of the peacock sometimes broke the stillness, as that beautiful and vain coquette in feathers—for the bird is always represented as *female* by the poets of the East, who understand these things—swept with dignified demeanour across the lawn which spread before my windows. To those who are not aware of the cause of the peacock's cry, it may pass as any other sound, but to the initiated there is more in it than meets the ear. It is recorded in Persian lore, that this lovely creature possesses a fatal knowledge of former wickedness, when in a human shape, and is continually reminded of her crimes when she looks upon her ugly legs; it is then, that, horrified with the thronging memories that oppress her, she lifts up her voice and laments in those shrill strains which disturb the ear from afar. It is in vain that she tries to forget her grief in her pride, by exulting over the humble companions around her, and venting her ill-humour on the smallest of them: she is for ever mortified to behold her coarse, large legs, and cannot repress the expression of her despair.

There is, at the end of the lawn on which this fair unfortunate is wont to lăment, a ruin so overgrown with ivy, that the form of its walls is scarcely discernible; and the long arrow-slits through which the light once streamed, are nearly blocked up by the thick garlands of bright leaves that cluster round them.

" I have often climbed over those ruins," said a pretty little boy of eight years old to me, as we were one evening standing contemplating the flight of numerous pigeons which darted from a variety of resting-places among the displaced stones.

" And are there any beyond what we see here ? " inquired I.

" Oh, yes," returned my little guide eagerly, " but I am not allowed to go there now, because I once nearly fell down a deep pit between the stairs of the tower where the owl's nest was. Our gardener knows all about that tower, and who they were who once lived in it. That old black cabinet in your room came out of the ruins, he says."

I was not long, after this information, in finding the gardener, who was a very aged man, rather deaf, and a little surly, his temper a good deal tried by the conduct of the moles, which were constantly disturbing his walks.

" The creeturs ! " exclaimed he, " there they be, at it agen ! —consesserently a worritting and terrifying of the ground—a letting it have no peace. It 's my belief they be a sort of evil spirits."

" Not unlikely," said I ; " and who knows whether they don't come out of the ruins ? I 've heard there are odd stories respecting them: but I suppose no one knows anything about them now ; since the railroad ran through this country, no doubt all old traditions are swept away."

He looked up as I spoke with rather an offended expression, and remarked that, if any one could tell it ought to be he, for he believed no one in the parish had known the locality longer.

" Now," he went on to say, " perhaps you never remarked that long piece of stone that lies in the thick grass, where the ground 's highest, above the apple orchard there—many passes that by and never notices it ; but I knew that stone since I was a boy—ay, and so did my father, and his grandfather too ; and it stood alone in that field, which they called the Stone Field because of it ; but when they took and cut up the place for their railroad, they knocked it over, though

it had been standing, perhaps, ever since the world was made, if all 's true of it as I 've heard."

I looked at the huge piece of granite to which he pointed, which lay half concealed amongst the high grass, and a feeling of awe came over me, as I recognized what I could not for a moment doubt was one of those Druid stones with which the Downs were once so plentifully strewn, but which, one by one, have given way to modern improvements, and have been displaced or ground into powder beneath the inexorable wheels of the engine, which

> "Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more."

"This," said I, half addressing him, "is no doubt a Druid stone—it is like the Menhirs of Brittany."

"Ay," returned he, "it 's one of them stones mentioned in Scripture you know, in Exodus, where it says, 'If thou make me an altar of stone thou shalt not build it of hewn stone; for, if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it;' and this here bit of granite has never been cut by no tool."

He had invested it with more solemnity than I had dreamed of in my philosophy.

"I want to have it stood upright, as it used to be," continued he, "and have flowers trained over it: it would look well so,—however, it shan't never be moved out of its place in my time, I respect it too much."

I led my friend the gardener from one subject to another, with questions about the place, till by degrees I found myself in possession of the tradition I sought.

Notwithstanding a variety of anachronisms in his narration, I contrived to put the story he told me together, and arranging it

> "After what flourishes my nature pleases,"

it stands in my memory as follows.

The old oaken cabinet, to which my young companion had alluded, was a remarkable piece of furniture which stood in my sleeping-room, which room was approached by two low steps, by which you descended into it from a dark passage, approached also by descending several steps, as was the case with every room in the oldest part of the house; a fashion of our ancestors more curious than either safe or convenient, and founded on some principle now unknown, as its tendency appears only to throw the inexperienced on their faces at their entrance into every apartment.

As I had almost the whole of this domicile to myself, and was at liberty to roam about it as I pleased, I became acquainted with many of the secrets of its architecture, which both amused and surprised me. Amongst the peculiarities of structure which I noticed were the huge closets into which half a dozen persons could well be thrust in case of concealment being necessary, and doubtless they had been used for that purpose on more than one occasion, notably at that time when Cromwell's rude soldiery lorded it over this district, as their initials, and the date of their visit to a neigbouring church carved with their swords on the back of a defaced monument may bear witness.

I have small doubt that I shall one day find the secret of a hollow pillar in this house, as a friend of mine did in his beautiful old domicile near Oswestry, in the Marches of Wales. This was the support of a

spiral back staircase, and ran up from the cellars to the roof without any apparent opening. A secret spring, however, displaced a panel and gave admission to the interior, in which, doubtless, a rope must have been suspended, by which the fugitive could descend to the vaults beneath the house, which extended under the ground for a distance of several miles.

It is true that no tradition exists of such a subterranean way in the house I am now dwelling in, but that is, in my mind, no reason why there should not have been one, as there certainly was beneath the ruins adjacent.

But I am neglecting my black oaken cabinet and the story connected with it.

At the time when the ruins in the garden were solid walls, they formed a manor-house belonging to one of the numerous family of Shelley, known throughout Sussex long before the fame of the poet of their race made the name celebrated throughout Europe in modern days.

Sir Richard Shelley was a young and remarkably handsome man, when he was appointed by Cardinal Pole to fill the office of Grand Prior of St. John of Jerusalem. One would scarcely associate that famous body of warlike monks with the simple little village of Southwick; nevertheless, it had long before formed part of the numerous possessions scattered over the country of which that body called themselves master. For some time Sir Richard enjoyed his high dignity, but then came a downfall to Popish grandeur, and, under the Protestant Elizabeth, the Grand Master found Spain more congenial to him than his Sussex downs. He was a great favourite with Philip of Spain, and was employed by him as ambassador to the Netherlands; and it was while there that he is said to have formed an attachment to a fair lady whose family would not listen to his suit, as she had been vowed from her cradle to the Holy Virgin: and in spite of her tears and his intreaties, the beautiful Beatrix was forced into a convent of Beguines at Bruges.

It was about this period that the favour of Queen Elizabeth fell upon Sir Richard more unaccountably than her enmity, and, from having peremptorily refused to allow him to return to England, she suddenly gave him permission to do so, and even sent a special messenger to Ghent, where he then was, desiring him to wait upon her forthwith at Greenwich.

Sir Richard, having been obliged to abandon all hope of forming the alliance he desired, was glad to obey a command which would remove him from the scene of his disappointment. Before he left the Low Countries, with little probability of returning speedily, he provided himself with much curious furniture, such as the workmen of Belgium have always been famous for manufacturing.

Amongst other things, he purchased of a skilful carver, known as Max of Bruges, who worked under his direction in the formation of this particular piece, a remarkably fine oak cabinet, very elaborately ornamented and of considerable size. The lower part of it formed a large cupboard closed by two doors, and shutting so artfully, that to open them without the secret of a certain concealed spring was impossible.

On these doors were panels deeply set, framing figures of two of the Evangelists, attended, the one by his couchant bull, the other by his

eagle, both surrounded by highly-adorned scrolls and draperies. Two bearded torsos, in high relief, supported the cornice above them, being themselves supported by projecting lions' heads, terminating in a graceful falling wreath of fruit, which reached to other lions' heads, three of which, in the centre of pedestals, interrupted, at even distances, the wide, flat scroll which ran along the bottom line of the massive front. In the centre, dividing the door and even with the bearded figures, a graceful female torso, wearing a string of beads round her neck, depended, equally with her companions, on the support of lions and garlands,—the whole together forming three pillars, solid and light at the same time.

At the two corners, in front of the surrounding cornice, on delicate pedestals ornamented with cherubs' heads, stood two caryatides of remarkably graceful character: the attribute of one destroyed, as I saw it in its present state, but the other leaning on a half-defaced anchor and pressing her hand to her heart. A couchant lion, defaced, occupied a boss between these two figures above the centre torso of the lower part.

The two caryatides, entirely detached, supported a massive canopy covered with bosses of cherubs' heads, lions, mouths, and scroll-work, and finished at the corners with jewel-formed ornaments. Beneath this was a second cabinet, as it were, connected with that beneath in the inside, but thrown far back, leaving a flat space or ledge all round it on which anything could be placed, vessels, vases, or books, as might please the possessor.

The two panel-doors of this inner cabinet had the figures, on a smaller scale, of the remaining two Evangelists, and these were divided by a singularly designed flat compartment covered with carved images, the chief of which was the three-quarter figure of a female, singing, accompanying herself on a lute,—no doubt the portrait of the fair Beatrix herself, designed by her lover,—flowers, fruit, and drapery surrounded her, and she presided the deity of the whole.

The fame of this beautiful piece of furniture was soon spread over the town of Bruges, of which the maker was a native and where he had been employed upon it, and as he was in the habit of working for the convent of the Beguines, and had executed some beautiful pillars for the pulpit in their church, he was naturally anxious that they should behold his *chef-d'œuvre*, nor were the nuns slow in responding to his wish to gratify them, their curiosity being fully equal to that of any other body of recluses.

As, however, it might be thought wrong in them to notice anything destined to a person who, it was known, coveted the possession of a sister of the community, they did not wish it to be generally known that the furniture was introduced to their convent. The artist himself, therefore, and several of his people on whom he could rely, were to bring the cabinet by night into the church, place it there, and, after it had been inspected by the abbess and those of the nuns who were desirous of seeing it, they were to fetch it away by daybreak, and as the whole business was a secret from Sir Richard, who, of course, was not likely to wish to show any favour to the establishment, it was forthwith to be carried to Ostend—there was then no railroad to take it in an hour—and shipped for England.

Sir Richard was meanwhile already on board, and only waiting the arrival of the last part of his baggage to set sail on his return to his native land.

At length Master Max and his precious load duly arrived, and it was with extreme satisfaction that Sir Richard heard that no accident of any kind had befallen the cabinet on its removal. He had the treasure placed in his private cabin, and, with the chief workman, he examined it carefully to convince himself that all was right. So much pleased was he, that, after the inspection, he gave a very liberal reward to each of those who had assisted in bringing it, and presented the master with a purse of gold over and above his agreement, inviting him at the same time to England, and promising him his protection if he should ever require it.

The vessel which bore Sir Richard to his native land had a rapid and prosperous voyage, and sailed into the port of Shoreham and up the little river Adur to Southwick with great pomp, the shores being lined with his friends and retainers delighted to see their lord once more after so tedious an absence. But however surprised and overjoyed they were to welcome him, their astonishment increased when, instead of landing from the vessel alone and taking his way to the Manor in the Wood,—for so was his house called,—he stepped on shore having on his arm a beautiful lady dressed very magnificently and covered with jewels, whom he introduced to all present as his bride-elect, and before he went to his home, they both took their way to the church, whose shingle spire rose above the trees, and were married by a Protestant clergyman who was then in attendance, having been secretly apprised of their intended arrival.

It is easy to conjecture, without explanation, that the fair lady was no other than the Beguine nun of Bruges, whose curiosity having led her—perhaps not accidentally—to enter the carved cabinet at the invitation of the artist, she had remained there unobserved by her companions, and had been—accidentally too, of course—carried off in the morning and hurried on board the vessel of her late lover.

How he contrived to calm her fears, how he persuaded her to cast off her nun's dress and clothe herself in garments which his care had provided, and how he convinced her during the voyage that both she and himself had been hitherto in error in their religious belief, my informant did not relate; but the end proved that his reasonings were conclusive, and he showed that his diplomacy was as skilful in love affairs as it had been considered in politics by the delighted Maiden Queen, who, for once, forgave a marriage and welcomed a bride.

When the Manor in the Wood was replaced by the present house, this famous oaken cabinet changed places. It is very little injured, and has been always guarded with great care. The noses of a few of the holy personages who figure on it have suffered, perhaps in the indignation of some follower of Cromwell, who might have owed them a grudge, holding

> "'Tis but a false and counterfeit
> And scandalous device of human wit,
> That's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture
> To make of any carnal thing the picture:"

but the pretty lute-player is as animated as ever, and the wreaths of fruit and flowers that encircle her as fresh and sharp as the day they came from the hand of Max of Bruges.

A MODERN MIRACLE,

PUT ON RECORD BY THE AUTHOR OF "MELTON DE MOWBRAY," ETC. ETC.

And lately witnessed in the Empire of "Fat Ferdinando," *alias*, the King of Naples, *alias*, the King of Jerusalem, *alias*, half-King of Various Sicilies, and of various other places too numerous to mention.

Hail, *bella Napoli!* thou land of Punch and pleasure, thou *beau idéal* of scenery and climate!

Bella Napoli! Oh, what a world of light and life dwells in the magic sound of those two words!—what a world of joyous, sunny light, of buoyant, blessed life!—a world in which the very sense of living is in itself a happiness,—a spot where neither sickness, suffering, toil, nor poverty,—where nothing short of death can quell the elastic spirit of the pulse—where the very beggar will rather risk the *grani* he implores, than stay the flash of wit and merriment "an the humour pricks him."

If there be truth in the Roman axiom, of "*possunt quia posse videntur*," what may not be done in such a land of blest vitality!

If the air we breathe so mingles with the clay of earth, that we feel as if Heaven were our element, as if to fly were possible, as if we had at will "the wings of the dove, to flee away and be at rest;" if we feel this, what, I would ask, may not be done in such a climate?—what may not come to pass with the aid of those *four* Latin words, which, for a wonder, may be rendered into English by the *one* word—Faith! Be the exceptions what they may, at least, with such an air of possibility, *bella Napoli* and its environs must be the lawful land of miracles—but to the proof.

Not many miles from Castellamare, and nearer still to Pompeii—Scott's "city of the dead"—is the long straggling town of Gragnano. In one of its picturesque and Proutish houses there lived a certain Giuseppe Ruffo. He was young, handsome, and a most industrious maker of "tobacco-pipes-made-easy," as some quaint wag has named the delicious macchèroni.

Long Acre in London, the embryo of vehicles, and endless other instances, prove the adage false which says "two of a trade can never agree;" throughout the world particular trades live cheek by jole, and, from first to last, the town of Gragnano was one long manufactory of macchèroni.

In front of every house, over the windows, and over the doors, hung the deep yellow fringe of macchèroni, drying. But, in spite of all this rivalry and competition, Giuseppe was a man so well to do in the world that he envied no man—no, not even the King of Naples, and his monopoly of ice and tobacco: that was the *King's business*—macchèroni-making was *his:*—"live and let live," was his principle o free-trade, and upon it he throve prodigiously.

Now, Giuseppe had a house of his own, but no wife; a fact which we name, not as implying the source of his prosperity: and in telling this, or any other simple truth, we must beg the reader to put no evil construction on our words. The fact was, as we have said, Giuseppe had no wife. Now, one day, or rather, to be strictly true, once upon a time, in that witching hour between day and night, Giuseppe reste

from his labours, and, after the fashion of his country, enjoyed his *dolce far niente*.

The mind, however, is never still: in sleep it runs wild and unbridled as the steed which knows not man; and the most we can do in our calmest moments, is to put our hands upon its mane, and lead it gently with the current of our own thoughts. Giuseppe, seated in his easy chair of polished wood, with his door-post as a footstool, found, without an effort, that this was precisely his case. He would have given a box of macchèroni to think of nothing; but as this might not be, he induced his thoughts to wander with his eyes, and, as they dwelt with quiet happiness on the comfort of his home, on the fruits of honest industry, a silent prayer passed with the breath of life, and he gave thanks to the Giver of all things, with a blessing on the Virgin.

While thus his grateful heart reposed amidst the still life within, a gentle flutter from a cage in the golden rays of the setting sun, called Giuseppe's thoughts to his pet canaries,—a pair so happy in captivity, that they nestled on their perch, without a wish to pass the threshold of the open door. Their gentle-hearted gaoler smiled to see how happy and contented were his prisoners, and, by some odd link or other, as his eyes fell upon an empty chair by his side, he thought a wife would be no bad means of filling it, and no bad addition to the furniture on which his mind had lately reposed with such infinite complacency. The idea once seized, worked well and rapidly. The poets speak truth in saying the sun has much to do in these matters, for, though the bright thought sprang to life in the last rays of the sunset, it drank of Italia's warmth, and, ere Time had told another month, it was at maturity.

Yes, within a month from the first conception of this happy thought, the empty chair was filled. Giuseppe was no longer a lone and solitary man; his evenings, his home, his all on earth were shared by another, by one whose heart beat time with his. He had married a child of poverty, one of many, dowerless in the world's eye, but above all wealth in his, for she was virtuous, young, and supereminently beautiful.

In order to introduce a third and most material person to the reader, we shall leave "the happy couple" to their honeymoon, and merely say, that since that gentle orb was first invited to a marriage feast, and fed on honey for a month, never were the sweets of love so fully and so fondly tasted. Nay, more than this, the following months were, if possible, happier than the first: like the pet canaries, Giuseppe and his wife never sighed for liberty,—their home was their happiness; and, as the husband gazed on the black and brilliant eyes of his wife, on the graceful turn of her neck, on her light and beauteous form, he was wont to press her to his side, and call her "his bird," "his pet canary;" adding with a smile, "*Ecco, carina mia*, this is our cage, and yonder," pointing to the yellow macchèroni hanging in the sun—"yonder are the golden wires."

Within an easy amble of this straggling town which held Giuseppe and his wife in blest captivity, stands an ancient monastery, one of those picturesque buildings which abound in Italy, and many of which, like the one in question, are bosomed in wood, though perched upon an eminence. A certain Padre Giacomo was an inmate of its walls.

To tell that *padre* is the Italian for father, would be an insult even to the march of the "great unwashed;" but it may, I trust, be lawful to hint that the term *padre* is only applied to monks, friars, the Pope,

and such like, as "fathers in the church." Marriage with them being a forbidden penance, it could not, of course, be otherwise without a slur upon the sacred order, and possibly an action for libel in the Roman ecclesiastical court. This title, however, this sort of *lucus a non lucendo,* is often conferred by others than the high authorities of the church. The old, the young, the married and marrying of a town or district, sometimes unite in bestowing it as a mark of respect and holy love. Padre Giacomo had long enjoyed this prænomen, and well he deserved it. He was a treasure to the poor, and a friend to the sick: at his approach discord fled, the tear of sorrow sparkled with a smile, the sick revived, the sinner hoped, and the dying died in peace. He was, in short, a good Christian of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and practised what he preached.

When cholera swept the land of Italy with desolation, and smote it with a scourge so ghastly and terrific, that, in comparison, cholera in England was like a rod of feathers; when leeches fled and priesthood shrunk from the dying and their duty, then and there Padre Giacomo was ever to be found. Many and many a life was saved by his courage, his kindness, and skill. Hundreds upon hundreds in that dark hour received from his hands and his lips the last consolations of religion. Faith goes a great way; Padre Giacomo did work wonders, and, by easy gradations, it was soon believed that he could work miracles.

And could he not? He who can turn to harmony this jarring world, what can he not do? If, in addition, we are bound to confess that this good man was young and handsome, that was no fault of his; or, if a fault, if an attribute of danger to those who listened to his silver tones, how soon, alas! how very soon would it fade with the fleeting days of man!

If they who felt his smile, and inhaled the breath of peace, which murmured from his lips, felt also a something too nearly linked with adoration, that was no fault of Padre Giacomo; he could not help it, he sought neither homage nor reward, save in the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and towards one so good and so perfect the mingled feelings of reverence and love might surely be offered with impunity.

To return to Giuseppe and his wife. Some ten or twelve months had gone by since law and the church had made them one—in pursuance of the decree from on High, the feminine half was about to add one unit to creation. That anxious moment, that hour of trial, was fast approaching, when the woman hopes to be—a mother; and the man, trembling for his wife, hopes to be—a father!

Alas for Signora Ruffo! hers was no common case, but she evinced a fortitude worthy of her Roman descent. Never was the curse pronounced upon woman more fearfully fulfilled, never was a lovelier martyr, and never did Indian at the stake evince a courage more heroic!

But, alas! art, aid, and courage, had proved of no avail—the hopes of the woman were fading fast—the fears of the man were multiplied intensely; they grew to agony, distraction—all was tears, terror, and confusion, while death, shrouded in silence, looked quietly on from one corner of the room, and grinned with hungry delight at the thought of a speedy banquet.

"*Sancta Maria,* save her!" said the old nurse, as she knelt before a waxen image of the Virgin and Child.

"She is dying!" said another, as she told her beads and invoked the saints.

"She is dead!" cried a third, with a *miserere* wail.

"She breathes! she breathes!" said a fourth, as she held a glass to the lips of the sufferer.

"Nothing but a miracle can save her!" muttered a fifth, in a deep sepulchral tone.

"Padre Giacomo!" murmured the dying woman, to the surprise of all, as she heaved a deep-drawn sigh; and, for an instant, half unclosed her beautiful eyes.

"Padre Giacomo! Padre Giacomo!" echoed one, two, three, four, and five.

"Where is he? where is he? find him! find him!" cried a host at once, who cried and did not move. Luckily, there was one who said nothing, but ran to seek him.

"*Eccolo! Eccolo!* here comes our good Padre Giacomo!" was soon shouted in the street, and echoed on the stairs. Sure enough he was coming. And Signora Ruffo heaved an audible sigh.

Yes, as luck would have it, the good Padre, accompanied by three of his brethren, was passing through the town of Gragnano when he was thus unexpectedly arrested.

As may be expected, surprise mingled largely with his sorrow, when *la Signora's* case was fully explained. It was a new and difficult position: to aid the dying was his province,—so far he might be useful; but beyond, he pleaded ignorance and inability.

In vain: the more humbly the good Padre spoke, the more loudly his powers were extolled. "His kindness and skill had saved hundreds in the cholera, why not save *la povera Signora*, the wife of his friend Giuseppe?"

Now Giuseppe and Giacomo had been friends from boyhood, and the appeal was irresistible; but the Padre was too humble to trust to himself alone, so he made his brothers bear him company.

It is a rude and awkward trick to lift at all times the veil from the human mind. We therefore refrain from giving the full index of Padre Giacomo's thoughts, as, with noiseless tread, he ascended to the chamber of despair; enough to say, he thought of the power of faith, and he thought it just possible he might do good. That was enough. Within a little while he had returned the pressure of the husband's hand and whispered comfort in his agonized heart.

The curtains were closed, there was a solemn silence, not a breath was heard; it seemed as if death were already the tenant of that darkened room.

"Padre Giacomo!" once more murmured the dying woman.

"*Eccolo! Eccolo!*" echoed the voices of persons unseen, who whispered he was come.

Again there was a dead silence, and again *la Signora* sighed as *in extremis.*

On a sudden, in the chaunt of the church, in a voice soft as music, and solemn as an angel's dirge, Padre Giacomo sang out—"*Facciamo il dolore di questa povera donna! poco per l'uno! poco per l'altro!*"

"*Facciamo il dolore di questa povera donna!*" cried first one of the fat friars, then a second, then a third, and then, at the end of each chaunt, they chaunted in chorus the moans and groans of agony in the most feminine manner they could.

"Again, my brothers, and together!" cried Padre Giacomo, and again the chaunt was repeated, and they moaned most musically. "Again! again! again!" shouted the Padre, as he warmed in his

novel vocation. The spirit of the man was caught; his brothers, one and all, joined in the chaunt, and groaned enthusiastically.

"*Ecco! il bambino!* here's a bouncing boy!" cried the old nurse, with a shriek of joy, as she emerged from the dark folds of a curtain, and implored the blessing of Padre Giacomo on the new-born child.

"A miracle! a miracle!" was shouted by every tongue within the house, and caught by every ear that thronged the street.

"A miracle! a miracle!" rose with the windings of the straggling town, till the very macchèroni seemed to tremble with wonder and delight.

Padre Giacomo and his brethren turned to depart; their vocation was at an end, but the blessings of the husband, the father, and the mother, followed their footsteps, and were repeated by the poor.

When the Queen of England gives birth, and taxes poor England with a prince or a princess, the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, a high and mighty *posse comitatus* of lords and ministers are wont to attend.

None of these, and none such, were present when Signora Ruffo presented a son and heir to the maker of macchèroni; but notwithstanding this, there was ample record; there were enough of witnesses to attest the miracle which saved a mother's life, and gave birth to Master Ruffo. Long life and good luck to the boy! May he be a blessing to his parents, and may he make as good macchèroni as his father—better were impossible.

THE LONGEST DAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WENZEL.

Thus spake the Spring,
As she plumed her wing,
Reluctantly, for flight;
"And must I leave thee then so soon,
Bright Earth, to which I brought the boon
Of heaven's own pure delight?
Like Jephthah's daughter will I rove
O'er hill and dale in lingering love,
Since to this fair world I die:
Yet will I not mourn, but bid to a feast
All my children, ere yet my reign hath ceased,
And night shall bid me fly."

Then hastened the Spring,
On her shining wing,
To a vale as Eden's fair,
To the pastoral sound
Of a pipe around
She summoned her children there,
And they twined bright wreaths that bloomed like hope,
Of the flow'rs that hung down from the mountain's slope,
And they wove the light mystic dance;
O'er the cool meadow-green,
With its golden sheen,
Their fairy-like footsteps glance.

And as the bright sun,
When the day was done,
Declined to the western deep,
A voice arose from the joyous crowd,
"Not yet—not yet," they cried aloud,
"Descend, bright sun, to sleep!
Not yet withdraw thy parting ray—
Prolong, prolong, this longest day,
That all in its bliss may share!
Yet awhile, yet awhile,
On our Eden smile,
Canst thou visit a scene so fair?"

Slow sank the Sun,
Though the day was done,
And smiling lingered still;
And long, still long,
The exulting song
Was heard o'er each circling hill.
At midnight died away
The last, last lingering lay
On the wings of the soft summer wind;
All trembling it died
Through the circle wide
Of the glory he still left behind!

Eta.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF A GENTLEMAN FROM IRELAND.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

This is, or rather has been, a wonderful age for rail-roads and biographies. Fortunately, the mania for the one has subsided, or the United Kingdoms,—the Highlands and immediate vicinity of Plinlimmon excepted,—would, when viewed on a clear day from a balloon, in the endless iron interlineations of the surface, have exhibited the correct similitude of an overgrown gridiron, or a Scottish plaid. Railways have had their day—would we could say as much touching obituaries—for the latter outrage upon the public, so far from being abated, seems to be fearfully on the increase. If a dancing-master die, his son and successor places the full particulars of his lamented father's dietary and doings, and with all possible dispatch, before the world—and, in the dramatic line, even a clown is considered good for six or seven hundred pages,—tumbling and twaddle, of course, being the staple articles. Deceased statesmen, who, during a long life, conducted themselves so harmlessly that nobody ever heard of them, are evoked by some great-grand-daughter from the tomb. Generals, extremely peaceable in the flesh, are placed as large as life again upon the field, and that, too, after the repose of a long century. Any post-captain in the Navy List is considered cheap at a post octavo; and, on the demise of an admiral, there is a regular rush among the literary gentlemen in the life line, to have the honour of touching off the defunct commander. No departed comedian is permitted to rest quietly in the grave; and even chancellors are summoned from the tomb, and reseated on the woolsack by their own successors.

In olden time, rest and the grave were considered to be things concurrent. Resurrectionists, it is said, have retired from business—but no matter how humble and inoffensive a man may be, the tomb is no security at the present day against his being paraded before the public even by his own executors and heirs-at-law. In fact, nobody is safe from having his life taken—not by the sword—but the pen. In proper succession, we shall have "Memorials of Professor Morrison, by the President of the College of Health,"—"Secret Correspondence of Mr. Keeley with Mr. Buckstone, extracted from the Original MSS.,"—"The Life and Times of Michael Gibbs, Alderman and Citizen of London," and "The Remains of Emanuel Moses, Marine Merchant, by his Son and successor in the business." There will be "A Voice from Bermuda," on the demise of the first Irish patriot who may shuffle off this mortal coil; and overtures have been made to Mr. Joseph Ady, by a young and spirited publisher in the Row, to obtain the early particulars of the private history of that distinguished philanthropist, at the request of half a dozen gentlemen of great erudition and research, to enable them to present a biography, and the whole of his invaluable and unredeemed correspondence to the world, in twenty-seven quarto volumes, uniform in size with the last and corrected edition of the Encyclopedia Edinensis.

It would be strange, indeed, if in this age of biographical competition, when, if a quack perpetrated his confessions, his *sanctum* would be besieged by applicants for these valuable manuscripts, that the literary remains of a gentleman but lately gathered to his fathers, should not be demanded with avidity, and given with all convenient expedition to an expecting public. The gifted individual we allude to, was the late lamented Miles Patrick Malone ; and the painful, but pleasant duty will devolve on me, who became demise possessor of his invaluable manuscripts, to select a few descriptive and interesting extracts, after I shall have given a brief notice of his metropolitan career.

I knew him in early life—and when I went to the Peninsula, left my friend Miley, as they abbreviate it in Ireland—idling time away at his maternal uncle's. That relative was of gentlemanly descent,—and proprietor of a small estate mortgaged to the full amount of the fee-simple, and, as people whispered, perchance a little more; and the house, in its state of repair, and in all that appertained to comfort and general economy, was pretty similar to the pleasant mansion called Castle Rackrent. For the long period of twenty years I was but once at home ; and, during that visit, I learned that Miles had emigrated some dozen years before, and established his Penates in the Modern Babylon. Touching the success of his career, the accounts received were most conflicting. One visitor to London declared that he had actually seen him driving four-in-hand; while another averred that he had encountered the real Simon Pure at the Boiled Beef-house in the Old Bailey,—and, according to his report, his appetite appeared very excellent, but his outward man extremely seedy. It was as I said *passim*, after a space of twenty years, when I ran against Miley in person, and one glance assured me that whatever the alterations of his fortunes might have been, their results were the reverse of being prosperous. He was breaking up fast—and when I returned to town from Cheltenham in a month, it was quite clear that poor Miley was regularly in the raven's book. My suspicions were confirmed in a few weeks afterwards—for he slipped his girths, leaving me heir to the whole of his effects, with an understanding that I should bury him. I accepted the trust—and it is only necessary to observe, that, the rent deducted, the assets realized were four pounds seventeen—the undertaker's bill having dipped severely into the half-pay of the current quarter.

It would be surprising indeed, in this age of biographical book-thirstiness, when the memorials of a chiropodist by himself, would be vigorously competed for, if the Life and Remains of a gentleman, like my departed countryman, should fail in creating an immense sensation. Possessor of his invaluable MSS., I shall lose no time in preparing a memoir of my regretted friend for general perusal; and with a liberal amount of extracts from his London Experiences, I shall then have best discharged a double duty to society, by communicating important information, and that, too, conveyed in a most agreeable dress.

The date of Mr. Malone's birth I cannot exactly ascertain. Within mortal memory there was no church in the parish, and, consequently, no vestry. The late Incumbent, who lived to ninety-five, and held the benefice for seventy-three years and five months, always inserted parochial occurrences in the yearly almanac. We believe that this

would not be a presentable record in a court of law—nor, even, as a behest, we hold doubts whether they (we mean old almanacs) would be received by the British Museum. Under these difficulties, we cannot authenticate the exact day on which Mr. Malone saw the light; and, indeed, the earlier portion of his history is somewhat wrapped in obscurity.

His education was confided to the care of the Reverend Ignatius O'Sullivan, a very zealous, but not a very erudite, churchman; who, feeling that his spiritual functions were removed above grammatical restriction altogether, was pleased to spell physician with an f, and wrote the pronoun personal with a little i, always, however, being careful to dot the letter.

It is marvellous how men manage to get on in the British metropolis; and Miles Patrick Malone was so lucky as to find out that secret. There is a sort of gentility associated with idleness, and particularly in Cockney estimation, that gives an unemployed personage a fictitious importance. The reasoning is unsound. He has no visible means, and, consequently, he must have occult resources. This logical deduction is erroneous, and Mr. Miles Patrick Malone's case will on that point, as we believe, be proof satisfactory.

A presentable man, provided he stand well with his tailor, and having certain qualifications besides, will rarely want a dinner in London. He must be no stander on strict punctilio, but ready to fill a chair vacated by apology, and that even at the eleventh hour. If the company be slow coaches, he is, at a hint, expected to come out pleasantly. He must be fond of children, and allow any two-year-old introduced with the dessert, to take awful liberties with his shirt-front. In the drawing-room he is expected to hold himself ready to ring the bell and poke the fire. Should there be a quiet quadrille for the juveniles, and also an elderly young lady—or what is called in Ireland "a wall-flower"—in the room, at a nod from the hostess he is required to solicit the honour of her hand. Indeed, like a servant-of-all-work, he is required to make himself generally useful,—and thus, by strict attention to morning visits and general civility, he may manage to dine out six days out of the seven.

On this principle Miles Patrick Malone acted systematically. Aware that the whereabouts of a man upon town is deeply important, he ensconced himself in Jermyn Street. The rent was not oppressive, —the *locale* being the back sky-parlour,—and the weekly consideration seven shillings. The first floor let for three guineas, but as Miles Patrick was never at home in his life, nobody could possibly ascertain whether his portion of the mansion extended over the shop, or had reached the poetical altitude described by Juvenal—*ubi ova molles reddant columbæ*. But, although Miles was always in person *non inventus*, an invitation was never known to go astray. These hints at a symposium about to come off, were always correctly responded to; and Mr. Malone was never during life five minutes behind the dinner hour but once, and that occurred through his being knocked down at a crossing by a drunken cabman.

Miles Patrick screwed on wonderfully for a dozen years. Report said, that at one period of his metropolitan career he was proprietor of two horses and a groom, and that the attendant wore a black frock and was moreover correctly leathered. Even later in life he was once or

twice encountered in a cab, but the latter turn-out exhibited a suspicious appearance. Like a military mercenary, it was evidently a subsidised affair. The harness was gilded as extensively as gingerbread at Greenwich Fair, and the tiger, though short in stature, would, if rolled out, have extended to a grenadier, and turned twelve stone in his stable-clothes.

From what quarter Miles Patrick extracted his supplies was a mystery to the world. Of acquired property he was considered innocent, and paternal he never had possessed: yet he dressed well for a dozen years,—dined out six days, and mostly also on the seventh,—and his card bore always a west-end reference. Youth, however, is necessary for a London hanger-on; and although, with much tact and some talent, he, the hanger-on, may last until middle-age, after that epoch in his career, the dining-out gentleman becomes too stiff to tumble, and he is declared, consequently, to be useless, as obese sweeps were in former times, when they had grown too stout to get up a flue. More youthful candidates push these unhappy men from their dinner chairs, and poor Miles Patrick lived long enough to experience that sad consummation. Stories, racy a dozen years before, became in time as uninteresting as a decided Chancery cause; and as he grew older, he grew more tedious as a *raconteur*. Fresher men, who attended fights and pigeon-matches, engrossed attention; for poor Miles Patrick's disposable commodities were details of the Cato-street conspiracy, and curious reminiscences of a conversation over a mutton chop, holden with two Jews and a foreigner during the trial of Queen Caroline. If Miles Patrick indulged in a reminiscence of Pitt, Sheridan, or Fox, the host instantly shoved onwards the decanter; and, at the dessert, when three sweet girls and a boy were introduced, a general description of the burking system was ruthlessly interrupted by the lady of the house, who declared that after Miley's last minute detail of the murders at Ratcliff-Highway, and the ovation of Williams' body through the city in a cart, the children were obliged to take composing draughts for a week; and the nursery-maid, for fear of encountering ghosts upon the stairs, had consumed candles to an extent that was alarming.

Lower and lower still poor Miley descended—and, in his social relations, he subsided gradually into a member of that subordinate order who speak monosyllabically, describing persons as flints, bricks, and snobs,—abbreviate the word "gentleman" to "gent,"—torture the language generally, and take shameful liberties with the vowels. Alas! his tenure even in that low clique was only at will; and in less than a twelvemonth, admission could only be gained by taking advantage of the accidental cleansing of the hall-door brasses, or the ignorance of a new servant, unskilled in visiting admissibility. The opportunity availed nothing. The lady issued dinner directions coolly in Miles Patrick's presence — the correct conduct to be observed in fish and flesh successions was duly enforced—punctuality urged upon the pastry-cook—and the morning visit was foreshortened by a *brusque* intimation, on the lady's part, that she requested liberty to depart — the children, poor dears! from numbers one to five, were in regularly for the whooping-cough, and she had a dinner for a dozen to look after. Alas! there was no *addendum* to the speech —"Mr. Malone, although the table will be crowded, we can still manage to squeeze a corner out for you!"

Lower and lower yet! To an occasional invitation his poverty and

not his will consented. The latent sparks of gentility smouldered still; and Miles Patrick rejected the sponsorship of the butcher's first-born, and declined a baker's invitation to that annual festivity which marked the return of his bridal day. Poor fellow! a good dinner would not have come amiss; for on the day that he rejected the baker's leg of mutton and accompaniments he had dined with Duke Humphry.

How the last two or three years were eked out none but himself could tell. We fear that his privations at times were painful. When he did go out, it was hebdominally,—and that on the morning when he could best manage a clean shirt. His clothes, in dye and texture, had given striking indications of senility,—and from Wellingtons he had descended to Bluchers, and, lower yet, from Bluchers even to what in snob parlance are termed "high-lows." His hat was always damp-brushed,—and the gold-topped Manilla cane had been succeeded by an unpretending sapling. He was, and too evidently, a decayed gentleman,—but he was a gentleman after all.

With this prefatory notice, we shall proceed to make a few valuable and instructive extracts from his posthumous memoranda.

LONDON, GENERALLY CONSIDERED,

is the best place on earth, where a man who may be averse to lay himself under the obligations attendant on letters of introduction, can or should resort to, inasmuch as an *entrée* into the best society is obtained at once by a call at the crib of any fighting-man in the victualling line —a drop in at a harmonic meeting—or, indeed, a nocturnal visit to any of the "Finishes." Nothing is slower than the march of popular prejudice towards abolition—and country-people, especially, are indisposed to discard early opinions, even as they stick tenaciously to their leathers and continuations. In the sight of these rustical antediluvians a "Free and Easy" is the first step to transportation; and, in their disordered fancies, the Cider Cellar, being subterranean, is associated with a place we never mention; and they quote, if they be Latinized, the old saw "facilis descensus Averni." Well, let us suppose that a young gentleman starts for the metropolis,—his first appearance on any stage,—with a week's leave of absence, much good advice, and, what is more to the purpose, a ten-pound note from the governor,—*passim*, if in London you called your progenitor *father*, you would be dished regularly, and no mistake—and we will also suppose that the maternal branch of the family slips him a five-pounder on the sly. Well, he starts for the modern Babylon, having entered into a preliminary undertaking, that he will neither dive at the witching hour into the pleasant retreat called the Cider Cellar, nor patronize the fashionable hostelries of that classic region Drury Lane, where, as brevity is reputed to be the soul of wit, instead of setting out her name at full length, as if it were in an indictment at the Old Bailey, the lady, being a matron, abbreviates Mistress Honeywood into "Mother H." Well, obedient to established prejudices, he dutifully eschews these fashionable retreats tabooed by the old gentleman in the country; but is not Mr. Evans at home under the Piazza? and Baron Nicholson—what a slap it is at his lazy brothers on the bench—sitting, albeit "fat as butter," even in the dog-day evenings, and offering practical lessons in elementary jurisprudence to any youthful aspirant to the woolsack.

It is not unusual for gentlemen, particularly from Ireland, to repair annually to London, on the same principle that servant-maids come from the country, to better their condition.

We assume, therefore, that the visitor is from *the ould country*, and that his business to the metropolis is matrimonial. He may, if he can spare seven or eight shillings, advertise in the "Sunday Times;" but ladies of high connexions and a *bonâ fide* 10,000*l.*, seldom operate through the newspapers.

Much will depend on the amount of what may be the hymeneal qualification. If money only be required, Margate may answer in the season. If to *the rowdy*, high birth, position in society, and educational advantages must be added, you must steam on to Ramsgate; and the outlay is only four-and-sixpence after all. Let nothing, however, induce you to stop at Herne Bay. It is a Hebrew settlement, where even the purchase of a penny cigar would be imprudent; and had you the wisdom of a serpent, once debarked on the wooden jetty, you would risk the loss of one of your *molares*, did you not remain jaw-locked while you inspected the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

To compassing and contracting matrimony in any locality with a garden attached, I have a decided objection; and in this sweeping list I include Vauxhall, Cremorne, the White Conduit, Tivoli, and a full *et cetera*, even to tea-drinking on Hampstead Heath. A balloon, nocturnally launched, or even a shower of fireworks, is decidedly unfavourable to the calm selection of a consort. I speak from sad experience, having known a very deplorable case of an Irish gentleman, who was matrimonially ruined during the penultimate ascent of Madam Saqui, by a lady's maid, who possessed consummate impudence, a two years' character, and a purple pellorine.

In laying out money to advantage, a man who knows town well, can effect wonders; and no matter what his wants are, from a penknife to a phaeton, they can be readily supplied. Requires he a gun? At any Birmingham repository he can make his selection—and the vendor will obligingly convert the concern into a town-made tool, by merely engraving the name of any London tradesman on the weapon, whom the purchaser may have a fancy for. For miscellaneous property, I opine that a lamp-lighted depository in Cheapside is the place—the hammer-man being of the Hebrew profession—and, consequently, so extremely conscientious, that he would scorn to take advantage of a Christian child. In the unquestionable honour of an advertising bill-discounter, you may repose unbounded confidence, and fearlessly entrust your securities to his safe-keeping, and you will be certain of the money when you get it. Are you a bachelor, and desire clothing that shall outlast the period of your natural life? or, are you a family-man—I do not mean a pick-pocket—and wish your garments to descend as heir-looms to your children? repair at once to Moses and the Minories. Need you medical intervention for any malady the flesh is heir to? Avoid all Galenical preparations as compounded by a licensed apothecary, and place your trust in heaven, Professor Holloway, and Parr's Pills. Be cautious, however, in using the latter—

keep the Wandering Jew before your eyes—for did you incautiously swallow a double dose, you would live to eternity.

There is much that is dangerous in London, which should be cautiously guarded against,—and human destruction is not confined, by any means, to patent medicines. The category would be tedious to set out in full. Be wide awake to the driving of a butcher's boy, who has emperilled dinner by stopping to look for half an hour at Punch and Judy in the adjacent street—or to that of a doctor without practice. Eschew gentlemen "from Ireland," who make assurance doubly sure, by a pledge of honour at every sentence. To propose to a lady on the first evening that you sport a toe with her at Baron Nathan's weekly *bal dansante*, is rather hazardous — nor would I recommend you to accept a bill for a gentleman, previously unknown, whose acquaintance you were so fortunate as to make in the transit of "Waterman, No. 7," between London Bridge and the pier at Gravesend. A Californian security, by every account, is unexceptionable. I hate trouble—and hence I prefer a cheque on Coutts', it is so handy and presentable. At an Urban-plate-house you can have your steak for sevenpence-halfpenny, with one penny to the fair administratrix. At the Blue Posts, in Cork Street, it costs a little more—but when the metallics will permit, I always stand the difference. I have a silly prejudice in favour of light-complexioned table-linen—and—it is, I trust, a pardonable weakness—when I confess that I incline to a four-pronged implement in silver, rather than the bi-furcated article generally in city use, attendant on a knife with wiped blade and horn handle.

Should you be of that order termed "private gentleman,"—which, generally meaneth, a person not required to resort either to trade or profession for a maintenance,—time may hang heavy on your hands. Could you manage to get into a Chancery suit, you are certain of occupation during life—or if you have a fancy for figures, examine the Walbrook vestry-books, balance the accounts, and you can agreeably occupy leisure time, and even wet Sundays, for the next seven years.

In selecting your city hostelrie, go always to a singing establishment. Are you ill? the landlord and his staff never go to bed—and if you seek your dormitory in good health, you are lulled "to pleasure and soft repose" by a serenade—no charge additional.

If a poetical shop-bill be insinuated into your hand, repair *instanter* to the establishment pointed out. You may rest assured that the proprietor is a man above the common caste—a poetic citizen you may safely deal with—the Muses, and no mercenary considerations engrossing his attention.

Dulce est dissipere—and a rat-affair in Smithfield is extremely interesting. Back the varmin always against the dog. Reports touching the hocussing of the little animals have crept into circulation. The charge is grossly libellous—for gentlemen in the rat-line are "full of honour as a corps of cavalry." *

* Doctor Ollapod.

Are you in want of wine? repair to a city auction. If the gentleman honoured with instructions for its disposal, declares that it is vintage 1738, and, consequently, one hundred and eleven years in bottle, bid fearlessly. If he further add that it was a self-importation, not only bottled, but even corked, by the great-grandfather of the late and lamented proprietor, you may safely advance five shillings a dozen additional upon this guarantee. Implicit reliance may ever be reposed in the word of an auctioneer, for he would scorn to drop hammer upon desk, were the rigid facts of his statement not strict truth even to the letter—and to be verified, if necessary, upon affidavit before the Lord Mayor.

In horse-flesh the same hints may be generally attended to. Some men are unhappily of that infelicitous disposition, that they distrust everything and everybody. Be guarded against such sinister-minded examples of the body politic. Well, we suppose you want a horse—and you attend punctually at the auction hour, which is politely described as 12 for 1—an autioneering impertinence that nobody but that consummate impersonation of effrontery would venture to perpetrate. You will generally find the yard crowded with idle people, who would induce you to fancy they had designs upon a horse, although they could not afford milk to a house-cat. They examine, however, the animal produced with anxious attention—and while the gentleman in the pulpit, armed with his mallet, details the virtues of the quadruped, they maliciously take general exceptions. One gentleman perceives that the nag steps a little short—another detects a feather on his eye—a third will tender an affidavit that he is a regular roarer—while a fourth cunningly detects an incipient spavin. All these men are mere grumblers—and pass them unheeded. Up comes a plain and unpretending personage. He is none of the flash scamps that overrun cider-cellars and infest bazaars. He is merely a man from the country, and plainly dressed—blue coat, gilt buttons, a coloured vest, voluminous neck-protector, tights, and continuations. He is, moreover, florid in complexion, wears a broad-brimmed hat, and carries a double-thonged whip. He makes a rustic salutation—begs pardon for the liberty he is about to take—but having known the horse at hammer since he was foaled, and having also perceived that you had an eye turned in that direction, he begs to say, that what could have induced the proprietor to part with him, the horse, altogether passeth his understanding. On the strength of such disinterested assurances you come out stoutly with ten pounds over whatever might have been a preliminary limitation. You secure the quadruped—give the man with the florid countenance a glass of brandy—cold, to feed his nasal salamander—and like every man who has the conscious feeling that he has not played deaf adder when Wisdom was crying in the street, you part from your fat friend, and proceed on your way rejoicing.

Timid equestrians are generally suspicious; but in your transit from the repository to your own domicile *à cheval*, let no trifling occurrence shake your confidence in the daisy-cutter you have so happily become possessor of. Does he shy? Something, no doubt, has alarmed him; and have you not been startled frequently yourself? Does he trip? That is an every-day accident to which horses and men are liable alike; and recollect, that as he has four legs and you only two, he has a right to

make two stumbles for your one. Does he fall? The fault rests entirely with yourself: what have you a bridle for but to keep him on his pins? Is he a whistler? How frequently have you whistled, and yet you are neither consumptive nor asthmatic? Shows he a mucous discharge at the nostril? Have you not been afflicted with cold in the head, and been obliged to have frequent recurrence to your pocket-handkerchief? Does he bolt into a gateway or stable-lane? Have you never, on perceiving a gentleman of the tribe of Levi with a prominent proboscis and a restless eye in the advance, cut round a corner or vanished in a by-lane? Does he refuse his oats? After a night at the Cider Cellar have you not declined breakfast? Does he run away with you? That is an undoubted proof of high courage that will not brook restriction. Does he demolish a donkey-cart of crockery in the performance of this last exploit? All you have to do is to stick close to the saddle, if you can, and long before the dealer in delf can recover his astonished senses, you will be in another parish and safe from pursuit? Do you ride over a biped? What business had he to cross the street? and if he has two or three bones dislocated, pray what are hospitals for but to re-unite them?

From equine and other casualties how many men have dated after-fortune and deduced their immortality? But for his canter on the callender's horse to Edmonton, would John Gilpin's memory have survived that of any haberdasher of his day? With a snaffle in his hand, and a sufficiency of pigskin to repose his person on, who could take all that was in a three-year-old out of him more skilfully than Sam Chiffney? and are his happiest turf efforts now remembered? No; they are swamped in the stream of time: while Mazeppa, a gentleman who ran the longes trace on record without saddle, bridle, or a pull from the start to the close, is poetized by Byron, and may be seen at Astley's large as life. I knew an Irish gentleman who secured 20,000*l.* by rescuing a lady, through the agency of his umbrella, from close imprisonment in Newman's gateway, where she had been driven for shelter by a shower; and another who, after three infelicitous seasons and an exhausted purse, was miraculously brought into prominent notice, by being carried at racing speed and a vicious mare into a confectioner's,—a feat that went the round of the papers, and was miraculously achieved without fracturing a jelly-glass.

I am Hibernian in birth, parentage, education, and affections—and to my well-beloved countrymen, in the plenitude of past experience, I would extend very valuable advice. I never knew a large investment in the Three per Cents. secured by rolling down the hill in Greenwich Park, nor, on wooden piers, are ladies of fortune generally predominant. The safest course for a gentleman about to marry, is to solicit, *in limine*, a letter of introduction to the lady's stock-broker—not that he can have a doubt touching the amount of assets stated, but it is still pleasant to ascertain whether they are in Consols or Long Annuities. Caution should be observed in conducting Hymeneal transactions. The happiness of a Cork gentleman, I knew well, was blighted by a West-end auctioneer, who seduced him into matrimony with his daughter, and went into the Gazette the second week of the honey-moon, paying a composition to his creditors of two-pence-three-farthings in the pound. In the case of your being bold enough to grapple with a widow, a direct reference to Doctors Commons will be the only security you can have against the machinations and devices of

a class of gentlewomen, reputed to be doubly dangerous. Ladies, liberally supplied with marriageable daughters, such as you encounter at every watering-place, must also be suspiciously regarded. I would not commit matrimony on the strength of an Australian uncle with no family and the monetary reputation of half a plum, were the Australian even backed by a second cousin in the Spice Islands, a warm man in mace, nutmegs, and various peppers. The audacious pretences of people now-a-days passeth human understanding. Not long since I received a pressing invitation to winter with a young gentleman at his hunting-box in Leicestershire—lent him, on the strength of a season's run, five pounds seventeen and sixpence in odd moneys—and within a fortnight learned that his rural retreat was not discoverable, but his town residence, for the next three months, was the Millbank Penitentiary. A Methodist preacher picked my pocket in an Omnibus—and I was obliged, no later than last spring, to bind an Irish gentleman in a recognizance to keep the peace, because I declined joining him in a cognovit to his tailor, and becoming security besides for four shillings and sixpence weekly to the parochial authorities, being the penal consequence on his part of broken vows.

My own career is finished—I am dead to idle Hymeneal overtures—and no lady through the "Sunday Times," shall seduce me into the expenditure of a letter-stamp. Any matrimonial transaction must be conducted on business principles—and, whether virgin or bereaved, none need make an application unless her title-deeds accompany the tender of her hand, the former to be laid professionally before my solicitor. An *ad valorem* consideration, according to age specified, will be expected from elderly young ladies—and also an authenticated record of their baptism. No gentlewoman under twenty-one will be treated with — and all statements respecting general amiability and affectionate disposition, will, upon detection, be committed to the fire. Harp accomplishments to me are merely waste of paper—as, in my estimation, the manipulation of catgut is of no consequence when compared with the construction of a harrico—while even a remote acquaintance with Latin and Greek, will be fatal to the applicant. Finally, should proposals be entertained, a personal inspection of the candidate will be a *sine qua non.*

N.B.—Railroad securities and good expectations are totally repudiated. Religion not objected to, except Jumper and Southcotian. A tender of character without cash will be but the idle expenditure of a postage stamp. No Irish need apply — and an affidavit from the applicant will be indispensable, declaring that she never danced "the Polka."

A GLANCE AT HOLLAND AND THE DUTCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE AND BELGIUM."

HOLLAND is, in one aspect, the most interesting country in Europe. Its interest consists in the complete absence of every feature of natural beauty, and of every natural resource that confers interest upon other countries. It derives its attraction exclusively from its unlikeness to all other inhabited places on the face of the globe, and from the extraordinary proofs it affords of the power of man to subdue the elements to his use by the exercise of patient industry and sagacious forethought.

There is no country which so remarkably illustrates the practicability of vanquishing natural difficulties by the simple application of intelligence and perseverance. And here again Holland presents an extraordinary contrast to other countries. The difficulties which the Dutch have vanquished are of a kind that rarely exist elsewhere, and never except in so limited a degree as to be easily overcome. Nor is this all. In Holland, the conquest of these difficulties not only constitutes the entire foundation of the kingdom, and the prevention of their recurrence the perpetual business of the State; but they have been conquered, and are kept down, without any of those helps and expedients which exist elsewhere, and by the aid of which the subjugation of such obstacles is rendered less a work of ingenuity than toil. In all other countries where drainage is necessary, or where embankments are to be formed, quarries, mines, and forests abound to furnish the requisite instruments and materials for the hands of labour: in Holland, no such resources exist. There is not a single quarry, mine, or forest in the whole country.

It is in this point of view that Holland appears almost incomprehensible. Without stones to build houses, walls, or ramparts, or to make roads; without iron to fabricate the necessary implements; without any of the minerals which enter into the ordinary operations of industry, the Dutch have produced results greater both in extent and in the marvellous disproportion between the means and the end, than all the countries of the civilized world. They have literally effected by the naked labour of their hands, that upon which the most skilful appliances of art have elsewhere been concentrated frequently in vain. The mere conception is gigantic; the performance prodigious; the issue incredible. It must be seen to be understood. No description can convey the slightest notion of the way in which Holland has been gathered, particle by particle, out of the waste of waters, of the strange aspect of the country, and the incessant vigilance and wondrous precautions by which it is preserved. Holland is, in the fullest sense, an alluvion of the sea. It consists of mud and sand rescued from the ocean, and banked up on all sides. Produced by the most dexterous and indefatigable exertions, it can be maintained only by artificial means. If the efforts

by which it was redeemed from the waters were to be relaxed, the ocean would reassert its rights, and the whole kingdom would be submerged. The slightest accident might sweep Holland into the deep. It was once nearly undermined by an insect. Indeed, the necessity of destroying insects is so urgent, that the stork, a great feeder upon them, is actually held in veneration, and almost every species of bird is religiously protected from injury. Bird-nesting is strictly prohibited by law. The drift of all this is palpable enough. But it is curious that the very existence of a great country should depend upon such guarantees.

How the people live here is a matter of endless speculation. Yet they not only live, but exhibit the activity of a hive. Their industry is above and beyond all praise. They possess a variety of manufactures, have within themselves many secrets of handicraft unknown to other countries, were amongst the earliest navigators (a business in which, considering their origin, it is not very surprising they should excel), were once a formidable maritime power, and are still a great mercantile community.

The country thus rescued from the sea is preserved by expedients almost as marvellous as its origin. It is intersected all over with canals and ditches, and bound up in flood-gates and wicker-work. The people, as Butler says, live at anchor. A Dutch landscape is one of the oddest things in the world. It is not a landscape, it is composed of streaks of land and water. A *luist*, or pleasure-house, answering to the retreat which we call a country-house, is a gaudily painted building, with a dismal attempt at *summeriness*, which, looking at the surrounding marshes, and thinking of the eternal dampness of the atmosphere, has rather a drenching effect upon the imagination, in spite of its green verandahs and white steps, its shaven lawn and parterres of flowers. The lawn is generally separated from the public road by a ditch, crossed by a wooden drawbridge and gateway, over which the owner, according to his fancy, places some such fantastical inscription as "Sans Souci," a sort of pleasant fiction to take the eyes of the passer-by. Upon the edge of these trim lawns you invariably see a *thee ruim*, or tea-room, built of wood, pierced on all sides by gay flaunting windows, and pushed out over the water of the boundary drain, as if the inhabitants were not satisfied with the oozing moisture of the soil, but must needs absorb all the additional vapour and effluvia they can collect out of their ditches. This is a most painful stretch after the picturesque, a doleful effort to make up by stratagem for the deficiencies of nature. If the water were running water—a rill or a "babbling brook"—it would be another affair; but, alas! it is stagnant, mantled over with eternal green, and as dreary to gaze upon as it is pestiferous to inhale. A strange sight it is to see a Dutch family sitting at tea at these open windows in a wet atmosphere, looking perfectly happy in their own lumpish way, while they are drinking in death from the heavy evening air, loaded with ague, cramps, and malaria. Yet there they sit, sipping their tea and smoking their pipes, as happily as if they were in a bower of roses.

The energies of the people are concentrated against the common enemy. In the marshes which are below the level of the land, on the land which is below the level of the sea, and on the canals which are above the level of the land, we find windmills, and pumps, and

steam machinery at incessant work to drain off the water and keep it out. The profession of the water-engineer is the most important in the country. He receives a regular education for his business, and knows better than any man alive how to deal with flood-gates, dykes, and sluices, inundations, water-spouts, and tempests. A large corps of these professional guardians of the soil are kept constantly on the look-out for accidents, day and night, at an enormous expenditure to the government; and, in addition to their scientific aid, all persons, high and low, are required to repair instantly to the point of danger upon the ringing of an alarum bell, and to labour at the pumps, or perform such other service as the exigency of the occasion may require. The unremitting solicitude, in fact, of the whole population is directed to the appalling question of life or death, which is hourly and momentarily at issue between the people and the devouring ocean.

Their genius for practical paradox enables them to extract even from this very grave terror a source of entertainment. In winter they are exposed to the utmost danger from the accumulation of large masses of ice which block up the rivers (if rivers they may be called), causing extensive inundations, and frequently damaging the protection dykes. The Dutch take out their revenge against this formidable foe in annual festivals. The famous lake of Haarlem, formed by the bursting of four previously independent lakes, is said to present a circumference of eleven leagues, and upon this surface, when it is frozen over in the winter time, multitudes of people collect for the purpose of holding a gala. Tents are pitched, and games of all sorts are carried on with uproarious merriment. The principal amusement is skating, in which the Dutch excel. Races of a score of miles are run in this way, and a variety of fantastical dances and figures are executed, the performers being dressed *en costume*, the most skilful amongst them balancing vases, bowls, and baskets on their heads, to show off their dexterity. In this curious scene, the gay pavilions and groups of mummers and roysterers mix in highly picturesque forms with the numerous windmills employed upon the lakes on the grand experiment for drainage which is now going forward.

The general aspect of the country is sufficiently indicated by the physiognomy of the *luists* and their grounds. The face of Holland is scarred over with canals and drains, and as you drive along you see the canal-boats floating above you. The process of drainage in the marshes is effected by water-courses, worked in the usual way by windmills, which are necessarily so numerous as to form conspicuous objects in a Dutch landscape, or *water*-scape, as it ought to be called. The perpetual recurrence of marshes and drains, great and small, renders it a matter of some perplexity to cross the country on foot, and pedestrians would find a considerable advantage in the employment of leaping-poles. As for other modes of travelling, science will never be brought to perfection in its application to Holland, until some ingenious engineer shall have invented a locomotive which will possess the double capacity of moving by land and water. Of all countries in the world, Holland is the country for railroads. It is a dead level; embanking and blasting are unknown operations. Tunnels and viaducts are nowhere to be seen. There is neither a rock nor a valley from dyke's end to dyke's end,

and all that is necessary to be done in constructing a railroad on this fortunate flat, is simply to lay down the line.

It is, perhaps, owing to the infinite number of drains, ditches, and canals which cross your track, that no safeguard whatever is thought of to protect people from tumbling into them. Even in the streets, which might be appropriately described as canals with open quays, there is no such thing as as a rail, wall, or fence to be seen, so that horses, children, and strangers, not to speak of grown-up Dutch men and women, who may be presumed to be amphibious, have no security whatever against being drowned, or, more properly, suffocated in the mud. Yet we never hear of an accident of that kind. The danger is, in fact, so imminent, that it carries its own warning.

A Dutch city presents the appearance of a settlement raised upon a bog. Most of the houses topple forward, as if they were staggering from the subsidence of their foundations. One half of the East India Company's stores at Amsterdam have already sunk in this way, the piles on which the city is built having gradually given way in the course of time. But of its two hundred and twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants, probably, there is not one who entertains the slightest apprehension on the subject. They are much more troubled by the want of fresh water, for the luxury of a spring does not exist, and they are obliged to remedy the defect by conveying a supply from the Vecht in barges, and husbanding their rain-water in tanks.

The Dutch are great drinkers and smokers. They begin with schiedam and tobacco early in the morning, and continue their cigars all day long, having recourse again at intervals to the schiedam. The climate enforces these habits, from which it would be a mistake to infer that the people are intemperate. On the contrary, they are remarkably sober and moral. The small potations in which they so frequently indulge have no effect whatever beyond that of an artificial stimulant, rendered indispensable by the humid and depressing nature of the atmosphere. A German who had resided many years at Rotterdam told us, that he had for a long time resisted the temptation of the morning dram, until at last he found his appetite utterly gone, and was compelled, in self-defence, to resort to a glass of the reviving Geneva. Even with the aid of that fugitive tonic, he never could manage to make a hearty breakfast in Holland, although he had lived there quite long enough to become thoroughly acclimated; but whenever he paid a visit to his native hills up the Rhine, his strength returned, and he could sit down to breakfast with rejuvenescent vigour.

The cleanliness of the Dutch is proverbial. Their houses,—of which those belonging to the wealthier classes are splendid and sumptuous,—may be described as models of neatness and order. The steps and doorways are as bright as porcelain, and every nook and cranny in the interior undergoes incessant processes of washing and dusting. The floors are polished like a table; the walls have not a speck or soil; no spider is suffered to weave his nets in dark corners; and the sweetness of the remotest recesses of cupboards may be confidently relied upon. Yet, with all this care applied to their houses, the Dutch are singularly indifferent to cleanliness in their persons. They certainly do not seem to employ the bath with similar zeal, and they dress themselves as if the matter of freshness

in the toilet was of little account. Perhaps the eternal fumes of tobacco, with which even their bright houses are saturated to the roof, may be held responsible for much of this apparent personal neglect.

This is not the only practical contradiction extant in Holland. The Dutch accomplish many things which are at variance with the experience of other places. In spite of the old saw, they build houses securely on sand, and have realised the imperious desire of Canute, by having successfully said to the sea, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." Nor is it the least of their achievements that they contrive to live comfortably, and to become robust, and, after a manner, cheerful, in a climate which is pre-eminently calculated to lower the nervous system and destroy human life. They manage to live in this fat contented way too, in spite of the want of some of the essential means of life. They have no water, no wood, no salt, no coal, no stone. They do without them, or supply them by such resources as art put to torture can suggest. They extract salt, for example, from the sea. Nor is it the least of their remarkable appeals to the mysteries of nature that, without a soil, they produce the costliest and most beautiful flowers.

The old queer costume of the Dutch is passing away. The bulk of the people dress very much like the English, the vast balloon breeches, broad hat, and full petticoats, being now seldom seen except amongst the peasantry and the fishermen. The women in the market-places, especially the Friesland women, still retain their not unpicturesque head-dresses. The snow-white cap, plaited and frilled round the face, has a striking effect, when the wind, getting under it, ruffles it into a fluttering circle, resembling the rainbow frills which were in vogue in England in the reign of Elizabeth. The women of the lower classes wear also white muslin caps, sheathed with gold leaf or plates of gold paper, which, with high gilt pins standing up at each side, metal bands round the forehead, and a profusion of long ear-rings, and sparkling gold or brass ornaments, make a brilliant appearance on *fête* days and festivals.

The most remarkable of these *fêtes* is the annual *Kermesse*, which takes place in September, and lasts for several days. The scene at Amsterdam on this occasion has more of the character of a wild saturnalia than an ordinary festival. It is specially provided in the engagements of domestic servants in Amsterdam, that they shall enjoy the right of indulging themselves for three days during this *fête*, their masters exercising no power of control whatever over them during that interval, so that they are at liberty to run into any excesses they please. The consequence of this license in a city abounding in those wretched haunts of depravity called *speel-houses*, may be easily anticipated. The young women, some wearing short bed-gowns, fitting tightly to the body, others in long white muslin dresses, go out in crowds into the streets, and, according to an immemorial usage prevailing here, select their partners or lovers from the crowd, with whom, for the stipulated three days, they run through a course of mad excitement. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the aspect of the streets of Amsterdam during this protracted revel. Canals, bordered by trees, occupy the middle of the streets. The communication from street to street is kept open by innumerable bridges, some of them apparently so fragile, that it is a

wonder they do not break down under the hosts of feet which on these occasions trample over them in delirious confusion. Every speck through the trees and over the bridges is filled with a surging population. The tall and richly carved houses, with their mirrors standing out of the windows, and crowds of people gathered on the oblique steps observing the scene, afford an effective back-ground to the picture. The riot acquiring additional force from intoxicating indulgences in the *speel-houses*, continues uninterruptedly night and day, except, perhaps, for a few hours towards morning, when it lulls into comparative quiet from downright exhaustion. The men and women form rings on the borders of the canals, and dance with the wild exultation of satyrs, then rush over the bridges to recommence their furious festivity in another quarter. Cat-calls and rattles and other diverting noises, intermingled with practical jokes, are introduced into the service; and as long as the physical energies of the multitude last, the city is literally given up to a carnival of the most outrageous hilarity and debauchery the civilized world has ever witnessed. When the animal spirits of the Dutch break out, it is indeed a sight to see. It can be compared only to a violent explosion of gas. This terrible *kermesse* is the one blot on the morality and decorum of Holland, but doubtless it operates as a vent for the passions and infirmities of the lower classes of Amsterdam, since, although much ruin is accomplished in the brief period of its existence, the city relapses for the rest of the year into its characteristic stillness and stagnation.

Looking back upon the general life of this singular people, it would be a curious speculation to follow out the probable mental experiences of a Dutchman. Can he have any *amour patrie*? How does he know when he is away in Japan, or elsewhere, but that his country may have been engulphed by an inundation? It must always be a dubious matter with him to talk about his native land. He can never be sure that it is still in existence. Besides, it is not so much his native land as his native water. Then, again, what must be his amazement when he first travels and sees a mountain! What must he think of a running stream, or a torrent tumbling down an Alpine precipice? What must be his emotions, and what the perplexities of his breathing apparatus, when he gets into the sunny south? How astonished he must be when, for the first time, he sees a clear horizon many leagues off, and gazes over a champaign dotted with towns and rural domains, in which every item is palpable and distinct. There are such strange things awaiting the senses and the imagination of a Dutchman in a foreign climate, that he must surely think himself translated into another world.

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY I. E. WARREN.

CHAPTER XX.

Dawn in the Forest.—A rhapsody by Jenks.—A beautiful Landscape.—A Piscatory Breakfast.—Peraricon and Electrical Eels.—Eel Stories.—Mode of Capturing them in Guiana.—A retired Bath.—A strange Tableau.

At least an hour before the break of day, we sallied forth from the silent gloom of the city and plunged at once into the deeper solitude and darkness of the forest. We were accompanied by the machinest of the mills, who, having resided at the Maguary for some years past, was not only perfectly familiar with the route, but had moreover an extensive knowledge of the province; its numerous wild animals, birds, and natural productions. For us, therefore, on the present occasion, he was both a trusty guide, as well as an interesting companion.

All nature seemed to be now hushed with sleep; neither the note of a bird, the buzz of an insect, or the cry of an animal, fell upon our ears, as we walked rapidly onward through a crooked pathway of the wilderness, arched overhead by the meeting of the treetops. A stroll among the tombs of some remote and antiquated church-yard, could not have been more solemn and impressive than the commencement of this, our lonely journey towards Maguary. Trees of gigantic dimensions towered up proudly on either side, hiding the very stars from our view by the heaviness of their drooping branches. Our own voices alone disturbed the deep quiet which pervaded the forest, —no rippling of streamlets broke upon our ears, and even the gentle winds were still.

But a flood of light came at last, penetrating through the thickest canopy of foliage. It announced the truth of another beautiful day. A scene of unparalleled magnificence now opened upon us. The trees on every side looked as if they were made of emeralds, while the dew drops on every leaf glittered like precious gems. The animal and vegetable kingdom became simultaneously reanimated, and the wild woods rung with the glad voices of ten thousand awakened birds —flocks of parrots chattered vociferously over our heads; toucans screamed from the summits of the loftiest trees, while numbers of red-crowned and white-bearded manakins flew across our path, and spritely humming-birds gleamed in sudden flights from flower to flower. Above all, however, sounded the clear, metallic notes of the bell-bird, ringing forth, in soft melodious tones, the cheerful "break of day."

"What an extraordinary contrast!" exclaimed Jenks, with rapture. "Half an hour ago the silence and gloom were as perfect as that of the dungeons of the Inquisition; now, we are in the midst of a Paradise! and all of our senses in the full enjoyment of the beauty of

Tropical woods, the music of southern birds, and the delicious fragrance of breathing flowers!"

"Very well said," I answered; "now you are in the mood, Jenks, please favour us with a rhapsody."

"Oh the pleasures of liberty and health!" shouted he; "who can adequately appreciate these invaluable blessings, save those who have been for a time deprived of them. What a thrill of joy must pervade the bosom of the slave when he feels for the first time that he is free; when he hears the magic word pronounced which assures him that his days of servitude are over, or to the lone wretch who has been pining away for years in the dreary solitude of a convict's cell; how gladdening to his heart must be the voice of liberty! But to the hapless victim of disease, deprived of both liberty and health, with hope like a dark column turned against him, and the certainty of death staring him in the face, with what remorse must he reflect upon his past career, when the conviction is forced upon him that the yawning grave into which he is about to plunge is the summary punishment of his own false indulgences, and of his own reckless violation of nature's laws. To maintain health, it is only necessary that we should live in accordance with the immutable laws which the Creator of the universe has established. Let every one take a sufficiency of exercise, practise cleanliness, and breathe pure air alone, and they will be well and happy. There was a time, you know, when we were invalids, but who are healthier and happier now?"

Pursuing our journey at a rapid pace for about three hours, we then began to hear the distant rumbling of the mills. The road was here considerably wider, and much of the underbrush of the forest had been cleared away. Besides, we were no longer sheltered by the overhanging branches of trees, but exposed to the full glare of the unclouded sun. Emerging at length from the cool shade of the woods, we stood upon a sandy mound, and feasted our eyes upon the charming landscape which lay spread out before us. The scene, although not very extensive, was one of exquisite and varied beauty. Away, off to our right, we saw the waters of a silver-like lake, gleaming through the interstices of the forest foliage, and shining like a pure diamond set around with emerald stones. From it ran a small brook, which meandered through the lovely plain, and emptied itself into a larger stream which flowed under the very windows of the mills; this again, after a few rods, lost itself in the darkness of the contiguous wilderness, into which it gushed with a murmuring sound, as it sported onward in a winding course, to pay its tribute to the more southern branch of the Amazon.

The mill was a prodigious building, and constructed almost entirely of stone. Its machinery was controlled by the power of steam, and from a small pipe at the top of the building, a cloud of vapour was continually belching forth, at measured intervals, with a loud and shouting sound. Near to this antique looking edifice was a group of thatched cottages, which were tenanted by the different natives and slaves employed on the estate. They lay along the border of the forest, and added not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene. In addition to these prominent marks on the face of the landscape, there were several sheds and outhouses which were used

for various purposes, one of them, we remember, was a kind of rude saw-mill.

"Well, now we are at our journey's end," said Mr. W., our intelligent escort, "we must try and get some breakfast. I suppose exercise and abstinence have nearly the same effect on all; if so, you must feel after your toilsome walk of twelve miles in length, and four hours in duration, as if you would like to prey upon something; as for myself, I am just now as rapacious as a condor, or as hungry as a nun, after three days of fasting and prayer."

Arriving at the mill, we ascended a flight of steps, which carried us up to a spacious verandah, running the entire length of the building. At the extreme end of this covered gallery was a large room on the right, which Mr. W. informed us was set apart for our express accommodation. It was quite comfortable, and from its windows we had a fine view of the forest, (which rose up majestically at the distance of twenty or thirty rods), and of the pleasant patch of meadow land which intervened, variegated as it was with flowering bushes, and tall palm trees, standing like watchful sentries, in the shadow of the wilderness! Breakfast was soon prepared for us under the verandah. It was rather of a piscatory character, consisting chiefly of "perarícon" and "electrical eels;" the former was broiled, the latter was fried.

"I do not know what the natives of Brazil would do for food, were it not for the abundance and cheapness of "peraricon," said Mr. W. "It is a fish which in appearance bears a considerable resemblance to the American codfish, and is common in most of the larger rivers and streams of the country. It is dried in the sun by the natives, and with a great many it constitutes a principal article of food! no black or Indian is so poor, but that he can readily procure a sufficiency of this fish and farinha for the support of himself and family. But, by the way, what do you think of the eels?"

"They are not at all unpalatable," replied Jenks, "but really I think them rather dangerous for starving persons to feed upon, they are so confoundedly bony. I have choked myself half a dozen times already, and the lower part of my throat methinks must be wretchedly lacerated; however, I would much rather meddle with them in their present condition than when alive. How decidedly inconvenient it would be, to say the least, to receive a severe shock from one, while indulging in a delicious bath, with a company of olive-cheeked mermaids; under such circumstances I should hardly know whether to run, or swim, or throw myself into the arms of the long-haired nymphs for protection! Are these singular fish abundant in this vicinity? if so, I believe I shall abjure bathing for some time to come."

"They cannot be said to be numerous here," said Mr. W., "although scarcely a week passes by without one or more of them being caught. You need not give yourself any uneasiness about bathing, for it is very seldom that persons are struck by them while in the water, although instances of this kind sometimes occur. But I will take you to a place where you can bathe with perfect security, and where you will be delightfully sheltered from the parching rays of the sun."

Speaking on the subject of electrical eels, it may not be out of

place to remark, that a gentleman in the city had an enormous one, which was upwards of ten feet in length. So great was its power, that on a certain occasion it is said to have prostrated a full-grown cow which drank accidentally from the vessel in which it was confined. We ourselves witnessed an extraordinary combat one day. A friend, at whose house we were visiting, had a small eel of the electric kind, which he kept in a tub of water placed in the yard; a thirsty duck, in ambling about in search of water, chanced to see this vessel, upon the side of which he immediately perched himself, and began, very inconsiderately to imbibe a portion of its contents. In a moment he received a shock which made all his feathers stand on end, magnifying him to twice his ordinary size. But the duck was more valorous than one would have supposed, for he returned with such violence to the attack, that he would soon have dispatched his slippery enemy, had not a servant interposed and prevented so tragic a termination of the battle! A couple of incidents, as amusing as the foregoing, took place on board of our vessel while on our return voyage to the United States. We will give them to the reader by way of episode. Among our living curiosities we had two young electrical eels, which we kept in a large tub on deck. Wishing one day to change the water, we upset the tub, leaving the animals for a few moments on the dry boards. Having replenished the vessel with fresh water, we requested one of the sailors to put them in. Proceeding to do so, he received a strange thrill, which caused him to let the fish fall from his hand in a moment. He attempted it again, but with no better success than before. Infinite was the consternation of the other sailors, who all tried in turn to put the diabolical fish into the tub; and truly laughable their looks of wonderment, occasioned by the mysterious sensations which they had severally experienced. No one, however, was more amazed than the captain's mate. Being himself wholly unacquainted with the properties of the fish, he was unable to imagine any other cause the sailors could have for dropping them, than the difficulty of holding such slimy and slippery things in one's hand. Fortified with this opinion, he walked up boldly to the largest one, which he seized with a tremendous grasp, in order to prevent the possibility of escape on the part of the animal; but he was soon forced to let go his hold, and to yell out as lustily as if some one had touched him with a heated bar of iron. After much laughter, the captain finally procured a shovel, and we returned them to their native element without any further difficulty.

On another occasion we observed one of our monkeys in the act of drinking from the tub, but having unfortunately put his head down a little too far, his nose came in contact with the back of one of the fish, whereupon he was rewarded for his temerity by a powerful shock, which caused him at the time to beat a precipitous retreat. But having reflected for a few moments on the course most proper for him to pursue, he seemed at last to have decided upon revenge. Returning to the scene of action, with an expression of intense wrath depicted upon his interesting countenance, he once more mounted the side of the tub, and brought the eel who had subjected him to such deep mortification a severe thwack upon the head with his paw. He instantly received another shock, but being no philosopher, he struck the animal again and again, each time receiving an addi-

tional charge of the electric fluid, until at last, being pretty well used up, he wisely abandoned the siege; which, upon the whole, he appeared to regard as a very "shocking affair," and retired, garrulously giving vent to his intense disgust.

The manner of capturing these fish in Guiana is thus related by Baron Humboldt. A pool having been discovered which abounds with them, a number of wild horses and mules are surrounded and forced into it. "The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs makes the fish issue from the sand, and incites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels, resembling large aquatic serpents, swim on the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules. A contest between animals of such different organizations, furnishes a very striking spectacle. The Indians, provided with harpoons and long slender reeds, surround the pool closely, and some climb upon the trees, the branches of which extend horizontally over the surface of the water. By their wild cries and length of their reeds, they prevent the horses from running away, and reaching the bank of the pool. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by repeated discharges of their electric batteries. During a long time they seem to prove victorious. Several horses sink beneath the violence of their invisible strokes, which they receive on all sides, in organs the most essential to life; and, stunned by the force and frequency of the blows, they disappear under water. Others, panting, with mane erect and haggard eyes, expressing anguish, rouse themselves and endeavour to flee from the storm by which they are overtaken. They are driven back by the Indians into the middle of the water; but a small number succeed in eluding the active vigilance of the fishermen. These regain the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretch themselves on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and their limbs benumbed by the electric strokes of the 'gymnoti.'" Speaking of a scene which the Baron himself witnessed, he thus remarks:—"In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The eel being five feet long, and pressing himself against the belly of the horse, makes a discharge along the whole length of its electric organ. It attacks at once the heart, the intestines, and the plexus of abdominal nerves. We had little doubt the fishing would terminate by killing successively all the animals engaged, but, by degrees, the impetuosity of this unequal contest diminished, and the wearied gymnoti dispersed. They require a long rest and abundant nourishment to repair what they have lost of galvanic force, and, in a few minutes, we had five large eels, the greater part of which were only slightly wounded."

Nature could not have endowed an animal with a more effectual weapon of defence than the galvanic apparatus with which she has supplied these marvellous fish. Even the blood-thirsty and heavy mailed alligator quails before it, and acknowledges the gymnotis to be the piscatory sovereign of the stream. But now let us return to finish the meal which gave rise to this protracted digression on eels.

As soon as we had regaled ourselves sufficiently, smoked our pipes, and lounged for an hour or so in our hammocks, we sallied out again into the open air, for the laudable purpose of taking a cooling ablution in the clear waters of the streamlet.

The idea of being struck dumb and senseless by electrical eels was

uppermost in our minds, and very dreadful it was to be sure, but we had determined upon having a swim, especially as our new friend had promised to take us to a spot where we should be secure from any molestation or inconvenience whatever.

Our guide led the way, following along by the side of the brooklet, in the direction of the sylvan lake, which we now saw sparkling at a distance amid the verdure. On our left was an extensive clearing, covered with low bushes, and solitary trees looming up here and there. Before, behind, and around us, the dark woods rose up like a gloomy wall, reminding us that we were isolated and hid from the world, in the heart of a Brazilian forest.

Within a few rods of the lake, a slight dam was made on the bank of the stream, over which at high tide the water flowed with a gurgling sound, as soft and cheerful as the laughter of a youthful maid. The water was received in its descent by a kind of rocky cauldron, with a smooth, hard bottom of sand. The width of this natural basin was about eight or ten feet, while its depth was between four and five. It was completely overhung by an umbrageous canopy of living green, so dense that the fierce rays of the sun were entirely excluded, although the brilliancy of its light was admitted in front. This was the bathing place, of which our new acquaintance had informed us, and certainly neither Venus nor any other goddess could have selected a sweeter spot on earth, for this delightful purpose!

"What a capital place for a solitary mermaid," said Jenks, "the very spot for such a hermitage! But here goes for a plunge." In a moment he was immersed in the crystal water of this foaming pool, and soon after was joined by his two comrades; and now we were all in the basin together, dancing about under the influence of the pleasant excitement, and performing a variety of piscatory antics. Coming out at the expiration of half an hour, we experienced the most delicious of all human sensations, which they only can appreciate, who have bathed in the exhilarating waters of a mineral spring, and then exposed themselves unclad to the vivifying influence of the warm sunshine.

On our return to the mills, we stopped for a moment at one of the habitations of the natives. Here we saw a strange *tableau*. In one corner of the hut were a couple of negro women, seated on the ground engaged in basket-making; while a boy was cutting long strips from a species of cane used for this purpose. Various kinds of birds and skins of animals were hung around the cabin, together with ragged clothing, and bunches of fruit. One spectacle, however, which served to complete the picture, would doubtless have occasioned an ejaculation of horror, had it been witnessed by the unaccustomed eyes of our indulgent reader. It was that of an aged native, with whitened locks streaming down on his shoulders, deliberately tearing to pieces, for the convenience of mastication, the body of a recently-roasted Guariba, or howling monkey. Jenks inquired of him respecting the flavour of the animal, which the old cannibal declared to be equal to that of beef or any other meat. "*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed my companion, "from what enjoyments do our prejudices preclude us!"

THE LEGEND OF ORTHON.*

"Tu ne quæsieris scire nefas!"—HORACE.

"WHAT *can* be the matter? my darling Corasse!
Why burns that angry eye?
What can have brought things to so shocking a pass?
You 're a regular fright, love! do look in the glass,
And see if you 're anything like fit for Mass!"
Said his lady fair and shy.
Gravely smiled her loving lord,
He had wedded her that day week;
He stroked her hair as he loosed his sword,
And tapp'd her satin cheek.

"The Mass may wait
And the Priest may rate,
But devil a penny *I* put in the plate;
The devil a bit of church-good will I do,
Were it only to riddle some rascally Jew,
Till the Pope on his marrow-bones, mangy old screw,
A good bit of dirt shall be ready to chew,
And beg pardon for this! It 's too bad of him—whew!
Read it yourself. There 's a vagabond monk
Says he 'waits for an answer.' The man must be drunk!"

WE DO COMMAND THAT, WITHIN DAYS THREE,
YOU OR YOUR HEIRS SHALL CONSENT AND AGREE,
BY DEED UNDER SEAL, TO SURRENDER, IN FEE,
TEN THOUSAND BROAD ACRES OF CHURCH-LAND, WHICH WE,
IN COUNCIL ASSEMBLED, DO HEREBY DECREE
TO BE, TIME OUT OF MIND, THE BEST PART OF OUR SEE.
BROTHER MARTIN WILL CLAIM IT AND HAND A RECEIPT,
AND RUB OUT YOUR SCORE (FOR YOU 'RE BOOK'D AS A CHEAT.)
FAREWELL! FOR THE FUTURE—JUST NOW YOU 'RE ACCURSED—
WE GREET YOU OUR SON-IN-LAW,
Urban the First.

L. S.

"Look! A great seal of lead,
With 'Pope Urban hys head.'
What the deuce, my dear girl 's to be done or be said?
I 'll make the lout eat it! I will—strike me dead!
Or break every bone in his rascally skin;
Go, darling, and bid Brother Martin walk in!"

* Slightly altered from Froissart. See his Chronicles, vol. ii. cap. xxxviii.

The lady trembled from head to foot,
And shook in her wedding shoes,
But she knew that her Lord was a bit of a brute,
And didn't dare refuse.
So only, " Dear Corasse," she said,
" Pray try some other plan ;
I 'm sure that horrid lump of lead
Must poison the poor man !
And if, alas, it come to pass
The saintly Brother die,
I 'd sooner lie in church-yard grass
Than brave the hue and cry.
They 'll make us pray, for many a day,
In rope and scapulaire ;
They 'll take our very shoes away,
And dock my auburn hair !
They 'll show us, sheeted, in our crops,
They 'll cut you off your wine,
And I 'll be whipp'd with nettle-tops,
And you 'll be trimm'd with twine !
So, dear Corasse, while yet you may,
Avoid such horrid scandal,
Think of the bills you 'll have to pay
For sheets and penance-candle !
And—if you can't be civil—don't,
For my sake, kill him slap;
That 's a good boy ! I 'm sure you won't:
My goodness ! there 's his rap."

Now I fairly confess
That how to compress
In a word Brother Martin's appearance and dress
Is a thing I can't readily manage, unless
You 'll allow me to liken his reverend " mug "
To an over-grown weasel done up in a rug,
With a rope at it's middle, a cockle and jug ;
And, *au reste*, at his hip
A red leather scrip,
Into which you may dip
Your finger and slip
Just what you think proper, by way of a tip,
To encourage the Order of which he 's a chip.
His beads on his wrist,
And a stale penny twist,
And a string of brown onions, as big as your fist ;
And a hat that 's decidedly open to chaff,
And, to finish the picture, no end of a staff,
Will complete the turn out
Of our Brother devout,
And leave him uncommonly little to " spout,"
As he enter'd Ortaise,
Which by the way 's
A long walk from Avignon, and, in those days,

Society wore quite a different phase
From that which the country at present displays,
Neither *diligence,* railway, *malle poste* or post chaise,
Being handy for even the gemman that pays ;
Though of course were a Friar,
Shirking the mire,
To a gig or a cab undevoutly aspire,
He 'd find the outside
Of his mortified hide
Touch'd up in a way that would lessen his pride,
And his inner man cravings but slightly supplied,
Till he 'd very completely atoned for his ride !
But let us return to Corasse and his bride.

" My brother—Benedicite !"
Snuffled the churchman grey,
" A case of great simplicity
Hath brought me here to-day.
Ages a few, your sires and you
Domains of ours have held ;
This morning, without more ado,
You 're going to be expelled !
So clap your fist,
Or, if you list,
Append a lay-man's mark
To this broad scroll,
And save your soul,
Thou church-devouring shark !
We shan't show much severity
This time to your temerity ;
Yet, as a little punishment
Seems meet for your admonishment,
The Church requests that you will wear
No other shirt than one of hair
(I can sell you one cheap that would tickle a bear),
From now until next Candlemas ;
So sign and seal my Lord Corasse !"

The Lord of Corasse grew uncommonly red,
And, shocking to say,
Without further delay,
Sent the Bull and the deed at his visitor's head,—
As a shot he was reckon'd remarkably " dead,"—
And, omitting a curse,
Too strong for a verse
(Such slips it is always unwise to rehearse),
Roar'd " You beggar ! go back
To the Pope and his pack !
And say—though I think it beneath me to crack
The skull of a go-between, underling hack—
There is n't a cardinal, punchy or tall,
In the synod of Avignon, aye, or at all,
That shall beard a Corasse in his ancestor's hall !

So, if ever again you come this way to call,
Why, make everything snug, and look out for a squall!
For, as to resigning one fathom of land,
Which my forefathers won,
Before I was begun,
And I rather intend to devise to my son,
It's a swindle—a dodge—very cleverly plann'd,
But a thing, you may tell 'em, I don't understand!
Do you want any more?
If I show you the door,
You'll find when it rains it's as likely to pour!"

Rejoin'd Brother Martin, beginning to cry,
For "Pope Urban hys head" had dismantled an eye,
"There are weapons, my son, within call of the Church,
That would bring bigger blackbirds than you from their perch:
Once in her clutches, by this and by that,
You'll sing the old song of the mouse to the cat—
I don't envy you!
You *may* look rather blue,
When she hears of your doings;—I'll tell her,—adieu!
And, if anything extra should happen, d'ye see,
You may just score it off as a trifle from me:
I'll alter your tone,
In a way of my own!
Before the week's out, when you're all skin and bone,
Perhaps you may wish that you'd let me alone.
No apology—pray!
Every dog to his day.
You've bung'd up one eye;
Do you wish for a shy
At the other? You don't? very well then—good bye!
It may n't be to-morrow—it mayn't be the day
After that—nor the next, but, beware what I say,
You'll find Brother Martin a rum 'un to pay!
Don't ask him for discount,—it's not in his way!"

He scowl'd and withdrew,
Leaving the two,
Coorasse and his wife, in a regular stew;
Which it wasn't so certain would prove "Much ado
About Nothing," because
There's nothing that awes
Good people so much as to find that the claws
Of the Church are upon them for breaking her laws,
When it's rather too late to beg pardon or pause!
At least, at the time,
It was voted a crime
Which left on the soul an indelible grime
To pummel her sons; and indeed, if my rhyme
Would only permit,
I'd copy a bit
Of a certain anathema legibly writ,

Which our hero had found such a capital "fit,"
That, as to myself, I'd as soon every whit
Have dined upon hemlock, jump'd into a pit,
Or sat on a shell with a fuse ready lit,
Or run to the doctor's and begg'd him to slit
My carotid, as neatly as time would admit,
As taken my chance of a "nobber" from it!
    Now, an assault
    Is so venial a fault
(Whether prompted by malice, or merely by malt),
    That, I firmly believe,
    Though you must n't receive
My opinion as law, you might laugh in your sleeve,
Had a parson one eye and you happen'd to knock it
A little way into or out of the socket
And then ran away with his nose in your pocket,
Were you only prepared—I 'm afraid it 's no use
Blinking the pun—with a "flimsy" excuse!

So much for a start,—but, as "teudere semper"
Will make a good "arcus" lose much of its temper,
    We 'll here draw the rein,
    And, beginning again,
Find our Pegasus fresh and a Muse i' the vein!

PART THE SECOND.

I never spent a honeymoon, because
  Firstly, I never married. Perhaps I needn't
Call in the aid of other facts and laws,
  This being a sufficient antecedent;
But, before either party find their claws,
  The thing must be so very greatly sweeten'd
By all the tenderness one sees expended,
I envy those who claim one yet unended!

More do I envy those, with whom the moon
  Wanes on unwaning love and admiration;
Whose hearts continue just as much in tune
  As at their bridal's very celebration;
Whose life 's December is as warm as June:
  But such reflections are not my vocation;
'Tis but a starting gallop, which my Lay
Suggested in a very natural way:—

    For Corasse, as I said,
    Having lately been wed,
Was tuck'd up with his bride very snugly in bed
    And asleep, when the latter
    Was woke by a clatter:
"Corasse!" she exclaim'd, "Why—what can be the matter?
There 's a man in the room—and as mad as a hatter!

He 's here ! no he isn't ! he 's there—no he aint !
Jump up, my dear husband,—I' m going to faint !"

Now people, I find,
Are much of a mind
About one thing at least, and are seldom inclined,
When woke with a poke,
In earnest or joke,
Some time after midnight hath sounded the stroke,
On finding their slumber so cruelly broke
And the room, after all, isn't filling with smoke
From the staircase below,
To be civil; and so
Said our hero, " What nonsense—my beauty ! Do go
To sleep. I' ll be hang'd if I turn out a toe !
It 's nothing on earth but some brute of a mouse;
Why the deuce can't you keep a tom-cat in the house ?"
Again—again !
It 's terribly plain
All the tommies on earth would be perfectly vain !
The windows are breaking,
The bed posts are shaking,
The chairs are upset and the table is " faking
Away " in a style
That would make a man smile,
That is if he wasn't so near by a mile !
The drawers are jerk'd out,
The clothes pitch'd about,
And the crockery smash'd, and in fact such a rout
As would rather, I fancy, incline you to doubt
That some fiend, being slightly
The worse for his nightly
Potations had called, and was going politely
To ask for a share
Of your bed, and was there
Undressing himself very drunk in the air !

But the row grew so shocking that even his Lordship
Woke, somewhat " chaw'd up," as they term it on board ship.
Burglar or bandit
He 'd thrash'd single-handed,
With as little compunction as ever yet man did,
But *this*—he confess'd he did not understand it !
In truth it seem'd matters were n't likely to mend
When his sober four-poster turn'd up on its end;
And, but that a knight
Must n't *show* in a fright,
Or ring for his valet and ask for a light,
Because there 's a ghost in his bedroom at night,
How they managed to lay
In that chamber till day
Is a thing I can't fancy !—I don't think I 'd stay
If you bid me a pound and I knew that you 'd pay,
And that, let me tell you 's a good deal to say !

Never came light,
On the tail of Old Night,
To a welcome perhaps of more real delight;
Never it broke on so woful a sight!
Such ruin and strewing,
Such hewing, undoing!
That some one had got (if one only knew *who*) in
Was frightfully plain!
There wasn't a pane
Unsmash d in the window to keep out the rain;
To furnish a catalogue 's perfectly vain
Of everything breakable, broken and strown
In a pond of Macassar and *Eau-de-Cologne!*
How I wish they *had* let Brother Martin alone!

Butler and footman, page, groom and *soubrette*,
Canvass'd the matter and finally set
The horrid uproar
Down to the score
Of—how shall I dare to record it?—no more
Than an early commencement of conjugal strife,
And announced that "Corasse had been licking his wife!"
Declared that their Lord was the greatest of bears;
Supposed that their Lady had guv herself airs;
Concluded the whole was no business of theirs;
Though rumours grew rife
That her innocent life
Was by no means secure from "the use of the knife!"

Now the Lord of Corasse was so frightfully brave,
That, whenever him listed his falchion to wave,
He always sent somebody slap to his grave.
On the plains of Poitier,
His redoubtable spear
Made every one run, and at Crecy—oh dear!
He spitted more men than I'll chronicle here;
And, of course, was n't commonly given to fear:
Yet I 've seen people look so remarkably queer,
With nothing on earth but a wasp in their ear,
Who, again and again,
Have cheer'd on their men
Through breach and through deadlier battery, when
The chance of escape was about one to ten;
And I 've seen other people, as valiant almost
As Tydides himself, looking blue at a ghost,
That nothing, I know,
Bothers one so
As a thing, come the same from above or below,
Which the weapons and dodges of warfare to catch are all
Palpably vain, and, if not supernatural,
Just as perplexing,
Startling and vexing,
Nor deem it by any means odd that our hero
Found his pluck the next morning exactly at zero!

His poor little bride, with a courage above her
Years (not her sex), was the first to recover:
She said, "It were best,
As soon as you 're dress'd,
To run to St. Foix, and make a clean breast!
Ask what's to be done,
Like him there 's none,
He can tell you how far from Ortaise to the sun
And back by the moon before I can count one."

"You 're right, my own jewel! as sure as a gun!
By jingo, I 'll spoil the fine fellow's bad fun,—
St. Foix can, I know, bring him down with a run!
If he 's hairy, I 'll duck him,
If feather'd, I 'll pluck him,
If mortal, I shan't be myself till I 've stuck him!
And, if he 's all three, to the door post I 'll nail him,
To see which of his friends will come this way to bail him!
Women always are right;
I 'll be back before night!"
He kiss'd her,—took horse, and was soon out of sight.

Now Monsieur St. Foix
Knew a good bit of law:
People *said* the indelible brand of a claw
Kept a part of his person unpleasantly raw,
Where one couldn't conveniently search for the flaw.
And ill-natured conclusions were eager to draw,
Which I don't myself hold at the worth of a straw.
He 'd a room to himself,
With an odd-looking shelf,
Full of worm-eaten volumes and old-fashion'd delf;
Dipp'd slightly in Algebra—conjuring—Greek:
Was known to indulge in a cap with a peak:
Could show you more tricks than you 'd guess in a week:
Kept a Mummy,
For dummy,
Which didn't look "crummy:"
I believe in my heart, had you wanted to sell it on
Moderate terms, he 'd have bid for your skeleton.
Such was his passion,
Then greatly in fashion,
And one which I think all conjecture is rash on;
Had you and I starr'd it four hundred years back,
It 's odds but we 'd dabbled in something that 's black!

"Corasse," the wrinkled Sage replied,
"To get this tangled knot untied,
You 've come to the right shop!
Mine only, for a shocking mess
Like yours,—please copy the address,
And send your friends, you can't do less—
Is really "first chop!"

Were I in your place, when I went to repose,
I should certainly put my head under the clothes,
And be very particular not to expose
Even so much as the tip of my nose,
Till—in short till the lively young gentleman goes!
Enough!"
"My dear sir," said Corasse, "you propose,
The identical dodge that I tried, I suppose,
Two hours last night, as her ladyship knows,
While the vicious young devil did just as he chose,
As I found to my cost, sir, directly I rose!
Can't you catch him?"
"I could,
Of course, if I would,"
Said the grey-bearded man, "but—in fact it's no good:
Were I in your place, I confess I should peep
Under the bed before going to sleep;
Lock the door tight,
Sleep with a light,
And then, should he happen to come in the night,
Why, if perfectly certain it wasn't the cat,
I think I might possibly hollo, 'Who's that?'
Ten bob, if you please,
Will cover the fees
For two questions.—I hope that your mind's more at ease!"

* * *

Flap—flap—flap!
Around the bridal bed;
Rap—rap! at the foot,
Tap—tap! at the head;
"What do you want, you brute?
Who's that?" the bridegroom said.

"Orthon, the Sprite,
Flying by night,
To work his master's will!
You punch'd his eye,
He bade me fly,
To settle his trifling bill!
Martin is weary, and Martin is grey,
But Martin was always a rum 'un to pay,
This is his bidding, and I must obey!
Flap—flap—flap!"
"Orthon, there's a good chap!
Instead of disturbing a gentleman's nap,
For Martin, the monk,
Stingy old hunk,
And keeping my poor little wife in a funk,
Don't be a dunce;
Cut him at once!
Whatever his pay,
Though a guinea a day,
I'll double to-morrow provided you'll stay

And serve me for ever,—you 've only to say:
Board wages and beer, and a livery gay—
Little to do and unlimited play—
No character ask'd!—it 's a bargain then! hey?"

"'Pon my life!" said the Sprite,
"I believe that you 're right:
It never once struck me to better my plight;
Martin is certainly rather too tight:
A regular screw!
Done, sir—with you!
Henceforth I 'm your servant, both faithful and true,
Ready and willing your business to do;
My eye! Brother Martin will grumble 'a few!'
But, look you, my lord,
With regard to my board,
I know pretty well what your larders afford;
Unintentional slights I don't value a button,
But I 'm off the first moment you mention cold mutton!
You 'll find me a treasure—though not very real:
Good night! don't you stir,—I can step through the key-hole!"

To paint the extent of Corasse's wild ecstacy
Or his wife's, in the innocent glee of her sex, to see
Poor Brother Martin so palpably "done,"
So neatly tripped up in the midst of his fun,
And that wonderful Orthon so cleverly won,
The bounds of my story would rather outrun!
Morning still found them extremely ironical,
See for particulars, "Froissart his Chronicle."

PART THE THIRD.

O for a Lamp or Ring, that at the rubbing
Would charm some spirit-slave to work my will!
To give mine enemies a ghostly drubbing,
Or with good minted gold my purse to fill!
Like that which put Aladdin—lucky cub—in
Possession of his fairy halls! such skill
I would not leave a-rust for want of using,
Nor yet absurdly run the risk of losing.

I think, I'd have stopp'd short of the Roc's egg!
I 'm sure, I'd not have slain the Golden Goose!
I don't think I had even cared to beg,
Abdalla-like, the ointment's dangerous use;
Or drain'd the cup of Fortune to the dreg,
Or let her drop me—with a fair excuse;
Yet don't feel very certain that the fourth on
This list of sad examples won't be Orthon!

For riches, power or fame, procured by "tort,"—
  Phrase legal for "in mode irregular,"—
Are, as I've often noticed, just the sort
  Which their possessors always push too far :
Not only quickly spent, but quickly fraught
  With all the ruin of their hurtful star!
They make them wings, and, as they soar away,
Flap their unlucky owner back to clay!

    Now, every night,
    As he doused the light,
Fluttering came this useful sprite
    Around his lordship's head.
    "From east to west,
    O'er ocean's breast,
By river and mountain and desert I've press'd,
    To gather you news!" he said.
He told them all that had just been done
In every country under the sun :
"Bell's Life" would have paid him no end of a sum
To edit a column of "Fights to come!"
    Never a thief
    Of a neighbouring chief
Could muster his bandits or shake out a reef,
    But *he* knew it all:
    Predicted the squall,
Where it would burst and on whom it would fall,
    Ere the drum beat!
    He could repeat
Sayings and doings remarkably neat,
Pick'd up in the council—the court, or the street :
    What Peter the Cruel
    Was paying for fuel,
Expended in giving poor people "their gruel,"
    He knew to a cent!
    Saw the intent
    Of Timour the Tartar,
    Who did'nt give quarter,
What he was doing and what he was a'ter!
Could tell you of course in a breath every particle
Likely to furnish next week's "City Article ;"
"Our own correspondent," again and again,
Would have died in despair on his own steel pen!
If, by any ill-luck, he'd been flourishing *then!*
    Men upon 'Change
    Consider'd the range
Of our hero's predictions uncommonly strange;
    Said, with a sneer,
    It was perfectly clear
He dealt at a shop that's remarkably dear;
And yet, which I think is decidedly queer,
And argues but little compunction or fear,
Were found everlastingly swigging his beer ;

Quietly prigging
Stray notes of a "digging,"
With similar trifles, that might be worth twigging,
Till the casual hint of a Red Revolution
Gain'd him once and for all a complete absolution!

As for his lady, she managed to kill in her
Own quiet way more than one little milliner!
Fashions for autumn!
She knew them and taught 'em,
Before the first *belle* in gay Paris had caught 'em;
Which frequently caused a most painful *post-mortem*.
For of course you 're aware,
That whenever the fair
Are deprived of the trimming which shop-lads declare
Is the only admissible trimming to wear,
In certain conjunctions of season and air,
Or—what 's worse—are forestall'd in this article rare,
They perish instanter in ghastly despair!

Now Monsieur St. Foix was a cunning old fox,
And call'd one morning early:
Knock'd, like a conjuror, nine double knocks,
To frighten the porter burly.
"Corasse," said he, "I 've come to see
How you and that nice little Orthon agree!
Was n't it lucky your coming to me?
Ring for him, pray,
I wish I could stay,
But I can't. Let me see him before I away!"

"'Pon my word," said the other, "it 's deucedly funny;
Never struck me before!—why, I 'd give any money
To see him myself!
Rum little elf!
Comes in the night,
Goes before light;
I feel him, I hear him, but, as for a sight,
I suppose it 's too much to expect from a sprite!"

"Too much! not a bit!
If you ask'd him to sit
For his picture to-morrow, you 'd flatter the chit!
It 's his weakness, I know,
To be pester'd to 'show:'
If you don't—mark my words, he 'll turn sulky and go,
And you won't get him back in a hurry—no, no!
I really wonder you should be so green
As to live with a fellow you never have seen!"
He laugh'd:—Such a laugh!
That something like chaff
Was meant, one would think, had been clear to a calf;
And, leaving the castle as soon as he could,
Grinn'd unobserved in a neighbouring wood,
As if he 'd said something remarkably good.

Now, Chroniclers tell us
These conjuring fellows
Were all, to a man, so infernally jealous
Of any lay gentleman twigging their tricks,
That he always came off with less halfpence than kicks,
Not being a regular child of Old Nick's.
Once Robert Houdin
Cook'd a plum-pudding
Right in my hat:
"How did you that?"
Says I, and the jackanapes wink'd like a cat;
Which proves that they think us a great deal too flat
To learn what, to them, must be perfectly pat!
So, following Nature's immutable law,
I don't put much faith in the bearded St. Foix!

Well hast thou done, old Ovid, to record
The fiery fate of Jove-struck Semele!
The legend of that grim blue-bearded lord,
The corse-piled closet and the fatal key,
Telling the secret of its gory ward,
Breathes the same wholesome lesson! yet must we
For ever pry and peep! O, Great Unknown!
What was thy name, who once let well alone?

Flap—flap—flap!
Around the bridal bed;
Rap—rap! at the foot,
Tap—tap! at the head;
"I tell you what—young chap!
It's dark!" the bridegroom said:
"Run for a lucifer,—light me a glim,
Let's have a look at you, body and limb."

"Vex me not lightly," the shadow replied:
"What do you ask to see?
Think you I come in an earthly hide,
With world-wide news for thee?"

"How you come, and how you go,"
Said Corasse, in a passion, "I don't want to know.
But I can't well forget that you smash'd all our crockery,
So to tell me you're Nobody's impudent mockery!"

Answer'd the Sprite, "I have told you aright,
I am but as the morning light,
That breaks along the sea!
Ye gaze upon the dazzling waves,
The shining sand, the sparkling caves,
But light itself is free!
Nor burns one whit more brightly there
Than on some desert brown and bare,
As viewless as the wandering air!

Just so, a chainless Spirit may
Involve himself in garb of clay,
Fired with Mind's informing ray.
What then? How further would you pry,
With the gross gaze of mortal eye,
Into the inner mystery?
    Should you know any more
    Of *me* than before?
However, to-morrow I 'll come to the door,
When you see me you'll probably think me a bore,
But your wish you shall have, to your very heart's core!"

* * *

    "Well—dash my wig,
    If this isn't a rig!
Upstairs and downstairs they 're hunting a pig!
Here 's a pretty amusement for six in the morning!
By Jove! I 'll give every man-jack of them warning!"
    Corasse rush'd out,
    Tumbled over a snout,
Couldn't help giving the orthodox shout!
    Join'd in the fun,
    Cried, "One of you run
And fetch me a boar-spear—a cutlass—a gun!
Slip the lurchers below there! Of all the big hogs
I 've seen it 's the biggest,—loo, bite her, good dogs!"
Never was piggy so savagely "game,"
She tumbled the pups over, howling and lame;
Left one or two footmen remarkably tame:
Through parlour and kitchen, through passage and hall,
She shot at a pace that astonished them all,
    At last, in a way,
    They brought her to bay,
When the victim at once, to their woful dismay,
Finding that pork was the order of day,
Made a rush at his lordship, and, just as he broke her
Thick head with that classical weapon—the poker,
Bit him so cleverly right through the calf,
That he found it more handy to hollo than laugh!
    And, fancy his fix,
    When the pig said, "My bricks!
I bear no ill-will for your punches and kicks,
But, since your good lord *will* be after his tricks,
No blister or physic the doctor can mix
Will keep him the popular side of the Styx
For a day: so be ready to bury or burn him:
He has meddled with matters that didn't concern him!"
    Thus the Pig spoke;
    Gave a sad croak,
And bang up the chimney she vanish'd like smoke!

Such running—such roaring—such yells for a doctor,
Such screams from the bride, because somebody 'd lock'd her
Into her room, lest the sight should have shocked her!

While, without stopping,
His lordship went hopping
Upstairs and downstairs and all the way slopping
Horrid red prints!
Were I writing for flints,
I swear I would only attempt it by hints!
The doctor burst in, and attempted to a tie a lint
Bandage around, but Corasse grew so violent,
Call'd him a lout!
Push'd him about!
Raved of a Pig—of a Sprite—of a snout!
Of one Brother Martin said things so uncivil
That every one thought him possess'd by the Devil!
Then jump'd out of bed,
Half naked and fled,
Leaving every one stagger'd with wonder and dread!

They search'd for him early, they search'd for him late,
They tried every cranny from cellar to slate;
And poked in the chimney tops:
Till at last, at the tail of a tawny blood-hound,
Their Sprite-struck master's path they wound
To where he had ended his hops!
Head in the water-butt—heels in the air,
They couldn't conceive how he ever got there,
Dead as a herring they found him!
They stretch'd him dead
On his bridal bed,
And, when the grave doctor had shaken his head,
They blubber'd in concert around him!
They bore two coffins to the grave,
And laid them side by side:
In one was lapp'd Corasse, the brave,
In the other his fair-hair'd bride:
To the deep tomb they both descended
The day their honey-moon was ended!

More about Orthon I never could hear:
Froissart himself wasn't perfectly clear;
But, all things consider'd, 'twould rather appear
He 's not shown his face,
Since that wonderful chase,
And is to this moment a sprite out of place!
But I 'd humbly suggest,
If you 're in quest
Of a flunkey or groom, that the cheapest and best
Are biped carnivori,
Wearing one's livery;
And may very safely assert that, if ever I
Catch mine for a moment assuming the shape
Of a puppy, a jack-ass, a pig or an ape,
Or knowing more
Than he ought, to the door
I 'll hand him at once, to dispose of his lore!

The Misers Will.

[illegible]don Richard Bentley 1849

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SPINKLE, SON, AND PARTNER; CUPPERS AND GENERAL PRACTITIONERS.

"He was a plotter; and, as it not unfrequently happens with that far-sighted fraternity, out-witted himself."—EATON STANNARD BARRETT.

THE wayfarer who had so suddenly resuscitated my principal's devotional feelings was—all things considered—a somewhat formidable personage. He was head of a firm who blistered, cupped, and composed half the neighbourhood. It would be difficult to say how many of His Majesty's lieges Spinkle, sen., had started, quite unexpectedly, on their last, long, journey. For that worthy was, as Mr. Montgomery would say, "in advance of the age;" was partial to trying experiments; exhibiting new remedies; and ascertaining the amount of depletion which a plethoric patient could sustain. He was all for the "reducing system" as his long bills and keen cupping-glasses could testify.

The son and representative of this sanguinary gentleman was Mr. Bartholomew, alias Mr. Barty Spinkle—better known among his intimates as "Martyr Spinkle." And for just cause. Those conversant with his person declared that there was scarcely a square inch of his superficies that was not marred, and scarred, and seamed by the repeated use of the cupping-glasses of his experimentalizing father. Mr. Purr, the partner, was a quiet drudge who seldom spoke; and when he did, it was merely to announce the patent fact that his "life passed somewhat gloomily; as he was for ever in hot water:" his main occupation being to cleanse discoloured phials, and to bottle off, *ad libitum*, the most nauseous philtres.

But Spinkle had an eye to the main chance; and when Hopeman, a young, pushing, and adventurous surgeon, came into his immediate neighbourhood, and opposed him on his own preserves, the indignation of Spinkle was boundless. Indirectly it led to his quarrel with the Baronet. The head-gardener's son, at the Court, fell from a ladder, and was severely bruised. The accident took place in Sir Philip's presence; and he desired that immediate medical aid should be rendered. The boy—terribly hurt, but in full possession of his senses, and undoubtedly of all his prejudices—yelled out—"Not Mr. Spinkle; I'll die rather than come under the hands of Spinkle. He'll mash me to bits with his cutting-glasses. Send for Mr. Hopeman; quick—quick—and don't let Spinkle come a-nigh me."

"Do as the lad bids you," was Sir Philip's instant command; and Hopeman's attendance was immediate and availing.

On learning this occurrence, Spinkle's rage mastered him. He

contrived to throw himself in the Baronet's way, and referred to the event as "a breach of good faith;" as "a personal injury;" as "a decided robbery."

"I attend the house—Sir Philip,—I attend the house. Hopeman's coming here is a dead robbery. This house has been mine for twenty years and more! Mine, sir, mine! I say, sir, I attend the house."

The Baronet suggested with commendable calmness that Mr. Spinkle had never been his medical attendant at any period past or present.

Mr. Spinkle's reply was immediate.

"Not up to this moment! granted, Sir Philip, granted—but a free use of the cupping-glasses would have relieved your constitution wonderfully; it would have strengthened the gastric juices to a surprising extent, and turned you out 'a marvellously proper man.'"

"Possibly; but all this is beside the matter."

"Exactly so; 'tis the house, sir, I look at! I attend the house."

"To this moment I never knew," said Sir Philip, with a dash of irony, "that bricks and mortar—stone porches and mullioned windows—required saline draughts or sedative mixtures. I fancied in my ignorance that human beings, not houses, needed the doctor."

"Sir Philip," cried the man of medicine; "this district is mine, sir, mine. It's almost death to me to see that fellow, Hopeman, gliding in and out among my live stock. And now to find him at the Court. The Court which belongs,—I say belongs to 'Spinkle, Son, and Partner, Cuppers and General Practitioners.' Put a pistol to my breast, sir,—put a pistol to my breast,—strip me of my last shilling—that's open—that's manly—that's British—but to rob me of this house—I repeat, sir, I attend the house."

"The sufferer's own wishes," resumed Sir Philip with praiseworthy patience, "were consulted with reference to Mr. Hopeman's attendance: the lad himself desired it."

"How dare he suggest anything of the kind—a cantankerous young villain!" exclaimed Spinkle, more exasperated than before. "The comfort is, he'll suffer for his folly. Cupping would have relieved him: and to that Hopeman is a foe."

"The lad is doing well—"

"Apparently," was the other's malicious interruption; "apparently: but, whether he live or die, I'm an injured and an ill-used man. Furthermore, my creed is—"

"*That* we need scarcely now discuss," remarked the Baronet, rising.

"No: but I may state it,—'Remember a wrong, and repay it even at fifty years' end.'"

"A truly Christian maxim!" and, bowing with cool courtesy, Sir Philip gladly terminated the interview. But, after all, Spinkle had stated his creed but partially: he ought to have added that the rule of his life was to "make the most of everybody;" and, above all, to cling like adhesive plaster to the aged, infirm, enfeebled, and failing—provided they were wealthy, and their will yet unsigned. The party to whom he was at present acting the part of one of the Siamese twins was "the rich Mr. Drummond."

Into the town of Middlehambury—some five years prior to the

interview above narrated—an obscure and solitary individual one day entered, and forthwith bargained for, and set up his rest in, some low-priced, but gloomy and truly comfortless lodgings. He was an aged man; ill-dressed, travel-stained, and weary; had little luggage; would give no reference; but professed his perfect willingness to make any payment in advance which the owner of the house desired. A few months served to establish the fact that Mr. Drummond repudiated *in toto* the credit system; met his various wants—they were but few—with ready cash; and paid a monthly visit to the Middlehambury Bank, where unquestionably he was not a borrower. The observers of passing events—Spinkle first and foremost—were agonised by these conflicting circumstances. Could it be that their previous conclusions were erroneous? True, Mr. Drummond's dress was sordid—his lodgings mean. True, he was a recluse in his habits, and all but an anchorite in his food: still, if but one remove from a pauper, how happened he to pay regular and periodical visits to the bank, and always to have money for every purpose? While the gossips were thus tortured by irreconcilable appearances—the firm of Spinkle, Son, and Partner, cuppers and general practitioners, among the rest,—an incident in the opinion of the multitude turned conjecture into certainty. A sale of a small but desirable landed estate took place in the town: and Mr. Drummond, in a dress not worth tenpence, and looking the personification of famine, attended the auction. Careless of the witticisms which his appearance excited, the old gentleman drew near the rostrum; bid, not once or twice, but repeatedly, boldly, and continuously. His persevering nods excited a murmur of surprise; and *then*, by way of reply to a question, civilly and adroitly submitted by the auctioneer, he held up in silence some Bank of England paper, and a cheque-book on a London firm—Drummonds. The sale proceeded. "The ancient" was the last bidder; and presuming himself the purchaser, quietly drew out his writing materials, and was preparing to sign a cheque for the usual ten per cent. deposit. It was then announced that there was a reserved bidding placed upon the property: which not being reached by several hundreds, the estate was bought in. The old gentleman listened earnestly, but betrayed neither chagrin nor surprise at the purport of this statement; crushed and then destroyed the cheque which he had partly written, and in silence moved away.

Within a day or two his humble dwelling was besieged with visitors: foremost Mr. Spinkle. That disinterested being expressed himself delighted at having an opportunity, which he had long coveted, of making his venerable friend's acquaintance: and when Mr. Drummond incidentally complained of feebleness and failing memory, assured him that "cupping would work wonders" for him; that "a judicious use of the glasses" would do more to "freshen his memory" than "words could disclose." "The results," Spinkle averred, "of such a plan would, in Mr. Drummond's case, be immediate and very decided."

The ancient, with a remarkable twinkle of a pair of grey eyes, by no means deficient in expression, replied, "*Immediate and decided* enough, I have little doubt."

"The surprising cures," continued Spinkle musingly, as if delivering his overcharged spirit of a most important secret,—"the

wholly-surprising cures which cupping has effected on old people: the years upon years which it has added to their natural lives!"

"And taken away?" coolly suggested Mr. Drummond.

Spinkle looked up. He was half inclined to be affronted, but, re-considering the matter, decided on a complimentary rejoinder.

"Ah, my dear sir, even your well-balanced judgment has not escaped, I see, the contagion of popular prejudice. We will converse hereafter more at length on this exciting subject."

"So long as we converse about it, and *no more*, I'm your man," responded the ancient briskly.

"I'm right! that old boy must be rich—yes! he's rich!" murmured Spinkle, as he ducked his last bow,—"or he would never dare to be so offensively impudent!"

The following morning produced "Martyr Spinkle," with a note. He looked so bleached and feeble, so unmistakeably spent and wan, as though no lancet upon earth could draw another ounce of blood from him, that old Drummond inquired, with great compassion, "How long it was since the typhus fever had left him?"

Martyr answered, that he "never had had a fever in his life; but on the contrary the best of health—thanks to cupping."

Drummond gave a sly glance at the Martyr's seams and scars, and after a pause opened his letter. It contained a pressing invitation to supper. The ancient gravely returned his acknowledgments; but stated that the best place, in his judgment, for an old man, in an autumnal evening, was his own fire-side.

If by this course he hoped to escape further importunities, he was mistaken. Civilities from people he had never heard of were rife, varied, and continuous. Flowers were left for him. Fruit was sent to him. Books were lent to him. Ladies, on the most disinterested and charitable errands, called upon him. And, after he had chanced to remark, incidentally, that he "was the last of his race, and that the time was fast approaching when he must finally settle his affairs," the tender concern of his new acquaintance became unbounded.

He was pronounced "a charming old man; full of character; most original in his ideas; and endued with rare and captivating sincerity."

It was in vain that the elderly declared that he was poor: that his *wants* and *means* were, happily, *both* humble.

"Wealth is always estimated comparatively," was the reply,

"But I am, beyond all question, a poor man."

"Ah! well! You are pleased to say so," was the rejoinder; "but it rests with ourselves whether or no we choose to believe you."

Meanwhile the Middlehambury bankers were pressed with inquiries. Their tale was brief and simple enough. They had instructions from a London firm—the Messrs. Drummond—to pay, monthly, twelve guineas to the party in question. They *knew* nothing more. They imagined it to be an annuity. There was an accumulating balance in their hands belonging to the gentleman inquired about."

"A monied man, without either child or kinsman!" cried Spinkle, senior, exultingly. Mr. Purr, among the phials, felt no sympathy in the discovery. He merely called for more hot water, and went on with his bottles.

But, honourable and exemplary as Mr. Drummond was deemed in the main, certain zealots "pronounced his conduct, in certain particulars, painfully open to exception."

His "Protestantism" was characterised as of "feeble and sickly growth." He was "far too tolerant." Poor old gentleman! he abhorred what he termed "gunpowder sermons;" would take in no "Pope's Knell;" would read no "Protestant Beacon," and subscribe to no "Anti-Papist Associations;" passed the plate with a grieved and saddened air on one memorable Sunday, when a tremendous sermon had been fired off against Popery by a gifted itinerant orator, who never preached on any other subject. Nay, further, the offender aggravated his transgression by remarking, when taken to task for his offence,—"I go to church to learn how to love my fellow-creatures: the newspapers will teach me daily how to abuse them."

"I tremble for him holding such flagitious sentiments," said the rigid and awe-inspiring Mrs. Pizey—a lady who collected pence every week in the year from the poorest and most miserable of God's creatures for the avowed purpose of "levelling the Vatican to the dust and binding the Pope in links of iron."

Nor was this all. When upbraided by Miss Duggan—the coadjutor of Mrs. Pizey in her crusade against his Holiness and her hostilities against St. Peter's,—Mr. Drummond observed pointedly that no argument however elaborate, "should make him regard the entire Roman Catholic Prelacy—*past and present*—as a knot of knaves and tricksters, while memory recalled such names as Masillon and Fenelon: and the simple and beautiful truths they taught."

A declaration so appalling—that Miss Duggan declared "it made her hair stand on end"—a confession of slight import, seeing that she had worn a wig these thirty years.

"I think of your creed with alarm"—said that lady in sepulchral accents—"where, aged man, where do you think you're hurrying?"

"*Thither*, I humbly hope"—was the reply—"*thither*, where I shall be goaded by no exciting and bitter controversial sermons, and be saddened by no bursts of acrimony and invective against their fellows from those who profess to serve one and the self-same lowly Master."

Miss Duggan screamed, and stopped her ears.

"Jesuitism!" cried she,—"rank, undeniable, double-distilled Jesuitism. We've the Cardinals amongst us already: and the Pope is just behind. The Altar, the Throne, the Cottage, the Three per Cents, The Great Western, Dr. Cumming, and Lambeth Palace are all in jeopardy. England's glory is on the wane. I seem already to hear the "Sanctus" ringing, and a midnight mass resounding from the Bishop of London's private chapel at Fulham. Och hone and alack a day!"

Before, however, either of these dreaded contingencies was realised, the health of Mr. Drummond manifestly declined; a marked alteration was visible in his step and countenance.

Resolutely adhering to their impressions that he was a wealthy screw, the Middlehambury people were on the *qui vive* to ascertain whom his last acts would enrich. At this juncture an incident occurred, for which the miser's memory was bitterly but, surely, unjustly arraigned. The occupier of the house in which, to his last

hour, he lodged, fell into difficulties; and the landlord came upon his quailing tenant for arrears of rent. These he could not meet, and piteously entreated his aged lodger's interference. Mr. Drummond contrived an interview with the proprietor. The latter, a speculating mineral agent, would listen to nothing in the way of indulgence or abatement; but after taking a long and steady gaze at the invalid's bowed head and shrunk form burst out with—

"Well, sir, I have told you in plain terms what I won't do,—now I'll tell you what I will do. You seem to have this unfortunate man Haddow's welfare much at heart: and if you'll promise to think of me when you make your will—if you 'll say,—and I well know your word may be taken—that you'll remember me specially at that particular time, I 'll forgive my tenant every sixpence of arrears, and grant him an agreement that for the next three years he shall hold the house at a pepper-corn rent—say half-a-crown a quarter."

"Mr. Catcham," said the old gentleman, after a pause of astonishment, "I've little to leave: I'm a poor man."

"Ay! ay! sir, we all understand that, right well. All men have their fancies. You 've yours. Some jockeys who are very rich have a fancy to be thought poor—dead poor; others who have scarce one shilling to rub against another, pass their life in devising how they may be thought rich. Ride your hobby, sir; ride him hard while you've a leg to cross him with. Quite right! who can gainsay it?"

"I repeat," reiterated Drummond but feebly, "what I just now stated,—I 'm poor."

"I heard it, sir,—I heard it," said Catcham smilingly; "now is it a bargain! I'm in earnest if you are? Say the word—yes or no; it may save this poor devil from a gaol?"

"You 're deceived: mark me, you 're deceived."

"Will take my chance of that, sir! Now, 'Aye' or 'No'?"

Drummond hesitated long before he spoke.

"I will remember you, and *specially* at the period you mention."

"Content, sir, quite content—before this time to-morrow, Haddow, the tenant, shall have a discharge for past arrears, and an agreement for the period, and at the rate I specified. The deuce is in it, if he can't float now. Better health to ye, sir; and good morning."

As the speculator took his leave with the smiling and self-complacent air of a man thoroughly satisfied that he has made "a hit," the ancient threw himself into a chair, and indulged in one of his short, significant laughs. To other feelings than those of merriment it speedily gave place; for it was succeeded, and quickly, by a look of deep perplexity and chagrin. The muttered ejaculation followed: "Be it so! they *will* be deceived; they *must* be deceived; they *prefer* being deceived; I am blameless! The future must explain itself."

Many months prior to this occurrence a similar scene was enacted with a kindred result. The bearing of the melodrame was the same. The difference lay in the by-play, dresses, and decorations. In the house of the head cupper, Mr. Drummond had noticed a sallow, stunted, melancholy looking little girl, who, he understood, was an orphan niece of Mr. Spinkle, disowned by her mother's family, and thrown wholly on her uncle's mercy. She shared the fate—too common

to those who are portionless, dependent, and have none to help them—of being regarded as "a hateful incumbrance," and of being, snubbed and thwarted at every turn. Spinkle always spoke of her, and to her, and about her, with ill-concealed vexation. She seemed, poor, silent, saddened girl, with her dark foreign-looking face,—to be always in the way; always out of place; always "under ban;" always "*Mademoiselle de Trop.*" Spinkle's pet description of her consisted in the phrase—that "she was *no good!*" Her mother was "a foreigner, and withal, a Jewess;" her father "a foolish subaltern." What "business" had *they* to marry? She with "nothing but her pretty face;" and "he with little else but a lieutenant's pay!" It was a "bad affair throughout; began badly—proceeded badly—ended badly;" and then came the oft-reiterated conclusion—"Selah herself was no good!"

Poor Selah! She felt her position keenly. No look of affection ever warmed her little aching heart—a heart that yearned for sympathy and love. No word of kindness ever fell upon her ear—an ear that would have drunk in the most measured expression, the lightest whisper of compassion or friendly feeling. Her uncle's dwelling was to her a shelter, not a home. She sat there, isolated and apart, a Pariah on his threshold. None blessed her—none fondled her—none cared for her. There could be but one result. Her better nature seemed frozen and extinct. Envy—bitterness—sullenness—scorn—were about to twine around and choke her young affections. Her replies became sharp, moody, careless, defiant. She lived on, painfully and weariedly, from day to day: but looked what she was—a saddened, crushed and hopeless being.

Ah! no common sin is theirs—to be expiated by no common punishment—who deliberately strew with thorns what should be the blithest stage of life's pilgrimage; who cloud—what The Great Supreme has intended to be the sunniest season of existence—with fears, and forebodings, and regrets, and tears!

The Ancient—generally observant, and always compassionate—soon fixed his regards on this shunned and shrinking being, and looked earnestly into those dark, finely-chiselled, but despairing features. He saw there, or fancied he saw—merciful, kind-hearted, charitable old man!—a world of intelligence, great promise of future excellence, a spirit that would bless and benefit others if roused, and nurtured, and warmed by attention, affection, and sympathy. He sought out and spoke to the little outcast—whispered words gentle and cheering. She started: and then gazed up in his face with a look of incredulous amazement. He repeated his expressions; more earnestly and affectionately. She listened with an intensity of attention painful to witness: paused—tears filled her eyes—then bounded forward to his feet, and, with submissive and oriental gesture, kissed her benefactor's hand.

Ah, Selah, thy better angel was with thee then! Never wast thou more happily prompted! Never did the yearnings of an affectionate heart find vent in a more subduing and felicitous response!

The old miser—to give him his generally-received and well-understood title—was sensibly moved. He who on most occasions was so cool, sarcastic, and self-possessed, shook with emotion. He tried to speak, but vainly. It mattered not. Selah felt that that hour had

given to her a protector—that from that moment she possessed an influential friend.

"Odd!" cried Spinkle, who was examining the edge of one of his diabolical cupping-glasses,—"very odd! Never saw her exhibit,—she has left the room, I think? — so much feeling before! Humph! dulled again!—how rapidly these glasses do wear away! But the lives—aged ones in particular—they have prolonged!"

"Pish!" from Mr. Drummond.

"Never recollect Selah's shedding a tear till now, or seeming to care about any one created being! Ah well; *she's no good:* her father was a military fop, and her mother a Jewess. She's worthless, and so will prove!"

"How dare you apply," said Drummond sternly, "that epithet to one on whom the Creator has bestowed the boon of life, whom he has formed in his own image, and destines for immortality! How dare you, with reference to one so young and guileless, predicate the future as one of crime and sorrow?"

"Oh! if you've taken a fancy to her," said Spinkle, with that ready cunning which never under any circumstances deserted him —"if *you*, Mr. Drummond, deign to feel an interest in her fate—"

"She is oppressed," said the old man bluntly, "and for such I always battle."

"Name your wishes, and to 'Spinkle, Son, and Partner, Cuppers and General Practitioners,' they are *law*," screamed the head of that illustrious firm, flourishing the while a soiled and tattered duster around his detestable instruments.

"Educate this poor orphan," resumed the old man, firmly; "take her from this dwelling where her life is one ceaseless round of slights and rebuffs, and place her where she will be kindly and carefully instructed."

"Oh well, if *you* feel interested respecting her—"

"I do: deeply, sincerely, permanently," cried the old man with honest warmth, not weighing at the moment the force of his expressions. The other pinned him, as he thought, at once.

"Permanently! Oh! if *that* be the case, if you'll adopt her as your daughter," insinuated Spinkle, with, as he deemed, one of his blandest smiles, "if you'll consider her as your own. Ha! ha! ha! the thing may be done."

"And without delay?" said Drummond inquiringly.

"Yes, forthwith, this week, if practicable—she's your child, you know, your own—ha! ha! ha!" and Spinkle chuckled: "Yes, and by and by, perhaps, you will think of her with reference to a few of those Consols which you have at your disposal."

"Tell me where they lie?" returned the other carelessly.

"I know all about it, sir," exclaimed the head Cupper, with a sly leer: "Consols are a very marketable commodity, and a remarkably safe investment. The fire does not burn them, nor the tempest sink them, nor the murrain thin them. I honour your judgment, sir. You, apparently, coincide with my Lord Stowell, who says, 'there is nothing like the beautiful simplicity of the Three Per Cents.'"

"Consols! Lord Stowell! What can the Tommy Noodle mean? what concern have I with either?" murmured Drummond. "But it matters not; I've gained my object, and let the future tell its own tale!"

Spinkle redeemed his pledge. The Paria was placed under judicious superintendence; sent where she was kindly as well as ably taught; sent where feelings and disposition as well as memory were cultivated; sent where sound principles and correct information were prized beyond showy accomplishments. Wondrous was the change. The scowl, the frown, the stolid look disappeared: gloom no longer lodged in the eye, or sullenness in the lip. There was a bright, beaming smile, a merry, ringing laugh, a light buoyant step. The same features were there, but their entire expression was new. The affections had been brought into play; there was something in this world to love and live for. O kindness! what miracles dost thou achieve! thou art still as ever the enchanter's wand.

The orphan saw her uncle occasionally, and momentarily: to neither party was a long interview desirable. But he whose voice made her heart bound, he whose presence wreathed her cheek with smiles, was the aged, ill-dressed, failing miser Drummond. Repeated presents from him—never costly but always useful—heartened her in her course, and evidenced his quenchless anxiety for her improvement. But her path lay not ever in the sunshine: the slime of envy beset it. Mrs. Pizey and Miss Duggan called Selah "a backslider;" said that there was ample varnish on the outside, but awful darkness within; and that of one thing they were quite persuaded, that *her religious views were not clear.*

Perhaps, though unconsciously, they spoke truth: very possibly she inherited some taint of her forefathers' sin. *She had an idol:* that feeble, bent, and shrivelled old man, who to her was all the world—who had rescued her inquiring spirit from the slavery of ignorance—who was her sole and only friend upon this dark earth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RICH MR. DRUMMOND.

"To the characters of some men justice is never done till after death. And some men's motives and impulses are incomprehensible even then. In very many cases this is manifestly advantageous."—MADAME DE STAEL.

The acute Frenchwoman writes shrewdly; but is there not a dash of misanthropy in her conclusions? That is a sad hour when the bitter thought is true, that "the eyes which made our life's sunshine shine on us no more." But it should *humanize* us. At the grave we should surely forgive. It should hush every angry feeling, and teach us the lesson ever needed, and often forgotten, the lesson of boundless charity. "Do you seek to establish the truth? Then seek to establish it by ceasing to war like furies, and by beginning to commune like reasonable men, liable to error, and needing much mutual forbearance?"

A tedious winter, followed by a cutting spring, hastened Mr. Drummond's journey to his final home. The last time he went abroad, mindful of Selah, he lodged at the Saving's Bank, in trustees' names, "the sum of 100*l.*, to be paid on her majority or marriage, which ever event should first happen." He then declared he should leave his room no more. Spinkle was all activity and concern; but the sick man declined his remedies, pressingly as they were tendered.

"The battered tenement," was the significant answer, "defies repair." The Leech, true to his creed, then babbled something about "partial relief to be obtained by the local application of cupping!"

"What, for an old man whose beverage for twenty years has been water, and his principal food fruit and vegetables? Balderdash!" and Mr. Drummond re-arranged his pillow.

On his visitor's departure he called for Haddow, who latterly had acted as his valet as well as landlord, thanked him for his uniform attention, and then put into his hands a Bank-note for 20*l.* for himself and his wife jointly. "Legacy duty, I thus save you."

The man thanked him but coldly; and Drummond, understanding the expression of his eye, remarked, "Haddow, you are disappointed or displeased: be candid, and say at once what disturbs you?"

The man coloured, and hesitated, and shuffled about, first on one foot and then the other, and at last blurted forth,

"Sir, this is kind, and the gift is truly acceptable, and you've been for years a friend to me, and I shall sorely miss you; but if I *must* speak, I would say that I hoped for something more from a gentleman so rich as you."

"More! Haddow, my worthy fellow, surely," said the dying man with mournful earnestness, "*you* do not share the common delusion respecting me?"

"All the world counts you a rich man, a very rich man, sir; and I believed you to be such,—I can't say that I don't do so even now."

"Did I live like a rich man, dress like a rich man, give like a rich man? was I housed like a rich man? What evidence of wealth did you ever see about me?"

"Why no, sir,—no, you was always sparing, remarkably sparing, —but that might be your fancy. And then, sir, the sale—the sale where you bid so largely."

"I acted for others: I bid for them, not myself."

Haddow still kept his ground.

"And the Consols, sir,—the thousands upon thousands of Consols which Mr. Spinkle with his own eyes saw in the Bank-books standing in your name,—the name of Mr. Henry Hugh Drummond."

"Others are so called besides myself. I have no Bank-Stock—none, none, never had."

Haddow's countenance fell.

"Did you ever know me deceive you?" cried the sufferer, with increasing feebleness.

"Never, sir, never; but the folks about your money was so very positive, so strangely and remarkably positive, and Mr. Spinkle, who's always keen, was—odious man! so uncommon attentive, obedient, and persevering. That he should be so deceived after all!"

And Haddow was lost in the contemplation of so astounding a contingency.

"And I appeared to you in the light of a miser, eh? You who knew my daily habits, and were conversant almost with my inmost thoughts. You whom I never ceased to befriend. A miser, eh?"

Haddow's silence gave assent.

"This is a trial," murmured the old man, in a voice fast losing its volume and firmness; "but His mercy be praised! it is the last."

Great was the commotion in Middlehambury when it was understood that the rich Mr. Drummond had expired; that Mr. Spinkle and Haddow, his landlord, were joint executors, but that for some reason the latter had refused to act; and that the former, was left residuary legatee. The will, it was reported, had been drawn up by no lawycr, but was in the deceased's handwriting throughout, and in Haddow's custody. One of the instructions left by the old gentleman in the form of a written memorandum enjoined, that on no pretext whatever were the funeral expenses to exceed ten pounds. He desired to be interred as he had lived—in plain and humble fashion.

This injunction Spinkle disregarded. He would not hear of such a solecism. "Of course there must be a handsome and appropriate funeral. He, as residuary legatee, should appear as chief mourner. The deceased must and should be interred as befitted the wealthy Mr. Drummond."

Haddow humbly begged leave to "have nothing to do with it. He must decline giving any orders, or being held responsible for any part of the expense."

Spinkle bravely responded, that he neither required Haddow's concurrence or non-concurrence. *He* should give the orders. *He* should arrange the procession. *He* would take good care that everything was handsome; and this should be done on his (Spinkle's) private and personal responsibility. He would bury his departed friend like *a prince.*

Haddow observed, *sotto voce*, that "he was quite content."

That funeral, for various reasons, was long remembered in Middlehambury. It was planned and carried out on the most expensive scale. There were mourning coaches, and feathers, and mutes, and attendants on horseback, and attendants on foot, and all the aimless pageantry with which the ostentatious are often borne to their last home. Spinkle was *en magnifique.* He arranged all, directed all, discussed all. But still had an eye to business. Before the procession started, he called Haddow aside, and said to him, with peculiar gusto—

"Our departed friend having left us too prematurely, you will probably receive another lodger?"

Haddow carelessly observed—"he should—all things suiting."

"Remember, *I attend the house.*"

Nothing further, meriting specific mention, took place, except a frightful solecism perpetrated by that heaving mass of stolidity, Mr. Purr. Obeying the invitation of his partner, Purr was present; but being unused to sit with his hands before him, and of a truly lethargic temperament, he suddenly dozed off as fast as a church. From this state of somnolence he was roughly roused by a greatly scandalized spectator, who hit him hard in the midriff. Purr was on his legs in a moment, and fit for business.

"Come! come!" cried he—"be lively, girls,—be lively. More bottles, I say—more bottles!"

"A remark," which Miss Duggan contended, "ought,—uttered

as it was at such an hour, and upon such an occasion—to have brought that hardened muckworm under the pains and penalties of the Spiritual Court! She only wished he had been in the Diocese of Exeter."

The dreary pageant went on: Spinkle flourished his cambric kerchief with marvellous assiduity, and seemed overwhelmed with grief. But it was remarked,—and deemed a matter of atrocious and unparalleled hardheartedness,—that whenever Spinkle sighed, and wept, and sobbed, the sides of that goodfornothing Haddow, shook with visible and irrepressible merriment.

A full hour was devoted to refreshment, after their return from church, and then the miser's will was opened and read to the expectant assemblage—Mrs. Pizey and Miss Duggan foremost amongst the number. Spinkle ensconced himself in a capacious easy chair, whence he prepared himself to listen to the enumeration of the riches about to be poured upon him.

The will was by no means short, and appeared to have been purposely amplified.

It bequeathed the books of the deceased, or as many of them as she pleased to select, to Selah; his watch, his furniture, and the little plate he had, to Haddow, who was named joint executor; to Mr. Catcham, of whom, as he promised, he "thought 'specially' when making his testamentary dispositions,"—Mr. Catcham made an ear-trumpet of his hand, he had become rather deaf, and was in an instant all attention,—to Mr. Catcham he left the large sum of two guineas and a little tract, "On the folly and sin of hasting to become rich."

Mr. Catcham, on hearing this, turned so pale, and became so unexpectedly hysterical, that it was necessary to withdraw him speedily into another apartment.

Mr. Spinkle's name followed, and its expectant owner burst into a terrific outcry of unappeasable grief. Haddow proceeded. Mr. Spinkle was appointed "joint executor and residuary legatee." Mr. Spinkle wiped his eyes, and looked up cheerfully. Haddow read on.

"For his trouble, I beg him to accept the sum of five guineas for a mourning ring, and a little volume I have long prized, 'On the danger of indulging unreasonable expectations.' I die without debts, and I leave in Haddow's hands ten pounds, quite sufficient to put me into the bosom of my mother earth."

"*This was all!*" And such a funeral for a man who had not left behind him thirty guineas! Mr. Spinkle turned white and red for many seconds with wonderful rapidity and regularity. No one seemed to know precisely what manner of disease ailed him, but everybody saw that he was alarmingly indisposed.

Speak he could not. What was to be done? Some wicked wag suggested from one of the back seats—the rascal was never discovered, but he ought to have been—"Try the effect of the cupping glasses; they will be sure to restore him."

GOSSIP ABOUT THE CITY OF LONDON.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth, her release from the Tower.—Her Dinner at the King's Arms, Allhallows Staining.—Her return from Hatfield, and reception by the Lord Mayor at Highgate. Her Coronation.—The Liturgy, Epistle, and Gospel, read in the English tongue throughout the City.—Review of Citizens in Greenwich Park. — Sir William Hewet. — His Apprentice. — Romantic Incident. — Hanseatic League.—New Charter to the English Merchants.—Sir Thomas Gresham.—The Royal Exchange built.— Scotchmen.— Isaac Walton.— Gresham Lectures.— Permanent City Watch.—The first Lottery Vagrancy suppressed.—City Marshalls appointed. — The Plague.— New Sewers. — Queen's progress. — Lord Mayor called to Council Stage-plays.—Laws for same.—The Maiden Assize.— Quaint letter from Fletewood.—The Bishop and the City.—Market Prices.— Lamb's Conduit.—Sumptuary Laws.—The great increase of Foreigners.—Act against Building in the City.—Restriction of London Apprentices as to dress and frippery.

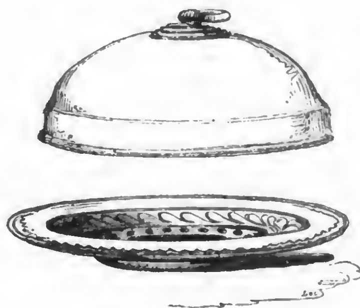
"That very time I saw (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the West,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd by the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Thus Shakspeare wrote of Elizabeth,—a most delicate and sweetly conceived compliment from the immortal to the mortal. The history of her reign will show how deserving she was of such incense. Grainger sums up her character in a most equivocal manner; he says,—"This great Princess, raised from a prison to a throne, filled it with a dignity essential and peculiar to her character. Though her passions were warm, her judgment was temperate and cool; hence it was that she was never led or overruled by her ministers or favourites, though men of great abilities. *She practised all the arts of dissimulation,* for the salutary purposes of government; she so happily tempered affability and haughtiness, benevolence and severity, that she was much more loved than feared by the people, and was, at the same time, the delight of her own subjects, and the terror of Europe. She was parsimonious, *and even avaricious;* but these qualities *were rather virtues* than vices, as they were the result of a rigid economy that centred in the public. At the time of her sister Mary's death, she seems to have been residing at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, having some time before been released from her confinement in the Tower. Her leaving this dreary imprisonment is curiously noted in the old chronicles, as it appears that when she came forth, evidently to start on her journey, she

went into the church of All-Hallows Staining, the first church she found open, to return thanks for her deliverance from prison. As soon as this pious work was concluded, and the thanksgiving finished, the Princess and her attendants went into the *King's Head hostelrie in Fenchurch-street*, to take some refreshment, and here her Royal Highness was regaled with pork and peas!

The memory of this visit is still preserved at the King's Head. John Townsend, the present host, takes a pride in showing the curious old dish or platter used by the Virgin Queen, with an accompanying cover, to all city pilgrims or antiquaries. They appear to be made of a mixed metal, the dish being perforated as a strainer,



evidently intended to be placed upon some other platter or dish. A print of the Princess Elizabeth is still hung up in the coffee-room of the tavern, from a picture by Hans Holbein.

The avenue leading from All-Hallows Staining is now called Star Alley; its confined, unhealthy, and inconvenient mode of architecture,—if architecture it can be called,—is a fine specimen of the structures by our ancestors; at the end of this alley is the King's Head Tavern above mentioned.

It was an ancient practice at All-Hallows for the people to walk in procession (preceded by the priests and choir) with consecrated palm branches in their hands, in commemoration of the public entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem, when the Jews strewed his way with the leaves of that tree. The priests of All-Hallows Staining thought the presence of an angel necessary upon this occasion, as is shown by the charge in the books by the churchwardens, of eightpence "for the hyring of a payer of wynges and a cresse for an angelle on Paulme Sonday."

Upon her return to London from Hatfield, at Mary's death, she was met by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, at Highgate, and escorted with great pomp, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, to the Tower of London, that so few months before had held her as a pining prisoner. On the 14th of January, 1559, she rode through the city of London in grand procession to Westminster. At the west end of Cheapside, the Recorder addressed her Majesty in an affectionate speech, and what was more to the purpose, and like a man of business, presented her in the name of the citizens with a velvet purse, richly embroidered, containing a thousand marks of gold. Her Majesty thanked the citizens for this splendid

token of their affection, and promised to continue their good and gracious Sovereign, and that she would not hesitate to shed her blood for their protection. But nothing endeared their new Sovereign more to them than her acceptance of an English Bible, richly gilt, which was let down from a pageant in Cheapside, by a child, representing Truth. The Queen having received the book with both her hands, kissed it, and laid it on her breast, assuring the city that she esteemed that gift more than all the sumptuous presents they had made her. The next day she was crowned in Westminster Abbey.

On the first Sunday after her accession, by virtue of a proclamation for that purpose, the English liturgy was read in all the churches throughout the city of London, and the Epistle and Gospel of the day were also read in the English tongue.

The bold citizens encouraged her Majesty to persevere in this great work, by exhibiting a specimen of the strength and forces they could raise for her protection in a case of emergency. On the 2nd of July, accordingly, the twelve principal corporations of London sent out twelve companies, consisting of fourteen hundred men, to be mustered in Greenwich Park before the Queen, eight hundred of whom were pikemen, in bright armour; four hundred harquebusiers, in coats of mail and helmets; and two hundred halberdiers, in German rivets; these were accompanied by twenty-eight whifflers (drums and fifes), richly dressed, and led by the twelve wardens of the aforesaid companies, well mounted, and dressed in black velvet, with six ensigns in white satin, furred with black sarsenet, and rich scarves.

This year died Sir William Hewet, the Lord Mayor, who was a clothworker, and possessed of the enormous sum of 6000*l.* per year. He had three sons and one daughter. A domestic incident connected with her must not be omitted, as showing Sir William's nobleness of disposition. His house was built on London Bridge, and the lower part projected over the current of the Thames. The maid-servant was diverting the daughter, when an infant, at the edge of the window, when, by a sudden playful spring, the child, to her great horror, was precipitated in the rushing water below; an apprentice of Sir William's, whose name was Osborne, instantly sprang out of the window, at the imminent risk of his own life, and, to the joy of the parents, brought out the child unhurt. Years rolled on, and the young lady looked with favourable eyes upon her gallant deliverer, who had braved danger to save her life; and he felt not less attached to his beautiful young mistress, whose grateful emotion he was not slow in perceiving, though not daring to place his hopes to the aspiring height of his love.

The noble father was not so blind as not to discover the disposition of both their hearts, and when his daughter became marriageable, her father's great fortune attracting numerous suitors, among others the Earl of Shrewsbury, he honestly rejected all their suits, however flattering and honourable, declaring, "That as Osborne had saved her life, so none but Osborne should have her for a wife;" and they were accordingly wedded, the worthy knight giving large estates and money for their fortune.

Osborne, afterwards Sir William Osborne, filled the highest city offices with distinguished credit and ability, serving the office of

Sheriff in 1567, and that of Lord Mayor in 1583. Sir William was ancestor, in a direct line, of the ducal family of Leeds, and many of that noble family speak with exultation of their mercantile ancestry, claiming an hereditary distinction among the citizens of London, and still preserve the painting commemorating the foregoing interesting and romantic incident in the life of their honourable and distinguished citizen ancestor.

Elizabeth was wise enough to see the necessity for protecting her English Merchant Adventurers; for, although they had gained from the late King, her father, a revocation of the privileges of the Hanseatic league, the fluctuating and ill-directed councils of her sister Mary had given the rival companies many opportunities, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. Elizabeth, at once to give the preponderance in favour of her own subjects, granted a charter of incorporation to the English with most ample privileges; and, such was her jealousy with regard to foreign connexions, that an extraordinary clause therein declared, "That if any freeman of this company shall marry a wife beyond sea, in a foreign country, or shall hold lands, tenements, or hereditaments, in Holland, Zealand, Brabant, Flanders, Germany, or other places nearly adjoining, he shall be, *ipso facto,* disfranchised of and from the said fellowship of Merchant Adventurers, and be utterly excluded from the fellowship thereof."

One of these Merchant Adventurers, Gresham, whose name will always live fresh in the memory of good citizens, coupled with all that is liberal and munificent, added materially, by his intelligence, to the success and security of his brother merchants. This benevolent citizen had long employed his thoughts and pecuniary power in endeavouring to carry out a plan for the comfort of the city merchants, and to provide a place fit and suitable for their congregation and speculative conversations.

He accordingly, animated by a generous ambition, made a noble offer to the citizens to rear at his sole expense a bourse, or exchange, for the accommodation of men of business, as a place of resort, with the proper offices adjoining for the despatch of their affairs, provided they would procure for him a central and commodious spot. This beneficent offer being too noble to be rejected, they immediately set about choosing a site for the proposed exchange.

The site pitched upon was crowded with houses, composing two alleys called Swan and New Saint Christopher's, leading from Cornhill into Threadneedle Street. Fourscore houses were purchased, and the ground cleared. Sir Thomas Gresham, assisted by the city magistrates, laid the first stone with much ceremony on the 7th of June, 1566; and so anxious were all concerned, and with such spirit and application did the work proceed, that in the November of the year following the building was completely covered in, and in a condition to receive the merchants, although from some cause they did not regularly meet there for the transaction of business until December 22nd, 1568.*

On this grand and interesting occasion the Queen came into the city in great state, and with much pageant honoured the munificent founder of the "Royal Exchange," which was called so at her request, when dining with him on the same day. She said "that

* This year the survey found only *fifty-eight* Scotchmen in London.

Bourse should not be the name of the meeting-place for her English merchants, but be, in plain English, the Royal Exchange." *

The produce of this Exchange, and of its offices, Sir Thomas bequeathed to the lord-mayor and corporation, jointly with the Mercers' Company, on this condition, "That the corporation, out of their moiety, employ four persons properly qualified, to read a course of lectures on divinity, astronomy, geometry, and music, free of all expence to the public, at his mansion in Broad Street, to be denominated Gresham College, with a salary of fifty pounds each: and that the Mercers' Company should, in like manner appoint three qualified persons, with a similar salary, to read lectures on law, medicine, and rhetoric, at the same place.

These of late years were delivered in a small room in the Royal Exchange; but so much neglected in every way, that the good intentions of the founder were frustrated, and the lectureships almost sinecures. Since the building of the present Royal Exchange a hall has been built near Basinghall Street, where, I believe, these Gresham lectures are in some way better attended to.

Sir Thomas Rowe, of the Merchant Taylors' Company, who held the office of chief-magistrate in 1568, animated with the same noble spirit as Gresham, first established the long-needed permanent city watch. He reared, also, a convenient fabric for the accommodation of the people assembling for public worship at Saint Paul's Cross, and many other great benefactions to the city.

In the year 1569 first appeared the pernicious novelty called a Lottery, in a locality most ill chosen, being the west gate of St. Paul's Cathedral. "Now," says a quaint old writer, "Fortune began to shake the morrice-bells of Folly over the heads of the metropolitans, and introduced that pernicious sort of madness, which is the making of a few and the ruin of thousands. We mean the lottery, that enticing fairy, who, in her magic glass, shows comfort to the poor, increase of wealth to the rich, and hope of gain to all, whilst chance, though blindfolded, laughs at all the votaries."

This first lottery mentioned in English history began on the 11th day of January, 1569, and continued day and night, without intermission, until the 6th of May. The number of *lots*, or tickets, was forty thousand: the prizes were of plate. The profits were said to be appropriated to the repair of the havens of the kingdom.

An order of Common Council this year ordered "that the beadles belonging to the various hospitals were to take up all sturdy beggars and vagrants, and to carry them to Bridewell; all sick, lame, blind, and aged, to be carried to St. Bartholomew's or St. Thomas's; and all *children, beggars,* under the age of sixteen, to *Christ Hospital,* where their wants *and future condition* would be looked to, as was the intention of the young and benevolent founder." A wise ordination and distinction made between the sturdy beggar and the homeless, starving, deserted child. Centuries of civilization and refinement have only taught us to class them all under one denomination.

* Isaac Walton's first settlement in London as a shopkeeper was in the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, as a sempster, linendraper, or milliner. According to a letter to a friend from Isaac, his linendraper's shop was a great contrast to the magnificent temples of the present day, for he describes it as being only *seven feet and a half long* and *five wide.* Yet here did he carry on his trade till some time before the year 1624.

The streets, however, swarming with beggars, vagrants, and maimed soldiers, much to the citizen's disgrace and mischief, it was resolved, as a more effectual measure, to appoint *City Marshals;* and the committee to whom this appointment was given in charge chose William Sympson and John Read, two able persons—for the consideration of six shillings and eight-pence a-day for them and their horses; and six persons a-piece, of their own choosing, at twelvepence a day each, to attend them, and take some course with these vagrants and wandering people, so as to clear the streets of them.

The office of City Marshal originated in this regulation, and became a death-blow to the old "pompous watch," which had been for many years a great burthen to the higher class of citizens, and of much more show than use. However, from this change arose the regular nightly watch, nearly similar to the watch-boxed guardians of our own early days.

The plague appeared this year. The city, eager to prevent its dreaded fury, ordered, among other regulations, that the ditch running from Aldgate to the postern of the Tower should be thoroughly cleansed, *and a new sewer erected.*

The Queen, intending to make *a progress* through the counties of her kingdom, felt the importance of the city, by sending a letter to the lord-mayor, enjoining him to have during her absence a special regard to the good government and peace of the city; for the better accomplishment of which she appointed certain of her privy councillors to be his advisers and assistants, and with whom he was ordered to consult once a week, or oftener.

Stage plays and interludes, which were only represented heretofore upon important occasions or pageants, now, in 1574, became a regular profession, and the different places of exhibition *were large rooms in inns,* and were nurseries of vice and lewdness; to repress which the Common Council passed an act—"That no innkeeper, &c., shall show or play, or cause, &c., within his house or yard, any play which shall not be first perused and allowed by order of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and that no person be allowed to play but shall be thereunto admitted by the Mayor and Aldermen."

The public performers petitioned the Queen and Council for licence to act as usual, but, after a full hearing, they could not obtain permission, except under the restrictions of the above act, by which they were also enjoined "*not to play on Sundays,* nor on holydays, *till after evening prayers,* and not to act after dark, but to conclude at such time that their audience might return to their dwellings before sunset."

What would become of all our play-goers now, who never think of beginning their evening's amusement until long after the hour that saw their wise ancestors in bed, if such salutary acts were put in force against our actors, who play nearly half the night?

The Lord Mayor and Magistrates so bestirred themselves against vice and immorality in the city, that at the assizes then held in the city there was not one criminal to be tried.

A quaint letter, from the talented William Fletewood, recorder, to the Lord Treasurer, then with the court at Buxton, shows how justice had been administered heretofore. He says—"The only cause that this reformation taketh so good effect here about London

is, that when, by order, we have either justly executed the law, or performed the Council's commandment, we were wont to have either *a great man's letter, a lady's ring*, or some other token from such other inferior persons as will devise one untruth or another to accuse us of, if we perform not their unlawful requests. But now *the Court is far off*, and here we are not troubled with letters, neither *for reprieve* of this prisoner, nor for sparing that fray-maker. We nip vice in the bud, we punish petty thieves; and when the assize cometh we have no great ones to try."

The increasing power of the city was shown in 1567, Sir Roger Martin being Lord Mayor, who brought the Bishop of Ely to arbitration, for questioning his right of civic authority over the tenants in Ely-place, claiming them as under his jurisdiction. The Star-Chamber decided the question in favour of the gallant knight;—a wonderful triumph in those days.

In consequence of the extortion practised by the poulterer, the corporation regulated the market at the following prices:—

	s.	*d.*
The best goose	1	0
The best capon	1	0
A good hen	0	7
The best chicken	0	3
Pigeons per doz.	1	0
Blackbirds	0	10
Rabbits each	0	3
The fresh eggs, five for	0	1
The best butter, per pound	0	3

In 1577, Mr. William Lamb, citizen, did an act that deserved the sincere thanks of his fellow-citizens, by conveying, at his own expense, the water through leaden pipes from the upper end of Red Lion-street to Snow-hill. This conduit was taken down in 1746, to make room for the erection of the Foundling Hospital. Lamb's Conduit-street still points out the site.

The worthy citizens, growing opulent upon the increasing commerce, gradually became more luxuriant in their tastes and extravagant in their dresses, for we find in the year 1579 it was deemed necessary to restrain their prodigality, and a proclamation was issued by the Queen against excess of apparel, gold chains and cloaks, the latter of which had so increased, by rivalry, that they reached down to the heels. By the same proclamation, the length both of daggers and swords was limited—the first to twelve inches beside the hilts, and the latter three feet only.

A survey, as it was called, being made in 1580, it was found that the foreigners in the city and liberties were six thousand four hundred and ninety-two, being considerably more than double what they were at the survey thirteen years before. Two thousand three hundred and two were Dutch; one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight were French; one hundred and sixteen Italians; English born, of foreign parents, one thousand five hundred and forty-two; of other nations, not specified, four hundred and forty-seven; and of *nondescripts*, two hundred and seventeen. This great increase, it was feared by the wisdom of that period, would soon make so small a space as the city dangerous and difficult to govern, and the capital too vast for the size of the kingdom, and also that of not being able to provide for such an immense multitude fuel and other necessaries at

a reasonable rate. This was productive of a remonstrance from the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, against *the vast increase* of new buildings and number of inhabitants within the city and suburbs of London, chiefly occasioned by the great resort of people from abroad and all parts of the kingdom to settle there, which it was imagined would prove of dangerous consequence both to London and the whole nation, if not timely remedied.

Her Majesty listened to this prayer, and accordingly issued a proclamation, by which it was ordained and strictly forbidden to erect any new buildings within three miles from the city gates, where no former house could be remembered to have been by any one living, or to suffer any more families *than one only* to be placed, or inhabit, in any one house. And when the next Lord Mayor went to take the oath in the Exchequer, the Lord Treasurer charged him to strictly enforce the said proclamation, because, said he, "there will, from increase of people, arise an excessive price of victuals and fuel, and danger of plague and infection." Could he have looked forward a century or two, how groundless would he have seen his fears to have been!

In the year 1582, the London apprentices, unwilling to be behind their masters in the increasing fopperies of the time, went such lengths in swaggering and apparel, that the Lord Mayor and Common Council found it necessary to make a special enactment to clip these roystering youths of their gay feathers, and accordingly decreed—"1. That no apprentice whatsoever should presume to wear any apparel but what he receives from his master. 2. To wear no hat, nor anything but a woollen-cap, without any silk in or about the same. 3. To wear neither ruffles, cuffs, loose collars, nor anything but a ruff at the collar, and that only of a *yard and a-half* long. 4. To wear no doublets but what are made of canvas, fustian, sackcloth, English leather, or woollen, without any gold, silver, or silk trimming. 5. To wear no other cloth or kersey in hose or stockings than white, blue, or russet. 6. To wear no other breeches but what shall be of the same stuff as the doublets, and neither stitched, laced, or bordered. 7. To wear no other than a plain upper coat of cloth or leather, without pinking, stitching, edging, or silk about it. 8. To wear no other surtout than a cloth gown or cloak, lined or faced with cloth, cotton or baize, with a fixed round collar, without stitching, guarding, lace or silk. 9. To wear no pumps, slippers, or shoes, but of English leather, without being pinched, edged, or stitched; nor girdles, nor garters, other than of crewel, woollen, thread or leather, without being garnished. 10. To wear no sword, dagger, or other weapon but a knife; nor a ring, jewel of gold or silver, nor silk in any part of his apparel, on pain of being punished at the discretion of his master for the first offence; *to be publicly whipped at the hall of his company*, for the second offence; and to serve *six months* longer than specified in his indenture, for a third offence."

And it was further enacted, "That no apprentice should frequent or go to any dancing, fencing, or musical schools, nor keep any chest, press, or other place for keeping apparel or goods, but in his master's house under the penalties aforesaid."

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND,

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Racing epitome proposed.— Athelstane the first noted Racing man.— The Godolphin Arabian.— Tregonwell Frampton.— His Villany and Cruelty.— George the Fourth.—His Stud, and Affair with the Jockey Club.—His Jockeys. —The Duke of Dorset.—Old George Nelson.—Our Sailor King.—Christopher Wilson, the Father of the Turf.—His Portrait.—Champion and Surplice.— Throwing In, and Backing Out.—The Duke of Queensbury.—Earl Fitzwilliam. —His Retinue and Stud.—Welbeck and Belvoir.—Lord George Bentinck.—His Career on the Turf.—Crucifix: her race for The Oaks.—Cotherstone's year.— "Honest John" in a fix.—The Running Rein fraud.—A rich Scene.—Lord George's Retirement.

BEFORE we proceed further with our racing adventures—or are tempted to step again "out of line," we propose taking a general or bird's eye-view of our subject, and to offer a slight memoir of the Turf and its *dramatis personæ*.

The first great man who figured on the Turf, according to the authority of Mr. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes of England," was Athelstane! The last celebrated name we have on record, *vide* "Bell's Life," is that of Mr. W. S. Crawford.

A good many notables, it is safe to affirm, have intervened between the ninth and nineteenth centuries, to exhume and show up a few of whom we now essay in earnest. From Henry II. to Oliver Cromwell, with his celebrated Coffin Mare, including the reigns of two or three of the Edwardses, Bluff King Hall, James I., and the Merry Monarch, we have not many return lists worth quoting from. Charles II. seems to have had a horse at Newmarket, and really to have imported Arabian mares to put to the English horse; having bred an animal named Dodsworth from this judicious cross, whose pedigree ranks as the oldest in the stud-book.

From this facetious personage, the taste for racing descended to the second James, William III., the "Royal Dane,"—Queen Ann's Consort—in whose reign the Darley Arabian, and the Curwen Bay Barb" appeared, to the "Finished Gentleman from top to toe"— George IV.

In one of the reigns preceding that of the Prince Regent—the celebrated Godolphin Arabian, and old Tregonwell Frampton, the earliest Leg on record, appeared. The former, the property of Earl Godolphin, was the founder of our best blood in horse-flesh; whilst the latter vicious old rip was the progenitor, it is presumed, of a set of men, namely "Legs," whom an old writer on Turf matters describes as "the most unprincipled and abandoned set of thieves and harpies whoever disgraced civilized society."

Frampton was an accomplished scoundrel and thorough rogue, although a wealthy man and Master of the Horse in several reigns, and has all the appearance of villany in his features, if a portrait we

have seen of him in an old mansion in Yorkshire at all resembles the original. The old wretch is there drawn coolly superintending the castrating of his horse Dragon on the very race-ground, in order to qualify him for the race in which he had, as it is currently recorded, to struggle mangled and bleeding and humiliated as he was.

George IV. outstripped all his royal predecessors on the Turf, and succeeded in forming a magnificent stud during his racing career—breeding Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor, the winner of both "Derby" and "Oaks," and possessing many other first-rate animals. At Hampton Court stables were to be seen the Colonel, Waterloo, Tranby, and Ranter—stallions; also the celebrated mares, Maria, Fleur-de-lis, Posthuma, and others in foal to such horses as Sultan, Æmilius, Camel, and Priam, the best blood of that or any other day!

The Prince of Wales (George IV.) won the Derby in 1788, when only six and twenty years of age, and in less than three years' afterwards, was actually "warned off" Newmarket Heath by the Jockey Club, because his horse Baronet, an outsider, if so he could be called with only 20 to 1 against him—won the "Ascot Oatlands" from Escape—the favourite in the royal stable—and a fair field supposed to have been tried to beat all England, and of course his Royal Highness into the bargain! The imputation of Turf fraud was never satisfactorily proved against the Prince to our thinking; and the innumerable instances of horses running "in and out," or being fit or otherwise, when the most unlooked-for results have occurred, irrespective of all intent or *malice prepense*, go far to prove the Jockey Club to have been simply bitten as betting men, through the accident of Baronet's winning from being fit on the day; his owner having backed him heavily, no doubt, as he did everything for the off-chance.

This, the Jockey Club in a manner acknowledged by making overtures to the Prince to return to Newmarket;—overtures, he indignantly and contemptuously refused.

The jockeys of his Majesty, George IV., were the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, a most accomplished horseman and admirable judge of his animal, and at one time of his life in constant practice; Jem Robinson, the *nonpareil* of match-riders, and second to none from a stud to the finish over the B. C. or A. F. (the Beacon Course and Across the Fleet at Newmarket) the late Sam Chifney, Dick Goodison and South.

He finally engaged George Nelson from the north, better known amongst his familiars as the "Admiral," as droll a character over his "clay" and "cold without," the season of course concluded, as ever sat in pig's skin. Old George, a first-rate horseman in his day, was almost a match for poor Bill Scott in repartee and slangy badinage over the smoking fire, and only "shut up" when Bill, with mock gravity, and a look no room could withstand, addressed him as "His Majesty," and asked him "how about Escape and the Grey Diomed dodge!"

The trainers of "our fat friend" were, at one day, Neale and Casborne, but latterly William Edwards of Newmarket, who had a pension for his services and the use of the royal stabling. His favourite race-ground, after leaving Newmarket, was Bibury, where he appeared on his cob as a private gentleman, being the inmate of

Lord Sherbourne's family, when not the Duke of Dorset's, or, in fact, his own jockey's guest.

His majesty contributed greatly to the funds of Ascot and Goodwood, aiding by his presence to make them the most fashionable meetings in England. At the latter place, on one occasion, he had the delight of seeing his own horses come in for the "Cup," first, second, and third. The best animals he ever bred, were Maria, a sweet mare, and his especial favourite, Manfred and Whiskey; Miss Wasp, the dam of Vesper, was also foaled in his paddocks.

Our "Sailor King,"—what a link in history, what a political study in this anointed retrospect!—has only one anecdote related of him in reference to the Turf, though a characteristic one. When his trainer asked him what horses he should send down to run at Ascot—he might as well have inquired his opinion as to the internal policy of the Hamaxobii! he replied, "Why the whole squad, first-rates and gunboats; some of them, I suppose, must win."

The man, whose name ever commanded undivided respect in our own time, was Mr. Christoper Wilson, of Bielby Grange, near Wetherby in Yorkshire, the owner of Comus and Chateaux Margaux, and famed for being the only individual who won the "Derby" and "St. Leger" with the same horse, which he did with Champion in the year 1800, till Lord Clifden, or rather poor Lord George Bentinck, "broke the charm" by carrying off both prizes this very year with Surplice, by Touchstone, out of Crucifix, by Priam; the most noted jock of past or present time, Frank Buckle, riding the winner of the former races, whilst Templeman and Nat, men bidding fair to equal their great prototype, steered the modern victor over the "Derby" and "Leger" courses.

Mr. Wilson was long termed the "Father of the Turf," and a sweet family had he. Having materially aided its general interests and welfare by the example of his long and honourable career, equally by the influence of his sportmanslike and conciliatory manners, that never forsook him. He was one of those clean, high-bred, gentlemanlike old fellows to be seen of a summer's evening, lounging or riding over his fields, or along our bye-lanes, chatting with his keeper or shepherd; or e'en to the poorest whin-cutter, or labourer, as a friend; one of those game yet revered members of the untitled aristocracry of old England that the heart of the thinking man so loves to contemplate, and the eye to dwell on.

The Duke of Queensbury—"Old Q." as he was called—was long a distinguished and dangerous customer on the turf, being excelled by none in judgment, stable-cunning, and jocky-craft; equally as was he practically a horseman across the flat, or over a country, and a most resolute yet cool competitor for the "good things" going.

He was too wide awake for the most accomplished legs of that day—the Manchester cross, or stain, has neutralised all this talent!—and once floored them by riding his own horse in an important race after agreeing that Dick Goodison, his jockey, should receive a large sum to "throw him over," of which he had informed his master; the duke, simply at the very last moment, throwing off his top-coat, and appearing in racing costume ready for the job, saying very coolly to his jockey, as he was going to mount, "Stop, Dick! this is a nice handy nag to ride; I'll get up myself just for the fun of the thing;" which he did, and won in a canter.

"Old Q." won many heavy matches in his day; one with his horse Dash by Florizel against Lord Derby's Sir Peter Teazle over the six-mile course at Newmarket for a thousand guineas; also one against Don Quixote for the same sum; and another against Lord Barrymore's Highlander; all made with such consummate tact and judgment that he refused half forfeit on the day.

Casting "north about" for a turf notable or two of the past or present day, we cannot longer defer our notice of the late Earl Fitzwilliam, so distinguished by the princely way in which he conducted his stud and ever appeared at Doncaster, so as to leave all competitors behind.

We have seen his equipages and outriders, his grooms and led horses glittering in brilliant, yet tasteful array, and debouching on the course on a St. Leger morning. It was truly a retinue worthy a British noble; a retinue in every minute particular ministering to the benefit of the community from the leather-breeches maker who clad the stalwart limbs, to the husbandman who threshed out the corn, the butcher who felled the ox, and the brewster who brewed the mighty ale for his army of sturdy retainers.

The late Earl Fitzwilliam bred Orville, an invaluable stud-horse, and Mulatto; the latter of whom defeated Memnon, Fleur-de-lis, Bedlamite, Tarrare, Nonplus, Fanny Davis, Starch, Longwaist, and all the best horses in the north. He also bred Catton by Orville, out of Desdemona—all his own blood—grandam Fanny by Highflyer.

How sad to be compelled to state that the stud, the retinue, the very taste have disappeared, and that to the name of Fitzwilliam scarcely appertains a nomination; whilst others, once equally famed on the turf, are now only heard at Baden or Boulogne.

Mr. Watt, of Bishop Burton, and a few of his horses, we have already adverted to in a foregoing chapter, as also to Mr. Allen, of Malton, Lord Fitzwilliam's steward, always gay and full of fun, though an "aged one;" and the breeder of many celebrated animals in his day—if we mistake not—Rowton amongst the number. Whether Tarrare was bred by Mr. Allen, or by his noble chief, or by Lord Scarborough, we cannot assert, though in a previous passage now at press—we gave the former the honour—perhaps unadvisedly. At York was also located Mr. Vansittart, the owner of Perion, the only horse said not to have been made safe when St. Giles won the Derby! a statement never yet fully contradicted, and a slight reason for such men as Lord Fitzwilliam and others of his *caste* retiring from the turf.

Ridsdale and Major Yarburgh we have also named at some length, as sporting denizens of York, in a preceding chapter. Before leaving the ancient city, we must award a word of well-merited praise to a very staunch and honourable member of the turf, as well as an extremely pleasant and unassuming man—namely, to Mr. Jaques, of Richmond, in Yorkshire, though he now, we believe, resides principally in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

In his steady, undeviating advocacy of Knavesmire, especially, Mr. Jaques has greatly benefited old Ebor, and gone far to make her meetings the most fashionable in the north. He trains with John Scott, but hitherto has met with anything but encouragement in the performance of his small stud. We sincerely wish him better luck for the future.

Returning to the south in pursuit of our subject, we pass the noble domains of Welbeck and Belvoir; both possessing paddocks long celebrated as the dropping-places of many a noted animal on the turf, well worthy a place in our racing epitome.

At the former ancient dwelling of the Portland family, more famed, probably, as the home of the lamented Lord George Bentinck, than from any association of mere rank, or even monasterial antiquity, his Grace maintained a small stud of race-horses; that he gradually contrived to diminish, hoping thereby not merely to weaken his son's growing attachment to the turf, but to break his intimacy with its more vulgar and dangerous twin brother, the ring. In this attempt the old duke was unsuccessful; as Lord George took stabling and paddocks at Doncaster, in addition to his large establishment at Goodwood, and dashed headlong into the vortex of racing; resolutely pitting his own strength of mind and sagacity against the swollen tide of danger and chicanery, to buffet which, he too well knew, he would have to put forth all his acuteness and energy.

The Duke of Portland won the Derby in 1819 with Tiresias, since which victory we have little prowess to record of his stable.

But of his son, Lord George Bentinck, a volume might be written ere an adequate history could be given of his doings on the turf, from the commencement to the close of his career, so that the reader might form an idea of the unceasing personal care and watchfulness —the stable science and acumen—the deep calculation and study of his subject, by which he alone made an immense, unequalled stud, aided by constant heavy hauls in the ring, and undeviating attention —just balance his expenses! If, indeed, after an outlay of at least 10,000*l.* a-year for nearly twenty years, on an average, his winnings did clear his outgoings.

His nominations were legion! hence his forfeits were immense; and, as he is reported to have said, when congratulated upon having won 6,000*l.* on the St. Leger. "And the forfeits! eh? what do they amount to? Winning 6,000*l.* do you call it?"

It was, in fact, a mere tardy return of moneys long advanced; a return made with loss of interest, and a life; for he had scarcely said thus much, ere he returned to Welbeck, and died!

The "Racing Calendar" alone can furnish a true statement of the heavy engagements in the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, Goodwood, Chester, Liverpool, and York entries, into which Lord George Bentinck plunged during his turf career; nor can other authority give a notion of the innumerable matches, and the consequent amount of judgment displayed through their weights and results, made and contended for by his lordship.

The best, and probably the most profitable animal he ever possessed was his mare Crucifix, the winner of the Oaks, and more than eleven races before she reached the age of three years, whose net stakes exceeded 11,000*l.*

Well do we reeollect her winning the great event, after an infinity of false starts, and as vividly remember her noble owner, with confidence in his eye, entering the ring a few minutes before it broke up in the town of Epsom, ready to go on backing his mare by laying odds on her. Three to one were, at last, laid that Crucifix won, and a pretty

example she made of the sorry lot opposed to her. Lord George, they say, won 20,000*l.* on this race, and notwithstanding every fresh disappointment in getting off, quietly remarked that "She could not lose;" but, on the contrary, "could afford to flirt with the best of them if for half a day." And well he knew his mare; for fifty yards' start up that hill, round that turn, and down the straight run in, was of no more object to Crucifix with the animals she had to contend with, than was Mr. Anstey's few hours' start in jawratory to Lord Palmerston on a late occasion. Nay, it were far easier to bring the two men together than to have handicapped Crucifix on that day with any mare her own age. Can more be said in support of her superiority? not, we opine, without a considerable tax upon our ingenuity.

The period at which we have laid our personal adventures at Epsom, mainly by way of fixing some target for the mind's eye to rest upon, was, perhaps, the most interesting epoch in Lord George's turf career, when he had got old John Day, and all the legs, literally pinned to the earth, writhing at his mercy, by aid more of the two figures 5/1 against Gaper—taken freely—than from any real merits or terrors of his horse.

Poor old "Honest John"—Heaven only knows who stood sponsor to this facetious sobriquet!—wandered about the yard with his hat over his eyes, and long chaise driver's coat—draggling about his boots, sighing and "beggaring his limbs," a woful picture of indecision and wretchedness. He had taken the liberty of betting some 40,000*l.* outright against Gaper at 1000s./15, or thousands to ten at the commencement; and, at length, became impressed with the belief that Lord George had "got" Scott's horse, and perhaps, one or two more in the race—judging his opponent by his own tactics—and that he might possibly pull through in consequence; a startling fact that only struck him when too late to repair his indiscretion, otherwise than by making himself a dead and heavy loser either way. The talent too, or legs, were also dead against Cotherstone, even to making the attempt at firing his stable at Leatherhead, as well as averse to Gaper, though the subtlety and caution of Lord George stood him in need, and gave him, perhaps, a better chance of escaping the wiles of the Nobbler than the other, surrounded as he was by every danger.

This notion—the end of honest John's bitter fancy—made him bite his nails to the quick, and beggar his looks most piteously; he never swore beyond giving utterance to these two comical threats of pauperising himself in look and limb; and as the day approached, and his lordship continued blandly backing his horse as if investing in the Three per Cents., offering more than once to take six thousand to a thousand, and go on, Old John Day's long chin sought for comfort within the folds of his white cravat, as prowling about the yard he applied to every one for a consolitary word of abuse of Gaper, and plenty there were who stood against him, never to have been seen again had he pulled through. This torture, the old trainer of Danebury could no longer endure; so making up his mind to hedge, he took, through Mr. Gully's agency, twenty thousand pounds to three, back on Gaper from Lord George, and so lost some eight and twenty hundred pounds from indiscreetly crossing his old employer, whom he ought to have known better, or in the language

of the ring, by trying to "crab" his horse into a non-favourite, so as to gain a couple of hundreds.

Though his lordship entertained the most sanguine belief that Gaper would win, he was too good a judge to lose sight of Cotherstone, in whom he considered he had a fearful opponent; consequently, he backed him to win a great stake, and thus made a good Derby of the eventful year, notwithstanding his own horse was beaten.

In the atrocious Running Rein fraud, it was mainly owing to Lord George Bentinck's untiring exertions and indefatigable search for evidence that the truth was brought to light and a verdict pronounced in favour of the second horse, Orlando.

One of the oldest London solicitors remarked that it was impossible for any man brought up to the profession to have prepared a chain of evidence more clear of flaw or doubt, than the case got up entirely by his lordship on this extraordinary trial.

The partial settling neutralised all the good of the verdict, as we have before asserted, by reason of the award causing men to be absentees at the final settling, who had received largely on the Tuesday after the Derby; the premature unwise order to settle partially having been made by the Jockey Club for the accommodation of a few parties in power, who could not conveniently wait the result of the law's delay.

An anecdote is related of Lord George Bentinck meeting Smith, the Epsom trainer's team of horses on Newmarket heath, on one of the October meetings, in which lot was Running Rein, whom he immediately pointed out as the elder brother to Croton Oil, his own horse—a three year old—knowing him from his likeness to his dam; consequently, the Derby horse was four off at that time, as he was proved to be—being got by Gladiator, and not the Sadler, as fraudulently entered in the stud-book.

This remark of his lordship's, when communicated to the party, struck terror into the hearts of the conspirators, and induced them to lay their affairs open to Old Firth, by way of taking counsel's opinion, he also having a very old 'un in the Derby—namely, Leander, the ostensible property of an old German Jew called Lichtwaldt.

Running Rein was named by a small hell-keeper called Goody Levy, the proprietor of the Little Nick, with whom every rogue and ruffian in town and country was in league and partnership. Is there still wonder there are no nominations to the name of Fitzwilliam?

The leg of Leander was actually broken in the race by his own confederate, Running Rein, though the latter went in by himself, spite all Sam Mann's efforts to restrain him, like a four year old, got by Gladiator, out of Pepper's dam, running against animals a year younger.

Old Lichtwaldt, when accused of having a four-year-old in the race replied, "What lies they tell in England! mein Got, he was more than six!" Faughaballagh, the Irish horse, and winner of the St. Leger the same year, was bonneted up to the last moment for the Derby; a stammering old scoundrel, another hellite of the name of Dyke, having the commission, with others, "to shoot the people" till the last moment, when he was scratched, and kept dark for Doncaster.

The jockeys who rode for Lord George were the two Days, father and son; Robinson, Nat, Frank Butler, Job Marson. Templeman,

Johnny Howlett, and the mite, Kitchener, an elfin jock, who once got into the saddle under four stone, and latterly, Sam Rogers, till he threw his lordship and every private friend over on Ratan.

It was an amusing sight to see Lord George on the steps of Lumley's at Epsom, calling over his jockey's book on this memorable occasion, as if every bet, under such circumstances, need necessarily be entered in that volume; nor was it less edifying to see him apparently convinced that Sam was acting fairly by him from having placed it in his hands without demur.

It was a rich scene; with the motley crowd surrounding the aristocratic catechiser, grinning surprise or intelligence. It was proposed that Pedley should call over the names, when stragglers at Mickleham might have been made aware they were wanted; but his lordship, with a whip under his arm, and a gold pencil-case in his fingers, dressed in the Old Welbeck hides, and standing in high relief, amidst the besatined, greasy, plebeian legs, commenced proceedings by saying in his tranquil, well-assured strains, "Gentlemen, I'm going to call over my jockey, Samuel Roger's book, and will thank you to answer to your names and bets." "Mr. Gul—ly!" shouted he, in his best manner, from the rostrum.

"Here!" growled old Gully from the crowd, removing the cigar from his lips to give place to a sardonic, catch-me-if-you-can, implied smile. "Here!" replied he.

"You have bet Samuel Rogers 350/25 against Ratan, I perceive [Why this is all right; he seems to be backing his horse, said Lord George aside.] Ah! but he stands in a pony with you on the Ugly Buck, it seems, overleaf. (Terms not named.) This has an ugly look. Are those all the bets you have with him, Mr. Gully?"

"If you have any more in my name, and will specify, my lord, I may then be better able to answer you," replied the cautious old gladiator.

And so Lord George proceeded through the harmless little volume, ticking off Master Tom Crommelin, Jerry Ives, the Dollar, and a whole heap of worthy betting men, who would scorn to take advantage of so interesting a gentleman as the member for Lynn.

It was a rascally, disgusting affair; an affair so outrageous that the Jockey Club dismissed the convicted parties from the race-courses within their jurisdiction, though only to admit them again whitewashed, and laughing in their sleeve, after hovering outside for a short year or two, as naughty boys set in a corner, for not knowing their lessons better than to avoid being found out. Can crime cease when the only tribunal to which the delinquent is amenable thus flirts with the most audacious convicts? We opine not.

In our foregoing notice of Lord George Bentinck, we have stated that he sold his entire stud, with their engagements, to Mr. Mostyn for 10,000*l.* at a word. Yielding to the dictates of a higher purpose, and voluntarily obeying that impulse of mental superiority which told him, if at the eleventh hour, that he was engaged, if not absorbed in a pursuit utterly unworthy his genius and reputation; a pursuit which might lead to the discomfiture of other hellites, and a few London legs, or possibly, to a stray Derby or St. Leger, but one in which the still small voice of the embryo statesman and pupil of George Canning assured him, however he might gloze the picture, there was neither honour, tranquillity, nor satisfaction.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Court and Reign of Francis the First, King of France. By Miss Pardoe, Author of "Louis XIV.," &c. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

It has been said of women that they learn the idiom of character and manners, as they learn that of language, by a sort of instinct, without troubling themselves about the principles. If this be true, as we believe it to be, they are the best of Court historians. Every page of Miss Pardoe's work, embracing a period crowded with remarkable characters, and full of excitement and variety, testifies to the correctness of the observation. She hits off this idiom of character and manners with accuracy; but we must not venture to descend deeper, or to look into these pleasant volumes for a solution of the political problems that agitated Europe during the reign of Francis the First. It is quite enough in one work to take the court and the conspicuous people of the time, including queens, princesses, and mistresses, and show them in the full action of the vivid drama of intrigue and contest upon which their genius and accomplishments conferred so brilliant a lustre. The student who desires to explore the elements of statesmanship, and to trace cause and consequence through the labyrinths of diplomacy, must consult graver and duller sources of information, without obtaining, perhaps, much clearer satisfaction for his pains.

Miss Pardoe has brought adequate diligence to a task of considerable difficulty. There are not wanting abundant memoirs relating to the period; but the bulk of them are untrustworthy, and she is justified in claiming credit for the care and discrimination she has exercised in sifting and selecting her materials. The main result of her labour is that she has succeeded in exhibiting the character of Francis the First stripped of the dazzling colours of romantic exaggeration and false panegyric in which most of the French historians have painted him. We cannot concede to Miss Pardoe's portrait of the profligate monarch the merit of an original; but it is entitled to no slight praise for minute truthfulness in the delineation.

As a whole, the work presents a very complete view of the wars and the court-life—especially the latter—of an age of voluptuous gallantry and unprincipled libertinism, personal and political. It abounds in sketches and anecdotes of celebrated people, and is written with an ease and fluency that impart a continual charm to the narrative. No romance can be more exciting, and few histories are so full of instructive reproof to the guilty selfishness and arrogant despotism of unbridled power. Miss Pardoe has largely availed herself of a class of works which, hovering between the responsible history and the scandalous chronicle, occupies a prominent position in French literature; but she has availed herself of them in a spirit so opposite to that which actuated the authors of them, that she makes a widely different impression with the same materials. The difference is not merely complexional; not merely the difference between the freedom and gaiety of the French, whose piquant vivacity renders even vice amusing, and the

prudery of the English which will not allow them to turn an epigram at the expense of virtue; but the palpable difference between solid morality and open licentiousness.

It is curious enough to see how the Dianas fare in Miss Pardoe's book, and with what artistical skill and rectitude of feeling she contrives to preserve the dramatic interest which attaches to their beauty and their fortunes, without compromising the purity which they violated by the shamelessness of their lives. We have the comedy in all its liveliness, with the moral pointed in every scene.

If we can imagine a French memoir of the most attractive kind reflected in English in a way to retain the most sparkling characteristics of the original, and to render them, at the same time, intelligible and acceptable to the English taste, we shall have formed a fair estimate of these volumes. They are as amusing as French wit could have made them, toned down by a sobriety and earnestness of purpose which rarely enters into French authorship. The English memoir writer has clearly the advantage in producing a work which, while it is equally entertaining, takes a stronger hold of the imagination and the thinking faculties.

The volumes are enriched by numerous rare and highly executed portraits.

The Old World and the New. A Novel. By Mrs. Trollope, author of "Father Eustace," &c. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

Mrs. Trollope's best qualities as a novelist are of the most obvious kind, and never fail her: an intimate knowledge of the web and texture of certain classes of society, a broad grasp of subject, and remarkable fluency of treatment. But works produced in great haste, and by no higher effort than a ready command of common topics and a practised style, seldom penetrate below the surface, and still more rarely exhibit originality or invention in the fable. Breadth, vigour and facility in filling up a design are not enough; the design itself must be such as to justify the power with which it is worked out. A general who should bring his full field of artillery to bear upon a thatched cabin, would expose himself to unmerciful ridicule. The case offers a tolerably close analogy to some of the latter novels of Mrs. Trollope, in which she has expended her whole force upon the slenderest and most improbable plots. Writing with a velocity which scarcely affords her breathing time to consider her plan, she appears to rely mainly on the strength and boldness of her hand, leaving action and character to take their chance. Incidents and portraiture are thus rendered secondary to mere dialogue and description, and the deficiencies of the story are sought to be supplied by a superabundance of talk, and such other expedients as lucky accident may happen to suggest. Nor is motion without progress the only charge to be brought against these novels, the cleverness of which, in some respects, is undeniable; another inevitable consequence of the hurry in which they are executed is, that Mrs. Trollope constantly repeats herself. We have the same intriguing widows and heartless coquets, the same vulgar upstarts and empty coxcombs reproduced under new names, while the framework is little more than a variation of the same sets of scenes and situations with which we are already so familiar that we recognise them at a glance. This monotony is simply

the result of that excessive carelessness which marks all works of art that are conceived and finished in excessive haste. Mrs. Trollope, forgetful of what is due to her own reputation, does not take the trouble to start new quarry, but, confident in her constitutional energy, she returns, over and over, again to the old game, which certainly yielded excellent sport while it was yet fresh.

In the present novel she has taken up rather new ground, transporting her characters from an English village to the banks of the Ohio, where we get a glimpse of American life. But the characters are colourless, and the plot is meagre and absurd. The way in which the story is spun out into three volumes may be specially noted as a wonderful example of the art of expansion. The whole action might be compressed, with advantage, into half a volume; the *denouement* is foreseen long before it is unfolded by the author, and being unfolded before the requisite quantity of matter for the third volume has been completed, the remaining space is filled up by factitious incidents which entangle the threads of the story at the very moment when they ought to be liberated and allowed to fall into their proper places. It will be evident to the reader the least skilled in the mysteries of structure that the tenuity of the plot and the final artifice for winding it up, may be traced to the lack of due consideration in the first instance.

An English gentleman, with a young family, finds his income suddenly diminished by the death of his father-in-law, and is reduced to the necessity of retrenching his expences. A young lady, his wife's cousin, who has a fortune in her own right, and who lives with the family, hits upon a project for relieving her friends from their difficulties. She has been for a considerable time engaged to be married to a gentleman of five thousand a-year, a man older than herself, and who, although he has obtained her promise to become his wife, does not appear in any hurry to secure its fulfilment. She reveals to this cool and hesitating lover the misfortunes of her friends, and proposes an arrangement for their relief to be carried into effect as soon as the marriage shall have taken place. He receives the proposal with an air of deliberation which, being somewhat unreasonable in her enthusiasm, acts violently on her feelings, and she instantly leaves the room, resolving never to see him again. She is as good as her word, sells out a large portion of her stock, and persuades her friends to emigrate to America, paying all the costs of the expedition and the purchase of a large "lot" in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. All matters go on very smoothly with the expatriated family, and Warburton, the vacillating lover, is apparently forgotten. In the course of a few months they make the acquaintance of an Indian chief who speaks English with surprising precision, and who is always fixing his dark eyes on our heroine, the self-willed and adventurous Katherine Smith; and the lady at last begins to suspect that this strange man, whose head is enveloped in long locks of matted hair, and who stares every now and then upon her in a robe of blankets and a wild head-dress of feathers, is actually in love with her. This is a very disagreeable discovery, and subjects her to sundry incomprehensible misgivings.

But the reader has made an earlier discovery which greatly hurts the interest of this forest flirtation, for long before Miss Smith suspects the Indian of having conceived a passion for her, it is perfectly clear that his dark colour is a coating of paint, that his long hair is a wig,

that his blankets and feathers are a masquerading costume, and that the moody chief is no other than Mr. Warburton in disguise. The explanation which ought to have taken place long before, is now entered upon to the entire satisfaction of both parties, and the gentleman carries home his wife to England, although not until further unnecessary delays have intervened to bring up the statute allowance of pages.

It is not enough to say that this plot is improbable—it is dull, which is worse. We can afford to compound for the incredible, if the surprises be well managed and the suspense skilfully sustained. But here, the story is not only unlikely, but the unlikelihood is puerile and foolish, and the mystery perfectly transparent. To suppose that a staid English squire of five thousand a-year, who has hitherto acted with such caution as to tremble on the verge of committing himself to matrimony, would run after a lady who had treated him so unreasonably, and hover about her for several months in a disguise of red ochre and blankets is preposterous; and can be exceeded in absurdity only by the supposition that, thus thrown into constant intercourse with a family to every member of which he was intimately known, the disguise could fail to be detected. But granting in full the demands of this sort of romance, in which probability is set at defiance, the roots of the story are planted in too light a soil to warrant so flourishing an after-growth of circumstances. The basis of the loves of Warburton and Katherine is not laid at a sufficient depth or with sufficient care to bear such results. There is hardly any love between them. Their intercourse is sketched so briefly, and is so superficial and abrupt in the vital parts, upon which the ultimate issues depend, and is dismissed at the very beginning so suddenly that it is impossible to feel any interest in their subsequent fortunes; for, although they are actually engaged to each other, there is so faint an appearance of a real attachment on either side, that it becomes a matter of indifference whether their engagement is broken off or not.

Unlike the majority of Mrs. Trollope's novels, there is hardly any light and shade in this work. The characters are all *good* in their way —the Captain is an easy-natured fellow who does as he is desired, his wife is a miracle of amiability, Katherine, in spite of her obstinacies on some points, is the most generous of women, and even Warburton comes out magnanimously in the end. There never was a more perfect specimen of a happy family, without any vices, and with hardly any foibles. The conversations are all of the same cast. All the people speak in the same style, as if they were speaking out of a book; and, except when we get amongst the Americans, where the dialogues are relieved by the refreshing slang of the new world, there is no attempt at individualization in the language of the speakers. As to the emigrant settlement, it is more a settlement of flowers and ornamental planting than of hard work and agricultural speculation. But the picture is, nevertheless, striking in its details, especially in the early scenes where the settlers are making their way up the country, and grievously perplexed in their choice of a location.

The merits of this novel are of that kind which Mrs. Trollope invariably displays, but which she here displays at a disadvantage. The defects lie in the manifest disproportion between the story and the space it fills, and between the inferiority of the interest elicited and the power brought to bear upon its development. She shows the same acute observation of life, the same elasticity of spirit, the same capacity for extract-

ing practical lessons from the shallowest themes, by which the best of her former productions is distinguished. And for this reason we have felt it the more necessary to indicate the faults into which Mrs. Trollope has fallen from indolence of invention and hurry of execution. The work is equal to its predecessors in its general and miscellaneous qualities, but fails in the essentials of plot and character, evincing by no means a decline, but a waste of ability.

Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland. By Robert Bell. London: Bentley.

If to make the heart merry while improving the mind,—if to promote cheerfulness while giving information,—if to present many humorous subjects to our thoughts, and at the same time to enlarge our charities and increase our kind feelings, are merits in a book, then does the "Wayside Pictures" eminently possess them. Mr. Bell was in the best possible humour with himself and with all around him when he wrote it; he travelled as a philanthropist equally as an artist, having an eye always to the beautiful and an ear always to the legend; his face was always beaming with smiles, and his heart overflowing with happiness; and the consequence was that he found something or other to admire wherever he went, and something funny, or witty, or pathetic, to say of every thing that he saw.

But of all that he did see, nothing has left an equally powerful impression upon him as the women of Normandy. Upon this topic he is especially eloquent and enthusiastic: "The women of Normandy," he says, "are the handsomest in France: the beauty of the Normans is a proverb all over the world; nor has the universal admiration which has been bestowed upon it in the slightest degree exaggerated its lofty and exquisite character." And then his glowing descriptions of their complexions, their curved lips and flashing eyes, the dignity of their carriage and the fascination of their smiles, of their small feet and piquant costume, render it next to impossible to resist the temptation to go to Vire and see all these most captivating attractions for ourselves. When, however, the picturesque Cauchoise caps are no longer in sight, then we have descriptions of other interesting subjects, and with the descriptions, views—and such views!—of quaint streets, and fine churches, and ruined abbeys and castles, and *châteaux*, with river and sylvan scenery, of a kind rarely to be met with on the earth's surface.

Interspersed with these descriptions are numerous anecdotes of persons connected with the places, all full of humour, racy, lively, apposite, and making us far better acquainted with the habits and peculiarities of the people than we could possibly be without them. How distinctly have we placed before us those two very important and houseless personages in Brittany, the mendicant and the tailor, who contribute so much to the amusement of the provincials, and without whose friendly aid and, at times, unwearied negotiations, few of the lasses and swains would be joined together in wedlock. And then the *fêtes* and the festivals, the pilgrimages and games, from the horrid and fiendish one of the *Soule*, to the solemn mockery of the *Loup-vert* and the terribly demoralising one of the *Kermesse*. Add to these the histories of remarkable characters, such as that of the veritable Blue Beard, the ruins of

whose extensive Castle of Champtoce may yet be seen in Anjou, and the evidence of whose crimes and enormities may still be read in the archives of the Prefecture at Nantes. There is an excellent chapter, true to the life, upon the sword and the cassock; and the young ecclesiastic, who by his admissions and boastings made so broad a display of the entire machinery of spiritual seduction, is as instructive a character as he is amusing, while from his principles as his professions he is as dangerous as disgusting.

On some subjects we have well-sketched *pictures* from the words rather than *descriptions;* such as that of the comedians among the sand-banks of the Loire, and of the horses on their entrance into Vire. As a specimen of writing, the last is one of the most extraordinary we ever met with: we have seen the self-same thing done some hundreds of times, and have sometimes thought the threatened crash or overthrow to be inevitable, but we had never supposed it possible that words could bring all the wild rush and the exciting circumstances so forcibly to our remembrance.

From the author's observations upon feudal traditions and Celtic superstitions, upon fairies and poulpicans, those who know but little of such matters may learn much; and he writes as such a lover of the arts should write concerning the modern Vandalism of the French, their wanton desecration of the churches, and their wilful destruction of so much that is architecturally skilful and beautiful. But every now and then we return to the main subject. In the midst of our lamentations and regrets we find occasions for smiles; for whatever may be the subject on which our attention is for the time engaged, whether sylvan scenery or a despoiled *château*, if one of those tantalizing Cauchoise caps comes in sight, there is an end to the subject. And thus it should be: what man of gallantry or of taste would ever, in Normandy, think or talk of aught else than the grace and the beauty of the women when the women were before him? *La jeune France* may apparel themselves as savages, and their manners may be no less polished than bears, and their bold conversation and their shaggy and unshaven appearance may naturally enough frighten away all ladies from their presence; but the English gentleman when he appears before them, soon convinces them that, although the age of French barbarism in manners towards women is come, the age of English chivalry is not gone. What Frenchman would ever write thus of his countrywomen. "We must not leave Vire," says Mr. Bell, with a lingering fondness, "we must not leave Vire without a word upon the beauty of the women. It is the first thing that strikes a stranger; and of all the attractions of Vire, numerous as they are and charming, the beauty of the women far surpasses all."

But to turn to more serious matters. It is sad to think that all these beautiful creatures, with all their present joyousness and picturesque finery, must in the end be reduced to the most abject poverty; and so accurate an observer as Mr. Bell is was little likely to overlook this, or to fail to see the already alarming effects of the law in France for regulating the distribution of landed property. The statistical details presented lately to the French government, prove that there are twelve millions of separate properties in land in France, and that half of these are assessed at the lowest land-tax of five francs a-year each; and these separate properties will be still further subdivided by every death that occurs, until at length the properties will become so small, that taxation

from the proprietors will be utterly out of the question; and whatever may be the form of the government, and although it may be conducted on a cheaper plan than any known government in the world, yet national bankruptcy or national decrepitude is nevertheless unavoidable. The question is merely one of time, not of fact. The decay of French agriculture in many of the departments is notorious: where a hundred horses were once kept, not one is now to be found; spade-husbandry is displacing of necessity plough-tillage; the small holding can keep upon it nothing that eats, not a cow nor a goat nor a sheep; and the result is that, from the lack of manure, the land is becoming year after year less and less productive; and unless the law of wills is changed from what it is, all the landed proprietors of France must in the end become as miserably impoverished as the most destitute of the Irish peasantry, and France herself will cease to be fed from the productions of her own soil.

As for Dolinens and Tufa houses, and such puzzling buildings as La Pile de Cinq Mars, and the hundreds of other subjects of great interest, we can do no more than refer to the volume itself. For the many curious details of the many novel subjects, all who read them must derive both pleasure and profit from them; and the numerous illustrations are indeed "Wayside Pictures" of marked originality and beauty.

The glance at Holland and the probable mental speculations of a Dutchman close the book, and leave the reader laughing heartily at the queer things said and the odd thoughts suggested.

Confessions of a Hypochondriac; or, the Adventures of a Hyp. in Search of Health. By M. R. C. S. London: Saunders and Otley.

To the victims of that unhappy malady, hypochondria, we would say, "Try the luxury of the last new cure—read this book." The same recommendation may be extended to those of sounder temperament, for the perusal of this little volume may serve to maintain their tone and elasticity of mind. A vein of drollery runs through it, which has the point of satire, without its venom. It is not a mischievous attack upon the faculty, not even a very slashing hit at empiricism. The follies it depicts are rather those of the patient than of the doctor. In a country like our own, which disregards the favourite maxim, "throw physic to the dogs," perhaps more than any other nation, the widest field is opened to the quack, and we have but to glance over the advertising columns of our newspapers to judge of the number of the organized practitioners upon public credulity. Fortunately the poor, the sons of toil, are not the great sufferers from them; the pampered and capricious of Fortune's favourites are more commonly their prey. We meet them at all our fashionable watering-places, eaten up with that all but real calamity, *ennui*, and seeking to obtain the priceless jewel, health, with the least possible exercise, and the greatest self-indulgence. The tendency of this work being to dispel the delusions of hypochondriacs—a class of individuals who so misapply wealth, as to contrive to extract the smallest amount of enjoyment from the largest amount of means, a value is attached to it beyond that of mere entertainment.

Before and After. 2 vols. London: Newby.

It appears to have been the design of the author of the work before us, to fix upon a title that should pique the curiosity of the novel-reading public. In this, however, he has only imitated a host of novelists who have preceded him, some of whom have exhibited less talent than is to be found in these volumes. "Before and After" is, in point of fact, an attempt to depict the state of a small town, Staggerton, *before* and *after* the passing of the Reform Bill. The work is composed of a series of sketches bearing more or less upon this design; though some of them having been written for publication in periodicals, appear to have but little connexion with the general purpose indicated by the author. On the whole these tales evince considerable power of invention, and afford no small degree of amusement—not the least aim of the writers of fiction. The reader will, we think, be ready enough to overlook the defects in the framework of these stories, in consideration of the entertainment to be derived from the pictures of life and the follies of the day which they contain.

Herbert's Fish and Fishing of the United States, and British Provinces of North America. By Henry William Herbert, Author of "The Field Sports of the United States," &c. R. Bentley.

The author of this book is a genuine sportsman. He scorns the miserable traps and cowardly expedients by which game is snared and killed in some localities, and would as soon think of stabbing a man in the dark as of descending to mean and paltry arts for slaughtering the tribes that inhabit the air and the waters. "Some gentlemen," he says, "doubtless regard bobbing for eels, and bait-fishing through holes cut in the ice; others, hauling up sharks with ox-chains and tenter-hooks; and others, yet, harpooning garlikes, as excellent sport, and as scientific fishing; as many more will probably deem of hauling the seine, or fishing with the set-line, or the deep sea-line." But he looks with contempt on such practices, and gives them no space in his book. He holds in abhorrence the shooting of migratory thrushes and wood-peckers, and excludes from his catalogue of game all such vermin as opossums, racoons, ground-hogs, and the like, which furnish such excellent fun to your thorough-going Yankee. Taking a liberal and comprehensive view of his subject, he enters upon it with the practical knowledge, the zest, and enthusiasm of a scientific sportsman.

Confining himself to those varieties which may be properly considered as game fish, or such as will take the natural or artificial bait, and are endowed with sufficient vigour and courage to offer play and resistance, without reference to their culinary value, he proceeds to consider them in their great divisions of fresh and salt-water fish, and then as migratory or non-migratory, and deep-sea or shoal water; divisions which are evidently preferable for sporting purposes to the natural distinctions on genera and species. But the naturalist will also find in Mr. Herbert's pages the scientific divisions which he deems essential to the delineation of these varieties, so that he will readily recognise all his own acquaintances, and, perhaps, have the additional pleasure of making some interesting new ones.

The habits and localities of these numerous families are accurately and clearly described, and the various and most approved methods of taking them fully detailed. The writer is a consummate master of the piscatorial art, and, traversing in this volume an extent of country stretching almost from the Arctic Circle to the Tropics, and from the waters of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the intrinsic interest of his sketches is enhanced by the picturesque grandeur of the scenery through which he carries us. Nor is Mr. Herbert satisfied with his natural history of game fish, and his admirable account of the sport of taking them in all sorts of waters, and under all possible circumstances; he does not conceive his labour of high enjoyment complete until he has furnished his readers with an appendix containing ample and exact instructions for the most luxurious ways of cooking them. The work is a perfect manual in its way, embracing every aspect of piscatorial pleasure, from the baiting of the hook to the last office of the gridiron and the saucepan; and it is brought out, as such a work ought to be, with all becoming costliness and elegance of illustration. The artist, Mr. Mearsom, has made absolute portraits of his fish, whose fins, scales, and flesh, come out in the engraving with transparent and truthful effect.

Leaves from the Journal of a Subaltern during the Campaign in the Punjaub, Sept. 1848 to March 1849. William Blackwood and Sons.

Five or six months ago, and with what painful interest was the Indian mail looked for! There were few that doubted that success would finally attend the British arms in the Punjaub, and that another would be added to our roll of victories. Still, although the battle of Chillianwallah has been called a victory, it had been purchased at the expense of the lives of many brave men, and it was apparent that a few more similar *victories* would seriously affect the prestige of success which had hitherto attended the British arms in India. But scarcely was the unanimous call for Sir Charles Napier responded to, and Sir Charles despatched to India, when the victory of Goojerat rendered his mission unavailing, and added the Punjaub to our already enormous territory in India. The volume under notice is written by a gallant young officer, whose regiment did considerable service in this war in the Punjaub, especially at the battle of Chillianwallah. The modesty with which the Subaltern speaks of his own share in these transactions is not surprising, since it is the wont of bravery to link itself with modesty. Although not written with a view to publication, we doubt if there has been published any work which gives so clear and graphic an account of the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat, as is to be found in these letters, and this opinion is corroborated by the fact that some of the letters obtained insertion in the *Times* newspaper. The alternate pleasures and inconveniences of a campaigning life are told with much spirit, and show that whilst the author fully enjoyed the former, he was disposed cheerfully to endure the latter. This disposition to look on the bright side of affairs, and the interest which the subject itself possesses, render this "Journal of a Subaltern" a very agreeable book.

Westminster: Memorials of the City, Saint Peter's College, the Parish Churches, Palaces, Streets, and Worthies. By the Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford; Curate of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Author of the History of that Church. Westminster: Joseph Masters.

Although Mr. Walcott has not made it part of the plan of the present work to touch upon the most glorious pile in the city of Westminster, the Abbey Church, he has given us a most praiseworthy, pains-taken, account, from the best authorities, of the many remaining memorials of that great city. He traces the history of Westminster from the time, ten centuries ago, when it was but a "dangerous waste, extending round a small convent newly built upon its highest elevation, a sandy gravelly soil overrun with briars and thorns, at the eastern extremity of a low marshy tract frequently inundated by the swollen Thames," to the present day when Barry's superb structure rises to the skies.

On all the topics connected with St. Margaret's Church, our author seems particularly copious; and we have not only an account of the most remarkable events which have borne any reference to this building, but we have as well a list of the clergy attached to it, from 1484 to 1835, a summary of the most eminent divines who have preached in its pulpit, from the time of Latimer and Usher; and, in addition to this, a list of churchwardens, from 1460 to 1848, and even of organists, from 1616 to 1809. The parochial registers, too, are ransacked, and exhibited in detail, from 1538 to 1807.

"Within this church," says Mr. Walcott, "have been christened children of the infamous Titus Oates, Judge Jeffreys, and the well-known Bishop Burnet. Here Jeremy Bentham was married; and here was also celebrated the first wedding of the father of the great and good Bishop Heber."

In answer to those who would seek the destruction of St. Margaret's, our author observes that "there could not be devised a nobler work for Mr. Barry than to render the exterior the silent but emphatic rebuke of those who, from want of reflection, suggest its demolition,—not weighing those necessarily attendant consequences, the desecration of the sleeping remains, and the sundering of old ties and associations most harrowing to the feelings of those who love their parish church."

It may not be generally known that, when in 1719, the old House of Lords being under repair, the roof was taken down, a gold box was found containing the Bull of Leo, declaring Henry VIII. to be "Defender of the Faith," which was supposed to have been concealed during the Rebellion."

Before parting from these agreeable reminiscences of the renowned city of Westminster, we may be pardoned for quoting the following passages relating to the bridge which may not see another generation.

"A century ago, and the only bridge in London was a structure of weak irregular arches supporting mean crazy buildings, and a gate, which had been often studded—after the savage fashion of the time—with the heads of criminals. On February 16, 1731, a question was carried in the House of Commons for building a bridge over the Thames, from Palace Yard to the Surrey side. To give an idea of the enormous quantity of stone contained in this bridge, the architect stated it to be nearly double that employed in the construction of the Cathedral of St. Paul."

English Surnames. An Essay of Family Nomenclature. By Mark Anthony Lower, M.A. 2 vols. Third Edition. London: Smith.

These are right merry volumes, and the witty and the light-hearted might continue for years together to draw subjects of laughter from them. There is more in a name than is generally imagined, since we can of ourselves testify to a large and valuable estate being left by will to a person in no way connected with the devisor, and neither personally known to him, nor, in fact, conscious of his existence. A name once helped a man to a bishopric. "Whom shall I give that bishopric to?" said Charles II. to his chaplain, Dr. Mountain.—"I could tell you, sire, if you had but faith."—"Why faith?" said the king.—"Because, then," said the chaplain, "your majesty might say to this *mountain*, be thou removed into that *see*."

As a general rule we hold it good for a man to have a name that can be punned upon, or good-humouredly played with, since it makes him rather more watchful over himself than other men are, and more careful to give no offence. Thus Lord Abinger is always looking back to the days of Robin Hood, and to the doings of a certain Will Scarlet of those times, lest any comparison should be drawn to the prejudice of the Scarletts of the nineteenth century; but some names are so bad in themselves that we are surprised to find men retaining them, since no man in business can thrive under them. A story is told of two lawyers with the names of Catcham and Chetam; separately, they would have provoked but little or no remark, but when joined together in partnership and placed in juxta-position on a brass plate, "Catcham and Chetam, solicitors," attracted the eye, and gave rise to many a coarse joke; to prevent these they determined to add the initials of their Christian names, which were Isaiah and Uriah, to their surnames, but this made matters worse, since the inscription then ran I. Catcham, U. Chetam.

But the subject of names is so prolific of witticisms and puns, that any one with the least ingenuity could readily write out a volume of jokes upon names from his own observations, as he walks through the streets, where he will meet with Fields and Greenfields too, and Butterfields, together with Craigs, and Forests, and Foresters, to look after them; and Peacocks, and Starlings, and Nightingales, and Robins, and Fowlers, to snare them: and Salmon, and Trout, with "Hooks" of the "Kirby," bend to catch them. On the origin of names much might be said; foundlings are a numerous race, and the time was when the Governors of the Foundling Hospital were in the habit of naming the children after themselves or their friends; so long as the children remained children all was well, but when they grew up to man's and woman's estate, these men and women were sometimes very troublesome, claiming consanguinity and affinity, which was more natural than convenient. "Tom Amongus" was the name given in joke to a deserted babe at Newark, but as Tom became a great man he changed his name to Thomas Magnus, and to repay the kindness of the Newarkites he founded the Grammar School there. Sir William Se'noke or Sevenoke, was a foundling from that town, and was named after it, and he founded the free school which still remains in that place. The times are changed since then, or the manners, for although every town or almost every village in the course of a generation is charged with a foundling or so, it is very little they do in after life for the place that

so early nourished them. This may, in part, arise from the offence they take at the names that are fixed upon them. Thus Jack Parish was clearly given to express contempt; Napkin Brooker, to explain that he was found in a napkin by the side of a brook; Richard Monday, that he was found on a Monday; John Grove, that he was found at the grove at Tonbridge Wells; and Thomas Shepherdsbush clearly points to the place of his discovery.

But there are of names, a mighty sixty, which in numbers far surpass all others, and of which the Smiths had born to them in England in 1838, 5588; the Joneses, 5353; the Williamses, 3490; the Taylors, 2647; the Davieses, 2252; and the Thomases, 2236. In London, in 1839, there were 967 tradesmen of the name of Smith, and of these 100 were Johns. " Might your name be John Smith," asked an inquisitive New Englander of a stranger; " Well, yes, it might," was the reply, " but it aint by a long chalk." The New Englander put the question naturally enough because of the vast numbers of Smiths in America, and of the numbers we may form some conception since in March last, a meeting was called of the Smiths on Boston Common to ascertain to what family a property in England belonged, that wanted a heir of the name of Smith, but the meeting was adjourned, Boston Common not being large enough for all the Smiths in that neighbourhood who flocked to it.

Nor is it in America and in England alone that the Smiths so abound, since they are found every where, and among all kindreds and nations on the earth; and the universality of the name is the evidence of its antiquity, and this is proved by its origin in Shem, which became in time, through its transfusion into other tongues, Shemit, Shmit, Smith; thus we find the name in all languages: in Latin it is Johannes Smithius; Italian, Giovanni Smithi; Spanish, Juan Smithas; Dutch, Hans Schmidt; French, Jean Smeet: Greek, Ion Skmiton; Russian, Jonloff Skmittowski; Polish, Ivan Schmittiwciski; Chinese, Jahn Shimmit; Icelandic, Jahne Smithson; Welsh, Jihon Schmidet; Tuscarora, To Qa Smittia; Mexican, Jontli F'Smithi. The name may also be seen on a cartouche in the Temple of Osiris in Egypt, which was founded by Pharaoh Smithosis, who was the ninth in the eighteenth dynasty of the Theban kings. Sir Edward Buller, however, asserts that the name of Smith is derived from the Smintheus title of the Phrygian Apollo, and he quotes Homer in support of it—

Κλῦθί μευ 'Αργυρότοξ ος χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας
Κίλλαν τε ζαθεην. Τενὲδοιο τε ἶφι ἀνάσσεις
Ζμινθεῦ.

Nobles and kings have abandoned their own patronymics to adopt the name of Smith; and to mention no more than two: the proud head of the Carrington family, in the reign of Richard II., laid down his own name, and took up the more desirable name of Smith; and when Louis Philippe lately fled from France, he assumed in his flight the name of William Smith; but having no real right to it, he as a man of honour soon relinquished it for a name unappropriated, Count de Neuilly.

But a thousand similar historical facts may be gleaned from these volumes, which as a repertory of knowledge, and a repository of fun, we most cordially recommend to all who care for the possession and enjoyment of much rare information, and much harmless amusement.

Ernesto di Ripalta. A Tale of the Italian Revolution, by the author of "Notes of a Two Years' Residence in Italy." 3 vols. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Dublin: James M'Glashan.

Mr. Hamilton Geale, the writer of a very tasteful and well written little book, "Notes of a Two Years' Residence in Italy," has given the public the volumes now before us. As a romantic tale, "Ernesto di Ripalta" has in its plot and the mode in which it is treated, in its style, sentiment and depiction of character, enough to commend it to the favourable reception of all who read novels, and they are a large class—but we look upon it as something better than a mere romance, and we believe it may well subserve a higher purpose than the entertainment of an idle hour, or the excitement of an evanescent feeling. And such, too, was the motive of the author. He tells us that he commenced the tale in Italy when all men there were "in full fervour of admiration for Pio Nono and Carlo Alberto," and sanguine in their hopes of national independence. "Deeply interested in their cause, and feeling how important it would be to awaken, by every possible means, the sympathy of the people of England in their favour," Mr. Geale's aim was, "to popularise the Italian question, by connecting and weaving it into a story, which, while avoiding the objections of the historical novel, and, as an episode, being capable of standing alone, would nevertheless unite, to a great extent, the interest of historical truth with the charms of fiction and domestic incident." We think this tale well suited to accomplish what the author designed, but we regret that it comes too late to produce its full effect. The book was ready, he tells us, in the beginning of the year: why it did not then appear it is not for us to divine. There are reasons which authors and publishers alone understand, and with them we leave the matter; but we perused its pleasant pages, and marked its strong reasoning with a feeling of melancholy interest *now* that the conclusions are foregone, and the fate of the liberties of Italy decided, at least for the present.

With the subject of the tale we do not mean to deal. It has sufficient of romantic situations and incidents to awaken and sustain a lively interest throughout. The characters are well conceived and forcibly sketched in general, though we think the "love-passages," as Varney says, too sublimated and heroical, and the dialogues occasionally too stilted. These are ordinarily the faults of first essays in this description of writing; but experience and attention invariably remove or mitigate them. By the way, we would entreat Mr. Geale, in the next tale with which he shall favour us, to eschew, in modern dialogue, the use of the second person singular. Mr. Geale has, with a very just appreciation of the national character of the Italians, developed, through the agency of his imaginary actors, various conflicting passions and principles, religious and political, which during the eventful period occupied by his tale, have agitated the Italian mind. His descriptions of Italian life and manners are manifestly those of one who draws from personal experience. The tone of the work throughout is moral, in the best sense of the word, with an entire absence of cant; and, above all, in dealing with religious politics, which are necessarily inseparably connected with his subject, he preserves a spirit of candour, moderation, and charity, that

is highly commendable. Indeed, one of the most interesting characters, the Jesuit, Father Verrone, while exhibiting the viciousness of the system, still displays such redeeming virtue and power, that we cannot but feel admiration for the man, despite our detestation of the principles of the order.

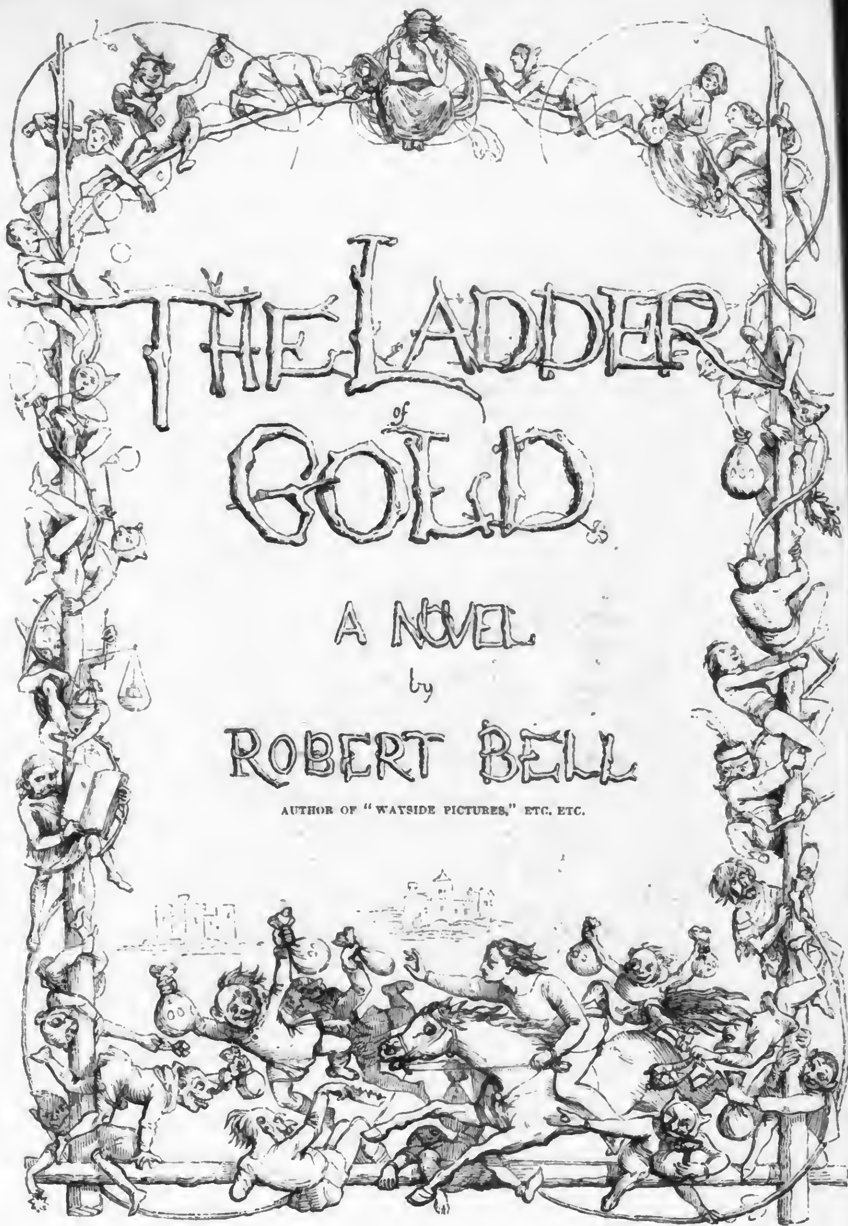
But it is as a political and historical work that we would chiefly speak of Ernesto di Ripalta. As such it is well worthy of perusal, and will command a deep interest. It abounds in able sketches of the general continental politics of the time. The views of Mr. Geale are just and rational, and he has advocated them with enthusiasm, and occasionally eloquently, and reflected upon them with force and manliness; while the brief and rapid view of the whole war of independence in Italy is executed with remarkable vigour, animation, and clearness. Were we to take Mr. Geale's politics from the indications in this novel, we should pronounce him a Whig of the old school—an ardent lover of popular liberty, yet as far removed from the Communist or the Radical as light from darkness. With his English politics, however, we have nothing to do; with his feelings in relation to the Italian struggle, we heartily sympathise. How entirely can we concur in the following eloquent observations:—

"When tyrants combine, freemen should unite; and even in this present dark hour, when the battle of freedom is fought against such fearful odds, and the self-styled free nations look on with such bland and cowardly indifference to the triumph of absolutism and tyranny;—when the powers of darkness seem to have mustered all their strength, and in the licentiousness of an unbridled democracy, in open violence, or treacherous intrigues and perfidious frauds, co-operate with brute force to extinguish the light of civilization, and arrest the amelioration and progress of mankind:—even in this dark hour, the friends of freedom, the lovers of mankind, can see a bright gleam of hope, whether it emanate from the venerable walls of beleaguered Rome, or the sea-girt ramparts of Venice, or whether it comes to us from the gleam of Hungarian spears, in the sublime uprising of an entire nation on the banks of the Danube and the Theiss. No! the cause of freedom is not lost; it is, and must be, immortal! Italy is now vindicated before the world—the calumnies and degradation of centuries are effaced in the heroic achievements—in the sacrifices and sufferings—of her people. Again is the name of an Italian honourable—of a Roman great and illustrious. A people capable of such devotion cannot remain enslaved; independence is its destiny, as well as its right. The sieges of Messina and Ancona, but above all, of Rome and Venice, have added new and imperishable pages to the already glorious annals of Italy."

Alas! since then Rome has fallen; but in her fall there has been no dishonour, save to those who crushed her. Venice, too, has yielded, but not ingloriously; and Hungary is again within the gripe of her old tyrant. Still, with Mr. Geale we feel "the cause of Freedom is not lost." The blood and the tears of patriots and citizens fall not in vain on the earth. Let us hope that the day is not far distant, when the nations of Europe, and, in chief, the loveliest of its regions, may enjoy that share of rational liberty, civil and religious, without which man cannot rise in the scale of morals or civilization.

The Hour of Retribution.

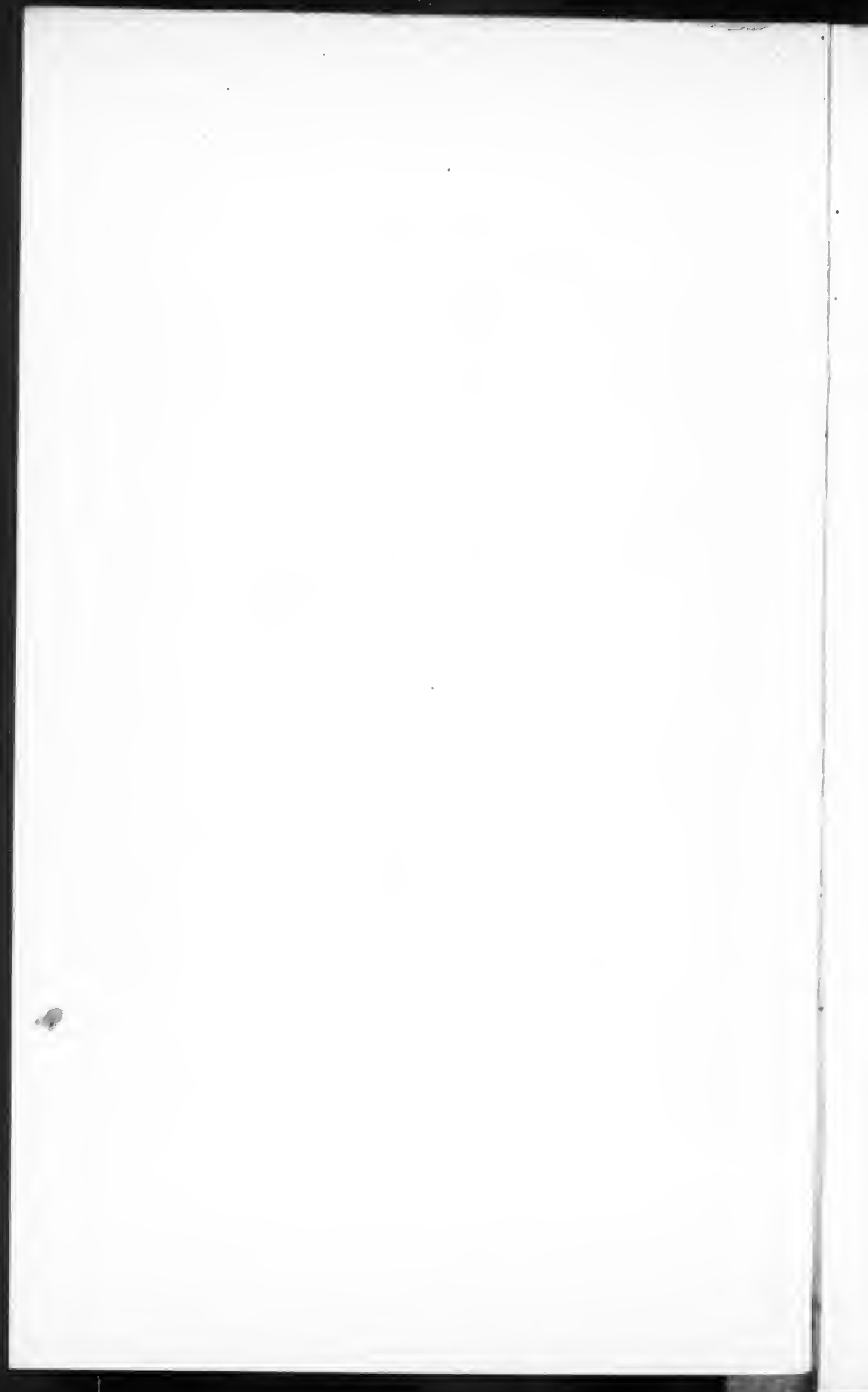
London: Richard Bentley 1849



RICHARD BENTLEY.

THE FIRST PART WILL APPEAR IN BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY ON FIRST OF DECEMBER.

TO BE CONTINUED M[illegible]THLY



THE VENTÉRO OF THE RONDA MOUNTAINS:

AN INCIDENT OF SPANISH TRAVEL.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

Our excursion from Xeres to the mountains of Andalucia was performed in "calésàs," vehicles very much similar to the old London cabs, without the driver's seat, and of a much slighter construction. They are generally painted all over in the gayest colours, in order, we presume, to attract the attention of the herds of wild cattle roaming about the country, for more than once, during this trip, we remarked various old knowing bulls' eyes ogling us as we passed along, seemingly inclined to indulge in the game of "prisoner's-base," by rushing at the back of our vehicle, whereon was daubed a most extraordinary bouquet of unknown flowers.

It is well known that bulls have a great antipathy to bright-red, and often did we lament being emblazoned *à derrière* by an unnatural red sun-flower in full bloom.

In addition to this most extraordinary waste of paint these "vehicula" are, for the most part, smothered with brass-headed nails, for what purpose we are at a loss to conjecture, unless, perhaps, they represent votive offerings of successive travellers: we are led to this conclusion from a recollection of the trunk of a tree in the road from St. Stephen's to the "Kamthner Strasse," at Vienna, supposed to be the only one remaining of the "Weener Wald" (a vast forest, which formerly extended to this spot, now the heart of the city), which is now completely bound round with iron-hoops to preserve it. This precaution was rendered necessary on account of the numerous nails driven into it by the wandering Viennese apprentices when setting out in the world to seek their fortunes. It is so completely covered over that there is not now sufficient room to drive a consumptive-pin, so that the trunk has become a tree of iron,—the adjacent parts of the street are in consequence of this called "Stockham Eisen Platz."

"Ventas" in the mountain districts are, for the most part, like huge dog-kennels, constructed of mud, with very low door-ways, although there are, few and far between, exceptions to the general rule.

These smaller sized Ventas are, however, far preferable to the larger ones to be found in villages, and on the high-roads, for there is a deceit about the latter not easily to be forgiven by the weary traveller. They are mostly situated upon elevations, their white walls glittering in the sun, the conical-topped towers dazzling the sight; everything, in fact, promising good cheer and a comfortable night's rest to the beholder. But the weary traveller on entering finds it a complete Jardin des Plantes (without its botanical attractions and smell), being the abode of man and beast, on an unfathomable soil, as difficult to navigate as Chat-moss itself.

The Venta at which we arrived belonged to the humbler class, and was situated in a magnificent valley, watered (except in very dry weather) by a branch of the river Majaceite. At the back of this little miserable hut was a patch of cultivated land, on which some Indian corn was growing in perfection.

The surrounding scenery was grand and imposing, hemmed in by mountains overtopping one another, until lost in the wide expanse: the romantic effect of the whole view could scarcely be surpassed. An old Moorish watch-tower hung from an adjoining perpendicular rock, and seemed to speak of the bygone days of chivalry and war. The steep and rugged mule-tracks (apologies for roads, and scarcely even practicable for mules), the haunt of goats and Gibraltar smugglers, appeared like the fibres of some gigantic spider's web. The sweet-scented odours wafted by the cooling breeze, the warbling of the birds offering up their matin-song during the operation of pluming their wings—all suggested to our somewhat-jaded travelling party the prospect of a few hours' welcome repose.

The Ventéro, a tall, thin, muscular-looking old man, with sharp keen eyes, and a scanty crop of grizzled hair, like a badly-thatched barn after a snow-storm, came forth to meet us as the last sound of the hombre conducting the foremost calésà, died away in an oft-repeated echo, "Andàr! andàr! buen cabàllo!"

Before quitting the "Posada Inglesa" at Xeres, we had taken especial care to look to the commissariat; for, be it known, that the frightful exaggerated stories of robbers related to us by an old "capatax," * at whose house we dined the evening before our departure, coupled with the well-known fact, that travellers in Spain fare but badly in the victualling department, unless they have a good caterer with them, urged us to take this precaution.

We were, moreover, armed with two primitive blunderbusses, a brace of pistols, two swords, and—*a pound-box of cigars!* These latter, in our humble opinion, being by far the best weapons you can use against a Spaniard—provided you do not spare the ammunition.

Thanks to our companion from the Emerald Isle, we did not fare badly, for he had stowed away under the seats of the calésàs, cold fowls, hams, dried-fish, and melons, with *pain à discrétion.*

As for the wines, they were indeed, "muy guapa, muy guapita," with one exception only: instead of being *frappé à la glace,* they were *frappé du soleil.* Nevertheless, we were so very free in their absorption, that our Hibernian friend began to intimate that the mauzanilla and amontillado were growing gradually more and more evanescent.

We hastily alighted, in order to inspect the accommodation offered by the Venta, which we found to be scanty enough. Its stock of furniture comprised five or six cork-stools of unsophisticated construction, a tumble-down table, and an extraordinary large-sized jar, with swelling protuberance, that might have been dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum. This was filled with fresh water, and by it hung a most questionable tin or copper utensil, by way of ladle. To this we made instant application, and satisfied our thirst, whilst our companions as hastily seized three equally-useful articles, from out a row of small red earthenware pipkins, with conical-shaped bottoms, fixed in a kind of pantry shelf, which, from the constant evaporation, keeps the water extremely cool.

In addition to these, surrounding the large open hearth, were a few broken-down culinary vessels, and an old pair of English bellows (perfect roarers), bought, as we afterwards learnt, from an itinerant merchant, on this road to Arcos.

* A mine-broker.

The Irishman, like a good-hearted *troupier*, bethought him of the hard-worked "caballos," who had been dragging us up hill and down dale, to the imminent danger of our necks and their legs. He would not trust to the "hombres," but personally superintended the unsaddling of the beasts, and the conducting of them to the manger, where they speedily went to work (in downright earnest) at the "paja y cebada" (straw and barley).

This done, he rejoined us, and, with the assistance of the Ventéro, we began unpacking our provisions outside the Venta, under a splendid purple grape-vine.

Fowls, hams, fish, melons, and bread, were all laid out before us, and three or four bottles of wine were popped into the earthenware pipkins to cool.

We eagerly commenced our early meal, inviting the Ventéro to join us.

The calésà-men set about their culinary arrangements in the concoction of a "Sopa de cebollas," or onion soup. The analysis of the component parts of this "potage" caused us politely to refuse proving its quality when the hombre, who officiated as cook, offered us a taste from a wooden-spoon, having previously sipped therefrom himself. This savoury compound was made with onions, lard, oil, garlic, salt, pepper, toasted-bread, and water. We gave them some ham and melon, which they ate as a kind of dessert, and immediately afterwards stretched themselves upon some straw, indulging us, by means of their nasal tubes, with various fandango and bolero melodies, in discordant combination. Unwilling to disturb them, we quietly submitted to this acoustic torture.

Our repast concluded, the conversation became highly interesting, consisting of anecdotes of robbers and smugglers, so that we did not feel inclined to imitate our snoring companions.

The Irish lad, who had been somewhat of a traveller, and who had from close observation and study, obtained a smattering of many living languages, discovered that the Ventéro spoke with a peculiar accent, and consequently inquired if he was a "nativo di España?"

"No, sir!" to our great astonishment, rejoined the host, in broken English, "I am an Italian, and will, if agreeable to you, give *la narrazione di cose della mia vita,* and you can then be my *Biografo.*"

To this we all readily assented, and having informed him that we were all ears, he begun:

"My name is Georgio Folketti; I am a native of Rome, but left there quite a lad in the latter part of the last century, to settle down upon some land which we had inherited in the neighbourhood of Grénoble. At the age of eighteen, I married an amiable lady of that place, and shortly afterwards had the misfortune to lose my father; my mother having died when I was a child. This new loss was severely felt both by my dear wife and myself, for I at first found that I was unequal to the task of superintending and cultivating our little estate; however, by dint of perseverance, I soon became perfectly competent to the task, and three years afterwards I thought that I was not only the happiest man in the canton, but one of the best and most successful farmers.

"I became the father of three children, two boys and a girl, and after the toils and fatigues of the day, I knew no other pleasure than in the society of my dear wife and of my pretty blooming little family.

"Whilst I smoked my pipe, caressed the children, and related the various incidents of the day, my Marianne would sit knitting, and smilingly encourage the hopes I painted to them of happiness to come. Then would she rise and imprint a kiss upon my rude cheek: we were indeed very happy!

"You must know, señores, that when a young man I was reckoned somewhat a good-looking sort of fellow. Our happiness was not destined to be of long duration, for just at this period, Napoleon, from severe losses, continued to make repeated calls of assistance, both at home and from his allies, and I, unfortunately (being a naturalised Frenchman), was included in the conscription.

"Never shall I forget the evening of my return from Grénoble; the fearful state of anxiety in which I found my dear Marianne, who guessing the fatal truth I in vain tried to conceal, fainted in my arms. All that night she suffered a severe relapse—she was already weakened through a severe illness, though I tried all in my power to comfort and console her, saying that I should only be obliged to leave her for a fortnight, that—that—in fact, señores, I scarcely knew what I said. It was all of no avail, and towards the following midnight she expired in my arms, in the presence of the parish priest, a few friends, and my poor children, who, too young to understand the fatal truth, played laughingly round about the death-bed, like sweet cherubs escorting her pure soul to the realms above. But when aware of the truth, when aware of the loss they had sustained, they cried and looked anxiously at their mother, and former gentle playmate, who, doubly dear to them, was then no more. Some few days after this I followed her to her last resting-place, where I had a neat little stone-cross erected over her grave, with this simple inscription:—'*Tu as été bonne mère, prie pour tes enfants.*'

"With a heavy heart I quitted the hallowed spot. 'Courage, courage!' I exclaimed, 'I have still a duty to perform.' I then bethought me of my children, my almost orphans, and as the time was fast approaching for me to join the army, it occurred to me that I could not confide my property, and the care and education of my beloved ones, to one more worthy than our parish priest, a man respected for his probity and religious zeal. I therefore waited upon him and unbosomed myself freely. He sympathised with me and gave me most excellent advice. A deed was hastily drawn up, in which I settled upon him all my property, and confided to him the care and tutorship of my children; he offered to give me some acknowledgment, which I peremptorily refused.

"The following morning I took my children to his house, and occupied my several remaining hours in kissing and bidding them adieu. As I left the porch of the priest's little dwelling, he followed offering up prayers for my speedy and safe return; after receiving his parting blessing, and oft-repeated assurances of protection to my beloved ones; with a heavy heart, shaking the hands of the neighbours and friends who waylayed my path, I proceeded on my way to join my regiment at Poictiers.

"I will not attempt to describe to you my various campaigns, but shall at once come to the time of my arrival, with the French army (under Marshal Soult), in Spain.

"I was some time at the blockade of Cadiz, stationed at intervals at St. Lucca, Puerto, and the Isla; I was also at the battle of Barossa,

where a small force of your gallant countrymen, under General Graham, routed and defeated the divisions of Ruffin and Laval, commanded by Victor in person. I was shot in the right leg towards the close of the action, and soon, from exhaustion, fell to the ground.

"The following morning a party of runaway Spaniards, who had accompanied La Peña in his retreat to the heart of Cadiz, came more for plunder than any other purpose, to the field of battle; but, thanks to the generosity of an English officer, who also lay wounded near me, I was placed in a cart and conveyed to the town. There, in the employ of Lieutenant Brereton, I picked up the little English I speak.

"Soon after this peace was proclaimed, and I was about to set out for my once dear and happy home, when an accident occurred which nearly cost me my life. As I was helping to convey a barrel of gunpowder from an inner to an outer fort, a Spanish officer, who was smoking on the ramparts, accidentally dropped his cigar upon it, and instantaneous explosion resulted. I alone escaped with my life, at the cost of two years spent in a Spanish hospital. On my recovery, I proceeded by a sailing-vessel to Bayonne, and thence, by easy marches, across the Basque provinces; and at last arrived at Grénoble.

"It would be impossible for me to attempt to describe to you the happiness I experienced, as, early one fine sharp frosty morning, I beheld, rising like an illuminated picture from the rest of the village, my own farm-house. The agreeable surprise I contemplated affording my children, who, though too young when I quitted them to be enabled then to recognise my person, would have been taught to love and cherish me by my friend, the good old parish priest. Ah! it was indeed too much joy to contemplate; and I knelt down in anxious and fervent prayer. It was true, I had not heard from them or their adopted father since I quitted the village, but still my heart seemed to whisper to me that they were well, that they were happy, and longing for my oft-wished, and prayed-for return."

For several moments a continued sobbing choked the Ventéro's utterance, but at last he continued:—

"In a few words then, señores, I soon reached the village, and went direct to my old friend the pastor's dwelling; there I learned, to my great satisfaction, that he had long since left, to occupy a better post — that of curé to the Cathedral Church of Grénoble. From thence I hastened to my farm-house, feeling sure at least of finding one of my children at home. I knocked at the door, a strange old woman opened it. I inquired for my children by their names, one after another, but to each question the old dame replied, that they were not there, that they did not live there, indeed, that they had not done so since their father had left to join the 'Grande Armée.' Then she looked wistfully in my face, and shook her head, for she had recognised me. 'Oh, Georgio Folketti!' she exclaimed, 'things have indeed changed for the worst since I first knew thee, an honest and as worthy a lad as ever breathed.' She spoke of poor Marianne, too, and then of my little ones. She spoke of them as of children only, as of those long since no more; and every word, every sigh which escaped her, was like a sword-thrust through my heart. She led me into the kitchen, and seated me by the fire, for it was very cold, and the snow lay thick upon the ground; my shoes, too, were worn out by long and weary marching."

He again relapsed into silence, looking vacantly about him; then

seemed to be wrapped in thought; and at last, recovering his self-possession, continued his narrative:—

"I learnt from this old woman that Dévaux, the *vicaire,* a year or two after I left, came into some property bequeathed to him by a distant relative. She also told me that he had never taken care of my children; that they had been left to wander about the village like beggars, depending for their daily food upon the benevolent. All this was to me as a dream; but I soon forgot the past, and thought only of present happiness. I longed to see my children, no matter in what shape; for your child, señores, '*mais c'est toujours votre enfant,*' in the hour of misery as in that of fortune.

"You will scarcely believe what I am about to tell you. I found that my eldest boy had been sent to the galleys for robbing a baker's shop; that my poor little Marianne, her mother's pet, had been the victim of a French *vicomte,* who afterwards deserted her and her child; but, that our heavenly Father, in his great mercy, had called them both from this world of sin and iniquity.

"'As for the other lad,' continued the old dame, 'I scarcely dare tell you about him,' and as she spoke she looked towards the window, and directed my attention to a passer-by, saying,—'That is your son, Robert.' I hastily left the kitchen, and rushed towards him; for I had at least one left to love and be beloved by. Alas! all that met my gaze, in return for my embrace, was a vacant stare—a childish laugh. He was an idiot! I returned with my silly boy into the house, and prayed the good old dame to take charge of him till I returned; this she promised to do, and, unperceived by her, I seized an old rusty dagger that was hanging over the mantel-piece, and proceeded with rapid strides on the road to Grénoble.

"I soon found out the abode of Dévaux, and easily gained admission to his presence. He recognised me immediately, at first looked somewhat confused, but soon regained his self-possession. He was dining in company with two friends, and naturally anxious to have an explanation of his past conduct, I followed up question upon question, whilst he remained perfectly silent: this excited me the more, and I insulted him. His friends interfered, when he, for the first time, motioning them to silence, thus addressed me, in a tone of voice implying the very many great wrongs he had suffered.

"'Georgio Folketti, have you returned home only to insult those who have at all times befriended you and yours? Ungrateful man! has not your family sufficiently disgraced me? have they not, I may add, sufficiently degraded me? Look at the conduct of your eldest son, and your daughter; and yet, in the face of all this, you thus rudely treat me under my own roof.'

"I could scarcely credit my senses, the surrounding objects seemed to wheel about me, and I raved wildly at this act of duplicity. I asked him for a restitution of my property.

"'Your property!' he sarcastically replied, 'to what property do you allude?' At this his friends laughed, and treated me as a madman, and, with the aid of two servants, drove me from the house.

"I wandered about till night came on, then stealthily crept over the little garden-wall, and soon reached an old painted window, which I fancied looked into Dévaux's room; this I easily opened, entered, and found I had not mistaken. It was a large, oblong, dismal room, with high oak wainscoting, hung around with old paintings in curiously

carved frames, very antique chairs and tables, with a cumbersome bed in a recess, partially concealed by thick dusty tapestry. A wood fire burnt lazily on the hearth, and the *tout ensemble* seemed to promise a horrible reception to its occupant. I myself paused in very fear as I counted the minutes, nay, even the seconds, that ticked the near approach of midnight. It was a cold, comfortless night. The wind swept down the old narrow streets in sudden gusts, whistling off time. Shortly afterwards I heard the friends bidding each other good night; the outer door was closed, barred, and unbolted. I heard the heavy steps of the *curé* coming up stairs, and I then concealed myself in the recess behind the bed.

"He entered his bed-room in a state of intoxication, and approached the fire, where he for a time seated himself. He then mechanically knelt down by the bed-side and prayed. He little thought it was his last prayer! He repeatedly kissed some relics hanging round his neck, for he was very superstitious, and then, in fancied security, he approached an old *armoire*, which he opened and disclosed his treasures, consisting of heaps of gold and silver, from which he repeatedly clutched handfuls and kissed them. He then opened the very deed by which I had years before conveyed to him my property. The moment was too propitious; I advanced noiselessly to the back of his chair, and firmly placing my hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, 'It is I, Dévaux,—do you recognise me?'

"He shuddered in very fear, and lost all power of utterance, as he gazed in terrified anxiety from his glittering gold to me. I threw the deed into the fire, and bade the man, who should have fed the souls of his flock with sound doctrines, prepare himself for death, as he would shrive the blackest murderer on the scaffold. I could not hurry him from off the face of the earth, with the weight of his many sins unconfessed. He prayed! not to the Lord above, but to me; he prayed that I would spare his life. I was deaf to all his entreaties, and, as the last stroke of midnight resounded from the great cathedral clock, he fell at my feet a corpse.

"I listened to the retreating footsteps of the night-watch, as they marched by, and, as the last sound of their voices (*passé minuit, bons citoyens, dormez en paix*) died away, I left the scene where I had severely revenged my past wrongs. And now, señores," added the Ventéro, rising, and going towards a little cupboard in the wall, "you must know that I have but two things which I prize in the world. This dagger!" said he, showing us an old rusty one with ominous dark stains upon the blade, "was the instrument of my vengeance, and night and morning I gaze upon those stains (which will never wash out) with exultation and delight."

Just at this moment a little merry whistler approached us, and the idiot son stood by his father's side.

"This is my second treasure!" exclaimed the Ventéro.

Our host informed us, that on leaving the curé's house, he went in search of his son, started direct for Spain, and settled down almost like an anchorite, where we then were.

Shortly after the old French soldier had concluded his story, we all dozed off into a troubled sleep, from which the calésà-men roused us late in the afternoon, to inform us that it was time to start.

Hastily settling our score, and packing up our provisions, we bade the Ventéro and his son adieu, and jumping into the calésàs, received a parting "Via Ustedes con Dios."

STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. ROMER.

It is scarcely possible for any race of people to be more strongly imbued with superstition than the Egyptian Mohammedans. Their belief in supernatural influences is unlimited; and not to mention the inexplicable witchcraft of the Evil Eye, the different descriptions of spirits supposed by them to be allowed to wander upon earth, and interfere with the actions of mankind, exceed in variety the category of kelpies, wraiths, and bogles, which the Scottish peasantry formerly pinned their faith upon. Besides the legions of viewless *ginn* (or genii) for whose propitiation all manner of deferential observances are in use, and the *ghools* which are believed to haunt cemeteries, and feed upon the ghastly tenants of the grave, there are *efreets*, a term equally applied to malicious demons, and to the ghosts of murdered persons, which latter are religiously believed by the Egyptians to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," and wander restlessly round the scene that witnessed the destruction of their earthly part. Woe to the luckless mortal who should come in contact with an efreet during its nocturnal perambulations, for one touch of that shadowy form would turn him into a demoniac! Such, at least, is the faith of the ignorant Egyptians; and that being the case, it is not to be wondered at that they invariably fly with terror from any habitation that has acquired the unenviable reputation of being possessed by a haunting spirit.

Mrs. Poole, in her "Englishwoman in Egypt," has given an interesting account of her sojourn, during the commencement of her residence in Cairo, in a house where a murder had been committed, and which was reputed to be haunted—of the vexations to which she was subjected by the strange noises that were nightly heard, and the consequent terrors of her servants—of the curious methods that were resorted to in order to lay the ghost—and of the impenetrable mystery that involved its final disappearance. When I was in Egypt, Mrs. Poole had removed to another habitation, therefore I had no opportunity of seeing the haunt of her unearthly visitant; but it was my lot to visit in a house in the environs of Cairo, similarly circumstanced, where, although I did not see the ghost, I heard all about it. It is of that house that I am now about to treat.

About three miles from Cairo, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the vice-regal residence of Shoubra, at a place called Minieh (which, however, must not be confounded with the distant town of Minieh, known to all travellers going up the Nile), situated in the midst of verdant fields, and just near enough to Mohammed Ali's *rus in urbe* to benefit by the superior cultivation, and the shady avenues that surround that luxurious retreat, there is a pretty country-house, at present in the possession of the English vice-consul, but which, for several years before he became its proprietor, had remained uninhabited. Notwithstanding the advantages of its position, it had been completely deserted, for popular belief had marked it out as a place accursed—a spot haunted by an efreet—and among a people so credulously superstitious as the Moham-

medans, no one was to be found either sufficiently *esprit fort* to laugh at the story, or sufficiently courageous to tempt the demon by disputing the locality with it. The tenement would soon have fallen to ruins, had not Mr. Walne, wisely disregarding the public rumour, ventured upon becoming its tenant, and testing in his own person the truth of the strange stories that were circulated concerning its supernatural occupant. He caused the forsaken mansion to be thoroughly repaired and comfortably fitted up; and from the moment of his installing himself there, he has continued to divide his time equally between it and his official residence in Cairo.

I had the pleasure of visiting him at Minieh, and heard from his own lips the circumstances that had attached so unenviable a reputation to his pretty retirement. Certainly nothing could look less like the idea I had formed to myself of a haunted house than that cheerful commodious habitation, with its cool airy chambers, and its elegant deewan (or reception room) adorned with *faisceaux* of valuable Memlook arms, and blending the evidences of Oriental usages with European comfort. I looked in vain for any of those gloomy features which are supposed to characterize localities identified with tales of horror; everything was serenely bright; and the haunting spirit of the place, *I* should have pronounced to be—the spirit of courteous hospitality!

Mr. Walne told me, although he had so far prevailed over the terrors of his Egyptian servants as to have succeeded in inducing them to live in the house, yet that no earthly consideration would tempt any one of them to set foot after dark in that portion of it which composed what had formerly been the women's apartment, or hareem. It was in the hareem that a fearful crime had been perpetrated by the last Moslem possessor; and it is in the hareem that the spirit of the victim is said nightly to wander and bemoan itself. That strange noises were heard there, he admitted to be the case, for his own ears had repeatedly testified to the truth of the assertion; but he accounted for those nocturnal sounds in so rational a manner, that perhaps, in the interest of my story, I ought to keep back the natural causes he assigned for the so-called supernatural visitation. As, however, I honour truth more than I admire romance, I shall hint that his firm conviction was, that the restless ghost was neither more nor less than a legion of rats and mice which had accumulated to an extraordinary extent during the years that the house had been shut up; and that when it once more became inhabited, they had retreated to the apartments not occupied by his household (the hareem), where their nightly gambols produced noises which were religiously believed by his servants to emanate from the awful world of shadows.

The story which gave rise to that belief is as follows, and is curiously characteristic of the manners of the people among whom it occurred:—

Among the superior officers attached to the staff of Ibrahim Pasha, when he commanded the Egyptian army in Syria, was a Bey named Masloum, holding the rank of *Bimbashi*, or colonel, a man of distinguished bravery, and a personal favourite of the Prince Generalissimo, whose confidence he possessed, and over whose mind he exercised great influence. Masloum Bey was still young, and had been married only a few months previous to the opening of the Syrian campaign; but although passionately attached to his youthful wife, he did not deem it advisable to take her with him to the seat of war-

fare. With the jealous vigilance of a Mohammedan husband, he left her in charge of his mother when he could no longer watch over her himself, first having removed his hareem to a country house at Minieh, and strictly enjoining that there it should remain in complete seclusion during the whole period of his absence.

So far from feeling wounded at the distrust evinced by these precautions, the fair Nefeeseh gloried in the jealousy from which they proceeded; for, in common with Mohammedan wives, she would have conceived herself slighted by her husband, had he treated her with that holy confidence which it is the pride of a Christian matron to obtain and to deserve; and—such is the moral debasement consequent upon the system of female education pursued in the East—she would have been wholly unable to distinguish between such a confidence and apathy the most offensive. Therefore, when Mebroukeh, her mother-in law, exclaimed, "Oh, well hast thou been named Nefeeseh,* my soul! for thou art more precious in the sight of thy husband than every other earthly good; and, like the miser who buries his treasure that none else may see it, he would fain hide thee even from the light of the sun!" Nefeeseh, with a feeling of exultation at being thus valued, submitted with cheerful alacrity to the restrictions imposed upon her, which limited her recreations to rides upon the *homar alee* (or high ass) in the secluded environs of Minieh, and occasionally a visit to Cairo to lay a votive offering upon the shrine of the Seyyideh Zeyneb,† and to supplicate for the intercessions of the Saint with the Most High for safety and protection to Masloum Bey.

But scarcely had Nefeeseh had time to weary of the monotonous dulness of her existence, ere Mebroukeh sickened of a fever and died, and the young and inexperienced creature was left to her own guidance and to rely upon herself alone. At first, the natural sorrow she felt for the loss of one whom she had both loved and revered as a mother, absorbed her too completely to leave her a thought for aught else—but grief dwells not long with the young; and in a few weeks Nefeeseh began to think that there would be no harm in extending her rides, and that there were other motives for going out besides praying at the mosque of the holy Zeyneb, or carrying palm-branches to the great cemetery that skirts the Desert, to adorn her mother-in-law's grave. But timid and ignorant, she knew not how to make use of the liberty she had acquired, or to extend the sphere of her enjoyments; and although each day she sallied forth with her negress slave and her *Saises*, under the superintendence of old Hussein, the one-eyed eunuch of Mebroukeh, determined to ride through the gay bazaars and thoroughfares of Cairo, and to visit the hareems of her friends, the tyrannizing force of habit restrained her, and involuntarily, as it were, she stopped short at the cemetery, and dismounting from her donkey, took her accustomed station by the tomb of Mebroukeh.

It is a strange, solemn place, that great City of the Dead, so

* Nefeeseh, is the Arabic for *precious*.

† The Seyyideh Zeyneb (our Lady Zeyneb) was the daughter of Ali, and the grand-daughter of the Prophet, and is the object of as much reverential devotion to Mohammedans as the Madonna is to Catholic Christians. The mosque containing the tomb of the saint is resorted to on Wednesdays, when the male votaries place sprigs of myrtle upon the shrine, and the women's offerings consist of roses, jasmine, and the fragrant blossoms of the Henna tree.

thickly peopled, yet so silent: the throng, the hum, the thrift of busy Cairo on one side, the awful stillness of the barren Desert on the other—fit emblems of Life and Eternity, with the inevitable Grave between! Turbaned headstones and white rounded cupolas rise over the thousand tombs that stretch in dreary confusion along the skirts of the Desert, each day adding some new habitation to that vast Necropolis; and beyond them, placed in the Desert itself, rise those graceful monuments of Arabian splendour, the tombs of the Memlook Sultans, their fretted domes, and delicate arches, and tall minarets clustering in airy pomp over the dust of the foreign mercenaries whose ambition grasped at, and appropriated, the inheritance of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. The very names of the Circassian rulers of Egypt are now almost forgotten in the land they made their own, even as their mausolea are fast crumbling into decay! In another century, dome, and arch, and minaret will have mingled with the Desert sands and be swept into oblivion; and the traveller will ride over the lonely spot, heedless of the "fiery dust," once instinct with life, that slumbers beneath, and never dreaming that under those heaps of rubbish rest a whole dynasty—a warlike and voluptuous race, who burst the bonds of slavery, and made themselves kings of the antique territory where Joseph governed and Moses legislated!

Little thought Nefeeseh of those brilliant despots, as her eyes wandered listlessly over the picturesque outlines of their tombs; still less did she think, or know, of that race of intellectual Titans who had founded the Great Pyramids that loomed in the distance. One of the painful peculiarities of the actual race of Egyptians is their profound ignorance of the ancient glories of their country; one of the humiliating characteristics of Mohammedan women in general, is their absolute want of all such mental culture as would arouse them to investigation and inquiry on subjects which interest the intellectual portions of the civilized world. To them the Past is a blank,—the Future, nothing,—the Present, a narrow circle of puerile occupations, in which the tastes and requirements of mere animal existence predominate. To them the Region of Intellect is a *Terra Incognita* which they never dream of exploring. To read and write a very little,—to embroider,—to compound those delicate violet-sherbets and rose-conserves, which the inmates of the most distinguished hareems in Cairo reserve for their own peculiar care,—to dance with the wanton allurements of a Ghawazee,—and to excel in those feminine arts of personal adornment, by which a husband's sensual preference is to be propitiated,—such are the attainments that constitute a thoroughly accomplished Mohammedan woman. But of that higher moral education which exalts the mind, purifies the heart, and spiritualizes the affections, they are as ignorant as the beasts of the field.

Nefeeseh was not in advance of the generality of her countrywomen in the developement of intellectual resource; and while seated in that solemn place, surrounded by so many incentives to reflection, she languidly fanned away the flies with a green palm-branch, her thoughts took no bolder flight than wondering whether Masloum Bey would return home before the Moolid-en-Nebbi,* or whether he would remain absent another year; whether her new *shintyani* (trousers) should be composed of Aleppo satin or of the

* The great annual festival in honour of the birth of the Prophet.

Caireen silk called *Devil's-skin ;* mixed up with reflections half-tender, half-indignant, upon the protracted duration of her temporary widowhood, and the inutility of ordering new clothes when there was no husband near to admire her—no Fantasia* to go to, or to give. How long was she thus to be debarred the pleasures of her age and station?

In the midst of these cogitations her attention was attracted towards a young man seated at some little distance, whose eyes were evidently riveted on her person. He wore the elegant dress of an Effendi, but his observation of her appeared to be connected with an occupation which she had never yet seen exercised by an Egyptian Effendi, or even a scribe. With a portable desk before him, upon which rested a large open book, and an apparatus in no way resembling the reed-pen and inkhorn of an eastern scribe (it was a palette and a box of colours), he appeared, when he withdrew his eyes from the place she occupied, to be intent upon noting down something, every now and then looking up from the page to her form, and then resuming his task. His hands were much whiter than those of her countrymen, and his complexion many degrees fairer—so fair, as to have appeared almost effeminate, had not a well-formed light brown moustachio imparted a certain degree of manliness to his youthful countenance.

Nefeeseh's curiosity was aroused, and she felt that before she quitted the cemetery she must ascertain the nature of the stranger's employment. Looking round first, to be certain that no observer was within ken, she directed her negress, Naïmé, to approach near enough to the Effendi to peep over his shoulder and glance at the contents of his book. The girl immediately obeyed; but, with that address peculiar to the sex in all parts of the world, instead of at once advancing towards the point of attraction, she moved off in a contrary direction with an air of the most unconscious carelessness, and after describing a considerable circumbendibus, stole softly upon him from behind, and cast her eyes furtively over his open book.

A shrill cry, smothered in a moment, caused the young man to start and look round, and as his eyes met those of the intruder, the ejaculation of "Bismillah!" (In the name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate) burst from Naïmé's lips, and throwing a handful of salt into his face,—the common method of neutralizing the effect of the Evil Eye,—she scampered away with all the speed of terror.

"Fly, oh my mistress!" she exclaimed, as she regained the side of Nefeeseh; "truly, the Effendi is not a man, but a sorcerer: he is casting a spell over us! When I looked over his shoulder, I beheld, oh, wonderful! no writing in his book, but you, my mistress,—*you yourself there,* and your slave, Naïmé, by your side!"

"Wonderful!" repeated her mistress. "God is great! Can I be *there, and here too?*"

"And when I looked in his face, it was strange and beautiful to behold—the blueness of his eyes dazzled me! the fire that darted from them scorched me up!" continued Naïmé.

At these words Nefeeseh arose and advanced a few paces toward the stranger; but Naïmé, grasping her dress, exclaimed, in affright,

"Whither are you going, oh, my mistress? Look not upon those eyes, as you love your soul!"

"I must see what thou hast seen, ya Naïmé! The man is

* The Arabs denominate every entertainment given in the hareem a fantasia.

doubtless a magician. I will ask him to show me Masloum, my husband."

And heedless of the danger she was incurring had any one beheld her accosting a man, Nefeeseh was quickly at the side of the stranger. Luckily, there was no one in sight, and her imprudence produced no fatal results.

She cast her eyes with a strange mixture of eagerness and terror over the page which had thrown her slave into such a tremor, but prepared in some measure by Naïmé's declaration for what she was to see, her senses stood the shock of beholding a very striking and spirited drawing, representing herself and her negress seated among the tombs, with which the artist—for such he was—had enriched his sketch-book.

For a moment she stood in rapt astonishment, gazing upon the sketch; then, turning her flashing black orbs (all that the discreet boorkoo permitted to be revealed of her face) upon the stranger, she found his eyes fixed in most undisguised admiration upon her own.

"Mashallah!" burst from her lips, while something of fascination seemed to emanate from the "unholy blue" of those bold eyes, that chained her to the spot in a state of feeling vibrating between fear and delight. The young man at length withdrew his gaze, and turning over the leaves of his book, drew her attention to a sketch of Mohammed Ali, and another of Abbas Pasha, both of them such admirable likenesses, that Nefeeseh at once recognized them.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Truly this is magic, oh man! Canst thou, in like manner, show me my husband, Masloum Bey, the Lion of War, the companion of Ibrahim Pasha in Syria, for my soul is sick at his absence, and languishes to behold him?"

Unhesitatingly, but in terms so respectful that they inspired confidence, the stranger assured her that his art would enable him to show her the image of Masloum Bey; but for this achievement a day or two must be allowed him, and even then, he ventured to suggest, the cemetery would be a perilous place to attempt a second interview; it was open to the public; to-day it was deserted, another day would it be so?

While he yet spoke, Naïmé, rushing up to her mistress, seized her by the skirt of her anteree, and dragging her away, declared that the old eunuch was waking from his nap, and, in another moment, would be in quest of her; and Nefeeseh, hurrying away, contrived to regain her usual place, before Hussein became aware of her absence; and when he rejoined her, she was fanning herself as deliberately with the green palm branch, as though nothing had occurred.

They mounted their donkeys and returned to Minieh. Once or twice on her way home, Nefeeseh turned her head round, and beheld the Effendi following at a considerable distance; on reaching the gate of her residence she again glanced back, and there he was, stationed at the foot of a tree, evidently watching her movements. No sooner had she entered, than she ascended to the terraced roof, and saw the stranger advance near enough to take a scrutinizing view of the premises, and then turn back and retrace his steps to Cairo.

The following day was Thursday, the eve of the Mohammedan

Sabbath, when it is the custom for the friends of the dead to flock to the cemeteries and adorn the tombs of their kindred with green palm branches; the succeeding one, the Sabbath itself, the day on which, in accordance with Moslem customs, the distribution of bread and meat to the poor takes place at the graves of certain wealthy individuals who have left bequests to that effect. On both of those occasions Nefeeseh was there, and she could see that the young artist was there also, but amidst so many lookers on there was no possibility of accosting him with safety. The first day, her patience was sorely chafed by this obstacle, but, on the second, it waxed so faint that she would certainly have committed herself by some imprudence, had not a circumstance accidentally facilitated the doing that on which her mind was bent.

A rich bey was on that day buried, and the funeral ceremonies terminated by a buffalo being slaughtered at his grave, and the flesh divided among the clamorous poor assembled there. When this disgusting spectacle commenced, there was a general rush towards the spot, and in the confusion caused by the crowd hurrying thither from all sides, the artist contrived to approach Nefeeseh near enough to whisper, "Can you read?"

"Yes!" was the brief reply. In the next moment a slip of paper was thrust into her hand, and he was gone.

Thus ran the scrap:—"Your wish has been obeyed, but the image of the Lion of War can only be revealed to you in his own hareem. Can you trust your negress to assist in bringing this to pass? If so, send her forth this evening to the end of the road that leads to Shoubra, order her to obey my directions in all things, and leave the rest to me."

The imprudent Nefeeseh, carried away by her wishes, impelled by a mingled feeling of curiosity to behold the image of her absent husband, and of dangerous longing to see more of the stranger, whom she suspected to be a Frank as well as a magician, returned home, not to hesitate, but to resolve. Naïmé was easily prevailed on to do her mistress's bidding; and that evening beheld her sally forth on her unhallowed mission.

Night came on; the lamp was lighted in the hareem; old Hussein slumbered at his post, and Nefeeseh, wondering and alarmed at the protracted absence of her slave, roamed backwards and forwards from the latticed windows to the staircase, listening for her coming. At last the outer door was beaten upon, the eunuch, with his one eye but half open, lazily roused himself to undo the fastenings, and as the muffled form of Naïmé glided in, Nefeeseh rushed forward, seized her by the hand, and dragged her into her room, venting her agitation in angry reproaches for her dilatoriness. At the same moment Hussein locked the hareem door upon them, and leaving his mistress and her hand-maiden to finish their dispute, bore away the key to its nightly place under his pillow, and was soon asleep again.

"What said the Frank magician to thee? Where is the image of my husband?" were the eager inquiries of Nefeeseh, as soon as Hussein was out of hearing.

Without uttering a word, Naïmé produced from under her wrappings a roll of paper, which she opened out, and placed before her mistress; and while Nefeeseh bent over it, and saw that the pictured scroll represented the interior of a tent, with an Egyptian Bey reclining upon cushions, and a Ghawazee wantonly dancing before

him, her attendant deliberately unfastened her face-veil, and divested herself of her mufflings.

A jealous pang shot through the young wife's bosom, as she gazed upon the drawing; then, with an angry flush, looking up, she beheld standing before her, not Naïmé, but—the Frank stranger!

He had inveigled the negress into a house near Shoubra, and there, having plied her with candied *hashhish*, a condiment which no Egyptian can resist, he took advantage of the delirium produced by that intoxicating preparation, to induce her to lend him her *tob*, her *habbarah*, and her *boorkoo*, with which he effectually disguised himself; and then locked her up, intending to return and liberate her before the fumes of the *hashhish* were dissipated. And thus did that rash Christian boldly violate the sanctity of Masloum Bey's hareem.

But in the middle of the night a strange unwonted noise was heard at Nefeeseh's gate. The hand of some one, evidently in terror, beat violently upon it, and a shrill female voice, in piercing accents, cried—"Open quickly, oh Hussein! It is I, Naïmé. I have been bewitched, robbed, locked up by an accursed Frank sorcerer, a son of the Evil One! By your eyes! open, I say, and save me!"

Hussein, aroused, and now fully awake, answered through the door,—"Begone, fool! what dirt would'st thou make me eat with thy lies? Naïmé is safe in the hareem, and asleep. Pass on thy way, and let us sleep too."

"I tell thee, oh Hussein! that I am Naïmé. Open the door and be convinced. I have been plundered and locked up, and have escaped out of a window, and here I am, half naked, and well nigh mad; or, if thou wilt not believe my words, go to the hareem and believe thine eyes, for thou wilt not find Naïmé there."

Thus adjured, Hussein unbarred the door, and opened it just wide enough to enable him to see by the clear moonlight, Naïmé crouching on the threshold, with barely sufficient covering on her limbs to answer the purposes of decency.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" he exclaimed, stretching out his hand, and dragging her in, "what devilry is this? Thou art Naïmé indeed, and, yet, with this hand, I locked thee in the hareem with thy mistress at nightfall!"

"Wallah!" ejaculated the negress, in a tone of dismay; "then the Frank is with my mistress!"

Hussein hastily lighted a *fenoos*, drew forth the key of the hareem, took down his sabre, and then mounted the staircase leading to the women's apartment, followed by Naïmé.

Locked in,—unable to escape, for there was but one outlet to the hareem, and of that Hussein held the key,—the windows secured by iron bars, that precluded all attempts at egress, Nefeeseh and her companion heard the voices and the sound of approaching footsteps, with the terrible conviction that they were lost; but desperation lent them energy. When, therefore, Hussein unlocked the door, and perceiving a man within, rushed at him with his drawn sword, both of the delinquents precipitated themselves upon him, and while Nefeeseh clung round the old eunuch, and effectually impeded his movements, the young Frank easily disarmed him, and, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, rushed down stairs and out of the house, leaving his victim to meet alone the consequences of their transgression.

With the generous heroism of woman, Nefeeseh continued to detain and to struggle with the old man, until convinced that the fugitive had made good his escape; then, relinquishing her grasp, she fell at Hussein's feet, embraced his knees, covered his hands with tears, and kissing them in token of humility, she besought him to have mercy upon her, and not betray her to her husband. She protested her innocence of all connivance in the stranger's fraudulent entry into the hareem; showed him the picture that had led to such fatal consequences, and appealed to Naïmé for the truth of what she advanced. For a length of time he remained absolutely steeled against her despair, but at last a sullen promise was extracted from him, that he would remain for ever silent upon the events of that night; and Nefeeseh once more breathed freely.

How did he keep his promise?

Masloum Bey was one evening seated with Ibrahim Pasha in a kiosk built by the Prince at the hot springs on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, near Tiberias, where the head-quarters of the Egyptian army were then established. There had been wine and wassail, and dancing girls to enliven the leisure of the voluptuary and his favourite, and the faces of both were flushed with excess, when, in a pause of the entertainment, it was announced, that a horseman had arrived bearing a letter for Masloum Bey.

He quitted the presence, and found in the ante-room one of his own saises, who had ridden night and day from Cairo, with a dispatch from Hussein the Eunuch. A few brief lines told him the history of Nefeeseh's frailty, and his own dishonour.

Masloum Bey re-entered the kiosk, prostrated himself before the prince, and, confiding to him the substance of Hussein's letter, entreated for leave to return immediately to Egypt, promising that his absence from the army should not exceed six weeks, the time necessary for the journey thither and back again. Ibrahim Pasha not only granted his favourite permission to return home, but, well knowing that vengeance was the motive that impelled him thither, gave him a *carte blanche* for everything he might do during his stay in Egypt; and, thus furnished, Masloum Bey lost not a moment in commencing his journey.

It is a weary ride, that long, long route from the land of Galilee to the banks of the Nile; and Masloum's thoughts were turbulent companions to him on the way; but at last, after many a restless day and night passed in the saddle, the minarets of Cairo greeted his longing eyes. And soon he entered its narrow, picturesque-looking streets, and directing his horse's steps towards the bazaar of the carpenters, stopped at the workshop of one of the artisans there, and having purchased a ready-made coffin, which he desired should be sent after him to his house at Minieh, spurred onwards home.

It was high noontide when Masloum Bey alighted at his own gate. Nefeeseh was within the hareem, and heard not his approach: she seldom left it now. Although unsuspicious of Hussein's treachery, her mind was racked by many fears and anxieties; what had become of the Frank whose reckless audacity had so cruelly compromised her? She knew not that he had secured himself against all the fatal penalties consequent upon the imprudence he had committed, by a hasty flight from Cairo; and, although she would have given the world to ascertain his fate, she dared not

allude to him either to Hussein or Naïmé. Humiliated by the presence of those two servants, yet not daring to part with them, lest by so doing she should arouse their resentment and cause them to betray her, her days were passed in silence and gloom, her nights in unavailing tears. The sight of the cemetery, connected as it was with her imprudence, had become odious to her,—even the shrine of the holy Zeyneb failed in bringing comfort to her aching heart, for she no longer dared to pray there for the return of Masloum Bey! Absorbed in these painful thoughts, Nefeeseh sat supinely in her hareem, while Naïmé stood by, fanning the flies away, when the curtain before the entrance was violently drawn aside, and Masloum Bey entered!

With a cry of surprise Nefeeseh arose, and would have prostrated herself at her husband's feet; but as she cast herself forward to do so, he unsheathed his sabre, and receiving her on the point of it, ran her through the body. Not a word had been uttered by either,—scarcely a look exchanged,—so rapidly was the fatal deed accomplished! Hussein stood by, gazing with hardened malice upon the scene; Naïmé rushed out of the house in frantic terror, and stopped not until she arrived at the cadi's.

Calm and implacable, Masloum Bey stood looking on until the last quivering of Nefeeseh's limbs told him that she was dead. Then composedly desiring Hussein to have the coffin he had purchased brought in, he placed the bleeding corse of his wife within it, summoned his household, and desiring them to carry the body to the cemetery, walked before it thither with his bloody sword in his hand, and saw it consigned to the earth without a prayer being recited, or a tear shed over it.

On his return home, Masloum Bey found the officers of justice, who had been apprised of the murder by Naïmé, waiting to arrest him; and by them he was conveyed to the citadel of Cairo, where criminals are tried. But upon being confronted with the cadi, he produced the *carte blanche* given to him by Ibrahim Pasha, which empowered him to do whatever he chose with impunity within a given time, and the judges were obliged to discharge him!

And he returned forthwith to Syria, triumphing at the manner in which he had vindicated the honour of a betrayed husband; and laying his ensanguined sword at Ibrahim Pasha's feet, swore by the soul of the Prophet that it should be cleansed from those foul stains in the best blood of the prince's enemies.

The house at Minieh remained for a considerable period uninhabited after the dreadful tragedy that had been enacted in it. After a time, it fell successively into the hands of several occupants, but none of them remained there long; strange unearthly sounds disturbed the rest of every tenant of the hareem, and, connected with the all-known history of Nefeeseh's murder, gave rise to the popular belief that her spirit haunted the tenement, and would admit of no human fellowship there. At last it became utterly abandoned by the native Mohammedans; and, as I have already stated, fell into the possession of its present worthy occupant, whose faith in *rat-traps* as the most effectual method of laying the ghost of Masloum Bey's wife, is a very unromantic termination to my Story of a Haunted House.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

"Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."—HALLAM.

NO. IX.—THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

NAPOLEON prophesied, at St. Helena, that all Europe would soon be either Cossack or Republican. A year ago, the fulfilment of the last of these alternatives appeared most probable. But the democratic movements of 1848 have been sternly repressed in 1849. The absolute authority of a single ruler, and the austere stillness of martial law, are now paramount in the capitals of the Continent, which lately owned no sovereignty save the will of the multitude, and where that, which the democrat calls his sacred right of insurrection, was so loudly asserted and so often fiercely enforced. Many causes have contributed to bring about this reaction; but the most effective and the most permanent have been Russian influence and Russian arms. Russia is now the avowed and acknowledged champion of Monarchy against Democracy;—of constituted authority, however acquired, against revolution and change for whatever purpose desired;—of the Imperial supremacy of strong states over their weaker neighbours, against all claims for political independence, and all strivings for separate nationality. She has crushed the heroic Hungarians; and Austria, for whom nominally she crushed them, is now one of her dependents. Whether the rumours of her being about to engage in fresh enterprises, be well or ill-founded, it is certain that the events of the last few months have fearfully augmented the power of the Muscovite empire, which, even before then, had been the object of well-founded anxiety to all Western Europe.*

With a population exceeding sixty millions, all implicitly obeying the impulse of a single ruling mind;—with a territorial area of six millions and a half of square miles;—with a standing army eight hundred thousand strong;—with powerful fleets on the Baltic and Black Seas;—with a skilful host of diplomatic agents planted in every court and among every tribe;—with the confidence which long experience fosters, Russia now issues her mandates as the arbitress of the movements of the age. Yet, a century and a half

* It was truly stated, eleven years ago, that "the acquisitions which Russia has made within the [then] last sixty-four years, are equal in extent and importance to the whole empire she had in Europe before that time; that the acquisitions she has made from Sweden are greater than what remains of that ancient kingdom; that her acquisitions from Poland are as large as the whole Austrian empire; that the territory she has wrested from Turkey, in Europe, is equal to the dominions of Prussia, exclusive of her Rhenish provinces; and that her acquisitions from Turkey, in Asia, are equal in extent to all the smaller states of Germany, the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, Belgium, and Holland taken together; that the country she has conquered from Persia is about the size of England; that her acquisitions in Tartary have an area equal to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain. In sixty-four years she has advanced her frontier 850 miles towards Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Paris; she has approached 450 miles nearer to Constantinople; she has possessed herself of the capital of Poland, and has advanced to within a few miles of the capital of Sweden, from which, when Peter the First mounted the throne, her frontier was distant three hundred miles. Since that time she has stretched herself forward about one thousand miles towards India, and the same distance towards the capital of Persia."

have hardly elapsed since she was first recognised as a member of the European states-system. In the great scenes of the drama of modern European history previous to the battle of Pultowa, Russia played no part. Charles the Fifth and his rival Francis, our Elizabeth, and her adversary Philip of Spain, the Guises, Sully, Richelieu, Cromwell, De Witt, William of Orange, and the other leading spirits of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, thought no more about the Muscovite Czar, than we now think about the King of Timbuctoo. But there *was* a northern power, the influence of which was acknowledged in the principal European quarrels, and whose good-will was sedulously courted by means of the boldest chiefs and ablest councillors of the leading States. This was Sweden; Sweden, on whose ruins Russia has risen; but whose ascendancy over her semi-barbarous neighbour was complete, until

"Dread Pultowa's day."

As early as 1542 France had sought the alliance of Sweden to aid her in her struggle against Charles the Fifth. And the name of Gustavus Adolphus is of itself sufficient to remind us that in the great contest for religious liberty, of which Germany was for thirty years the arena, it was Sweden that rescued the falling cause of Protestantism, and it was Sweden that principally dictated the remodelling of the European state-system at the peace of Westphalia.

From the proud pre-eminence in which the valour of the "Lion of the North," and of Torstenston, Bannier, Wrangel, and the other generals of Gustavus, guided by the wisdom of Oxenstiern, had placed Sweden, the defeat of Charles the Twelfth at Pultowa hurled her down at once and for ever. Her efforts during the wars of the French Revolution to assume a leading part in European politics, met with instant discomfiture, and almost provoked derision. But the Sweden, whose sceptre was bequeathed to Christina, and whose alliance Cromwell valued so highly, was a different power to the Sweden of the present day. Finland, Ingria, Livonia, Esthonia, Carelia, and other districts east of the Baltic, then were Swedish provinces; and the possession of Pomerania, Rugen, and Bremen, made her an important member of the Germanic empire. These territories are now all reft from her; and the most valuable of them form the staple of her victorious rival's strength. Could she resume them; could the Sweden of 1648 be re-constructed, we should have a first class Scandinavian State in the North, well qualified to maintain the balance of power, and check the progress of Russia; which empire, indeed, never could have become formidable to Europe, save by Sweden becoming weak.

The decisive triumph of Russia over Sweden at Pultowa was therefore all-important to the world, on account of what it overthrew as well as for what it established; and it is the more deeply interesting because it was not merely the crisis of a struggle between two states, but it was a trial of strength between two great races of mankind. We must bear in mind, that while the Swedes, like the English, the Dutch, and others, belong to the Germanic race, the Russians are a Sclavonic people. Nations of Sclavonian origin have long occupied the greater part of Europe eastward of the Vistula, and the populations also of Bohemia, Croatia, Servia, Dalmatia, and other important regions westward of that river are Sclavonic. In the long and varied conflicts between them and the Germanic nations

that adjoin them, the Germanic race had, before Pultowa, almost always maintained a superiority. With the single but important exception of Poland, no Sclavonic State had made any considerable figure in history before the time when Peter the Great won his great victory over the Swedish King.* What Russia has done since that time, we know and we feel. And some of the wisest and best men of our own age and nation, who have watched with deepest care the annals and the destinies of humanity, have inclined to the belief that the Sclavonic element in the population of Europe has as yet only partially developed its powers: that while other races of mankind (our own, the Germanic, included) have exhausted their creative energies, the Sclavonic race has yet a great career to run: and that the narrative of Sclavonic ascendancy is the remaining page that will conclude the history of the world.†

Let it not be supposed that in thus regarding the primary triumph of Russia over Sweden, as a victory of the Sclavonic over the Germanic race, we are dealing with matters of mere ethnological pedantry, or with themes of mere speculative curiosity. The fact that Russia is a Sclavonic Empire, is a fact of immense practical influence at the present moment. Half the inhabitants of the Austrian Empire are Sclavonians. The population of the larger part of Turkey in Europe is of the same race. Silesia, Posen, and other parts of the Prussian dominions are principally Sclavonic. And during late years an enthusiastic zeal for blending all Sclavonians into one great united Sclavonic empire, has been growing up in these countries; which, however we may deride its principle, is not the less real and active, and of which Russia, as the head and the champion of the Sclavonic race, knows well how to take her advantage.‡

It is curious to observe, in investigating the ethnography and early history of Russia, that the Muscovites were once held in subjection by the Gothic, *i.e.* the Germanic Prince, Hermanric, who dwelt near the Danube, and that they were rescued from his yoke by the friendly aid of the Huns. We have just witnessed the reverse of this, and have seen the yoke of the Austrian Emperor re-imposed on the Huns by the interposition of the Muscovites. Nor is it uninteresting to remember that Russia owes her very name to a band of Swedish invaders who conquered her a thousand years ago, though they were soon absorbed in the Sclavonic population, and every trace of the Swedish character had disappeared in Russia for many centuries before her

* The Hussite wars may, perhaps, entitle Bohemia to be distinguished.

† See Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, pp. 36—39.

‡ "The idea of Panslavism had a purely literary origin. It was started by Kollar, who wished to establish a national literature, by circulating all works, written in the various Sclavonic dialects, through every country where any of them was spoken. The idea of an intellectual union of all those nations naturally led to that of a political one; and the Sclavonians, seeing that their numbers amounted to about one-third part of the whole population of Europe, and occupied more than half its territory, began to be sensible that they might claim for themselves a position, to which they had not hitherto aspired. The opinion gained ground; and the question now is, whether the Sclavonians can form a nation independent of Russia; or whether they ought to rest satisfied in being part of one great race, with the most powerful member of it as their chief. The latter, indeed, is gaining ground amongst them; and the same idea has been put forward by writers in the Russian interest; great efforts are making among other Sclavonic people, to induce them to look upon Russia as their future head; and she has already gained considerable influence over the Sclavonic populations of Turkey."—WILKINSON'S *Dalmatia*.

invasion by Charles the Twelfth. She was long the victim and the slave of the Tartars; and for many considerable periods of years the Poles held her in subjugation. Indeed, if we except the expeditions of some of the early Russian chiefs against Byzantium, and the reign of Ivan Vasilovitch, the history of Russia before the time of Peter the Great is one long tale of suffering and degradation.

But whatever may have been the amount of national injuries that she sustained from Swede, from Tartar, or from Pole, in the ages of her weakness, she has certainly retaliated ten-fold during the century and a-half of her strength. Her rapid transition at the commencement of that period from being the prey of every conqueror to being the conqueror of all with whom she comes into contact; to becoming the oppressor instead of the oppressed, is without a parallel in the history of nations. It was the work of a single ruler; who, himself without education, promoted science and literature among barbaric millions; who gave them fleets, commerce, arts, and arms; who, at Pultowa, taught them to face and beat the previously invincible Swedes; and who made stubborn valour, and implicit subordination, from that time forth the distinguishing characteristics of the Russian soldiery, which had before his time been a mere disorderly and irresolute rabble.

In considering the effects of the overthrow which the Swedish arms sustained at Pultowa, and in speculating on the probable consequences that would have followed if the invaders had been successful, we must only bear in mind the wretched state in which Peter found Russia at his accession, compared with her present grandeur, but we must also keep in view the fact, that, at the time when Pultowa was fought, his reforms were yet incomplete, and his new institutions immature. He had broken up the Old Russia; and the New Russia, which he ultimately created, was still in embryo. Had he been crushed at Pultowa, his immense labours would have been buried with him; and (to use the words of Voltaire) "the most extensive empire in the world would have relapsed into the chaos from which it had been so lately taken." It is this fact that makes the repulse of Charles the Twelfth the critical point in the fortunes of Russia. The danger which she incurred a century afterwards from her invasion by Napoleon, was in reality far less, though the French Emperor as a military genius was infinitely superior to the Swedish King, and led a host against her, compared with which, the armies of Charles seem almost insignificant. But, as Fouché well warned his imperial master, when he vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from his disastrous expedition against the empire of the Czars, the difference between the Russia of 1812 and the Russia of 1709 was greater than the disparity between the power of Charles and the might of Napoleon. "If that heroic king," said Fouché, "had not, like your imperial Majesty, half Europe in arms to back him, neither had his opponent, the Czar Peter, 400,000 soldiers, and 50,000 Cossacks." The whole population of the Czar's empire then was below sixteen millions; and, what is far more important, this population had neither acquired military spirit, nor strong nationality, nor was it united in loyal attachment to its ruler.

Peter had wisely abolished the old regular troops of the empire, the Strelitzes; but the forces which he had raised in their stead, on a new and foreign plan, and principally officered with foreigners, had, before the Swedish invasion, given no proof that they could be

relied on. In numerous encounters with the Swedes, Peter's soldiery had run, like sheep, before inferior numbers. Great discontent, also, had been excited among all classes of the community by the arbitrary changes which their great Emperor introduced, many of which clashed with the most cherished national prejudices of his subjects. A career of victory and prosperity had not yet raised Peter above the reach of that disaffection, nor had superstitious obedience to the Czar yet become the characteristic of the Muscovite mind. The victorious occupation of Moscow by Charles the Twelfth would have quelled the Russian nation as effectually, as had been the case when Batou Khan, and other ancient invaders, captured the capital of primitive Muscovy. How little such a triumph could effect towards subduing modern Russia, the fate of Napoleon demonstrated at once and for ever.

The character of Charles the Twelfth has been a favourite theme with historians, moralists, philosophers, and poets. But it is his military conduct during the campaign in Russia, that alone requires comment here. Napoleon, in the memoirs dictated by him at St. Helena, has given us a systematic criticism on that among other celebrated campaigns, his own Russian campaign included. He labours hard to prove that he himself observed all the true principles of offensive war; and probably his censures on Charles's generalship were rather highly coloured, for the sake of making his own military skill stand out in more favourable relief. Yet, after making all allowances, we must admit the force of Napoleon's strictures on Charles's tactics, and own that his judgment, though severe, is correct, when he pronounces that the Swedish king, unlike his great predecessor Gustavus, knew nothing of the art of war, and was nothing more than a brave and intrepid soldier. Such, however, was not the light in which Charles was regarded by his contemporaries at the commencement of his Russian expedition. His numerous victories, his daring and resolute spirit, combined with the ancient renown of the Swedish arms, then filled all Europe with admiration and anxiety. As Johnson expresses it, his name was then one at which the world grew pale. Even Louis le Grand earnestly solicited his assistance; and our own Marlborough, then in the full career of his glory, was specially sent by the English Court to the camp of Charles, to propitiate the hero of the North in favour of the cause of the Allies, and to prevent the Swedish sword from being flung into the scale in the French king's favour. But Charles at that time was solely bent on dethroning the sovereign of Russia, as he had already dethroned the sovereign of Poland, and all Europe fully believed that he would entirely crush the Czar, and dictate conditions of peace in the Kremlin.* Charles himself looked on success as a matter of certainty; and the romantic extravagance of his views was continually increasing. "One year, he thought, would suffice for the conquest of Russia. The Court of Rome was next to feel his vengeance, as the Pope had dared to oppose the concession of religious liberty to the Siberian protestants. No enterprise at that time appeared impossible to him. He had even dispatched several officers privately into Asia and Egypt, to take plans of the towns, and examine into the strength and resources of those countries." †

* Voltaire attests from personal inspection of the letters of several public ministers to their respective courts that such was the general expectation.

† Crighton's Scandinavia.

Napoleon thus epitomises the earlier operations of Charles's invasion of Russia:—

"That prince set out from his camp at Aldstadt, near Leipsic, in September, 1707, at the head of 45,000 men, and traversed Poland; 20,000 men, under Count Lewenhaupt, disembarked at Riga; and 15,000 were in Finland. He was therefore in a condition to have brought together 80,000 of the best troops in the world. He left 10,000 men at Warsaw to guard King Stanislaus, and in January, 1708, arrived at Grodno, where he wintered. In June, he crossed the forest of Minsk, and presented himself before Borisov; forced the Russian army, which occupied the left bank of the Beresina; defeated 20,000 Russians who were strongly entrenched behind marshes; passed the Borysthenes at Mohilov, and vanquished a corps of 16,000 Muscovites near Smolensko, on the 22nd of September. He was now advanced to the confines of Lithuania, and was about to enter Russia Proper: the Czar, alarmed at his approach, made him proposals of peace. Up till this time all his movements were conformable to rule, and his communications were well secured. He was master of Poland and Riga, and only ten days' march distant from Moscow: and it is probable that he would have reached that capital, had he not quitted the high road thither and directed his steps towards the Ukraine, in order to form a junction with Mazeppa, who brought him only 6,000 men. By this movement his line of operations, beginning at Sweden, exposed his flank to Russia for a distance of four hundred leagues, and he was unable to protect it, or to receive either reinforcements or assistance."

Napoleon severely censures this neglect of one of the great rules of war. He points out that Charles had not organised his war, like Hannibal, on the principle of relinquishing all communications with home, keeping all his forces concentrated, and creating a base of operations in the conquered country. Such had been the bold system of the Carthaginian general, but Charles acted on no such principle, inasmuch as he caused Lewenhaupt, one of his generals, who commanded a considerable detachment, and escorted a most important convoy, to follow him at a distance of twelve days' march. By this dislocation of his forces he exposed Lewenhaupt to be overwhelmed separately by the full force of the enemy, and deprived the troops under his own command of the aid which that general's men and stores might have afforded, at the very crisis of the campaign.

The Czar had collected an army of about 100,000 effective men; and though the Swedes, in the beginning of the invasion, were successful in every encounter, the Russian troops were gradually acquiring discipline; and Peter and his officers were learning generalship from their victors, as the Thebans of old learned it from the Spartans. When Lewenhaupt, in the October of 1708, was striving to join Charles in the Ukraine, the Czar suddenly attacked him near the Borysthenes with an overwhelming force of 50,000 Russians. Lewenhaupt fought bravely for three days, and succeeded in cutting his way through the enemy with about 4,000 of his men to where Charles awaited him near the river Desna; but upwards of 8,000 Swedes fell in these battles; Lewenhaupt's cannon, and ammunitions were abandoned, and the whole of his important convoy of provisions, on which Charles and his half-starved troops were relying, fell into the enemy's hands. Charles was compelled to remain in the Ukraine during the winter; but in the spring of 1709 he moved

forward towards Moscow, and invested the fortified town of Pultowa, on the river Vorskla; a place where the Czar had stored up large supplies of provisions and military stores, and which commanded the passes leading towards Moscow. The possession of this place would have given Charles the means of supplying all the wants of his suffering army, and would also have furnished him with a secure base of operations for his advance against the Muscovite capital. The siege was therefore hotly pressed by the Swedes; the garrison resisted obstinately; and the Czar, feeling the importance of saving the town, advanced in June to its relief, at the head of an army from 50 to 60,000 strong.

Both sovereigns now prepared for the general action, which each saw to be inevitable, and which each felt would be decisive of his own and of his country's destiny. The Czar, by some masterly manœuvres, crossed the Vorskla, and posted his army on the same side of that river with the besiegers, but a little higher up. The Vorskla falls into the Borysthenes about fifteen leagues below Pultowa, and the Czar arranged his forces in two lines, stretching from one river towards the other; so that if the Swedes attacked him and were repulsed, they would be driven backwards into the acute angle, formed by the two streams at their junction. He fortified these lines with several redoubts, lined with heavy artillery; and his troops, both horse and foot, were in the best possible condition, and amply provided with stores and ammunition. Charles's forces were about 24,000 strong. But not more than half of these were Swedes; so much had battle, famine, fatigue, and the deadly frosts of Russia, thinned the gallant bands which the Swedish king and Lewenhaupt had led to the Ukraine. The other 12,000 men, under Charles, were Cossacks and Wallachians, who had joined him in the country. On hearing that the Czar was about to attack him, he deemed that his dignity required that he himself should be the assailant; and leading his army out of their entrenched lines before the town, he advanced with them against the Russian redoubts.

He had been severely wounded in the foot in a skirmish a few days before; and was borne in a litter along the ranks, into the thick of the fight. Notwithstanding the fearful disparity of numbers, and disadvantage of position, the Swedes never showed their ancient valour more nobly than on that dreadful day. Nor do their Cossack and Wallachian allies seem to have been unworthy of fighting side by side with Charles's veterans. Two of the Russian redoubts were actually stormed, and the Swedish infantry began to raise the cry of victory. But on the other side, neither general nor soldiers flinched in their duty. The Russian cannonade and musketry were kept up; fresh masses of defenders were poured into the fortifications, and at length the exhausted remnants of the Swedish columns recoiled from the blood-stained redoubts. Then the Czar led the infantry and cavalry of his first line outside the works, drew them up steadily and skilfully, and the action was renewed along the whole fronts of the two armies on the open ground. Each sovereign exposed his life freely in the world-winning battle; and on each side the troops fought obstinately and eagerly under their ruler's eye. It was not till two hours from the commencement of the action that, overpowered by numbers, the hitherto invincible Swedes broke and fled. All was then hopeless disorder and irreparable rout. Driven downward to where the rivers join, the fugitive

Swedes surrendered to their victorious pursuers, or perished in the waters of the Borysthenes. Only a few hundreds swam that river with their king and the Cossack Mazeppa, and escaped into the Turkish territory. Nearly ten thousand lay killed and wounded in the redoubts and on the field of battle.

In the joy of his heart the Czar exclaimed, when the strife was over, "That the son of the morning had fallen from heaven; and that the foundation of St. Petersburg at length stood firm." Even on that battle-field, near the Ukraine, the Russian Emperor's first thoughts were of conquests and aggrandizement on the Baltic. The peace of Nystadt, which transferred the fairest provinces of Sweden to Russia, ratified the judgment of battle which was pronounced at Pultowa. Attacks on Turkey and Persia by Russia, commenced almost directly after that victory. And though the Czar failed in his first attempts against the Sultan, the successors of Peter have, one and all, carried on an uniformly aggressive and uniformly successful system of policy against Turkey, and against every other state, Asiatic as well as European, which has had the misfortune of having Russia for a neighbour.*

* Orators and authors, who have discussed the progress of Russia, have often alluded to the similitude between the modern extension of the Muscovite empire and the extension of the Roman dominions in ancient times. But attention has scarcely been drawn to the closeness of the parallel between conquering Russia and conquering Rome, not only in the extent of conquests, but in the means of effecting conquest. The history of Rome during the century and a half which followed the close of the Second Punic War, and during which her largest acquisitions of territory were made, should be minutely compared with the history of Russia for the last one hundred and fifty years. The main points of similitude can only be indicated in these pages; but they deserve the fullest consideration. Above all, the sixth chapter of Montesquieu's great treatise on Rome, "*De la conduite que les Romains tinrent pour soumettre les peuples*," should be carefully studied by every one who watches the career and policy of Russia. The classic scholar will remember the state-craft of the Roman senate, which took care in every foreign war to appear in the character of a *Protector*. Thus Rome *protected* the Ætolians, and the Greek cities, against Macedon; she *protected* Bithynia, and other small Asiatic states, against the Syrian kings; she protected Numidia against Carthage; and in numerous other instances assumed the same specious character. But, "Woe to the people whose liberty depends on the continued forbearance of an over-mighty protector."[1] Every state which Rome protected was ultimately subjugated and absorbed by her. And Russia has been the protector of Poland,—the protector of the Crimea,—the protector of Courland,—the protector of Georgia, Immeritia, Mingrelia, the Tcherkessian and Caucasian tribes, &c. She has first protected, and then appropriated them all. She protects Moldavia and Wallachia. A few years ago she became the protector of Turkey from Mehemet Ali; and this summer she has made herself the protector of Austria.

When the partisans of Russia speak of the disinterestedness with which she withdrew her protecting troops from Constantinople, and is now withdrawing them from Hungary, let us here also mark the ominous exactness of the parallel between her and Rome. While the ancient world yet contained a number of independent states, which might have made a formidable league against Rome, if she had alarmed them by openly avowing her ambitious schemes, Rome's favourite policy was seeming disinterestedness and moderation. After her first war against Philip, after that against Antiochus, and many others, victorious Rome promptly withdrew her troops from the territories which they occupied. She affected to employ her arms only for the good of others. But, when the favourable moment came, she always found a pretext for marching her legions back into each coveted district, and making it a Roman province. Fear, not moderation, is the only effective check on the ambition of such powers as Ancient Rome and Modern Russia. The amount of that fear depends on the amount of timely vigilance and energy, which other states choose to employ against the common enemy of their freedom and national independence.

[1] Mallam's History of Greece.

PORTSMOUTH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY MRS. WARD.

A STRANGE town is this "Auncient citie of Portsmuth," and although there is no need to go back to old Chroniclers for dry information touching a place which possesses as much interest from its present position as from its connection with the past, it is curious to look on it now with its perfect fortifications, its gaily thronged esplanade,* its shipping giving life to the sparkling sea washing its pebbly beach; its dockyard crowded with busy workmen, its streets all astir with ladies in showy dresses, and soldiers and sailors in uniforms of scarlet, and blue, and gold; and to think upon the time when Camden wrote, "in our remembrance Queen Elizabeth, at her great cost and charges, so armed it with new fortifications as that now there is nothing wanting."

Now shall all visitors who have not a hand-book of Portsmouth and its environs, be sorely puzzled to judge of their whereabouts when they shall reach this place. It would take more than a week to make a tour of the town and its belongings. Perhaps we can scarce do better than commence with our own "progress" from our first *séjour;* albeit, it began in deep winter in the gloom of Fort Monkton. The visitor may behold this fortress from the Common at Southsea; he will see it stretching out with most unpicturesque effect from the opposite shore of the harbour, and protecting apparently—for the position is not a good one—the barracks and hospital of Haslar.†

Very solitary, indeed, looks that fortress in the mist that sometimes veils a summer's day, and very dismal it is in November, and at Christmas time; for its inner walls are damp with unhealthy exhalations, and its dreary square is swampy; but it hath a neighbourhood which might be pretty if the lanes were not so straight, and if the terraces of Anglesea were not so formal. The church of Alverstoke adjoining this dead watering-place of Anglesea, contains one modern monument of an interesting character. In an unpretending corner rests against the wall a simple slab of marble, inscribed as—

"Sacred to the Memory
of
Colonel T. Mackrell, A. D. C. to her Majesty, Major W. B. Scott, Captain T. Swain, Captain R. B. Mc Crea, Captain F. R. Leighton, Captain T. Robinson, Captain F. C. Collins, Lieut. W. H. Dodgin, Lieut. W. G. White, Lieut. F. M. Wade, Lieut. A. Hogg, Lieut. E. S. Cumberland, Lieut. W. G. Raban, Lieut. H. Cadett, Lieut. S. Swinton, Lieut. F. J. C. Fortye, Lieut. A. W. Gray, Paymaster T. Bourke, Lieut. and Quarter-Master R. B. Halahan, Surgeon J. Harcourt, Assistant-Surgeons W. Balfour and W. Primrose, and 645 non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the 44th Regiment, who fell upon the field of battle in the disastrous Affghan War of 1841 and 1842: they sank with arms in their hands, unconquered but overpowered by the united horrors of treachery and barbarous warfare. Their colours, saved by Captain Souter, one of the few survivors, hang above this stone, which is erected to their memory by the officers of the 44th Regiment, June, 1844.

"And if thy people Israel be put to the worse before the enemy, because they

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* The public are indebted to Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence for this charming promenade.

† This hospital is for seamen and marines.

have sinned against thee, and shall return and confess thy name, and pray and make supplication before thee in this house, then hear thou from the heavens, and forgive the sin of thy people Israel."—2 *Chronicles* vi. 24, 25.

Here peals the solemn organ; here children's voices chime in hymns of praise; here peace is preached; and here waves the tattered shred of gaudy silk, for which strong men contended on that terrific day, whose record at the sword's point fills a bloody page in one of the darkest chapters of Old England's history.

But now to Gosport from Alverstoke, past the school-house, with its monotonous hum, down the Bury Road, garnished with trim villas, and by Forton, where once French prisoners sighed and danced, by turns, in their hours of captivity, and produced those graceful illustrations of art and ingenuity which are yet treasured and remembered as the work of the unhappy French *détenus.*

Gosport was a fishing village in Harry the Eighth's time; pity it has become a town; hasten through its narrow streets, for there is little to interest or detain the idler; here set foot on board that most ungainly, but most convenient, floating-bridge, like Noah's ark, and cross the harbour. There rests the Victory, a hallowed object in the eyes of Englishmen; but we will visit her by and by.

We land where Wolfe was brought ashore from the Royal William in an eight-oared barge, "towed," as an old book says, "by two twelve-oared barges, and attended by twelve twelve-oared barges to the Point in a train of gloomy, silent, pomp, grief closing the lips of the barge's crews, minute guns firing from the ships at Spithead; the 41st regiment of foot, and the royal regiment of Artillery under arms to receive the body."

The High Street lies before us. Poor Captain Marryat! One thinks of his middies, and his pursers, and his pompous admirals, as we stroll up the shady side. Here at the Fountain, the hearse, containing Wolfe's remains, paused on its way, awaiting its two mourners, the General's aides-de-camp, before it dragged its slow length along through the Landport gate, and then made its modest way to London.

It was here, about the end of the High Street, that Sir Isaac Coffin reproved a drunken sailor for his condition.

The sailor looked unmoved at the admiral.

"Go back to your ship, sir," said Sir Isaac, sternly, "you 're drunk."

But the tar was passing him by unheeding.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" exclaimed Sir Isaac, with all the pomp of an admiral in command.

"How the deuce should I?" asked the tar, still intent on giving the admiral, who was in plain clothes, the go-by.

"Stop, sir, I will have you to know that I am commander-in-chief here."

"Humph!" said the tipsy sailor, with a knowing wink, "then you have a good berth of it;" and he rolled past the great man, whistling as he went.

Pause at number ten, for here Felton killed the Duke of Buckingham in the passage of the house which, with the others adjoining it, was in those days called the "Spotted Dog." One of the earliest effusions of Butler, the author of Hudibras, is addressed "to Felton in the Tower." The murderer is apostrophised by the poet as

"Stout Felton, England's ransom."

And now up to the ramparts, shaded by venerable trees of graceful shape. Leland speaks of "a mudde waulle armid with tymbre, whereon be great peaces of yron and brasse ordinanns. This peace of waulle having a diche without it:" and of "one faire streate in the towne from west to north-est."

Oh signs of peace in England, and remindings of war in other lands! A town has risen without the fortifications; for the wooden walls of England are her floating ramparts that defy the world; and the villas and terraces of Southsea are as secure from an enemy's advance, as the buildings within, crowded together, and guarded by a double chain of sentries.

Our troops, however, still make ready for strife abroad by a mimic show of war upon that well known, but most unclassic, ground, Southsea Common. Now can we imagine old Pepys, if he were alive, commenting somewhat after this fashion upon what he would call the "Review:"

"Up betimes, and after Breakfast to the Common, to see the Review, which I do think a pleasant sight, and grand withal for lookers on, and for the Commander, seeing he do take great delight in it, and he on horseback all the time. But much it do puzzle me to know whether the Soldiers be taken thither for their Country's good, or their own, or for other folk's amusement; for to be sure it be fine Sport for Idlers who take no thought of real fighting, and doubtless fancy that all warfare do consist in marching and counter-marching to the sound of right merry tunes; and much amused was I to hear the folk say, when the Soldiers had been three hours in what one must needs call their harness,—though without offence I hope,—that they expected more of a Show, for that it was a national holiday, and they had been promised a Grand Review."

Next day we may fancy old Pepys, referring to other matters, thus:—

"To the Dockyard, where I saw many wonders which would take more learning than falleth to my share to describe, nevertheless the Iron in its liquid state, all bubbling and sparkling, like drink for Fiends, did much amaze me, as did the wondrous saws, which do make little of great beams and blocks in a trice; and a many more grand Inventions, all more or less impish, methinks; and a Ship called the 'Royal Frederick,' so big that the Lords of the Admiralty do need to choose a Commander with a loud voice and a keen Eye. And what next amused me was the sight of a store of fat Convicts, disgraced, as some have it, by drawing carts; but they well pleased that their work is leisurely, and as much as they will, and no more; and with their good cheer of Beef, and white Bread, and fair Lodging; and they right merry, too, at the expense of the Soldiers keeping guard upon them in stiff coats, and with heavy muskets loaded, and with caps on their heads, which belike they would gladly exchange for the Convict's hat, not to speak of these miscreants' easy dress, and slouching gait, and snail's gallop."

But, ere we leave the bustling streets let us take boat, and visit the "Excellent" and the "Victory;" the former the school for British seamen. Now for a broadside between decks—a roar, a mist, an odour of gunpowder, and one almost wishes for a real enemy. Then the storming-party, where the quarter-deck takes the poop with scaling-ladders; the besieged spectators, ladies and gentlemen, re-

ceiving the assailants with a pleased excitement, little in character with the defenders of a position; the boarding-party doubtless longing for the day when they shall handle those formidable pikes in earnest, the rattle of muskets, the clash of cutlasses, the re-assembling in order on the deck; the silence, the dispersion, and our tour through the ship, scrambling up and down companion-ladders, and then welcomed to refreshment at the hospitable table of the wardroom.

Now to the "Victory." Motionless she lies; but the harbour is astir,—for Victoria, Queen of the Seas, has just stepped on board her yacht with her husband and her children, and the old ship mans her yards, the national anthem peals from her deck; and see the little troop of princes and princesses turn their bright faces upwards as they pass her by, and glance from Prince Albert to the Queen, and from her Majesty to the ship in which Nelson died.

Hark to the honest cheers from stem to stern, from yard-arm to yard-arm! Hark to the answering thunder, giving "deep-mouthed welcome" from the batteries! Hark to the "roar along the shore," in salutation of Queen, and Prince, and children!

But quiet is restored—we cast our eyes on the brass plate at our feet; it marks the spot where the shot struck Nelson down.

Below, in a dim corner, is the cabin wherein he died. The Queen was here one day, and as her Majesty stood beneath the lowest beam, she observed that "she should have made a capital sailor, for that she was just the right height." This pleased Jack Tar, but not so much as the remark upon the grog, which her Majesty was pleased to taste, intimating, with a smile, that it was "rather weak."

Now from the ships at Spithead issue wreaths of smoke, and each speaks her thundering welcome along her decks, and up in her manned yards, as the Queen of the Isles sweeps round them in her "Fairy" yacht.

There at Spithead the "Royal George" went down. There was sunlight overhead; and below dancing and laughter, and song and ribald jest, and traffic with dark-browed Jews, and leave-taking among true lovers, and sorrowful partings between husbands and wives, mothers and sons, when a sudden breeze raised the ship on her side, and the water began to flow into her lower ports. Sharp and loud beat the drum to quarters, and in frantic haste the men rushed to their guns, but it was too late; lower and lower she dipped; "the water forcing itself in at every port; guns, shot, and every thing moveable from the upper side, accelerating her descent till she fell on her broad-side with her masts flat in the water, and continued so for several minutes: her starboard side was uppermost, and on this many hundred men and women had scrambled, making the most heart-rending lamentations." But only seventy out of fourteen hundred were saved from the whirlpool created by the sinking ship. The Admiral calmly writing in his cabin, the ladies who had that morning visited the vessel for the purpose of viewing her, the detachment of marines who had embarked the night before from Portsmouth, all perished on board the ill-starred bark, numbered among those—

> "Ships which have gone down at sea,
> When heaven was all serenity."

How the vessels flit about the harbour, and what a busy scene there is between the Isle of Wight and this! How clear the day! The

sloping lawns and waving woods, and breezy downs about St. Helen's refresh the eye as we pull round in our barge towards the beach. And see, on the opposite side of the harbour in the shade, are the old towers of Porchester, "Gloomy and grand."

Tradition, which is oftener true than history, deposeth that Elizabeth when princess was prisoner here. Certain it is that she made it a resting-place during some of her progresses when queen; and she must have had a regard for the place, since she in after life granted the inhabitants immunities beyond their neighbours. They say that at the window of a tower she sat a captive, gazing out upon the fleets of England. Oh! who could fathom the depths of that high heart, as caged in one sense but free in spirit, uncertain as to doom, but of undaunted courage and daring in aspiration, the lioness of England looked forth from behind her prison bars. There be those yet living who remember this Castle of Porchester a prison for our French *détenus*. The posts are still standing from which their hammocks were slung, and though the quotations, and the names, and the verses, and the mottoes which once covered the walls are effaced for ever, they are not forgotten entirely. Out of many others here are two—"Ah mon amie! est elle encore fidèle?" and, "Il y a aujourd'hui trois ans depuis mon départ de ma femme!" Oh, the uncertainty of heart betrayed in the first! Oh, mournful memories concentrated in the second!

In this nook is the evidence of one man's perseverance, who worked his way through the solid wall, some say with a spoon, others with a nail—no matter how. He escaped; but from that tower, round which the rooks are whirling and uttering their one-note cry, the despairing suicide took his leap, preferring death to captivity. What a mockery to him had been the ocean's space, and the passing ships, and the birds, with glancing wings, sweeping unfettered by the battlements, that kept his very soul in fetters.

But we must linger longer here, for old Porchester is full of interest to the antiquarian, and on exploring its nooks and corners, dungeons, church,* and towers, we learned that there was little known of it that was authentic, and so, as shall be seen, we gathered together all that we could on so important a matter, and shall venture to lay before the curious reader the result of our inquiries touching Caer Peris, as Porchester was originally denominated before the Romans troubled the waters that encircle our isle.

From our own slight observation we are disposed to think that much that is beautiful in the architecture within the church is concealed within a coating of cement or plaster.

* "This venerable edifice was built, in all probability, before the Conquest, and was in existence in 1133, when Henry the First founded a priory of Augustine canons within the castle; and is now among the very few specimens to be found in this country of the original Lombardic or Early Christian Architecture of Europe."—*See a little Work on Porchester Castle, published by W. Woodward, Portsea.*

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND;

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Duke of Rutland. — The Dead-heat between his horse Cadland and the Colonel.—The same between Charles the Twelfth and Euclid.—Prudence.—Bill Scott's Vernacular.—The trial of his Son in the Classics.—Paternal discipline.—Stable ditto.—The late Duke of Cleveland.—Margrave's Year.—The Legs tabled.—A boiling Pandemonium.—The Supporters to the Rostrum.—Old Ord.—Jemmy Bland and Crocky.—The Duke of Cleveland's Stud.—His Match against Sancho.—Colonel Mellish.—His Portrait, Establishment, Team, and *finale!*—Charles James Fox.—The Honourable Dick Vernon.—Quotation from Holcroft.—The Duke of Cumberland.—Mr. O'Kelly.—Eclipse.—His Stock.—The Duke of Grafton.—His Mare Prunella.—Pedigree of Julia.—Lord Stanley.—His Horse Ithuriel.—His early doom.—Review of illustrious Racing *Un*-commoners.

HAVING made mention of the princely Belvoir in our foregoing sketch, we may add, with confidence and truth, that no one ever exceeded its noble owner, the Duke of Rutland, in the honourable, high-minded attributes of a patrician turfite, or excelled him in his uniform, untiring pursuit of the sports of the field. Though one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club, his Grace fears neither wind nor weather, either on the heath or at the covert-side; racing more for the pure love of sport than from any hope of great gain, and preferring a match any day to a handicap. The best thing he did was in winning the Derby with Cadland after a dead-heat with the Colonel,—the latter horse ridden by William Scott, on whose nerves some "ten thousand" on the Colonel had a slight influence, as men say who saw Bill between the heats.

It was a different affair with him when he rode off the tie on Charles the Twelfth at Doncaster, a few years afterwards, when money was "of no object," and he had, consequently, the nerve of Vulcan! Then we heard him confidently assert, with thorough jockey *nonchalance,* that "the big horse, in a match"—to which the race was reduced, in fact,—"would, if 'made use of' as he intended,"—and no man ever excelled Bill in the art of turning "quality" to account,—"outstride the little 'un, to a certainty;" as he did most gallantly, in spite of all the efforts of poor Conolly, who rode Euclid. Scott was, nevertheless, a prudent man, and hedged a portion of the great stake he had upon Charles, on the best possible terms, namely, to win a handsome sum, whatever the result of the race; or, as he quaintly expressed himself, having "put a little on Prudence—a clever old animal, got by Holdfast out of Careful,—lest Tim should puzzle him in mathematics, 'on the footing of it.'" This latter expression, "on the footing of it," was—no matter what the subject under discussion,—ever in Bill's mouth, though no one ever knew exactly what it implied. As we have before said, he made use of phrases as long as a two-year-old course, often containing hard,

inexplicable words he had not the most remote knowledge of, save by hearsay; and these words, *worked* orally into dialogue by aid of Bill's singular accent,— a vernacular based upon the "old Six Mile Bottom," or high-pitched Suffolk crossed by the vowels of the East-Riding,—it may be conceived that no slight tax was levied upon the risible powers of his audience, when "playing the high game in the argument," as the droll little fellow often gave out he was prepared to do. The writer will not readily forget poor Bill's asking him to "tout" his son in the "clarsics" one afternoon, over a cozy fireside chat in his own comfortable dining-room; or his saying, "Don't make too strong running, Syl., or take all out of him the first trial, —remember he's only a young 'un; but give him a fair 'taste.' Give him a mile and a half at four stone, or fifty pounds; that's about your cut. And now, William," continued he, "try to hang on the old 'un here, without attempting to pass him; and if you can live with him till you see White Willie,"—so Bill always termed the distance-post,—"I think, as your father—a man without the advarntages of a classic education, though 'down to a dodge or two,'—that I may have reason to be 'sweet' with your performance, and that in a year or two you 'll be able to beat the schoolmaster at even weights. But, first, cut away, and ask for another bottle of wine."

On this, or a like occasion, Bill told me he just suspected that his son William—then a mere boy—had been led into drinking spirits by his groom Bob; and that, in order to quiet or confirm his suspicion, he made the former give him a kiss before retiring to rest. He instantly "winded the lush,"—as he expressed himself; and, after dismissing his son with a most kind yet droll homily upon the sin he had perpetrated, went into the stable armed with a hunting-whip, with which, he assured me, he "towelled Bob" for a good ten minutes' burst, till he hallooed all Will Danby's hounds, in the neighbouring kennel, into full cry! He said he never *laid into* a living thing—saving, perhaps, the luckless Mundig, when he won the Derby,—with more hearty good-will than he did into Bob's bones, for his audacity in "pal'ing" with his son, and thus seducing him into evil paths.

The Duke of Rutland, whom we have not forgotten, though slightly run wide of in our late digression, also won the Oaks with Sorcery and Medora; he is, moreover, the first jockey's first master, —the accomplished Jem Robinson having steered his horses uninterruptedly to the present time.

The most astute, and *not the safest customer* in the Red Book, to deal with of late years on the turf, was, out-and-out, the late Duke of Cleveland, a very Jesuit of the Ring, and the Confucius of gambling in all its branches.

We remember his features, and their expression. We remember the scene in the betting-rooms at Doncaster in Margrave's year, when old Frank Richardson, the blacksmith, and noted turfite, —a man who once confessed to a friend that nothing but sobriety had kept him from being hanged, — was "tabled" in the room along with the Bonds. The Bonds had a horse in the St. Leger, called Ludlow, and caused such a scene in the rooms at Doncaster, as will not be readily forgotten by those who took part in it. These men were "tabled" with old Beardsworth of Birmingham, formerly driver of a hackney coach, but then the keeper of a livery-stable.

Frank Richardson just named, and a man called Wagstaff, an audacious fellow, whose teeth literally fitted into each other, like two cross-cut saws set together, or a shark's; and surely such a lot, though magnates of the Ring and Turf, taken all in all, were never brought before the public, even at a race time.

This was on the eve of the St. Leger, when the din made by the Margrave clique, the Ludlow tribe, and the Scott division, all yelling and blaspheming in concert, or rather discord, might, nay, was heard, in the theatre, though the building is situated many streets distant from the boiling Pandemonium.

It was said the old Duke of Cleveland pulled the wires to this sweet *tableau vivant!* and to see his white, sardonic countenance, and Gully's threatening, overcharged brow, with old Crocky's satanic smile and working jaw, surrounding the table, as the parties explained, was to view a picture worthy the pencil of Rembrandt.

Old Ord, of Bee's-wing notoriety, also mounted the table, being howling drunk as usual and unshaved for a fortnight, and denounced the "whole gang as a crew of robbers and miscreants, for whom the gallows would be too good!" at which the room only applauded ironically, or grinned approval.

Then old Jemmy Bland, an atrocious Leg of the ancient, top-booted, semi-highwayman school, and Old Crocky got set by the ears, like two worn-out mastiffs, and had "a few words" through their false teeth.

The quasi-fishmonger, paddling his arms in his peculiar way, brought out some of his early Billingsgate to bear, and floored Old Jemmy, after half-a-dozen rounds, with some withering slang, and not-to-be-parried *inuendo!* though the opponents made a fight of it to the last.

This old Bland always settled in town, going for the chances of an axle breaking, or a leader bolting, and his creditor being sent to a better world in consequence. He drew all he could on the spot, but paid in London, affirming there "was always a point or two" in coaching up a couple of hundred miles, as there was truly in those days.

The old sinner always went for "his ex's," by laying a pony, or fifty both ways on a match! "Pick good men," said he, "and you are sure to draw the man you win of, and so get breeched for the journey home. Your creditor," continued he, "you come Captain Parry over; or, if difficult to manage, give him a 'little tenner' on account!"

The Duke of Cleveland had, as they say in Yorkshire, "money for ever," and so did nearly as he pleased on the turf. He gave enormous prices for horses, paying 12,000*l.* for four—namely, Swiss, Swab, Barefoot, and Memnon; having previously given 3500 guineas for Trustee and Liverpool. His stable also contained Chorister, the winner of the St. Leger in 1831; Emancipation by Whisker, as also Muley Moloch, and many others.

The Duke's great match with Pavilion against Colonel Mellish's Sancho at Newmarket in 1806, brings the latter accomplished and extraordinary personage to our memory as we had him described by a personal friend, from whose "scrap-book sketch," it is, perhaps, possible to make a rough copy.

Colonel Mellish was little less than a meteor in the sporting world

and dazzling hemisphere of fashion, being probably the most finished example of a high-bred turfite who ever trod the race-course in ancient or modern times.

He would have taken the "whip-hand" from Philip of Macedon! and all but out-Brummeled Brummel in his dress and fastidious habits. With a princely fortune, exquisite taste, many varied accomplishments, and the consummate pluck of a British yeoman at heart, with all his thews and sinews, it is little wonder that Mellish had a relish for life, and indulged himself in all the sports of the field, as became a stalwart gentleman.

He was an artist—painting far beyond the performance of the mere amateur—a fine horseman, a scientific farmer, a brave soldier, and a skilful coachman, having been, as it is asserted of him, the cleverest man of his day on the Turf, especially in handicapping, and making matches, in which few could excel him.

His establishment was terrific! He had at one period of his life thirty-eight race-horses in training, seventeen carriage-horses, a dozen hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and hacks innumerable; and of course a whole brigade of retainers in his pay. The colonel made his appearance on the race-ground when in the meridian of his career, in a way never yet imitated or approached.

Driving four white horses "in hand" with "outriders" on matches, ridden with harness bridles, and holsters at the saddle bow; his barouche painted in exquisite taste, the handsome colonel was truly the observed of all observers, as whirling up to the Grand-stand, tossing his reins on either hand, and descending as if unseen or the quietest man in life, he mounted one of the thorough-bred hacks, led by the saddle-horse groom in the rear of his retinue, habited like the rest of his people in crimson livery, and followed by two other grooms, cantered over the course towards the rubbing-house or warren.

Had he contented himself with only this, and refrained from "flirting with the elephant's tooth," all would have been comparatively well; but vile, insinuating hazard, affecting that which betting in the ring had only partially accomplished, filched his fair domains, and drove the accomplished colonel to a premature grave!

It is reported of him that he played for 40,000*l.* at a sitting, nay, that he once staked that sum upon a single throw, believing, lost man! that the greatest pleasure in life was to play and to win, and the next best enjoyment, to play and to lose. This true madman's code, it is said the late Charles James Fox—the possessor of the most brilliant intellect of any age—was the founder of, he being at one time of his life deep in the mysteries of the Turf, and a very heavy better.

What a study is the career of Fox! the greatest gambler, *roué*, and politician of his day; it is nevertheless known that he never formed a creditable, if desirable, connection with any woman; that he lost three large private fortunes at play, and above all, that he was worsted at the Great Game, by the Boy *with Character*, the immortal Pitt!

Another of the noted turf characters of those days was the Honourable Richard Vernon—commonly called Dick Vernon—owner of the famous horse Woodpecker, with whom he won the

Craven no less than three times. He was quite *au fait* of the art of book-making, and all the manœuvres of the craft — as may be inferred from the following quotation from Holcroft, once his stable-lad, and finally his biographer! The literary groom says:—

"In addition to matches, plates, and other modes of adventure, that of a sweepstakes had come into vogue, and the opportunity it gave to deep calculators to secure themselves from loss by hedging their bets, greatly multiplied the bettors, and gave uncommon animation to the sweep-stakes mode. In one of these Captain Vernon had entered a colt, and as the prize to be obtained was great, the whole stable was on the alert. It was prophesied that the race would be a severe one: for, although the horses had none of them run before, they were all of them of the highest breed; that is, their sires and dams were in the first lists of fame.

"As was foreseen, the contest was indeed a severe one, for it could not be decided—it was a dead heat; but our colt was by no means among the first. Yet so adroit was Captain Vernon, in hedging his bets, that if one of the two colts that made it a dead heat had beaten, our master would, on that occasion, have won ten thousand pounds: as it was, he lost nothing, nor could he in any case have lost anything. In the language of the turf, he stood to win ten thousand pounds to nothing. A fact so extraordinary to ignorance, and so splendid to poverty," continues Holcroft, "could not pass through a mind like mine without making a strong impression, which the tales told by the boys of the sudden rise of gamblers, their empty pockets at night, and their hats full of guineas in the morning, only tended to increase."

It seems that all this evil-communing was not without its effect,—for poor Holcroft began betting like "our master" next morning, and before the week was out, had lost half his year's wages.

Among the conspicuous characters on the English turf of past and present days, we must not omit to make mention of the Duke of Cumberland, as the breeder, and Mr. O'Kelly, as the fortunate possessor of Eclipse and other horses of all but equal celebrity.

The Duke bred Marsk, the sire of Eclipse; as also Herod, who, not only, like Eclipse, beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six years old, but transmitted to posterity a more numerous and better stock than any horse ever did previously or has done since,—amongst the others, the noted Highflyer.

One of the heaviest matches of present or bye-gone days, was run at Newmarket in 1764, between his Royal Highness's horse, King Herod, as he was then called, and the late Duke of Grafton's Antinous, by Blank, over the Beacon-course for a thousand pounds a-side, and won by Herod by a neck. Upwards of a hundred thousand pounds changed hands on this event!

Mr. O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse, appears to have been an accomplished judge of racing, and of breeding more especially.

Eclipse is the reputed sire of no less than one hundred and sixty winners, amongst whom were some of the most valued stud-horses of the day—making mention of Dungannon, Volunteer, Alexander, Meteor, Pot 8 o's, Soldier, Saltram, Mercury, and Young Eclipse. It is asserted that O'Kelly cleared 10,000*l.* by the dam of Soldier alone, from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon, and that he had

frequently fifty mares in foal, that were the source of immense gain to him.

The late Duke of Grafton, lately alluded to in our notice of his match with the Duke of Cumberland, was also a keen sportsman and an excellent judge of racing. The pedigree of one animal, to whose stock may be traced much of the success of the Grafton stud, is well worth extracting. "In 1756, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Paulton, of great Newmarket fame—her pedigree running back, not only to Bay Bolton, Darby's Arabian, and the Byerly Turk; but beyond the Lord Protector's White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees—to the Taffolet Barb, and the natural Barb mare; and at seven years old was put into the Duke's stud, and produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names, after the manner of fox-hounds, all begin with the letter P, the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realised to the Grafton family little short of 100,000*l.* In fact, all breeders of race-horses try for a stain of the justly celebrated Prunella."

Of the Marquis of Exeter, Colonel Anson, Lord Eglinton, and one or two more conspicuous characters of the Turf of the present day, we have spoken *en passant* in our early Newmarket reminiscences, having merely to add, that the first-named most honourable nobleman and thorough sportsman, has bred, principally, and we fear, too exclusively, from his famous horse Sultan, his success on the Turf having been, of late years, greatly below his deserts.

We must not fail to mention the honoured name of Stanley in our Turf memorial, to which old Sir Peter Teazle, in whose veins were united the blood of King Herod, Blank, Snap, Regulus, and the Godolphin Arabian, adds such prestige and renown.

We imagined, a year or two ago, that his Lordship had a worthy successor to this noted racer and stud-horse, in his magnificent, but early-doomed animal Ithuriel, by Touchstone, on whose performance, if good looks, immense power, high-breeding, and splendid action, go for anything, we would have augured better things than are chronicled to his credit in the Racing Calendar.

But with a needle in his frog, poor brute! even the son of Touchstone would not be improved for a race; and that this was currently said to have been the case at Doncaster, when he was scratched the evening before the Leger, few who were present, and heard the *on dits* unreservedly, can fail to remember.

Ithuriel was not in the Derby, but being unfortunately seen and universally admired at Chester, and heavily backed thus early for the St. Leger—for no judge of a horse could fail to esteem him—he was straightway doomed by the Carnivoræ of the Turf to destruction.

The position of Princess, alone, in the Leger on the occasion alluded to; an animal to whom, we believe, that Ithuriel could have given any weight, equally with that of the Cure and Red-deer, leads us to believe that Lord Stanley's horse would—had he started as he was at Goodwood—have won as easily as his sire Touchstone himself did. But it was not to be.

We conclude our general review of sporting worthies by quoting from a turf-sketch of the "public racing men" at Newmarket some fifteen years ago; mention being expressly made of Messrs. Crock-

ford, Gully, Ridsdale, Sadler, the Chifneys, &c., of whom the author says, "little remains to be said, their deeds being almost daily before us." But, looking at the extraordinary results of these men's deeds, who will not admit racing to be the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk of winnings, talk of racing establishments!—our Graftons, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their "means and pliances to boot," are but the beings of a summer's day, when compared with those illustrious personages, and their various transactions and doings on the turf.

Here is a small retail tradesman, dealing in a very perishable commodity, become our modern Crœsus in a few years, and proprietor of several of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing-ring,—the champion of the turf,—the proprietor of a noble domain,—an honourable member of the "*reformed* parliament," all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines,—the owner of the best stud in England,—one who gives three thousand guineas for a horse, in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford livery-stable keeper, with a dozen or more race-horses in his stalls, and those of the very best stamp, *and such as few country gentlemen, or indeed any others, have a chance to contend with.*

By their father's account of them (see "Genius Genuine," by the late Sam Chifney), the two Messrs. Chifney were stable-boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a year, and a stable-suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and, save Mr. Crockford's, the best houses in their native town.

There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his neckerchief secured by a diamond-pin. Then, to crown all, there is *Squire* Beardsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen race-horses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he drove a hackney-coach.

Taking for granted that all this is done *honestly*, why should *we* despair of seeing the worthy little devil who trots with this sheet to New Burlington Street, appear some fine morning on Newmarket Heath with his seventeen race-horses, his crimson liveries, and his diamond pin?

To this review of the "distinguished commoners" who owned race-horses in that day, a slight, but significant *postscriptum* may be added of our own times, in the names of Messrs. Pedley—a Huddersfield clothier, and a highly-respectable one in every way, yet owner of Cossack, winner of the Derby,—a "great gun" of the ring,—and still a clothier; "Mr. B. Green," the owner of four favourites—*Flatcatcher* and *Assault!* among the number,—and not one starter in last Derby—pedigree unknown; Drinkald, a small farmer, the son of a bargeman, with a strong team of horses constantly in the betting; Hargraves (*vide* Old Crutch's account); Clarke, the bill-discounter (*ibid.*); Hill, late "boots" at Manchester, yet making a ten thousand pound book; Irwin, an attorney's clerk of Dublin, yet winner of the St. Leger with Faugh-a-ballagh; O'Brien! Levi (hellite), *cum multis aliis* of a like genus, all with diamond pins; and any amount of nominations on that fair sheet, whereon once a Regent, a Grafton, a Fitzwilliam, or a Mellish, stood enrolled.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WRIT DE LUNATICO.

"It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have in the course of ages become not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. The more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly, and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most, is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless."—MACAULAY'S *James the Second.*

'TIS a pastime by no means unprovocative of mirth to watch the effect which "a check in Life's race" produces in men of different temperaments. Some it renders surprisingly garrulous. They babble fast and glibly, about the "infamous deceptions practised" on them;—their "unparalleled wrongs;"—and "inconceivable disappointments." Some it renders severe. They peck with marvellous avidity at the petty failings of those around them: and hit with surprising accuracy an unsuspected blot. Of others it makes misanthropes. They "hate their fellows;" and "loathe" the "very lineaments" of their kind. Not a few it renders moody. Life thenceforth becomes one protracted sulk. Others it induces to make war with the memories of the departed. They heap obloquy on the dead. It was thus that the melting away of his visions of wealth affected the indignant Mr. Spinkle. His disappointment was rarely absent from his thoughts.

"That designing villain, Drummond!" he was heard, again and again to mutter—"that frightfully designing *villain!* To die a pauper at last—in plain and intelligible terms a pauper. And, to wind up the drama, to be honoured with such a costly funeral! That undertaker's bill! It chokes me when I think of it. What flagitious hypocrisy! What unheard of turpitude!"

Ill-fated Mr. Drummond! whose statements were never credited! In health pronounced a miser: on his death-bed an actor! Who through life protested that he was "poor," and after death was called all manner of names, because he died needy. Unfortunate old gentleman, his sin was great! he was too transparent a character for the mob of hypocrites which surrounded him.

Meanwhile another victim was preparing to pass through that ordeal, which, thanks to the prejudices and preconceived opinions of his fellows, had become imperative.

Sir Philip was formally apprized of the day and hour when proceedings under the writ "*de lunatico inquirendo*" would commence; and fretted Bohun to fiddle-strings, by asking, for the fiftieth time, whether his "personal presence might not be dispensed with?"

"Unquestionably; if you are prepared to pass the rest of your life under *surveillance*, watched day and night by keepers."

The young man shuddered and was silent.

"I'd snap my fingers at the inquiry," pursued Bohun, as he mourned over his client's inconceivable cowardice. "Nothing which the opposite party could assert would scare me, if I could persuade myself that I possessed Sir Philip's *entire* confidence. That I see, but too clearly, is withheld. Some fact,—some outbreak,—some circumstance is concealed. There is a mystery, and I must take care lest this wayward being be added to the list of those whom ruin has overtaken by their endeavouring to hoodwink their lawyer.

The eventful day arrived. The jury,—consisting principally of county gentlemen,—who answered to their names with visible reluctance, was formally constituted; and the commissioner, in a brief address, opened the proceedings. He told them that the simple issue they had to try was whether Sir Philip Grey de Fontenay was, or was not, of sound mind—free from undue influence—and competent to the management of his own affairs. If they found in the *negative*, —then they had to fix the period when such incompetency commenced.

Mr. Sackville then scanned the jury keenly; and added, with emphasis, "You will bear in mind, throughout this inquiry, that Sir Philip is in holy orders."

The remark was made respectfully and pointedly. And it told.

He was himself the son of a country clergyman; was understood to cherish the most kindly feelings towards the clergy; had been secretary to a lord chancellor; and owed his appointment as commissioner not simply to his intimate acquaintance with the law of lunacy, but to the humanity and impartiality which animated every act of his official life. "If I knew a fitter man for the post than Sackville," said the great law lord when he signed the appointment, "I would at once nominate him."

Happy would it be for the community if those entrusted with patronage exercised its rights with kindred discrimination.

The first witness called in support of the inquiry was Flipps, the Parish Clerk. He was a fine-looking old man with florid complexion, white hair, and full blue eyes; wore the semblance of much probity and sincerity; and advanced, with a lowly obeisance to the commissioner, all smiles and alacrity, to tender his evidence.

Others, perhaps, besides myself have observed that if an outcry be raised against a Clergyman—if any charge be hazarded, or any persecution got up against him—the *bruit*, whatever be its nature, is sure to derive breadth, and force, and prominence from that most mercenary of all functionaries—the Parish Clerk.

The traitor may have been loaded with favour by his unsuspecting master. His generous superior may have fed him, clothed him, soothed him; succoured him in the time of sorrow; and sustained him during the pressure of illness: but let calumny point her shafts against his benefactor, and the memory of the Parish Clerk instantly becomes a storehouse of missiles to wound the fame or prostrate the usefulness of his confiding chief.

Out upon such ingrates, and foul befall the *gobe mouches* who place faith in the revelations of disappointed dependents!

Flipps advanced to the table with light step and smiling air, and proceeded, with the self-complacency of a man about to enter upon

a grateful task, to unburden himself of a variety of extraordinary statements. The conversations which he averred had passed between Sir Philip and himself, and the expressions which he put into the desponding Baronet's mouth, were painfully expressive. They could lead but to one conclusion. He deposed to the deep and increasing depression of his young master,—and of Sir Philip's agony when any application was made to him referring to his professional duties. He declared that the Rector, in one of his paroxysms of self-reproach, asserted that his "life was one living lie," and that "a crime had been committed by him (Sir Philip) *of which Scripture was silent as to pardon.*" Being sharply cross-examined on this particular statement, Flipps admitted that the Rector was suffering in body as well as mind during the morning on which he made this declaration; and that "he never had heard him say as much before." That "something more than common ailed the Baronet, he was mortal sure, if it were only from this one act of unaccountable behaviour—that on a Whit-Monday morning two couples, each holding a license, presented themselves to be wed. There was no clergyman to marry the parties. Mr. Hallett, the senior curate, was visiting his friends at a distance, and Mr. Ayre, the junior curate, was confined to his bed with sudden illness. Of two neighbouring rectors one was out shooting: the other attending a magistrate's meeting. Eleven struck. The bridegrooms became wrathful and unmistakeably pert in their observations. As for the bridesmaids the taunts, and jeers, and cutting things they uttered were enough to drive a decent man wild. At half-past eleven I ran up to Sir Philip's and begged him for once—on a pinch—and as a matter of urgent necessity to drive down to the church and couple the two pouting ladies and sharp-tongued gentlemen. He refused. I pressed him, for I dared hardly face again these wedding people without a parson. He gave another denial more positive than the first. Again I set before him the hubbub and dissatisfaction his refusal would cause, and begged him to recall his words and accompany me. In a moment he shook as if in an ague fit; and inquired, fiercely, 'What I meant by asking him to add sin to sin?' Before I could frame an answer, Sir Philip gasped for breath, shrieked once or more loudly, and then went off into a real, right-down, phrenzy. He 's mad, sir," continued Flipps, with a serious and sorrowful air, which corresponded well with his time-worn features, and snowy hair; "he 's mad; and has been so this many a day. I can remember him from his childhood; he was a *dazed* dreamy urchin even then."

Mr. Minns—an architect—was the next witness.

He gave, in brief and business-like language, an account of two interviews he had held with the baronet, relative to the projected tomb to the memory of his mother. "Throughout our conversation on each occasion," said Minns, "my impression was that Sir Philip was insane. This idea was corroborated by the manner in which he alluded to the late Lady Cecilia. I suggested," continued the witness, "that one compartment of the monument should bear a verse from James Montgomery's Poems, intimating that the deceased had entered into rest; but that the fruits of her active and earnest course remained. A yell—I can call it little else—of disapproval and displeasure followed."

"Rest! who dares to say she rests! what rest can remain for a being so unscrupulous and cruel?" Then in a wilder key he added —"Ay! her works follow her! These are they—shame, and self-reproach, and quenchless regrets, and ceaseless imposture. These are some of her works. Profane not Scripture by inscribing any one of its holy truths on her tomb. The attempt were blasphemy." He turned and left me. "The design for the monument," added Minns, quietly, "I abandoned at once. As an honest man I could take no commission from a lunatic, and in no other light can I regard Sir Philip."

Bohun declined all cross-examination of this party.

Mrs. Graham, an exciseman's widow, was next called. Her statement, most reluctantly given, ran that, in consequence of the sudden illness of her last child she went one prayer-day morning into the vestry where the baronet was sitting, whom she asked to baptize her baby. That Sir Philip appeared taken by surprise, unduly irritated at her request, and vented his reply in a series of the strangest ejaculations! "I 've no business here—none—none whatever! This is no place for me. I should be elsewhere. Seek for holy offices at purer hands than mine. Go elsewhere—do you hear me?—go elsewhere."

The commissioner:—"Did he ultimately baptize your child?"

"He did; and with kind expressions gently insinuated a sovereign into the babe's hands, to buy it, such were his words, 'warmer clothing during the coming winter.'"

Mr. Hallett, the senior curate, and Mr. Ayre, the junior curate, were successively called. Their testimony favoured the baronet's sanity. They could remember no acts indicating aberration of intellect. They both produced several judicious and touchingly-worded notes relative to the poor, which they had received in past days from Sir Philip. The commissioner desired them to be read, and then handed them over for the inspection of the jury. The letters, one and all, breathed a gentle, benevolent, forbearing spirit. Several of them directed relief—and that in no stinted measure—to be given to certain sufferers—and more than once the phrase recurred—"Don't weigh the actions of your poorer brethren with too nice a balance—don't expect too much from the indigent, the scantily fed, the over-worked, and the careworn."

How rare is this tolerant spirit! how ready are the wealthy, and the prosperous, and the fortunate to expect that the poor should be angelic in principles and unexceptionable in practice!

The favourable impression which this and other kindred expressions unavoidably created, the De Fontenay party were bent on effacing.

The curates were successively asked whether they had ever heard Sir Philip allude to any offence—real or imaginary—of which he conceived himself guilty.

The reply of each was in substance the same. Each had heard it and had felt puzzled by its announcement.

"How did Sir Philip characterize it?"

"As a transgression for which he could find in Scripture no intimation of pardon."

"What is your own opinion as to its existence?"

"It has none," was the reply of the elder gentleman.

"Visionary altogether," said the younger.

Mr. Humpidge, a sallow-faced, sharp-nosed, angry-eyed gentleman was now introduced. The burden of his statement was the wrongs of his grand-nephew.

The commissioner listened with commendable patience to two or more long and cloudy sentences, and then inquired of Count Fontenay's man of business, "what point Mr. Humpidge's evidence went to establish?"

"Undue influence," was the reply.

The commissioner with an acquiescent wave of his hand desired the witness to proceed through his labyrinth of statements.

Mr. Humpidge, with the aid of many expletives, and a strong corps of adjectives, detailed the harsh treatment which his nephew had undergone from the baronet, who, he maintained, was a "syphon" in his own mansion.

Mr. Humpidge averred that his "Nevvy Nicholas" joined the baronet's establishment as page; and that a most exemplary page he proved to be. Humpidge, senior, maintained that Humpidge, junior, was marvellously acceptable to Sir Philip; and that all would have been "right as a trivet" but for an untoward incident, and the consequent animosity of Mrs. Ravenspur. His "Nevvy Nicholas" was so truly unfortunate one morning as to give one "persevering glance" as he passed along the gallery into the private dressing-room of the baronet, the door of which stood ajar; and had the ill-luck to be observed by Mrs. Hilda. That paragon of vigilance instantly pounced upon him; bade him collect his toggery together, and carry his prying, graceless, green-gooseberry eyes elsewhere. The page in vain pleaded his youth,—his inexperience; that his act was the act of inadvertence; that he had no intention of offending; that he saw nothing within the dressing-room, and would take care that his glance should avoid it for the future."

"In that resolution I will aid you," responded the Ravenspur,—"Budge!"

"I meant no harm," cried the page.

"You shall work none," returned the dragon; "there are your wages; walk!"

The page appealed to his uncle, who forthwith came to the Court, and obtained an audience of Sir Philip. Moved by the lad's distress, and the entreaties of his relatives, the owner of the Court seemed disposed to pass lightly over the offence, and to continue Humpidge in his service. Mrs. Hilda was sent for, and told as much.

"He goes!" was that gentle creature's reply.

"He is docile and good tempered," suggested the baronet; "understands my wishes thoroughly, and his ears—"

"His eyes I complain of," responded Mrs. Hilda, folding her arms in her apron with an air of dogged resolution, and fixing her own hard merciless orbs on the ceiling,—"his eyes I complain of; the Court is no place for Paul Prys. In a word, he goes to-day."

"Thus summarily to dismiss him would damage his character: and at his tender years—"

"Change of air will benefit him!" interrupted Mrs. Hilda with emphasis.

"This is a hard measure," said the baronet; "and what I can scarcely sanction."

"Perhaps so; but he leaves the Court this evening," persisted Mrs. Hilda, speaking slowly, and with dauntless assurance.

"Under any circumstances," said the baronet, "he must have a few days' respite, to look out for another home?"

"I intend," rejoined Mrs. Ravenspur, with her accustomed effrontery, "to be rid of him before sunset. Having said this, I should like to see the party who will allow 'Peeping Tom' to roost another night under this roof!"

The baronet was silent. The page left at sun-down.

"A clear case of undue interference," whispered one of the jury.

Mr. Spinkle was next called; but that professional being engaged in a wordy contest with a refractory female patient, who vowed she would fling the cupping-glasses at his head if he ever mentioned them to her again, the Ravenspur was substituted.

That celebrity entered the room with slow and measured step, quietly and becomingly dressed, and was evidently well up in her part. So grave and matronly was her appearance,—so respectful her obeisance to the commissioner,—and so gentle her tone of voice, that Mr. Sackville twice asked her name. It was evident he could with difficulty credit that the staid, grave, decorous personage before him was the formidable Ravenspur.

She detailed well and easily her long connection with the De Fontenay family,—said that she had nursed her present master from his earliest infancy,—had been a favourite attendant of his mother, Lady Cecilia, who had made her promise on her death-bed never to quit Sir Philip's service, unless driven by his own commands from the Court. She then explained how harsh and cruel a mother Lady Cecilia had been to her feeble and gentle-spirited son; gave instances of her severity to him in childhood; and expressed her conviction that his nervous and excitable state was solely the result of the gloom and wretchedness by which the first part of his life had been overcast.

The impression Mrs. Hilda made on the jury was unquestionably favourable.

Mr. Spinkle was now released from his patient, and panting to give evidence. He bustled up to the table all fuss, and fume, and fidget. If self-complacent features ever spoke, his did then; and their announcement was,—"Now you 've a witness before you worth attending to! Hearken, and strange things shall be told you."

He looked round on the jury with a very patronizing air; but his eye quailed when he met the gaze of the motherly lady who fronted him. He started off at score, and said some very curious things about the baronet; but was suddenly pulled up by the commissioner, who asked him for the date of a specified occurrence. He hesitated.

"When did this occur—on what day?" persisted Mr. Sackville.

Another pause. During its continuance a clear voice enunciated, —"The day of the rich Mr. Drummond's funeral, May 15th."

"Silence!" cried the commissioner. "I can have no interruptions."

But the missile had told. Spinkle's facts were all in confusion, and his inferences few and pointless. The commissioner put another question, and Spinkle made a desperate effort to rally, and make his reminiscences tell against the baronet.

Again a date was asked for, and Spinkle was at fault.

"You surely must recollect the day?" urged the commissioner calmly.

The same voice repeated,—"The day the rich Mr. Drummond signed his will—April-fools' day."

"Who is it that so presumptuously interrupts this inquiry?" said the commissioner sternly. "A repetition of such conduct will entail disagreeable consequences on the offender."

It mattered not. The threat was too late. Hilda had accomplished a feat. To Spinkle, Mr. Drummond's name was *caviare;* and any allusion to his will agony. He faltered in his speech,—complained of illness,—said his memory failed him,—and slunk away.

The baronet's party were delighted. A look of triumph lit up each countenance. The Count's legal representative seemed at a loss what step to take; and the commissioner then decided that the party next examined should be Sir Philip himself.

THE TALES OF OLD!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

THE tales of old, that nerv'd the bold
To deeds of love and duty;
That woke the sigh, or dimm'd the eye,
Of innocence and beauty!
Who heed them now? The chilling brow,
And colder heart reprove them,
Forgot the lays, of ancient days,
As those who once could love them!

Around the hearth, with honest mirth,
Our fathers gather'd daily,
'Twas good to see, how merrily,
The moments pass'd, and gaily!
The Jester there, inspir'd by cheer,
Would tell his quaintest story;
While Minstrels came, and sung the fame,
Of those enshrin'd in glory;

Those tales of old, were often told
By pilgrim, monk, or friar,
Who sung of war, in regions far
Where valour might aspire!
Of gallant deed, where, once achiev'd,
A host could not repel them,
For themes like these, our sires would please,
And they alone could tell them!

LAST SCENES OF THE CONDEMNED.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

Thirty years have passed since I witnessed an execution for the first time; and although the accidents attached to professional life have obliged me to see many a spirit pass "unhoussell'd, unannealed," but, as we piously trust, not "unforgiven," that sad scene of "law asserted" will never be forgotten. Connaught, in my early days, enjoyed an unenviable notoriety; in common parlance, it was always associated with a place unknown to ears polite, but, according to general belief, remarkable for its pleasant society and high temperature. Carthage was, and so was Rome; and in criminal statistics "the land of the west" has yielded to Munster so decidedly, that Jack Ketch declares the Western Circuit is merely waste of time for a professional gentleman—namely, himself—to visit; and he feelingly observes, that instead of travelling, as he did formerly, with post-horses, he is "obligated to settle himself on the side of one of Biancona's jaunting-cars, cheek-by-jowl with English bagmen, cattle-dealers, parish-priests, and people of that sort."

The criminal law in Ireland, at the period we recall, was unmercifully and indiscriminately administered; the foulest murder and the abstraction of a sheep being, as far as penal consequences went, in the eyes of justice alike offensive. We have in our own experience witnessed the anomalous meting out of legal retribution, and than its visitations nothing could be so uncertain and eccentric. We have seen a man hanged who should have been once only, and lightly too, whipped at the market-place; and we have heard of a London firm, which after trafficking for years by forgery, as was clearly ascertained, comfortably wind up with half a million, all concerned, during a long and felonious career, being estimated good and honourable men, eligible to the highest City honours, ay, and even to civic majesty—Heaven save the mark!

Before we proceed, a declaration of our criminal creed may be desirable. We distinctly and emphatically protest that for felony, be the perpetrators high or low, we are no apologists. Our code, probably, will be best understood by a straightforward confession, that we would hang a murderer, transport a highwayman, treadmill a thief, and—to borrow from our well-beloved brother, Master Jonathan, one of his expressive and gentlemanly phrases—*cow-hide* a young regicide, the administration being mensal and for the period of a calendar year, so that pot-boys in general might be edified by the example.

From circumstances, generally beyond our own control, we have been present when many criminals have paid the forfeiture that law demands, and the safety of society unfortunately, but imperatively, requires—and we state, from personal experience, that frequent exhibitions of the last penalty which justice imposes upon crime, as far as example is supposed to go, become totally inoperative.

The bad effect of these exhibitions we will practically establish, and prove that the expurgation of the code of England, from its excess of sangrinary enactment, has abated and not increased serious crime. We recollect well, when for divers market-days after the judge of assize, in the south and west of Ireland, had paid his half-yearly visit, his Majesty was minus two or three subjects, as the case might be. As the law then stood, burglars and highwaymen were favoured with "a long day."* Murderers being limited to forty-eight hours, and hence to throw in Sunday as a *dies non*, the delinquent was usually tried upon a Friday.

I recollect seeing two rebels hanged in '98, having been carried by the nurse, in company with a score of spider-brushers, to witness the spectacle. What makes me recollect it is one of those youthful impressions which time can never obliterate. The artist was a black-drummer, a man of herculean proportions, and his apparatus was the triangled spars used in the market-place to weigh agricultural produce in the morning, and, in the present case, put a rebel past praying for "in the afternoon."

Probably the hanging might have passed entirely from young memory, had not another circumstances fixed it indelibly on childish recollection. The nurse was pretty, and she had made a tender impression on the heart of a gallant highlander, who was servant to an officer, and, with his master, a frequent visitor at the house. We, the nurse and I, were not early enough to witness the turn-off, but unluckily, as it turned out, in good time to see the decapitation. Donald introduced the object of his affections and myself within the ring of bayonets which encompassed the deadly apparatus, and just at the moment when the unhappy men had been suspended a sufficient time to warrant their decollation.

The negro cut the ropes, the bodies fell heavily on the grass, and with a grin, the wretch proceeded to complete his disgusting office. One operation was sufficient. I yelled, the nurse-maid fainted, how we made our exit I cannot guess, but as the heads were afterwards spiked upon a public building of the town, we had an opportunity, in our daily walks, to become perfectly familiar with them. What building will the English reader fancy was selected to be thus ornamented? The gables of the Assembly Room! and while, for many a month, these relics of humanity were streaming their matted hair in the night-breeze, divided only by the ceiling and the slates, and not a dozen feet below, half a hundred of the fair sex were executing that pleasant *contre danse*, intitulated "the wind that shakes the barley."

The effect of that brutal exhibition upon me, was one that years and a strong nervous temperament could only overcome; while for the remainder of her life, my nurse never ventured to cross a lobby without a lighted candle. Circumstances, however, with me, abated early impressions—and the recollection of hemp and its concomitants had nearly subsided, when accident as strangely recalled them.

We were then being indoctrinated in the polite literature dispensed in the Dublin University, and *anno ætatis* 16, when a cousin

* Often do I recollect, when a boy, hearing the culprit, in reply to the common *quære*, "Why sentence of death," &c., make the common response of, "A long day, my lord!" Execution sometimes being deferred for three weeks.

of ours met us in the street, and asked us to breakfast with him next morning at Kilmainham, adding, as inducements, that there were a couple of men to be hanged. Country air, and new-laid eggs, and these united, being too seductive offers to be refused—of course we willingly consented.

In Ireland, hanging was no novelty then, and few indeed, but regular amateurs, would take the trouble, or pay a sixpenny fare upon a bone-setter, to witness what they could see handier, by far, after every commission. I, however, accepted my kinsman's invitation—and admitted by a prison authority on giving my card, was shown directly to the execution room.

"Gentlemen, breakfast is ready," said a gaol attendant, and we proceeded forthwith to the room appropriated to the office of the guard. "Don't hurry, we are not limited, as they are at Newgate; any time before twelve does here. My curse upon that cook!" and he turned a steak over,—"Hard as a deal board! don't touch it, gentlemen, we'll have another in half a shake. We lay our own eggs here, aint they beauties," and, pointing to some half dozen, the scoundrel hurried out.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "are these two wretches, in half an hour, going to their final audit?"

"Ay, and that heartless vagabond is thinking only of steaks and eggs. I have had this duty twice, and for a week after am haunted by hemp and hangmen. 'Tis folly, we must conquer it."

He raised the teacup, it scarcely touched the lips, when bang went the prison bell, as the sounded note of preparation. The delf was replaced upon the table instantly.

"It is weakness, womanly, but I cannot eat upon a hanging morning," said my kinsman with a shudder.

The morning meal was hurried over. Every half-minute-stroke upon the prison bell would have demolished the appetite of a cannibal. Presently we were informed that the last sad scene of criminal life was about to be enacted, and as we entered a large and spacious room on the first floor of the building, the criminals appeared at the opposite door, each attended by a priest.

Never were two malefactors in everything so dissimilar. The first who stepped across the threshold of the execution room was a remarkably fine young man, over six feet in height, and in bodily proportion, a study for a sculptor. His dress was neat—shirt, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, white—and at the elbows, wrists, knees, and ancles, relieved by crimson rosettes; these, from their colour, we were told, being intended to intimate that he was innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat. Nothing could be more manly and collected than his bearing, and when he issued from the door-way he recognised us, the lookers-on, with a bow that was absolutely graceful. His demeanour was firm, but totally removed from anything like a display of vulgar bravado. After he had paid us a polite acknowledgment, he seemed for the brief space that intervened, we would call it some three minutes, totally absorbed in religious duties, and listening, with breathless attention, to every syllable that issued from the lips of his spiritual director.

His companion in crime, a returned transport, was a mean, low-sized, pallid wretch, dressed in a frieze great coat—and, to all

appearance, so thoroughly unnerved as to be insensible to the admonitory instructions of his confessor. He was supported by a turnkey, and all mental power appeared in him so entirely prostrated, that his brief passage from time to eternity seemed insensibly effected.

The general economy of Irish gaols are—dare we use the phrase—far more civilized than the metropolitan one of Newgate, so far as hanging goes. The offensive preparations, like murders in Greek tragedy, are completed out of sight. The ropes lead in, within they are adjusted, and the exhibition of the criminal on the drop, and the fall of the machinery, by which, as Thistlewood remarked, the great secret of hereafter should be revealed, are things nearly instantaneous. On this occasion all had been mercifully pre-arranged to abridge a painful interval. The tall and handsome malefactor, a burglar, shook us individually by the hand, and bade us an eternal farewell, and then stepped upon the iron grating of the scaffold, placing his feet correctly on the drop as the executioner directed. Stupified, and like a dreaming man, his companion was mechanically led out by a couple of the gaol functionaries. The authorities had humanely guarded against any want of precaution that should extend their sufferings. In less than half a minute, a spring within the walls was touched, the iron gratings parted, and before a minute had elapsed, suffering was over, and another, and, we charitably trust, a better state of existence succeeded to that, in which vice cannot expect happiness, or virtue command it.

It is due to ourselves to state, and we therefore apprize and assure the reader, that our personal experience with the last penalties imposed by outraged justice upon criminals, has arisen from accidental circumstances altogether. We have no morbid fancy for witnessing life extinguished—at best it is a sorry sight,—but, at the same time, we disclaim all maudling sympathy for a murderer, and with perfect indifference we can read an account of his execution. While we consider, however, that he well deserves his doom, we should not have the slightest curiosity to view the parting agony of the wretched malefactor. We admit that the atrocity of the crime robs the criminal of our pity; while, in our opinion, his removal from the stage of life confers a benefit on society. The safety of the body politic demands the sacrifice, and by every ordonnance, human and divine, blood must be atoned by blood.

In human character the distinctions are not more numerous and minute than those which aggravate and extenuate criminal offendings. One sad scene at which we were obliged professionally to be present, would suffice to point what we emphatically contend for,—that there exist, and are easily traceable, multitudinous gradations in the scale of criminality.

Many years ago the assize-town of a western county was "disturbed from its propriety," by the harrowing exhibition of six unhappy malefactors undergoing the extreme penalty the law exacts for murder. Of the actual guilt of all no shadow of doubt existed; for all, save one, had freely admitted the perpetration of that crime which is considered beyond the reach of mercy.

Being within the circle of the military cordon which surrounded the place of execution—a roughly-constructed apparatus, formed of some scaffolding-poles crossed horizontally by a spar,—I witnessed

with attention the bearing of the criminals. They suffered in two divisions,—and, by a strange accident, their offences were all of the same character, and "most foul and most unnatural,"—namely, the murders of an uncle, a husband, and a child. In Connaught, any common-place expiatory sacrifice to offended justice will collect a crowd,—and many will come from an amazing distance to witness the execution of any common-place criminal; but for morbid tastes there was so much to attract the admirers of disgusting exhibitions, that hours before the wretched beings were conducted from their cells, the fair-green—the scene of death—was crowded to excess.

It was, in ordinary cases, customary to await the arrival of the mail-coach (one o'clock), that the chance of a respite from the Castle might be given to the doomed ones,—no matter how desperate that hope might be; but on this,—a memorable day to us, and one that will never fade from our recollection, the guilt of all had been so fully admitted or established, that it was considered mercy to the convicts to abridge the interval usually permitted to elapse between time and eternity; and, as the court-house bell struck twelve, one moiety of the criminals issued from the gaol gate, attended by a turnkey and a priest, and entered the military circle which hedged in the scaffold with their bayonets.

The criminals, three in number, were brothers, and remarkable for symmetrical proportions, and countenances in which Lavater himself—were he in the flesh, would have vainly looked for the lineal mark of truculence. Three finer peasants I never saw; and Captain O'Mahony,—whose "ancient" I was at the time,—looking at all men and all things with a professional eye, whispered in my ear,—

"Holy Mary! isn't it regular murder to hang them? The shortest six feet one. What a shoulder for a grenade! and under the waistband no chairman's calves,—no green upon the ancle,—all, from hip to heel, straight as a halbert, and clean as a whistle. Oh! murder! if, instead of cutting an old fool's throat, they had only turned into the barrack gate and borrowed from the sergeant of the guard a shilling!" *

Their crime was beyond apology, and yet, bad as it was, it had something to plead in mitigation. The story of the offence will best tell it.

The name of the unfortunate men was Philips. The eldest was scarcely twenty-four, the youngest but nineteen. To use Connaught parlance, they had gone two years before to England "to push their fortune." In Manchester they had obtained employment, and their conduct had been industrious, sober, in every respect so exemplary, as to surmount with their employers those prejudices which the rascally portion of the low Irish annually create by their brutality and dissipated habits.

Unhappily for these young men, they had an uncle far advanced in life, who, by miserly habits and lending money on *gompeeine*,† acquired the reputation of being wealthy. All monetary matters depend on social position. A Jew stock-dealer is reckoned comfortable with half a million,—the proprietor of a Connaught *fodeeine* ‡

* The form of enlisting a recruit is accompanied by giving him a shilling.

† *Gompeeine*, in Irish parlance, means a consideration for trifling sums lent by village money-dealers, at enormous interest, and for short terms.

‡ *Fodeeine*, a paltry property in land.

with half a hundred. Old Philips, the uncle, was reputed wealthy, every pound he really possessed being exaggerated to ten. His brother's family were, of course, his natural and reputed heirs. What men wish they will believe; and to that general rule the Philips proved no exception, and built firmly upon succeeding to his property on the usurer's death. There is a vulgar truism, that the veriest fool in existence is an old one; and the calamitous history of the Philips' family would go far to confirm the truth of the adage. Close on his eightieth year, the drivelling money-lender fancied that he would marry a peasant-girl of some beauty and only aged seventeen. Her poverty, we presume, and not her will consented, and the intended marriage—an event deferred until after Lent *—was bruited over the barony from east to west.

A simpler tale than the murder of the old usurer, and the family destruction that deed of blood afterwards involved, was never told. The father of the unhappy men who suffered on the occasion I have alluded to, had apprized his sons of their uncle's intentions; and, as it was generally and, we fear, too truly believed, counselled and encouraged them to repair at once to Ireland, and, *more Hibernico,* forbid the banns by—murder. Too readily the unfortunate young men obeyed their parent's mandate, and in an evil hour set out on the bloody mission. It is said that they had not only secured the good opinions of their employers, but saved a little money, and that they had opened for themselves by good conduct a path to honest independence. They kept their fatal resolution,—reached their native village,—when in three days afterwards the usurer's marriage was to take place. Poor drivelling wretch! The miserable man was found cold in bed next morning, a black and distorted face indicating that life had been extinguished by strangulation.

It would be tedious to detail the chain of circumstantial evidence which led to a conviction, and one whose justice the confessions of the murderers freely and fully acknowledged. It is curious that human vanity in the hour of death is often so powerfully marked as it is. The soldier leads a forlorn hope,—mounts to "th' imminent deadly breach,"—feels that, so far as human chances go, his doom is sealed,—but, all unmoved, considers present death but a slight equivalent for posthumous fame, and dies accordingly to earn it. What stimulates the Polar voyager to undergo privations not to be described—hardships not imaginable—dangers beyond calculation? No matter what the circumstances of life may be, in all human action vanity may be traceable—ay, whether it lie in an artiste's *pirouette* or the charity-sermon of a fashionable preacher. The guillotine was mounted with a *mot* previously and considerately prepared. The highwayman, *in transitu* to Tyburn, was always remarkable for the freshness of his *bouquet,* the purity of his cambric, and the profundity of the parting bow to a recognised acquaintance, that, in the opinion of Baron Nathan, would, leaving larceny or murder out, entitle him to immortality. Anne Boleyn paid a compliment to her neck, while she preferred a prayer to heaven for the stout gentleman who rivalled Bluebeard in his simple and short process of deliverance *e vinculo matrimonii.* Thistlewood's parting remark is not forgotten—he died an atheist. Emmett met his fate with fortitude and decency, but professed his unbelief in a futurity. Campbell, on the

* In Ireland, marriages are generally postponed until Lent has ended.

contrary, united the soldier with the Christian, and commanded the sympathy of all, save the heartless judge and crazy king who sent him to the scaffold. I have looked on when many went to the short and final reckoning the law demands from those who have grossly violated its provisions, and I never saw any that met death with more decent and becoming fortitude than the unhappy young men who, on the fair green of Castlebar, made atonement for a cruel and unnatural murder.

In a few minutes all suffering was over, and after the time elapsed which custom requires, the bodies were lowered, stretched under the scaffolding, and covered decently with a cloth. The drama of death was, however, but half enacted, for the law had three other victims waiting to undergo a similar fate.

In point of criminal atrocity, probably, the wretches now about to suffer were, in the shading of delinquency, more deeply marked than the guilty men who had preceded them. There might be pleaded for the unhappy brothers whose mortal history had just closed, that, labouring under an imaginary wrong, they had violated every law, human and divine, to avenge the disappointed hopes which for years had been cherished; and that, by exciting circumstances, joined to a father's felonious counsellings, they had been hurried to commit an act, from which, had reflection been permitted, they might have recoiled. To them, the miser's paltry wealth was important as a ducal coronet to the heir-expectant. Their father had excited his children's feelings with all the asperity with which old age will dwell upon a grievance. The well known defect in Irish character is precipitation, and before the causes were considered, the tragedy was completed.

The living criminals who, before the next quarter chimed, were to be added to those who had been, now issued from the prison. Crime is enhanced by circumstances; and of the doomed murderers, two were women! The first who entered the military cordon, was a dark, ordinary, and most repulsive-looking, girl. She appeared scarcely seventeen. Her crime was child-murder. She seemed stupified; listened to the priest with apparent indifference; her glassy eye ranging in rapid glance from the glitter of the military appointments of the surrounding soldiers, to the cross beam and ropes by which youthful guilt would speedily be obliged to pay an awful penalty. Her crime and her appearance, however, seemed to attract but secondary notice, for every eye was turned, and with intense curiosity, on the unhappy pair that followed.

An artist's sketch of these criminals might, in all probability, be considered overdrawn, and his *vraisemblance,* it would be said, had yielded to his fancy, for never were a sinful pair so totally dissimilar. The woman was remarkably handsome,—the man the veriest wretch that ever plied a needle,—and yet on him—that thing "of shreds and patches"—through some infernal impulse, the wretched woman had lavished her whole affections. By the concurrent testimony of every witness, the murdered man was described a good-looking and athletic peasant; and, could the atrocious character of the woman's crime be more enhanced, he was kindly and affectionate, while his wife's temper, naturally violent, was launched upon him without restraint; and as often, and under strong provocation, he pronounced a ready pardon for her offences. His for-

bearance was unfortunate. In peasant life, from a less forgiving partner, she would have received coarse intimations, which, probably, to one like her, might have eventually saved him from a violent, and her from a disgraceful, death.

In the far west, and in vulgar belief, there is an influence that exercises a magic power over human affections, and when strange and unaccountable partialities are exhibited—when sixteen weds sixty, or any other monstrous departure from natural laws takes place, these deviations from conventional usages are ascribed to what is called *grammary*.

In remote parts of Ireland, a tailor, like a dancing-master, is migratory; and whether they operate with thread or cat-gut, these artistes set up their household gods in the house where they are located, whether engaged in fabricating a coat for the owner, or in giving the last polish to the young ladies, on entering a room with grace, or dancing "Planxty Macguire" afterwards. In his vocation, the miserable caitiff, who now approached the place of punishment by the side of his wretched associate, had often received hospitality from his victim, frequently called at his cabin, and obtained supper, a bed, and a *cead fealteagh*.* Without discussion, we will say in Goldsmith's words, that "a lovelier woman never stooped to folly," than the fair criminal, or a more wretched apology for crime ever was arraigned for, and convicted of, felony, than her blackguard-looking paramour.

Could crime have been forgotten, I could have felt every sympathy for the fair offender, and had no finisher of the law been procurable, I would have volunteered the task of affixing St. Antony's tippet to the neck of one of the foulest and the most cowardly scoundrels that ever "garnished a gallows." We are conversant with beauty, and have worshipped at its shrine, and in every land on which the glorious sun pours his exuberant torrent of red light, or gives his niggard contribution, and than that guilty woman, a lovelier specimen we never looked upon.

We almost recoil from the detail. God of mercy! animal ferocity is pardonable, but can any apology be made for man's?

It is probably one of the saddest episodes on criminal record, and we will briefly detail it.

Late on a market evening, the felon tailor stopped at the cottage whose hospitality he had often shared and as often violated. The guilty woman received him with open arms. The husband was absent, but supper was immediately prepared. Successful guilt frequently induces false confidence, and, although deep suspicions were entertained by all around that an adulterous intercourse existed, he, the injured man, had never harboured a suspicion touching the chastity of an unworthy wife.

The circumstances which hurried the catastrophe were singular. That day at the market, and while drinking in a public-house, he, the husband, for the first time was taunted with what had been for months evident to all, but hidden from him whose domestic *surveillance* should have been lynx-eyed. Of that order which

"Dotes, yet doubts,—suspects, but fondly loves,"

he felt the astounding stroke this discovery had inflicted. To the

* A hearty welcome.

mad remedy an Irishman resorts to he, fated wretch! applied, and, half-intoxicated, he returned to his now wretched domicile. The night was wild when, inflamed by ardent spirits and burning under a passion never known before, the injured peasant hurried across the moor in which his cabin stood. Through the gloom a light glimmered through the window—alas! *ignis fatuus*-like, it lured him to destruction. He approached unheard—he looked through the casement. There, and comfortably at supper, sate the treacherous wife and the wretch who had dishonoured him. On the moment some display of endearment passed between the guilty pair. The insulted man rushed in—struck the scoundrel to the floor—and then evicted him from the cabin.

The singular influence his wife possessed over the doomed man was evidenced soon. She calmed the storm of jealousy—lavished false kisses on his lips—urged him to go to bed—and made him swallow some whiskey that her paramour had brought. Fatigue, strong liquor, and the caresses of a faithless woman did the rest. He went to sleep—a sleep from which "he knew no waking."

Calculating, from the inclemency of the night, that the ejected paramour was skulking near, when his deep breathing told her that her husband was asleep, the erring wife opened the door softly, and, as she expected, found the object of her search sheltering himself in an outhouse from the rain. Brief was the guilty deliberation—the sleeper must awake no more—and with murderous intent the adulterous couple re-entered the kitchen silently. The horrid woman armed her paramour with a heavy axe, used in that country for splitting bog-wood. They softly approached the bed—she held the candle to direct the blow—he struck it—no second one was required—the murder was complete.

Let not the sceptic dare to say that the eye of Providence ever sleepeth. Lonely and isolated in wild moorland, not once, perhaps, in a twelvemonth was a knock heard at the door of that secluded cottage. A minute had scarcely passed after the murderous pair had determined on the deed of death, until a belated herd, attracted by the light beaming from the lattice, hurried thither to seek shelter from the storm. He, by a natural curiosity, peeped through the window—and at the instant the felon blow was struck! Horrified, he crossed the moorland like a deer—alarmed a village but a mile off—and while the guilty pair were deliberating how the body could be best bestowed, the cottage door was suddenly burst open—and within, deep, damning proofs were overwhelming. Before the next sun set, the wretched pair were immured within a prison's gates,—before the next moon waned, they were extended side by side on the anatomical table of the county hospital.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE CITY OF LONDON.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAPTER III.

Peter Maurice.—London Bridge Water Works, 1582.—Drinking to Sheriffs.—Thieves' College.—Ludgate: a Prison for Debtors.—Spanish Armada.—The City army.—Sir Thomas Gresham: the man of business and the man of war.—The Trophies in St. Paul's.—1592,—The Plague.—Extravagance and riotous behaviour in the City.—Martial Law.—A special Court.—Executions on Tower Hill.—Credit of Sovereigns hitherto.—Elizabeth establishes her credit at home.—Import of Corn.—Recruiting in Church during Divine service.—1600,—The East India Company instituted.—Debtors discharged to enter the Navy.—Enactment against Hucksters, &c.—The Queen's last borrowing and demand upon the City.—Her want of liberality to the City.—Ben Jonson.—Melville.—The Queen's Character by both.—The Court decides upon the cut of the Citizens' coats, and curtail the extravagance of their Wives.—Enthralments of the Nobility with the Citizens.—Intermarriages.

In the year (1582), Peter Maurice, a German engineer, proposed a scheme for supplying the city with water from the Thames. To encourage him the City granted him *a lease of one arch*, as a place for fixing his engine at the north end of the bridge, for five hundred years, at ten shillings per annum for rent.

The wonderful benefit experienced by the citizens, from this clever invention, was soon most sensibly felt, and the profit arising to the talented engineer, fully rewarded his industry and perseverance. Maurice soon after obtained the lease of the fourth arch. He and his posterity grew rich in the course of a few years. They eventually sold the property in 1701 to Mr. Soames for the large sum of thirty-six thousand pounds. Soames got from the City a confirmation of Maurice's lease, at the yearly rent of twenty shillings, and a fine of three hundred pounds, after which he divided the whole property into three hundred shares at five hundred pounds each share, and formed a company.

In 1585, we have the first instance on record of the custom of the Lord Mayor's nominating sheriffs, by drinking to them as persons qualified for the execution of that office. In the month of July, Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor, dined at Haberdashers' Hall, with several Aldermen and Common Council, &c. After the second course he took the great cup, the gift of Sir William Garret, which being filled with hippocrass, he said, "Mr. Recorder of London, and you my good brethren, bear witness that I drink unto Mr. Alderman Massam, as Sheriff of London and Middlesex, from Michaelmas next coming, for one whole year, and I do beseech God to give him as quiet and peaceable a year, with as good and gracious favour of her Majesty, as I myself and my brethren, the Sheriffs now being, have hitherto had." The toast being drunk, the sword-bearer repaired to Grocers' Hall, where Mr. Alderman Massam was at dinner, and reported the words of the Lord Mayor.

The alderman made this modest reply, "First, I thank God, who through his great goodness hath called me from a very poor and mean degree, to this worshipful state. Secondly, I thank her most

gracious Majesty for her gracious goodness in allowing us these great and ample franchises. And, thirdly, I thank my Lord Mayor for having so honourable an opinion of this Company of Grocers as to make choice of me, being a poor member thereof." He and all the company then pledged his lordship's health.

We imagine that, in the present day, we have arrived, in our good city of London, at a very ripe state of crime, looking at the crowded state of our many police courts, and the proficiency and cunning of the light-fingered gentry. We may, perhaps, mourn after the days gone by, and the simplicity and honesty of our ancestors in the golden days of good Queen Bess; but we find, with very little research, that the wise magistrates of London in 1585, became actually alarmed at the increase of thieves and robbers who infested the city and its suburbs, making it dangerous for the well-disposed citizens to trust themselves out after dark, or even in the day to stop for an instant to look at a neighbour's wares, or they were quickly despoiled of the money that they had taken out for trading, by some watchful adept or another, constantly on the watch for the purses of the unwary.

Accordingly, every engine was set to work to discover the haunts and nests of these miscreants and cutpurses. To the astonishment and horror of the well-disposed, this strict search ended in the discovery of a house in Smart's Key, Billingsgate, where a regular school was established for the instruction of thieves and pickpockets.

One method, says a chronicler, for teaching *this liberal* and *lucrative* art, was as follows:—

In the centre of a large room was a pocket with counters in it, and a purse with silver, both of which were suspended, and small bells fixed round them. The test of proficiency was, of course, to pick the pocket, or take the silver out of the purse without causing the bells to jingle. The house where this *honourable school* was held was suppressed, and the *professors* dealt with according to law.

The following year Ludgate was rebuilt, and cost about one thousand five hundred pounds, with *a prison* for debtors, who were *freemen* of the city.

It is curious to note how, upon all emergencies, the Sovereign flew to the city for money, advice, or assistance. Elizabeth, upon the first alarm of the vigorous preparations made by the Spaniards for the reduction of England, sent a letter to the Lord Mayor, requesting that ten thousand able-bodied men, furnished with armour and weapons, should be put in readiness; out of which number six thousand were to be enrolled under "captains and ensigns," and to be trained at all convenient opportunities. This request was most promptly granted, the respective number raised in each of the wards varying from *one thousand two hundred and sixty-four* from *Farringdon Without* to *ninety-nine* from Lime-street. Not satisfied with giving this proof of loyalty to their Queen the citizens presented to the Government sixteen of their largest ships then on the river, and also four frigates, which were immediately fitted out and supplied with all necessaries. This magnificent gift of naval force was soon afterwards increased to thirty-eight, the whole expense being defrayed by the city.

The great zeal displayed by the wealthy citizens in this and the following year certainly secured the independence of the nation, all

being done in what may be called a business-like way, for Sir Thomas Gresham, who saw clearly the importance of forcing Philip to defer his threatened attempt until next year, joined by Thomas Sutton, Esq. (who afterwards founded the Charter House) and others, contrived to get all the Spanish bills of exchange, which were drawn on the merchants of Genoa, to supply Philip with money for carrying on his preparations for invasion, protested.

Bishop Burnet, in the first volume of his "Life and Times," says, "A merchant of London being very well acquainted with the revenue and expense of Spain, and of all that they could raise, and knowing also that their funds were so swallowed up that it was impossible for them to victual and fit out their fleet, but by their credit on the bank of Genoa, he undertook to write to all the places of trade, and to get such remittances made on their bank, that he might have so much of the money in his own hands, as there should be none current there equal to the great occasion of victualling the Spanish fleet.

"Like a man of business, but without flinching from the great sacrifice, he reckoned that the keeping of such a treasure dead in his hands, would be a loss of 40,000*l.*; this sum must have been enormous when the value of money at that period is calculated. His aim and end, however, proved successful, for the fleet through this mercantile *ruse* was unable to set out that year."

The subsequent failure and total defeat of the formidable expedition is a matter of history, therefore not particularly belonging to the city gossip.

The Queen offered up a thanksgiving, no doubt very sincerely, for the threatened invasion had created an universal terror; she came in great state to St. Paul's to perform that solemn duty, upon which occasion eleven banners or ensigns taken from the enemy were hung upon the body of the church as trophies of their defeat.

In 1592 the plague again visited the metropolis, and swept away ten thousand six hundred and seventy-five citizens, notwithstanding the great improvements and increasing cleanliness everywhere enforced and followed.

The peculiar tone, emanating from the court of the masculine coquette, where every sentence was loaded with euphuisms and sickening sentiment, each man endeavouring to write a sonnet to his lady's eyebrow, soon spread its demoralising influence amidst the sober citizens, and we find in all records of that highly-scented time a strong hand was continually in request to put down the extravagancies and debaucheries of the tradesmen, and their dare-devil apprentices, who were always ready to join with any cabal or disaffection where a fight was expected, or a quarrel might be fairly picked out, or revenged.

This state of affairs caused the Lord Mayor to lay before the Lord Treasurer the case for her Majesty's consideration. In consequence of which, on the 4th of July, a proclamation was issued, wherein her Majesty appointed a Provost-marshal, or Martial, with power to apprehend all rioters and such as might be refractory to the officers of justice, and according to the order of martial-law to deal with them.

This necessarily stringent power was placed in the hands of Sir Thomas Wilford, who was appointed Provost-martial. He patrolled

the City accordingly with a numerous attendance of officials on horseback, all being armed with pistols. Notwithstanding this threatening appearance, it was with much trouble that the apprentices, who were joined by the scum of the populace, were put down, and not before an earnest was given by apprehending many of the rioters, who, however, were granted a fair trial, having justices specially appointed for their examination.

On the 22nd of July they were tried at Guildhall and five of them condemned. This was looked upon by their more fortunate companions, who still kept up a threatening front, merely as a means of intimidation; but much to their astonishment and horror, two days after, agreeably to their sentence, they were executed on Tower-hill.

This terrible example had the desired effect, for sticks and staves quickly disappeared, and the cocked bonnet was pulled down over the eyes. Bullies spoke in whispers when they did speak in the open street, but even that was avoided by the more timid, in fear of the vigilant eyes and ears of the fierce, blood-seeking Provost-martial, as he was termed by the late rioters. The consequence was a quick dispersion of the unruly spirits and the much-desired restoration of peace to the City, and something like safety and protection for the lives of the sober-walking inhabitants and traders, who had been hitherto called upon to keep a continual guard over their booths or stalls to rescue their goods, which were openly exposed for sale, from the designing hands of the rioters, whose street brawls were too often the disguise of a felonious intention upon the goods of their peaceable neighbours.

Elizabeth and her predecessors had hitherto, in cases of urgent necessity, applied to the merchants of Antwerp for voluntary loans *But so low was their credit,* that beside paying an interest of *ten or twelve per cent.*, they were obliged to make the City of London join in the security.

To free his Sovereign from this degrading position, Sir Thomas Gresham, "that princely merchant and glory of his age and country," used his influence with his brother merchant-adventurers of London to procure a considerable loan from them for the Queen's use. The interest and the principal being regularly paid, *her credit became established in her own capital,* and for the first time shook off the inglorious dependence upon foreigners.

The care of the City to prevent a scarcity of grain was very praiseworthy, as the country was threatened with famine on account of the heavy rains in the spring and autumn of 1594. The merchants *imported great quantities from foreign countries,* and the Lord Mayor called upon *the City Companies* to lay in such quantities of grain as they were obliged to by their constitution. Notwithstanding all this care and foresight, wheat rose at this period to *three pound four shillings,* and rye *to forty shillings per quarter.*

In the year 1596, the Mayor and Aldermen—who seemed in those days to associate more together in every relation of life, in their devotions as well as their feastings—were attending a sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross, when they received a hurried message from the Queen, ordering them to raise without a moment's delay one thousand able-bodied men for immediate service, for the relief of the French in Calais, besieged by the Spaniards. They imme-

diately left the divine and their devotion without ceremony, and set about the business so ordered, and applied themselves so efficiently and diligently, that before eight o'clock at night they obtained and marshalled the complement of good and proper men, who were completely armed and ready to march before morning.

All this wonderful promptitude, however, was thrown away; for some unexpected intelligence arriving from abroad which made their embarkation unnecessary, this little army was disbanded before it had existed twenty-four hours.

The Court, which appeared timid and prone to alarm upon the least indication of attack from foreign powers, and was not in the habit of keeping a large stock of soldiers in hand, again sent down to the City warriors on the Easter-day in the morning following, commanding the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to raise the like body of men as before, in obedience to which the Lord Mayor took a most novel course of proceeding. He with his proper officers marched to the different churches in their respective jurisdictions, *during the time of Divine service,* and causing the doors to be shut, they selected from the congregations there assembled the number of men required; they were marched out, properly armed, with all possible expedition, and began their march the night after to Dover! in order for embarkation to France.

Advices being received of the reduction of Calais, they were recalled after a week's absence and disbanded; showing thus by their promptitude how ready the City of London was at all times and seasons to show its loyalty and love in support of the monarch and the constitution.

In 1600, the magnificent and powerful East India Company had its rise, as a quaint old writer observes, "from the simple fact of pepper being eight shillings per pound in London;" indeed, spices of all kinds, then even much in use, had reached an exorbitant price, in consequence of the continued war with Spain.

Accordingly, to remedy in some way this crying evil, the Queen granted a charter to George Earl of Cumberland, and two hundred and fifteen knights, aldermen, and merchants, under the denomination of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of *London,* trading to the East Indies." From such a small cause and beginning arose the extensive Company standing alone in its wealth and dominion. It was not until the reign of King William that this Company assumed the name of the *English East India Company.*

On the occasion of the Spanish privateers growing bold and committing serious depredations upon our coasts, the City was assessed in five-fifteenths in fitting out the number of ships appointed by the Government to cruise against them; a proclamation was also issued for discharging all *debtors* from out the gaols of London, who were fit and willing to volunteer to enter on board the said ships.

A curious enactment by the Common Council, in 1602, shows most forcibly the state of trade and the gradual gathering, to the central point of commerce, of foreign hucksters, hawkers, and pedlars, and the consequent jealousy on the part of the good citizens. It was, "That no citizen or other inhabitant of London, for the future, should, under any pretence whatever, presume to let before his, her, or their house any stall, stand, or *perpresture,* upon the penalty of twenty shillings." And that all hawkers offending against

the same Act, should not only forfeit all their goods so offered for sale, but likewise pay a fine of twenty shillings for every such offence, as the streets were greatly obstructed by their stalls and other projections.

In 1603, the Queen made her last demand upon the liberality of the citizens by requiring them to fit out and maintain, at the annual expense of 6000*l.*, two ships and a tender. To this, as in all other things demanded by her during her long reign, she was met with prompt acquiescence. Yet extraordinary to say, upon reviewing the many favours granted to her with liberality and readiness by the citizens on all sides she never thought to endeavour to requite their loyalty and affection by granting them any new charters or privileges, or even so much as confirming those granted by her predecessors. She died owing her faithful citizens sixty thousand pounds, wasted in her vanities and shows in the latter part of her reign. Her closing scenes must have been painful to behold, as a vain and continual struggle against the approach of age. Ben Jonson, in his quaint and caustic style, gives a portrait of her in her decline. Honest Ben says, " that Queen Elizabeth never saw herself after she became old in a true glass: they painted her, and sometimes *would vermilion her nose.* She always had about Christmas evens, *set dice* that threw sixes or fives, to make her win and esteem herself fortunate, a characteristic of the weakness and childishness, blended with this remarkable sovereign's character."

The character of Elizabeth, as related by Melville and others, is a curious addition to the above remarks. " The Tilt-yard, which had been the delight of Henry VIII. was equally so of his daughter Elizabeth, as singular a composition; for with the truest patriotism and most distinguished abilities were interwoven the greatest vanity and most romantic disposition.

" Here in her sixty-sixth year, with wrinkled face, red periwig, little eyes, hooked nose, skinny lips, and black teeth she would receive, with a greedy ear, the gross flatteries of her favourite courtiers." Essex (by his squire) told her of her beauty and worth. A Dutch ambassador, of a most phlegmatic race, and of a country less guilty of compliments than any other, assured her Majesty that he had undertaken the voyage to see her, who for beauty and wisdom excelled all other beauties of the world! She even condescended to labour at an audience to make Melville acknowledge that his charming young and blooming mistress Mary was inferior in beauty to herself; but the wily Scot evaded the question with such cunning that she was baffled and discomforted accordingly, although she appears to have adorned herself in a new habit, of every foreign nation, each day of audience to attract his attention and gain his admiration!

So fond was she of dress, that *three thousand* different habits were found in her wardrobe after her death. She was very fond of dancing: the humour she showed in this exercise, whenever a messenger came from her successor James VI. of Scotland, is curious as ridiculous.

Sir Roger Aston said, that whenever he was to deliver any letter to her from his master, on lifting up the hangings of the presence-chamber door, he was sure to find her dancing to a little fiddle affectedly and certainly grotesquely, that he might tell James, by her youthful

disposition, how unlikely he was to come to the throne he so much thirsted after.

Although so fond of dress and show about her own person, she appears to have been very fastidious as to the apparel of the citizens, and anxious that they should not dress above their degree or station; for, notwithstanding the many sumptuary laws passed in her reign, the sober citizens would continually creep into some little vanity of gilding or lacing their persons, "contrary to the act in that case made and provided." This caused many ill-conducted and idle persons to turn informers, and live skelderingly thereby, who pounced down upon those who foolishly or recklessly broke through any of the strict enactments of the law. The citizens were consequently much annoyed by the continual runners up and down, who made it their business to inform against great and small, and grievously molest them by dragging them, unless satisfied (like the informers of our own day) by some douceur, into divers of the Queen's courts.

To avoid these many disagreeables and for the better understanding of the same, and the decent order and convenience of the citizens, officers, and others, Sir George Bond, Lord Mayor, wrote a letter to the Lords in Council to decide positively as to the future tailoring of the City of London: saying, "That for as much as they were desirous for some more convenient and comely order, such as might stand with honour of the Queen, might be in London used and continued, which could not be without some further toleration, they thought good to present to the Lord of the Council *a book* which they had caused *to be drawn*, containing a certain limitation and order for apparel of citizens and officers of the city, in their several degrees and callings, *and of their wives*, which they prayed them by their honourable good means to her Majesty, by public proclamation or otherwise, to be allowed unto them, and that observing the same they might not be impeached for breach of either of the same acts by reason of wearing any apparel or stuff by the same book desired to be allowed them."

Imagine in the present day the Lord Mayor applying to the noble lords at the head of affairs to arrange with the Queen the curtailment of our wives' dresses, and our sons' little extravagancies. There is very little doubt that those times were rude, but there was an infinity of wisdom in much that they did even in their primitiveness.

At Elizabeth's death, which happened March 24, 1603, the citizens found themselves in an improved condition, and felt how necessary they were to the well-being of the higher classes, and how, upon every emergency, the great and powerful of the land turned to the simple citizen for succour and advice. The extravagance to keep a footing at the gilded court of the late Queen had caused a closer intimacy between the classes, and many a humble citizen, who stood uncovered before some noble gallant, could, had he so willed it, have stripped the gay lord of all his plumage, and turned him from his door a ruined man. Many a fair citizen girl returned to a noble family the whole of their estates, as a dowry, when she wedded some scion of their house, and often brought a better dowry as a good housewife, and a regulator of a reckless household only noble in name.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CANADA.

THE SCENERY OF THE OTTAWA.

No river in North America, perhaps, affords a greater attraction to the lover of the picturesque than the Ottawa. Its broad sheets of water and foaming rapids, its wooded islands and rugged steeps impress themselves indelibly upon the mind, and imagination fondly indulges in many a lingering reminiscence of the diversified prospects that border its romantic shores.

This important tributary of the St. Lawrence forms a natural line of division between, what is now termed, "Canada East" and "Canada West," since the union of the two provinces, and, under the name of "La Grande Rivière" is celebrated in the annals of the French dominion, as the route by which a ready access was obtained to the Great Lakes and the vast regions adjoining, the savage recesses of which, at that early period, few, except the Jesuit, and the Fur-trader, had either the inclination or the hardihood to explore.

Hence it forms the subject of many a thrilling tale of conflict between the first colonists and the warlike natives, who were wont to lie in ambush at some convenient spot, and pounce upon the adventurers, in their passage to and fro, with a sudden impetuosity that often insured success, and left many a mourner in the thinly peopled settlements of New France.

But these are the legendary associations of a past age, that cling still, though more faintly with the lapse of years, to the most remarkable spots on the Ottawa, and give an additional interest and wildness to its torrents and gloomy defiles.

The genius of the Saxon, however, has made a wonderous alteration here, and obtained a complete triumph over the difficulties which both nature and the Indian threw in his way. The forest has disappeared from the fertile levels and uplands, giving place to thriving farms and villages surrounded by fields of waving grain—great roads and canals skirt the unnavigable portions of the river—locks are erected at the shorter rapids—steamers puff and plough along, towing huge barges and freighted with goods and passengers discoursing in a Babylonish plurality of tongues. Bustle and prosperous industry are the characteristics of the numerous stopping places; while enormous rafts of timber from the remote tributaries, suggest the nature of the occupation in which most of the people are engaged, and the certainty of the conquest achieved by sturdy enterprise and indefatigable toil.

The Voyageur, as he bivouacs at some lonely portage, on his return from Hudson Bay, or the regions of the north-west, no longer dreads an assault from the ruthless foe; and resting his paddle as "the evening chime" comes softly over the water, from the belfry of some neighbouring hamlet, he crosses himself devoutly, and with a brief acknowledgment to the "Bon Dieu" for his safe return, strikes up some merry *chanson* recalled by the thought of home.

Yet here, as elsewhere, the traveller has to lament the tendency of modern improvement to sacrifice landscape to utility, deforming nature with the stiffness of straight lines; and I can well remember the shock it caused me when I first saw St. Anne's.

This village, the scene of Moore's well known boat-song, is situated near a series of rapids at the south-west end of the Island of Montreal, twenty miles above Lachine. Here it was that the young canoeman employed in the fur-trade, received his first lesson at the outset of his career, in stemming the fierce current of the stream, and sang a "parting hymn" in the little chapel dedicated to the patron saint of Voyageurs.

It is a pretty place still, with its cluster of green islets, between which the pent-up Ottawa rushes with fretful vehemence, but the romance of the thing is gone,—annihilated by a huge lock which, in all the offensive trimness of rule and square, usurps the natural margin of the river, and absorbs every object in the vicinity with its glaring walls. There was nothing for it but to turn the back upon civilization, and repeat the beautiful stanzas of the poet to the islands and waters, where all else was changed.

The chief part of the lumber supplied by the Canadian market is derived from the Ottawa and its tributaries, and rafted down by a branch of the river which forms the western boundary of the Island of Montreal. These rafts are very curious objects; and may often be seen moving slowly over the Lake of the Two Mountains to the north-eastern channel, propelled by long sweeps, or numerous sails, which at a distance have the appearance of a fleet of small craft sailing in close order, a peculiarity that at once arrests the eye.

The lake above mentioned, an expansion of the Ottawa, receives its name from two lofty ridges on the northern side, in the vicinity of which is a large Indian village prettily seated on a point of land, with its neat church and thickly clustered dwellings built close to the water's edge. Here reside the feeble remnants of two celebrated tribes, the Mohawks and Algonquins, who obtain a precarious subsistence by hunting on the upper parts of the river.

At Bytown, one hundred and thirty-two miles from the St. Lawrence, the character of the scenery is entirely changed; and here, where the tourist usually completes his ascent of the river, a true idea is first obtained of its wild and imposing grandeur. The town, of considerable size, and possessing many fine buildings of cut stone, is built upon the left bank of the Ottawa, which is here completely walled in by lofty precipices, fringed with evergreens; and up a narrow gorge in this barrier of rock, one above another, arise the locks of the Rideau Canal, eight in number, forming a giant staircase by which the steamers and barges engaged in the carrying trade, ascend to the upper level, and wend their way by the beautiful chain of lakes through which the canal route passes to its termination at Kingston Bay, near the foot of Lake Ontario.

From the heights at the barracks, in the Upper town, the view is one of the most magnificent in Canada, and perhaps nowhere can be found a more striking combination of the soft, the savage, and the picturesque. The whole is now before me as I first beheld it, and never shall I forget the sensations of wonder and delight it awakened, heightened as the splendour of the *coup-d'œil* was, by an accidental effect of light and shade.

A broad river, whirling and foaming down an inclined plain, perpendicular steeps bristling with firs, and sweeping in grand curves around the entire sheet of water, divided half way by an hour-glass contraction of the shores—a winding passage torn through the most

projecting cape, and insulating a shapeless fragment—a gleam as of plunging waves in the narrow strait, arched by a suspension-bridge, with a cloud of snowy vapour rising behind it and sailing away on the breeze; a group of tiny islets set in the calm expanse beyond, "like emeralds in a silver sea,"—the jutting points of the stream receding into hazy distance above—fancy all this, and that you behold it in the light of a gorgeous sunset, from a bird's-eye elevation, and a faint conception may be formed, perhaps, of what it would be far easier to describe with the pencil than with the pen.

Attracted by the vapoury cloud, and by an incessant din of waters that reminded me of my proximity to the well known Chaudière Falls I set off in their direction, and soon reached the insulated point, and the suspension-bridge already alluded to, which last spans the river directly in front of the Falls.

The flood of the Ottawa, descending over a jagged ledge and parted by passes of rock, forms here a line of curious cascades that extend quite across the river in endless variety, throwing up their wreaths of mist from the wildest places, where a most fantastic spectacle greets the beholder. The best point of observation is the wire-bridge, a substantial and elegant construction,—the work, I believe, of an American,—from which an imposing scene is visible.

A deep, circular chasm in the rocky ledge, causes the fall to recede from the general line, and the principal body of water pouring into this, as into an enormous reservoir, whirls and dances with frantic rage as it surges through a narrow outlet to reach the lower bed, resembling somewhat the appearance of a boiling kettle, whence the name—*chaudière*.

The outlet is formed by two insular rocks that stand high above the foaming gulf, and upon one of these dissevered cliffs, not long since, a lumberman saved himself from a drifting raft, which was drawn into the vortex and dashed to pieces against the surrounding rocks. He remained for some time in the midst of the roaring waves, until a rope was thrown to him from the shore. Upon this ran a second rope, by means of rings, and making the first secure to a projecting part of the rock he attached himself to the other, and was drawn safely across.

"If you are fond of this sort of thing," said an inhabitant of Bytown (in allusion to the Falls), "you should visit Les Chats, thirty-five miles above; that is a rare sight, indeed, and I well remember the deep impression it made upon me when I came out from the old country."

Here was a temptation! I had never heard of Les Chats before; and further inquiry elicited such a marvellous account of them that I determined not to proceed by the canal to Kingston until I had made a trip to the spot. Accordingly that same day I left in a four-wheeled nondescript which conveyed passengers to Aylmer, a distance of ten miles; and arrived there after dark. Upon the way a party of uproarious Highlanders sang Gaelic songs, in loud chorus, which afforded more gratification to themselves than to one, at least, of the fellow-passengers.

At this thriving little village, the Ottawa spreads out into a noble lake (Lac Duchene) thirty miles long, upon which a small steamer plies for the accommodation of the parties engaged in the extensive lumbering business carried on above. Here terminates the steam-navi-

gation of the Ottawa, which is interrupted below by the Chaudière, and above by Les Chats, situated at the head of the lake.

Upon the strand were lying several large canoes of birch-bark, shaped in the Iroquois fashion; and on the way up the lake, next morning, we passed more than one manned by Canadians, who sat two abreast, and dipped their narrow-bladed paddles quick in the waves, often to the time of one of those animating *réfrains* so frequently heard on the waters of French Canada—very unlike Moore's boat-song, it must be confessed, but indescribably wild in their effect, particularly when heard at night around the forest-camp fire, or repeated by the echoes of some solitary stream.

The country on the borders of the lake has a rugged and uninviting look, and a mountainous range arises in the immediate neighbourhood. The land is only of medium quality, nevertheless, several retired officers are settled on the cultivated clearings around. I learned that a large portion of the farmers in this section were Scotch, and that in one place an entire clan with its chief was located. These hardy Highlanders have, no doubt, been attracted to this wild region by the obvious features of resemblance it bears to their own mountain-land.

"What smoke is that?" I enquired, as the boat rounded a point near the extremity of the lake, and gave to view several thick clouds that issued at different points, from among the trees. "The woods are on fire here."

"No, *monsieur*," replied a facetious *habitant*, with a smile; "it's only de fuss what de *rivière* kick up, when he jump down, enrage, *voyez vous*, like good many wild cats, into dis Lac Duchene."

"Do you mean that these are the falls of Les Chats?"

"*Oui, monsieur.* You will see dem *toute*, altogether, *bientôt, par exemple.*"

Accordingly, to my utter astonishment, fall after fall came into sight in rapid succession, as the steamer swept around the wooded bay, which terminates the lake in a double curve.

These Falls are ranged, with remarkable precision, along the entire breadth of the bay, to the village of Fitzroy, which is placed at an inner cove, and facing one end of the barrier of islands that obstructs, thus singularly, the passage of the river; for the foaming cataracts are the exit of as many channels into which the Ottawa is divided, in its descent from a lake, fifty-one feet higher than the level of Lac Duchene. Nothing can exceed the wild magnificence of this natural phenomenon, or the beautiful variety in which the different falls present themselves to the spectator. Here is seen a broad and mighty flood, glittering like a pile of snow through its vista of dark green, and rolling over a precipice in slow and solemn grandeur; there an unbroken sheet descends in the form of a horse-shoe, half veiled in mist,—a miniature Niagara. In one place, a wrathful torrent leaps and roars along, among boulders and fallen trees, to rush obliquely into the bay; in another a silvery rill dances merrily into light, from the canopy of leaves, and terminates its career with a skip into the lake below. And as you look right and left, along the front of the islands, brief glimpses are obtained of foaming waters rushing through the woods, while the position of other falls is denoted by the spray that rises over the tops of the fir-trees.

There are nine grand cascades—any one of which it is worth going miles to see—with numerous smaller ones; the number being inde-

finitely increased at the time of the spring freshets, when the swollen waters of the Ottawa, bursting from the lake above, force their way by new channels through the islands, to the lower level. I was told by a lumberman, that, at such seasons, he had counted thirty-nine. The effect of so many falls, all within a space of less than half a league, must then be indescribably impressive and romantic; nor do I think that the known world can furnish a more extraordinary spectacle of the kind. Here, likewise, the utilitarian has been at work, converting one of the outlets into a slide by which the timber is shot, with the speed of an arrow, into the lake.

At one of the principal falls is the old portage used by the fur-traders, whose canoes, with their loads, were formerly obliged to be carried, on the backs of the men, up a steep path, to the lake above, a distance of three miles. Here I fell in with an Iroquois, who, with his small family, was on his way to the hunting-grounds higher up the river. He seemed to be an honest soul, and I had some friendly talk with him, while, assisted by his squaw, he discharged his birchen craft, which contained, I verily believe, every item of property he possessed, including a plump-cheeked urchin, with a pair of wicked black eyes, and, strange anomaly—a young pig! that seemed quite reconciled to its fate, and was evidently a pet of the family. As the hunter intended to pass the night on the portage, we sat down together on a mossy ledge overlooking the fall; and while his gentle helpmate kindled a fire, and attended to the boiling of a dingy kettle, slung over it by a forked stick, he folded his arms sedately, and related the following legend concerning the place.

A long time ago, when, as the Iroquois said, the Indians owned the whole of this country, before the white men came up from the Great Water, and took it from them—the Five Nations lived in a large town, where Montreal now stands. They were the most powerful of the surrounding nations, and dwelt in large cabins made of logs, and roofed with bark; these were enclosed within wooden ramparts, from which, upon occasion, they could hurl down stones and darts at their enemies.

The Adirondacks hunted then along the borders of this river. They were a numerous and warlike race, the forefathers of the Algonquins and Montagnais, and being very proud of their skill in the chase, they called the Five Nations women, because they planted corn. Thence a bitter hatred arose between them, and they went to war. After a time, however, the two nations grew tired of killing one another, and wished for peace, and the Adirondacks said, that if the Five Nations sent an ambassador, with the voice of the people, to exchange wampum with them, they would receive him honourably, and bury the hatchet and be friends.

But it so happened, that a third nation lived further to the west, on the banks of the Great Lakes, a numerous and cunning people, called Yendots, the ancestors of those whom the French named Hurons—because they shaved their heads and wore scalp-locks on the top, which reminded them of the crest of a wild boar; but the Five Nations did the same, and so did the Adirondacks of the north. It was the warrior-fashion of those days.

Now the Yendots had never been upon very good terms with the Five Nations, and only waited for a pretext to turn their arms against the latter. Accordingly, when they heard of the proposed alliance,

they were sorely grieved; for they wished to unite with the Adirondacks themselves, and thus be enabled to drive the Five Nations from the island where they dwelt, and from the country northward of the St. Lawrence.

They took council, therefore, and resolved to send a war-chief of repute, called "The Leaping Carcajou," on a secret mission to defeat the plans of their neighbours. He was well named "The Leaping Carcajou," for he was full of malice and deceit, with a nature like the vicious quadruped itself—half-weasel, half-tiger, and half-devil.

He went smilingly among the Five Nations, without motive seemingly, except to smoke with them and call them brothers; and as he was known to be a distinguished orator, as well as a brave, he was invited to accompany Tuyagon, the wampum-bearer, that he might represent his tribe, and give *éclat* to the occasion in the councils of the Adirondacks.

The party left, upon its mission of peace, and, ascending the Ottawa, arrived one evening at Les Chats, and encamped at the foot of the portage. The weather being warm, the Indians threw themselves down, just as they were, and soon slept; all save one—whose turn of watching it happened to be—and the Yendot chief, who lay awake, with his eyes half-closed, and his limbs drawn up like a panther gathering for the spring.

Next morning there was a wild commotion in the camp. The sentinel was discovered dead at his post, with his head crushed by a terrible blow; and what was still worse, the aged Tuyagon, upon feeling in his breast for the council belt, where he usually carried it, found that it was gone.

They seized their arms, they leaped about like maniacs, they filled the woods around with their fierce war-cries, and searched everywhere for the subtile foe who had inflicted this double injury, but in vain; and none was more vehement in his indignation or his zeal than the Leaping Carcajou.

The envoy alone preserved an unbroken composure. He was a man of years, well schooled in the art of restraining emotion, and invested with an office that enjoined an especial show of dignity and reserve; but he was stricken to the soul.

The mission with which he had been charged, one of the highest honour and importance, was rendered entirely nugatory now, for the Adirondacks would only laugh at him, if he presented himself without the usual credential and expression of the national wish, the purposes of which the council-wampum was well known to serve,—and he was aware of the disgrace that would be visited upon him, at his return, empty-handed from his bootless embassy. There was no help for it, nevertheless; so the party retraced their way back, in not a very amiable mood, we may be sure.

Tuyagon was correct in his surmise. Like other unlucky statesmen his character was assailed by his rivals, who accused him of faithlessness and a host of other crimes which no one had imputed to him before, and succeeded in degrading him in the popular esteem. The Adirondacks, moreover, misconstruing the matter, looked upon it as an intentional insult, and spurning all thoughts of peace, threw themselves once more, like famished wolves, upon the frontiers of the Five Nations.

Tuyagon did not long survive the loss of his honour. The old man

took it so much to heart that he died, leaving an only child, a girl of sixteen, quick and supple as a fawn, with a soft voice, a dreamy eye, but a most resolute spirit that instantly became aroused in defence of her father whenever any one ventured to cast reproach upon his memory: her name was Ertel, which signifies a rose.

One night, being asleep, she dreamt that the Great Spirit stood before her, and said, "Grieve not, my child, the speech-belt was stolen from thy father, and the thief is still in the wigwams of the Five Nations. Recover the belt, and denounce the traitor, that the cloud may pass away from the name of Tuyagon, and the grave in which he lies be honoured."

Ertel awoke with a start, and determined to obey the mandate, selecting an ornament from her small stock, she went to the wise man of the tribe, related her dream, and depositing her offering, solicited his aid in unravelling the mystery to which it referred. This the magician promised to do, telling her to come again, when, having consulted his art he would acquaint her with the result.

There was a third party to the interview,—this was the Leaping Carcajou, who, lingering still about the place, dogged the footsteps of the maiden, and listened at the door of the lodge.

The evening after, Ertel betook herself once more towards the solitary abode of the magician, when, to her surprise, he met her in the path, uncouthly clothed and masked in the shaggy skin of the wild cow, surmounted by the horns.

"Listen, my child," said he; "this is the command of the Manitous. Obey it, and all will be well. There is a stranger in the lodges of the Five Nations, a warrior of renown, who has cast his eye upon the daughter of Tuyagon. To-morrow he will ask her to live in his lodge. Should she consent then will she find out that which she wishes to know—it is enough."

"His name?" demanded Ertel; a feeling of awe struggling with the quick suspicion that seized upon her.

"The Leaping Carcajou."

The girl's eye flashed up instantly with anger, and her lip curled scornfully, but this she took care to hide from the Yendot chief—as he, in truth, it was: for he had surprised the Mystery Man, gagged and bound him in his cell, and disguised himself in his attire, to impose upon the maid, whom he loved.

But Ertel knew him, for all his cunning, and with a brave effort she quelled her emotion, and said composedly;—

"The medicine of my father is very powerful, can he not tell the daughter of Tuyagon where the belt is concealed? She would know that, first of all, ere she is a bride, for her heart is not glad."

"He can," replied the other, thrown off his guard by the apparent acquiescence of his companion. "If the soft-faced squaw had eyes that could reach to the portage of the Cats, she might see it where it lies in the water, at the foot of the fall. Let her light the fire of the Leaping Carcajou of the Yendots: after that, the Manitous will tell her all she wants to know."

"Good," was the low reply, as Ertel veiled her face with her robe, and hurried quickly away.

Yet she went not back to her home; her little heart beat wildly in her bosom, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes flashed fire. The road was long, but she reached her cousin's wigwam on the shore of the

Ottawa, at the close of day. A young hunter stood at the door, shaping a bow.

"Speak," said she, abruptly addressing him; "does Red Arrow love Ertel?"

"How can he tell," was the reply. "He is a warrior, and not soft-hearted, like a woman. Red Arrow feels happy when the Little Rose is near him, and lonely when he is out hunting, and cannot see her, that is all."

"Red Arrow, do you hate that sly fox of a Yendot, who came to Tuyagon, and wanted to coax his daughter from him, with a present of wampum and beaver skins; tell me that?"

"Do I hate him!" exclaimed the Indian with an angry scowl, clenching his knife fiercely as he spoke, "yea, Red Arrow could have killed the deceitful dog, guest as he was, by the very hearth-stone where he sat—the Yendots are dogs!"

"Then listen," and Ertel informed her lover of what had taken place between her and the disguised chief, whose voice had at once betrayed him, expressing at the same time her belief that he alone was the origin of her father's misfortune, and avowing her determination to seek for the lost wampum, in the place assigned, ere she ventured to accuse him openly, before the head men of the tribe.

"And so the Little Rose came to Red Arrow, that he might give her help, and protect her from the Leaping Carcajou," observed the hunter, softly, regarding his companion with a look which she could best understand.

"It is good," he added, as she cast down her eyes in sudden confusion; "let us depart at once, so that if this Yendot pursues he may have a long trail to run down. Make your heart strong."

In less than an hour, the twain were embarked, and paddling briskly by moonlight up the Ottawa. A few days after they arrived at their destination, the scene of the night surprise at the portage of Les Chats.

The words of the Yendot chief alone told them where to direct their search, and they were sufficiently vague.

Poor Ertel looked sharply into the lake, by the landing-place and by the waterfall, striving to penetrate its depths, but to no purpose; and, with a sigh, she abandoned the attempt—thinking that, after all, they might not succeed in unmasking the perfidy of the Leaping Carcajou.

"Stop!" cried Red Arrow, laying down his paddle; "I see something shining on the bottom. Hold steady the canoe." And in an instant he plunged into the lake.

But it was only a stone; and he dived and dived until he was out of breath, without obtaining a glimpse of the missing article. For three days they groped about in the vicinity, and Red Arrow explored the bed of the stream even to the verge of the fall, cheered by the presence of his associate, and recompensed by her smiles. At length he gave a shout and sank beneath the foam.

Ertel turned pale and ceased to breathe, for, after the usual lapse, her lover did not reappear. She was about to throw herself into the abyss, when Red Arrow arose, dripping from the surge, and holding up in triumph—the lost belt!

It was an ancient memorial, made of cylindrical wampum, cut by native art from the mussel-shell, white, interwoven with five purple bars; and the daughter of Tuyagon recognised it at once as that which her father had been deputed to carry to the Adirondacks.

The rest of the story is soon told. Red Arrow, at his return, denounced the Leaping Carcajou before the assembled tribe, displaying the recovered belt in corroboration of the statement he made of his duplicity towards Ertel, together with his suspicious knowledge of the transaction at the portage. And the accusation received additional credence from the fact, that the individual in question had departed, secretly, the day after Ertel, in consequence, it was supposed, of a sudden rumour that bands of Yendots were beginning to show themselves on the outskirts of the cantons, armed and equipped as for war; while the Medicine Man had been discovered bound in his retreat, and half-dead from confinement, vexation, and want of food.

In fine, the Yendots soon after threw off the garb of friendship, and appeared in their true character of enemies; and, in the course of the hostilities that ensued, the Leaping Carcajou was taken prisoner and condemned to the stake.

While undergoing torture, he boastingly confessed the part he had played in preventing the alliance with the Adirondacks; telling how he had slain the sentinel with his war-club, purloined the council-belt from the bosom of the sleeping envoy, and flung it into the lake.

The memory of Tuyagon was thus freed from the stigma attached to it, and a trophy was erected over his grave. His countrymen well knew that human vigilance, though it might suffice for an enemy, was but a feeble defence against the assault of a perfidious friend.

"And what became of Ertel and her cousin, Red Arrow?" I inquired, as my informant, the Iroquois, moved away towards the fire, at the conclusion of the legend.

"I can't tell, brother," he replied; "my father told me the story, you see, because it was about the old times and the wars. May be they got married and lived happy: who knows? There was plenty game then, and the old people were not left to starve in their wigwams. All is gone now."

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BY A HOUSEHOLDER.

I envy you, sweet Butterfly,
  So sportive on the spray;
Your life 's a short and sunny one,
  You have *no quarter-day*.

You live but in the noontide glow,
  All happy is your fate;
You die before the rain comes on,
  You have *no water rate*.

From flower to flower you idly rove,
  In industry so lax;
But then they cannot call on you
  For any *Income Tax*.

A rose or violet your home,
  No family—you 're bless'd;
No carriage need you for a ride,
  You cannot *be assess'd*.

You only rise up from your grub
  To spend a pleasant day,
Then in the evening settle—but
  You 've not a *dump to pay*.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D.

THE soldier who has toiled and triumphed in many a battle, struck down upon the field fighting under his country's flag, in the vigour of manhood, and flushed with fame,—the seaman who has borne the buffets of the storm on many seas, and safely guided his ship through various dangers, setting out again from port, in obedience to duty, and perishing in a watery grave,—scarcely move our sympathy more than the scholar and author, who after the successful production of numerous works designed to inform and enlighten society, and who has laboured silently in his study for a quarter of a century to form public opinion, and elaborate schemes for the elevation of his country and his race, while the journals are praising his newly finished work, just issued from the press, is cut off by pestilence in the maturity of life, and in the midst of his literary labours! Such has been the untimely death of the subject of this memoir, whose name is so familiar to the reader of these pages, and who recently fell a victim to the cholera, after a few days' illness.

William Cooke Taylor was born on the 16th April, 1800, at Youghall, a sea-port town at the mouth of the river Blackwater, (by the author of "Faery Queene" celebrated as "Avonduh,") the favourite residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, also of Sir George Carew, and Sir Richard Boyle, and, according to some authorities, the birth-place of Boyle the philosopher; in more ancient times, a seat of learning of some note, a Franciscan college having been founded there by the Fitzgeralds, A.D. 1224, and a Dominican Friary, A.D 1271, by the same family. He was the son of Richard Taylor, a manufacturer, the descendant of one of the families planted as a garrison in the town by Cromwell; and on his mother's side, was descended from John Cooke, of Gray's Inn, author of a "Vindication of the Profession of the Law," who as Solicitor-General to the Commonwealth, arraigned King Charles the First on his trial, and was executed with the surviving regicides after the Restoration.

At an early age young Taylor was placed at the school of the Rev. Dr. Bell in his native town, then one of the principal seminaries in the province of Munster. Here he was soon remarkable for his great proficiency in classical and historical learning, and for his inexhaustible wit and drollery, which rendered him a universal favourite among his compeers. So great was the ardour with which he pursued his studies, that, when yet a boy, he was accustomed to lock himself within his chamber, at his father's house, to enable him to study without interruption. His father justly appreciated the talents of his son, and when he was little more than sixteen years of age, sent him to the University of Dublin:

> "Sed puerum est ausus Romam portare, docendum
> Artes, quas doceat quivis eques atque senator
> Semet prognatos."

The young aspirant for academical distinction entered Trinity College on the 13th January, 1817, under the tuition of Dr. Wall, the present venerable Vice-Provost of the University, then a junior fellow and tutor of Trinity College. He continued on the books of the

college until the beginning of the year 1820, when he removed his name, but replaced it in June 1821, for the purpose of contending for a scholarship. He was unsuccessful, and his name went off the books in the September quarter of the same year. About this time he became assistant in the school in which he had been educated, and there, in co-operation with its principal, Dr. Bell, laid the foundation of that experience which enabled him, in after life, to revise and successfully remodel so many school books heretofore unreadable, and acquired that zeal in the cause of education which animated his efforts to place the office of educator on that basis in society which its importance rightly demands, and made his desire to elevate the moral and intellectual character of his country become an absorbing and generous passion! He soon returned to his beloved Alma Mater, and Dr. Wall having in the mean time ceased to be a tutor, he was placed under the tuition of the Rev. John C. Martin, then a fellow of the College. In the year 1825, William Cooke Taylor graduated A. B. At the University he was very successful in obtaining prizes for poetical and prose compositions, and was distinguished for his knowledge of Hebrew. In the years 1825 and 1826 he obtained several of the Primate's Hebrew prizes: among his competitors on those occasions was the present Dr. Todd, the eminent fellow of Trinity College, and in their rivalry began a close and intimate friendship, uninterrupted till death.

His first essays in print were some anonymous letters in one of the Cork papers, the authorship of which he carefully concealed. His first book was a "Classical Geography for the use of Youghall School." In 1828 his connection with London literature may be said to have begun, having in that year contributed a "Catechism of the Christian Religion" to Pinnock's collection, the preface of which is dated from Youghall. In the year 1829 he removed to this metropolis, and published his "Historical Miscellany;" followed by a "History of France and Normandy," which appeared in 1830; and was employed in editing several classical and other school books, on which he bestowed infinite pains.

He now prepared to assume a more prominent position. On the establishment of the "Athenæum" he became one of its contributors and till his death continued to write essays for that periodical on Classical, Historical, and Educational subjects, the general character of which is a pleasing flowing style and elevation of sentiment. In 1831 appeared his "History of the Civil Wars of Ireland," in two volumes; in which he boldly exposed the faults of the rival factions that divided and distracted his native land, tracing to their source the political evils that disturbed its peace and prevented the developement of its intellectual and commercial resources, and pointing out the fatal consequences of attempting to trample on the conscience of the mass of the people, and to govern by the instrumentality of a privileged ascendancy. This book was cited at the time in the debates in Parliament, and was reprinted in the United States of America.*

On the 7th July, 1835, he took the degree of LL.D. in the Uni-

* This work is enlivened by many sarcasms and strokes of wit. In one of the notes is cited the following illustration of the education and intelligence of a Cromwellian "justice of peace,"—a note written from one worthy to a neighbour:—

"Deer John,—I send you 2 pups for your 2 daughters which are 2 bitches.
"I am, dear John,
Your's, &c."

versity of Dublin, in the ordinary course; but the University in consideration of his high literary attainments remitted the fees, so that he obtained the degree with the privileges it conferred without any expense to himself. In the summer of 1836 he married a young lady, the only daughter of John Taylor, Esq., of Youghall, by whom he has had an interesting family.

Dr. Taylor was the author of seventeen distinct works, some comprising two, others three volumes each, taking no account of his contributions to numerous periodicals in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, or of his anonymous productions. They may be classed as Theological, Educational, Historical, Biographical, and Political. These various works were written off to meet the exigencies of the day without time for preparation or revision; but his mind was stored with knowledge acquired by many years of patient and systematic study; it was like a springing fountain pouring forth its waters without failure or diminution; and his composition was remarkable for regularity and correctness. If none of these works are destined to go down to posterity, there is not one that the author might have wished were unwritten: they are all characterized by high moral sentiments and consistent attachment to the truths of revealed religion and to the liberal principles in politics from which he never swerved. His theological works include the "History of Christianity," a "Catechism of the Christian Religion," "The Bible Illustrated by the Monuments of Egypt," the "History of Mohammedanism," his contributions to the "Bible Cyclopædia," the second part of which was edited by him; beside his notices of the fallacies of Gibbon which occur in his "Natural History of Society." Although he hated anything approaching to puritanical preciseness, or the cant of religion,* he was a diligent reader of the Scriptures; his Hebrew Bible being his *vade-mecum*.

There are few individual writers of the present day, in a private station, who have exercised greater influence in promoting the cause of education and the advancement of learning than Dr. Cooke Taylor. It was his hearty and able advocacy of National Education which, we believe, first introduced him to the notice of the enlightened prelate whom Providence at this critical juncture called to the see of Dublin,—we mean Archbishop Whately, who has been one of the principal instruments in conferring upon Ireland the most substantial benefit that British legislation ever bestowed upon the island. His grace became his patron and friend, and continued to entertain the highest opinion of him till the premature close of his career. What nobler tribute could be paid to the memory of any man than the following tribute to the memory of Dr. Taylor from the pen of the Archbishop of Dublin?—"I greatly admired the wonderful amount of knowledge he possessed, as well as the intelligence with which he made use of it. Even in theological learning alone, a clergyman would have ranked high who had been but equal to him. And the variety of his attainments was really wonderful. But what I prized far more

* As an illustration of his contempt for *cant* in religion, may be taken the following from one of his anonymous essays; it is expressed in the form of a resolution supposed to have been passed at a public meeting in the back woods of America:—

"First.—Resolved that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.

"Second.—Resolved that the Lord hath given the earth as an inheritance to his saints.

"Third.—Resolved that We are the saints!"

than his intellectual endowments, was the candour and thoroughgoing honesty I always believed him to possess. I have every reason to think that neither regard for me, nor gratitude for any service done him, nor hope of any future benefit, would ever have induced him to say anything that he did not sincerely think. With me he lost nothing by this, because I wish to have men around me who will freely speak their minds without flattery. But I have no doubt that his unflinching adherence to what he believed to be truth, has often stood in the way of his worldly interests, and that he might have secured much profit by prostituting his pen, as so many do, and as (I doubt not) he was often tempted to do. And his convictions, I think, were most emphatically his own; not those of any party. He saw and censured the errors of those he was most accustomed to act with: he did full justice (as far as I could perceive) to those whom on most important points he differed from. Living in the midst of both political and ecclesiastical parties, and continually conversant with the matters debated between them, he was no partizan, but, on the contrary, kept completely clear of all party views. It was on these grounds, even more than for his abilities and learning, that I valued him so highly, and now so deeply lament his loss."

But his feelings on the subject of Education were not of a local character. No one was more convinced of the necessity for a comprehensive scheme of National Education for England. His acquaintance with the great towns and manufacturing districts, in which he took so deep an interest, revealed to him scenes of ignorance, debasement, and guilt, that cried aloud for instruction; and he looked to Education as the great instrument in bettering the lot and promoting the social happiness of the hard-working artizans, who are the producers of the national wealth. In the summer of 1846 he made a tour to Paris and other parts of France for the purpose of investigating the plan of Education established there, and by the favour of M. Guizot had access to all the channels of information. The result of his inquiries and observations was communicated to her Majesty's Government, and was acknowledged by the Committee of the Privy Council. It is needless to say that he felt a lively interest in the establishment of the new colleges in Ireland: so identified had his name become with the project,—of which he was undoubtedly *one of* the originators, —that public rumour designated him as President of Queen's College at Cork. Dr. Taylor was from its commencement a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and was usually on the committee of the statistical section. A few days before his decease he was making preparations for a journey to Birmingham to attend the meeting of the Association, but on the day on which it assembled he breathed his last!

Had circumstances enabled Dr. Taylor to pursue at his leisure the bent of his own mind, he would probably have attained great eminence as a historian; and we know that it was his design, had Providence spared his life and placed him in a position of independence above a press, which, like the horse-leech, never ceased to cry, "Give, give," to have raised a historical monument to his name, "*ære perennius*." His "Manual of Ancient History," inscribed to the Marquis Lansdowne, by his Lordship's permission, has passed through several editions, and has become a standard work. His "History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire," and "History of the Revolutions

of Europe," in two volumes, display great research; and his popular "History of British India," proves his acquaintance with the literature and records of Asia.

His "Natural History of Society," perhaps his greatest effort, is a philosophical work of very considerable merit.

His biographical sketches were lively and instructive;—that charming work, the "Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth," and his very last production, the "History of the House of Orleans," which is replete with information respecting the fortunes of that ambitious, dissolute, and unfortunate family, and sparkles with anecdotes of the wit and fashion of France,—attest the versatility of his talent, and his power in delineating character.

The year 1842 witnessed a great crisis in the manufacturing districts of this country. The whole nation became alarmed; and ruin and insolvency seemed to be impending. Dr. Taylor proceeded to Lancashire, then threatened with insurrection, and published the "Notes of his Tour," in a series of letters addressed to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, which rapidly passed through successive editions, and riveted public attention by the boldness of their revelations and the earnestness of the author's appeal for the emancipation of British industry. He vindicated in a masterly manner the Factory System, and the science of Political Economy, and dealt heavy blows upon the figment of Protection. This little book was reviewed five times successively by the leading metropolitan journal, and materially assisted in throwing open the door of Free Trade. He followed up the subject in a work entitled "Factories and the Factory System."

His life had hitherto been one of retirement devoted to literature,—his political feelings being expressed in contributions to newspapers and reviews of liberal principles; he now began to take a more prominent part in the great struggle for the repeal of the Corn Laws. His views on this question were not hastily taken up;—they were the settled convictions of his mind, carefully considered and long entertained. He became the Editor of *The League* on its establishment in London, and continued at his post in close intimacy with Mr. Cobden, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Bright, and the other leaders of the movement, till the cause was crowned with victory. The importance of his services was publicly acknowledged by the Council of the League in a vote of thanks. Everything that affected the interests of the industrial classes, in whose welfare he took a conscientious concern, was attractive to him. Among his miscellaneous works was a "History of the Silk and Cotton Manufactures;" and he was not unfrequently a contributor to the "Art Union."

The Hon. P. C. Villiers, M.P. for Wolverhampton, with whom the Anti-Corn Law Agitation brought him into connection, became his warm friend; and by Mr. Villiers he was introduced to his brother, his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, the present wise and vigorous Viceroy of Ireland, by whom he was employed in Dublin during the last two years, as a writer on statistical points,—an occupation for which he was eminently fitted.

His last work, as we have already intimated, was his "History of the Orleans Family," recently noticed in these pages, of which we have spoken above. Its preface is dated Dublin, July the 18th. With this closes our review of his long and toilsome career of literary labour! In the early part of September the cholera committed

great havoc in the Irish capital, as well as in London; and Dr. Taylor, before his mortal attack, had premonitory symptoms, to which he seems not to have paid due attention. He had been ailing four or five days, but on the Sunday before his death was so much better that he spoke of going to the country with a friend for a few days: on the Monday he grew worse; on the Tuesday decidedly worse, though without pain; and on Wednesday morning, the 12th of September, without a struggle, his spirit "shuffled off its mortal coil," leaving behind him a name endeared to a wide circle of personal and political friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as to his brethren fellow-labourers in the republic of letters.—"A true hearted and yet most wise and far-seeing patriot!—a man of taste and judgment, of knowledge beyond all others—and of a kindly and affectionate nature!" Such is the estimate of his character by a lady who occupies a distinguished position in British literature, and knew him well.

Before the death of his first-born son, two or three years back, had cast a sadness upon his spirits, Dr. Taylor was noted in private life for his exuberant mirth, irrepressible humour and quaint drollery; in truth

> "He had a pleasant wit,
> And loved a timely joke;"

and among his minor literary performances is to be placed an edition of "Joe Miller." He had a strong attachment to his native town, on the extensive sands of which—sweeping without interruption from one point of the bay to the other—it was his delight to roam:—

Neptunum procul e terra spectare furentem!

He was a man of great generosity and humanity: at all times anxious to relieve those distressed "in mind, body, or estate," and ready to further those in whom he discerned merit allied with unblemished honour. He took a warm interest in the Royal Literary Fund, and rarely was absent from the anniversaries of the society. He was often negligent in his dress, and careless of external appearances; and he was sometimes blunt and unceremonious in his manner, but like Joseph "speaking roughly to his brethren," his heart was at the same time, brim full of faithfulness and good will. Although a Whig, his society was courted by Orangemen, Conservatives, Free Traders, and Radicals, a proof in itself of the possession of rare qualifications; and by all who knew him, his loss is lamented as one to society, to letters, and to his country. Such was William Cooke Taylor!

His life was spent moiling at literary labour; and at the moment when he was placed in a position where he had a reasonable prospect of reaping some of the *rewards* as well as the *honours* of his toil and steady attachment to his political principles, he was cut off, leaving, we fear, his widow and young family with little more as an inheritance, than his well-earned reputation. The activity of his mind played upon his bodily energies, and doubtless predisposed him to attack,—the sword wore through its scabbard!

> "Peace to the manly soul that sleepeth!
> Rest to the faithful eye that weepeth!"

MEMOIRS OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"The next day we made preparations for our departure, and accordingly at noon we went to examine some horses which the people of the Creeks wished to sell, and the traders were desirous of purchasing. Women and children, everybody, in short, were assembled to witness the proceedings—this is the custom whenever any bargain is to be made. Horses of all sizes, colours, and ages, bulls, cows, and heifers, soon began to gallop and fly before us; in the midst of this confusion I was separated from the Creeks, and did not at first notice a group of men and horses collected at an opening in the wood; but suddenly I perceived in the distance my two Creoles, who were being seated by some rude hands upon the cruppers of two barbs which were mounted without saddle or cloth, almost immediately afterwards, by a Seminola and a Bois-Brule. 'Oh, Cid! thought I,' why have I not thy swift Babieca that I might be able to pursue them; but, they disappeared like the daughter of Ceres when she was carried off by the god of hell. We passed again over the blue mountains, and came at length upon some European ground near Chillicotti. Though I had lived in a world of poetry, I had failed in obtaining any information upon the subject which had principally induced me to undertake this journey, but—

'Comme une jeune abeille aux roses engagée
Ma muse revenait de son butin chargée.'

"On the border of a stream I perceived an American house, one portion of which seemed to be used as a farm, and the other as a mill. I went to the entrance and asked for shelter and refreshment, and was heartily welcomed. My hostess led me up a ladder into a room which was situated above the water-mill; my little casement looked out upon the stream which flowed narrowly and silently along between two thick rows of willows, sassafras, tamarind, and poplar trees. The moss-covered wheel moved round beneath their shade, casting forth at each turn long ribbons of water; perches and trouts leaped in the foam of the eddy; wag-tails flew from one bank to another, and swallows, of a peculiar kind, flapped their blue wings above the current. When night set in I went down into a room of the farm, it was lighted only by the chaff of maize and the shells of beans which blazed upon the hearth. I seated myself on a stool in the chimney corner near a squirrel, which was jumping alternately from the back of a large dog to the top of a spinning-wheel—a little kitten sprang upon my knee to watch the sport. The miller's wife surmounted the brasier with a porridge-pot, round which the flame played like a radiated crown of gold, while the kidney potatoes, which were intended for my supper, boiled away under my care, I amused myself by reading by the light of the fire an English newspaper, which had accidentally fallen into my hands. I at once noticed the following words printed in large letters—'Flight of the King:' there was the whole account of the escape of Louis XVI., and the arrest of that unfortunate monarch at Varennes. It described also the progress of emigration and the reunion

of the officers of the army under the standard of the French princes. A sudden change seemed to come over my mind. Rinaldo became aware of his weakness when he beheld himself in the mirror of honour in the gardens of Armida, but without being the hero of Tasso, I saw myself reflected in the same glass in the middle of an American orchard. I resolved somewhat hastily to terminate my wanderings, and to return to France. This sudden resolution, which appeared to me to be a duty, overthrew all my plans, and was occasioned by one of those freaks of fortune which so frequently marked my career. The Bourbons did not in the least require that I, the youngest son of a Bretagne family, should cross the sea to offer them my feeble services; if I had lighted my pipe with the newspaper which served so materially to influence my life and pursued my journey, nobody would have been aware of my absence; my proceedings were quite as little noted, and as of little consequence, as the smoke which issued from my calumet. A simple struggle with my conscience was sufficient to cast me again upon the world's stage. When I reached Philadelphia, after quitting the desert, I found that the bills of exchange which I expected had not arrived; this was the beginning of the pecuniary embarrassments by which I was more or less harassed during the rest of my life. Fortune and I had quarrelled with each other ever since we had first met.

"The Captain gave me my passage on trust, and on the tenth of December, 1791, I embarked, with several of my fellow-countrymen, who, for divers reasons, were returning, like myself, to France. Havre was the destination of our vessel, and on the second of January, 1792, we entered that sea-port, and I trod again upon my native soil. I did not bring over Esquimaux with me from America, but two savages of a tribe very little known, whom I called Chactas and Atala.

"I wrote immediately to my brother, who was in Paris, giving him the full particulars of my voyage home, explaining to him the motive which had induced me to return, and begging him to be good enough to lend me the necessary sum for paying my passage. My brother told me, in answer, that he had forwarded my letter to my mother. Madame de Chateaubriand did not keep me long in suspense, but at once gave me the means of discharging my debt, and of quitting Havre. She mentioned that Lucile was with her, as well as my uncle, De Bedée, and his family; in consequence of this information, I decided at once upon going to Saint Mâlo, for I felt that I should then be able to consult my uncle about my next emigration. I was most warmly welcomed by my mother and family, who could not help regretting, however, that I had arrived so inopportunely. My uncle, the Comte de Bedée, was preparing to go to Jersey with his wife, his son and his daughters. The question was how I should obtain money in order to be able to join the princes; my voyage to America had made a considerable hole in my fortune. The property which I inherited as a younger son, was reduced to a mere nothing, in consequence of the extinction of feudal rights. The sinecures which devolved to me in virtue of my being admitted to the order of the Knights of Malta, had been seized, like the rest of the church property, by the Nation. This chain of circumstances was the occasion of my taking one of the most important steps in my life. It was arranged that I should marry, in order that I might have the means of fighting and getting killed in a cause to which I did not feel the slightest attachment. M. de Lavigne Chevalier de Saint Louis lived, in a very retired manner, at Saint

Mâlo. The Comte d'Artois, when he last visited Bretagne, had availed himself of M. Lavigne's hospitality, and taken up his abode at his house in Saint Mâlo. The prince was so much pleased with his host, that he promised to grant him anything for which he might afterwards choose to ask. M. de Lavigne had two sons; one of them had married a Mlle. de la Placelière. Two daughters were the issue of this marriage, and when they were very young they lost both their father and mother. The eldest was the wife of Comte du Plessis-Parscau, captain of a vessel, the son and grandson of an admiral, and who became at length a rear-admiral himself. The youngest, who continued to reside with her grandfather, was, on my return from America, about seventeen. She was delicately fair, slight, and extremely pretty; she allowed her beautiful hair to stray unconfined over her shoulders. Her fortune was said to be about five or six hundred thousand francs.

"Now, my sisters had resolved among themselves that I should marry Mlle. de Lavigne, who was exceedingly fond of Lucile. The whole affair, however, was carried on without my having the slightest knowledge of it. I had scarcely seen Mlle. de Lavigne more than three or four times. I recognised her sometimes upon the Sillon, by her pink pelisse, her white dress, and her light hair, which floated in the wind; for I still wandered upon the shore, and gave myself up to raptures again for my old mistress, the sea. I did not feel myself fitted to become a husband. None of my bright illusions were yet dispelled; life was invested with all sorts of charms in my eyes, and my wanderings in America had only served to increase my love of adventure. My muse was my only object of adoration. Lucile was very much attached to Mlle. de Lavigne, and she saw in my marriage with her that independence of fortune would be secured to me. 'Do what you like with me,' said I. My character, as a public man, I knew could never be altered; but my private character I felt would be materially influenced by the person with whom I was connected; but, in order to avoid an hour's annoyance, I submitted to become a slave for the rest of my life. The grandfather's consent, as well as that of the paternal uncle, and the nearest relations, was easily obtained; but there was a maternal uncle, a M. de Vauvert, a great democrat, who would not listen to his niece marrying an aristocrat like me; though, in fact, I was anything but an aristocrat. We thought we should be able to get over this difficulty, but my pious mother insisted that the religious part of the marriage ceremony should be performed by a priest *non assermenté*: therefore, it could only take place privately.

"M. de Vauvert, who was quite aware of this circumstance, brought an action against us under pretence that we had violated the law, and had taken advantage of the childish state into which the grandfather, M. de Lavigne, had fallen. Mademoiselle de Lavigne, who had become Madame de Chateaubriand, though I had scarcely been at all in her society, was carried off in the name of justice, and placed in the Convent de la Victoire, while the law-suit was going forward. The cause was tried, and the jury decided that the civil contract was perfectly valid. M. Vauvert resolved no longer to pursue the affair, and the *curé constitutionel*, on receiving a large fee, did not offer any further objections to the former nuptial benediction, so that Madame de Chateaubriand was permitted to leave the convent with Lucile, who had shared her temporary confinement.

"I had now, in reality, to make the acquaintance of my wife, and in her I found all that I could desire. I do not know that I have ever seen anybody endowed with greater acuteness of perception than herself; she reads the inmost thoughts of the person with whom she is conversing, and seems to gather beforehand, from the expression of his countenance, what he is on the point of uttering; it is impossible to deceive her. The character of her mind is very original, and she is a person of much cultivation; she carries her curiosity to a most amusing degree, and is particularly successful in relating anecdotes. Madame de Chateaubriand admired me without ever having read a line of my productions; she feared that she might meet with ideas in them which did not accord with her own, and that she might not discover as much enthusiasm in them as she knew that I possessed by nature. Madame de Chateaubriand is very sincere in her attachments, though her disposition is not so warmly susceptible as mine. But can I flatter myself that my conduct towards her has always been strictly irreproachable? have I bestowed on the partner of my joys and sorrows, all the affection which she so richly deserved? and has she ever uttered a complaint? What happiness has she enjoyed as a reward for her never-failing love? She has shared my misfortunes during the reign of Terror; she was thrown into the dungeons; she shared my persecutions under the Empire, and my troubles after the Restoration; and she has never known that sweet consolation in all her sorrows, a mother's joys. To my wife, whose attachment for me was most unfeignedly warm, I owe an eternal debt of gratitude; she gave an earnestness of purpose to my life, and endeavoured to make it a noble and an honourable one, by infusing into my mind respect for its duties, even if she did not always succeed in inducing me to fulfil them.

"I married about the end of March, 1792, and on the 20th of April, the Legislative Assembly declared war against Francis II., who had just succeeded his father Leopold, and on the 10th of the same month Benoît Labre was beatified at Rome. The war drove the rest of the nobility from France, the persecutions continued to increase, and the royalists could no longer remain quietly at their firesides without being considered cowards: it was now time that I should join the camp. My uncle de Bedée and his family embarked for Jersey, and I started off to Paris with my wife and my sisters Lucile, and Julie. We engaged apartments in the Faubourg Saint Germain, cul-de-sac Férou, petit hôtel de Vilette. I endeavoured without delay to gather around me my former friends: I met with some literary people with whom I had been before slightly acquainted. Among the new faces I observed the learned abbé Barthélemy, and the poet Saint Ange. The translator of Ovid * was not without talent, but talent is a gift which may be united to other mental faculties, or which may exist apart from them. Saint Ange furnished a proof of this; he was really positively stupid in general matters. Bernardin de Saint Pierre was another illustration of this fact: he sadly wanted mind, and unfortunately his character was nearly upon a level with his intellect. How many of his delineations in his Etudes de la Nature are spoiled on account of the want of elevation of mind in the author, and the narrowness of his understanding. Rulhière died suddenly in 1791, just before my departure for America; after I came back I visited his little place at St. Denis, and saw the fountain and the pretty statue of Love. When I quitted France the

* Saint Ange.

theatres still resounded with the Réveil d'Epiménide, and with this couplet:—

'J'aime la vertu guerrière
De nos braves defenseurs,
Mais d'un peuple sanguinaire
Je déteste les fureurs.
A l'Europe redoutables,
Soyons libres à jamais,
Mais soyons toujours aimables.
Et gardons l'esprit Français.'

"But on my return the Réveil d'Epiménide was completely out of favour, and it would have been ill luck to the author if any one had attempted to sing the couplet.

"'Charles the Ninth' was quite the rage; it probably owed its popularity to the circumstances of the time. Talma, who had just made his appearance on the stage, continued to enjoy great success. While the most frightful tragedies were being acted in the streets, representations of pastoral life were chiefly in fashion at the theatres; nothing now would answer but pieces in which shepherds and shepherdesses were introduced, and fields, streams, meadows, sheep, and doves; the golden age in a thatched cottage was revived to the sound of the pipe, for the amusement of the loving Thyrsis and the artless *grisettes*, who left the guillotine to go to the theatre. If Samson had had time, he would have performed the part of Colin, and Mademoiselle Théroigne de Méricourt would have played the part of Babet. The members of the Convention prided themselves upon being the most humane of men; they piqued themselves upon being good fathers, good sons, and good husbands; they led little children by the hand, and became their nurses; they wept with emotion when they watched their innocent games; they took the sweet lambs in their arms, that they might be able to see their papas, who were being conveyed in carts to the place of execution. They spoke eloquently of nature, of peace, of pity, of benevolence and ingenuousness, and of all domestic virtues. These saint-like philanthropists cut their neighbours' throats with the most exquisite tenderness, for the greater happiness of the human species.

"It was a source of infinite pleasure to me to meet with M. de Malesherbes again, and to talk to him about my old schemes. I sketched plans for a second voyage, and found that I was likely to be absent nearly nine years. It was necessary, however, that I should first go into Germany, and I resolved without further delay to join the prince's army. In three months from this time, I set sail for the New World. As I felt some scruples about emigrating, I resolved to consult M. de Malesherbes; but he entirely approved of my returning to America, and persuaded my brother to accompany me. My conversations with the illustrious defender of the King generally took place at my sister-in-law's. She had just given birth to a second son, of whom M. de Malesherbes became the godfather, and to whom he gave his name of Christian. I was present at the baptism. The preparations for my departure still lingered on; for, though I was considered to have made a very rich match, the fortune of my wife was derived from church property, which the Nation after its own fashion undertook to pay. Madame de Chateaubriand had, too, with the consent of her guardians, lent a large sum to her sister, la Comtesse du Plessis-Parscau, who was an emigrant; so that the money was not to be

obtained. I was, therefore, compelled to borrow some. A notary procured ten thousand francs for me; but, as I was returning with them to my apartments I met one of my old friends, the Comte Achard, of the Navarre regiment, in the Rue de Richelieu. He was a great gambler, and proposed that we should go to M——'s rooms, in order to chat more freely. The devil must certainly have urged me forward, for I went with the Comte, and played, and lost all but fifteen hundred francs. I had never played before; the excitement was perfectly intoxicating. If the passion for gambling had taken possession of me, it would certainly before long have driven me mad. Fortunately I had still fifteen hundred francs left, without which I should have been unable to emigrate; and then what would have become of me? The whole course of my life would have been changed. I had considered it my duty to come over from America to offer my services to Louis the Sixteenth; but I had not the slightest intention of mixing myself up in any party intrigues. The disbanding of the King's new body-guard, in which Murat was included; the successive administration of Roland, De Dumouriez, De Dupont du Tertre; the petty intrigues of the court, and the popular insurrections, only inspired me with contempt, and made me feel profoundly dejected. I heard Madame Roland much talked of; but I never happened to meet with her. Her memoirs show that she must have possessed wonderful strength of mind; she was considered very fascinating. She must have been such, indeed, to make one tolerate those stern virtues which were quite out of nature. The woman who could ask for pen and ink at the foot of the scaffold, in order to give an account of the last moments which she spent in this world, and a description of all that had taken place during her passage from the Conciérgerie to the Place de la Revolution, discovers a remarkable absorption in the future, and a disdain of life so remarkable, that there are few examples of a like kind. Madame Roland possessed extraordinary energy of character rather than genius; the former frequently gives birth to the latter, but the latter is unable to bestow upon a person the former, energy of mind.

"My brother and I procured passports for Lille, under feigned names. We were to proceed on our journey in the capacity of wine-merchants; we stated that we were National Guards from Paris, and consequently wore their uniform. My brother's valet travelled under his own name. The day fixed for our emigration was the 15th of July; we spent the 14th in the Jardin de Tivoli, with the Rosambo family, and my sisters and wife. Tivoli belonged to M. Boutin, whose daughter had married M. de Malesherbes. Our relations parted with us without any sadness, for they were aware that the voyage which we were going to make would be one of pleasure to us. The next morning we started at six o'clock by the diligence for Lille."

THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND THE ROYAL FAMILY WITH BISHOP HURD.

From 1776 to 1805.

It will have been abundantly apparent in the letters we have already presented, addressed by George III. to the Bishop of Worcester, that the King was a sovereign perfectly aware of his responsibilities as such,—although, perhaps, he did not always wisely interpret them; that he was a sincere and attached friend, and that he was a most exemplary husband and father. Unhappily, our history shows us so few good kings, that it is but small praise of George III., when we say that no monarch ever ascended the throne of these realms with a deeper conviction of the greatness of the charge committed to him. He emphatically believed himself to be "defender of the faith, by the grace of God," and he did what seemed to him best to acquit himself of the awful trust reposed in him. Too much respect cannot be accorded to his domestic character, which furnishes an example of old English sterling worth and virtue, that the succeeding Regency and reign not only could not obscure but only rendered more conspicuous; which example we now behold, not revived but continued in his well-beloved granddaughter, her present Majesty.

The following letter from Queen Charlotte contains an allusion to the Duke of Sussex, which we must not pass over. If that prince who "would himself rather have stayed at home," had been indulged in his wish, in all probability he would never have contracted the marriage which was the source of such disquiet to his parents.

In August, 1794, at his Majesty's suit, the cause respecting the marriage of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray, which had been solemnized in Italy, and afterwards at St. George's, Hanover Square, was finally determined in Doctors' Commons, when Sir William Wynne delivered the judgment of the court, that the marriage was utterly null and void, declaring that the ceremony performed at Rome was also, by the law of this country, invalid and illegal.

My Lord,—I begin my letter with a thousand thanks for your very kind attention to me in offering the city living for any one of my young people. I hope that Lord Aylesbury has by this time informed you of the happy young man who I knew some years ago to bear a very good character at Christ Church, which was the only reason that could have induced me to name him, and I trust that he will be worthy of your protection.

I have the pleasure of acquainting you, my lord, that his Majesty is, thank God, quite well; that our sea-excursions proved of great benefit to him, and that in point of bodily exercise he is very careful; and though hunting is not quite given over, yet do we readily stay at home when the clouds threaten us with storms.

We have also had very good accounts of my son Augustus, who must by this time have arrived at *Pisa*. This tour is made for precaution, for his old complaint was greatly abated since last year, and he would himself rather have chosen to stay at home.

It would give me great satisfaction to receive such good accounts of you as I sent from hence, and have it confirmed that Worcestershire air proves more salutary than that of London, of which I hear you do not intend to make any trial this year, at least not for any length of time. I cannot blame you, my lord, but may pity your friends, who must consequently be deprived of your agreeable society. I wish it was not so, but as it is for your good, I sincerely wish that it may prove beneficial, and be the means of prolonging the life of an excellent man to this country, in which nobody can more rejoice than myself.

Windsor, the 23rd Dec. 1789. CHARLOTTE.
To the Bishop of Worcester.

MY LORD,—I am very agreeably employed by Mamma in writing to you to say, that she hopes she has not misunderstood you concerning your coming to Windsor to-morrow, and that your apartment is well-aired. Mamma also desires you will be so good to answer this note; and I am happy to take this opportunity of assuring you that nobody can be happier with the idea of your intended visit to Windsor than your friend,

AUGUSTA SOPHIA.

The thanksgiving which the King, in the following letter, speaks of ordering, was a very solemn and splendid ceremony. We know not—or rather, we think we know—what Mr. Cobden and his friends would say of it, were such a procession to take place now-a-days; but the spirit of Englishmen is not altered, who, in the last resort, will take up arms in a just cause, and who will return thanks to the Almighty when their arms have been successful.

The 19th of December, 1793, was the day appointed for a general thanksgiving, for the three great naval victories obtained by his Majesty's fleets, under Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan: a grand procession to St. Paul's, by the Royal Family and the two Houses of Parliament, took place. This procession was also composed of the officers of State, the officers of the Household, the Municipal authorities, and seamen and marines bearing the captured French, Spanish, and Dutch flags.

As soon as the King arrived at the naval circle in the cathedral, he stopped and spoke for some time to Lord Duncan, who supported the captive colours of the Dutch Admiral De Winter. He also paused to speak to Sir Alan Gardiner, who bore the principal French standard, taken from that enemy on the 1st of June. The King appeared in blue and gold; the Queen in mazarine blue, with a diamond head-dress; the Princesses in the same coloured vests, with head-dresses of gold and white feathers. Their Majesties were received with great applause as they passed the body of the church to and fro. The gallant Lord Duncan was greeted with rapturous and repeated plaudits. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas

were received much more favourably in the church than they had been in their passage to it; for Mr. Pitt was very grossly insulted on his way to the cathedral, in consequence of which he did not return in his own carriage. The whole business was conducted (with this exception) with the utmost order and propriety, and the beauty and clearness of the day greatly increased the splendour and brilliancy of the spectacle.

Windsor, Oct. 19th, 1797.

My good Lord,—The "Hanoverian Quarterly Messenger" has brought the annual prize essays from the University of Gottingen: I therefore send the copy I have usually forwarded for Hartlebury, but find that for 1793 was omitted; it goes with the other. I was happy to learn from Mr. Stillingfleet, at Weymouth, that your health has been better the last summer than in common. I hope it remains so now.

The valour of the Navy never shone more than in the late glorious action off Camperdown, on the Dutch coast, and I trust its effects will render our enemies more humble; and trust that while my subjects praise the conduct of the officers and sailors, that they will return thanks where most due, to the Almighty, who has crowned their endeavours with success. I feel this last sentiment so strongly, that I propose to order a Thanksgiving on the occasion, in which I mean to join, in consequence of the success over the Dutch, the two memorable battles of Earl Howe over the French, and the Earl of St. Vincent over the Spaniards. Without true seeds of religion, no people can be happy, nor will be obedient to legal authority, nor will those in command be moderate in the exercise of it, if not convinced that they are answerable to an higher power for their conduct. But were I to indulge myself on this subject, I should certainly obtrude too long on your patience. I will therefore conclude, with every assurance of feeling much interest, my good Lord, in your health and happiness.

George R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle.

Recurring to the above letter, we would call the attention of the reader to the sentiments expressed in the concluding portion of it. If, during the last twelvemouth, the subjects and potentates of Germany had been similarly impressed, we should never have seen with indignation and horror the inhuman barbarities that have been committed both by Imperialists and "patriots."

The next letter refers to the Princess Amelia. The illness of which the fond father fancies he perceives an amendment, was most protracted and painful. She died on the 2nd November, 1810. Shortly before her death, she wished to present her father, whom she tenderly loved, with a last token of her affection, and placed on his finger a ring made under her own direction, containing a small lock of her hair, inclosed under a crystal tablet, set round with a few sparks of diamonds. The loss of this, his youngest daughter—so long feared, till perhaps fear began to give place to

hope, so preyed upon the feelings of the King, that he sank a victim to that mental disorder under which he had suffered twenty years before.

Windsor, Jan. 1st, 1800.

My good Lord,—The entering on a new century is so natural an occasion of writing to one whom I so thoroughly love, that I cannot refrain, though at the risk of breaking in upon your retirement. I shall not add to it by unnecessary compliments on the season, as I trust you are sensible of my feelings on that subject at all times.

I have the satisfaction of assuring you that all my family are well; even dear Amelia is, with gigantic steps, by the mercy of Divine Providence, arriving at perfect health. She was on the 24th of last month confirmed, by her own request, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who seemed much pleased in the preparatory conversations he had with her, of her being well grounded in our holy religion, and the serious duty she was taking upon herself. On Christmas-day he administered the Holy Communion in my chapel, with a solemnity and propriety that could not but give pleasure to those who partook of it. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of St. David's, and a more excellent discourse or exposition of the Christian religion I never heard: indeed, the five sermons he has preached at the Cathedral on the five Sundays in December, were equally admired; and all on Christianity, not mere moral subjects. I have pressed him to collect them, with such farther explanations as a treatise in support of our holy religion might require, and then to publish what may be useful to others, as well as highly creditable to himself. Young bishops ought to write, that their talents may be known.

I know you are no great lover of political subjects, yet the impudent overthrow of the monstrous French Republic by a Corsican adventurer, and his creating himself sole lawgiver, and executor of his own decrees, must have astonished you. Without more foresight than common sense dictates, one may conceive that his impious pre-eminence cannot be of long duration.

My good lord, most affectionately yours,

George R.

P.S.—My son, the Duke of York, who is here, has desired me to express the pleasure he has received from reading the letters I have shown him from Hartlebury. His words last night were—"Why, this is the same amiable good man I knew as Bishop of Litchfield!"

The following needs no comment:—

Windsor, Oct. 31st, 1800.

My good Lord,—The "Quarterly Electoral Messenger" delivered to me this morning the annual publications from Gottingen. I therefore take the first opportunity of forwarding this collection to Hartlebury. I have, within these few days, received

a new publication from Paris, which I am assured is full of good principles. This I own rather surprises me. It is a course of ancient and modern literature. As I think it might be some amusement, I am desirous of sending a copy to the same place, if I knew it would be agreeable.

I have persuaded the Bishop of St. David's to remove to the primacy of Ireland. I trust this promotion will be of utility to the religion and morality of that country. Indeed, the new Archbishop seems fully resolved to fulfil his arduous task to the utmost of his power, and he is fully apprised that he must act with great discretion and temper to effect so laudable a work.

From the different accounts I have received of your health this summer, I flatter myself it has been better than usual. If you can confirm this, it will give me infinite satisfaction, for I ever remain, My good lord, yours most affectionately,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

The "unfortunate opinion" imputed to Mr. Pitt by the King in the letter we are about to quote, was the deliberate conviction of that eminent statesman, formed after long and painful deliberation; but before the opening of the Session of 1801, he addressed a letter to his Majesty in which he urged at some length, and with much force those arguments in favour of the measure he recommended which, eight-and-twenty years afterwards, were successful. In conclusion he says:—

"In the interval which your Majesty may wish for consideration, he will not, on his part, importune your Majesty with any unnecessary reference to the subject; and will feel it his duty to abstain himself from all agitation of this subject in Parliament, and to prevent it, as far as depends on him, on the part of others. If, on the result of such consideration, your Majesty's objection to the measure proposed should not be removed, or sufficiently diminished to admit of its being brought forward with your Majesty's full concurrence, and with the whole weight of Government, it must be personally Mr. Pitt's first wish to be released from a situation, which he is conscious, that, under such circumstances, he could not continue to fill but with the greatest disadvantage."

The sincerity of the King's answer—an extract from which we give—cannot be questioned:—

"I should not do justice to the warm impulse of my heart, if I entered on the subject most unpleasant to my mind, without first expressing that the cordial affection I have for Mr. Pitt, as well as high opinion of his talents and integrity, greatly adds to my uneasiness on this occasion; but a sense of religious as well as political duty has made me, from the moment I mounted the throne, consider the oath that the wisdom of our forefathers has enjoined the kings of this realm to take at their coronation, and enforced by the obligation of instantly following it in the course of the ceremony of taking the Sacrament, as so binding a religious obligation on me to maintain the fundamental maxims on which our Constitution is placed—namely, the Church of England being the established one, and that those who hold employments in the State must be members of it,

and, consequently, obliged not only to take the oaths against Popery, but to receive the Holy Communion agreeably to the rites of the Church of England. This principle of duty must, therefore, prevent me from discussing any proposition tending to destroy this groundwork of our happy constitution, and much more so that one mentioned by Mr. Pitt, which is no less than the complete overthrow of the whole fabric."

On the receipt of this answer, Mr. Pitt tendered his resignation, and shortly afterwards made way for Mr. Addington, to whom he was, as the King says, "a warm friend;" but who was, at least, as warm a friend to him—for he was his "warming-pan."

St. James', Feb. 13th, 1801.

My good Lord,—It is ever a satisfaction to me to communicate with you on paper, as I have not the comfort of being able to do it personally. An unfortunate opinion implanted in the mind of Mr. Pitt, by persons in no way friends to our happy Church and State establishment, to bring in a bill enabling dissenters to hold offices without taking the Test Act, and repealing the law of 30 Charles II., which precludes Papists from sitting in Parliament, has made me reluctantly permit him to retire from my service. My sense of my Coronation Oath, of the compact on which my family was invited to mount the throne, and the Act of Union with Scotland, precluded me from not opposing such an opinion. I have persuaded Mr. Addington to succeed Mr. Pitt, and can assure you his attachment to the Church is as sincere as mine, and you may depend on his equal attachment to our happy civil constitution, and his being no admirer of any reforms or supposed improvements.

I feel I have done my duty, and have the pleasure to add, that all the most respectable in both Houses of Parliament promise their warmest support; and, what may appear odd to one absent, Mr. Pitt will be a warm friend to my new administration.

George R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

The following is from the Duke of York. In the correspondence between the King and Lord Kenyon respecting the Coronation Oath as it affected the Roman Catholics, will be found a letter from the Duke to his father, in which he predicted ruin to England on the passing of an Act of Emancipation.

Horse Guards, March 9th, 1801.

My dear Lord Bishop,—I have received his Majesty's command to express to your Lordship his thanks for your letter of the sixteenth of last month, which, from his Majesty's indisposition, could not be delivered to him till the day before yesterday; as well as the satisfaction which it gave him to find that your Lordship's sentiments coincided so completely with his own upon the question of the emancipation of the Catholics.

Knowing your Lordship's devoted attachment to his Majesty, I am convinced of the joy it will give your Lordship to hear of

his Majesty being so nearly recovered, that I trust a very few days will restore him to perfect health.

It gives me great satisfaction to have this opportunity of assuring your Lordship of the regard and esteem with which I am,

My dear Lord Bishop, yours most sincerely,

FREDERICK.
(York and Albany.)

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcester.

Early in 1801, the public interest was much excited by an alarming illness of His Majesty, in consequence of a severe cold which he caught whilst attending Divine service at the Chapel-Royal. It was soon accompanied by the most affecting symptoms; and the circumstances connected with it occasioned a very extraordinary pause in the progress of the pending Ministerial arrangements.

Kew, May 31st, 1801.

MY GOOD LORD,—After a most tedious and severe illness, from which, by the interposition of Divine Providence, I have most wonderfully escaped the jaws of death; I find myself enabled to pursue one of my most agreeable occupations, that of writing to you, who have never been, in the most gloomy moments, out of my thoughts. I can now assure you that my health is daily improving though I cannot boast of the same strength and spirits I enjoyed before; still with quiet and sea-bathing, I trust they will soon be regained. Public events in every part of the globe appear more favourable, and the hand of Divine Providence seems stretched forth to protect this favoured island, which alone has stood forth constantly in opposition to our wicked neighbours. I flatter myself the fact of having a ministry composed of men of religion and great probity, will tend to the restoration of more decorum. Neither my advice nor example shall be wanted to effect it.

I expect the Bishop of Norwich, and the new Deputy-clerk of the closet, this morning, that I may receive the Holy Communion. After what I have undergone, I should not have felt happy if I had not been a partaker of that previous to my journey in the west; and a bishop bred at Emmanuel College, and whose principles and manners are so excellent, seemed to me the most proper person, as I could have the most excellent bishop bred up in that seminary of learning. My four sons, the Dukes of York, Kent, Cumberland, and dear Adolphus, will receive it with me.

Ever, my good lord, yours most affectionately,

GEORGE R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

The preliminaries of the peace alluded to by the King, as about to be concluded, were signed on September, 1801. It has been alleged that the King believed that Peace, at that juncture, with France would be impolitic, unsafe, and unwise; and it has been asserted, "that Lord Hawkesbury affixed his signature to the articles, not only without the King's consent or approbation, but without his knowledge," an absurd assertion which needs no refutation.

That the King doubted the permanence of the Peace is shown in his letter: that the Bishop of Worcester shared that doubt appears in his answer to it. That both were right will be shortly seen.

Windsor, Oct. 24th, 1801.

My good Lord,—The waiting for the arrival of the annual publication at Gottingen is the reason of my not having written sooner after my return from Weymouth. Sea-bathing has had its usual success with me, and in truth it was never more necessary, for the severe fever I had the last winter left many unpleasant sensations. These I have every reason to say, by the blessing of the Almighty, are nearly removed. I am forced to be very careful, and to avoid every kind of fatigue either of mind or body, but feel I am gradually gaining ground.

The next week will be rather harassing, as I must open the Session of Parliament, and attend the ceremonies in consequence; but I shall return every day to Kew, that I may be more quiet.

As you are no great lover of politics I will not fatigue you with many words on the Peace now about to be concluded. The being deserted by every European power seems [to be the occasion of it], though it is certainly doubtful what reliance can be placed on the assurances of those who set every religious, moral, and social principle at naught. In my opinion, therefore, on the keeping up a respectable marine and army we can alone expect to meet with that respect which the honourable and gallant conduct we have shown deserves.

I have not been without intelligence of your health during the last fine summer, which seems to have been better than usual. I wish it could give you resolution to come here, though you may not choose to visit London. It might be done gently and with little more fatigue than your daily airings. I cannot express the pleasure I should feel in assuring you in person of that affectionate regard with which I ever remain,

My good lord, yours most affectionately,

George R.

Hartlebury, Oct. 31, 1801.

Sir,—Your Majesty's gracious notice of me, in sending the Gottingen exercises, and especially the letters which came with them, is almost the only (certainly the greatest) satisfaction I can receive. That your Majesty found benefit by your late residence at Weymouth, is most welcome news. But it is no wonder that some remains of so severe an illness are felt; which, however, gentle exercise, and the care to avoid as much as possible the fatigue of business, will I trust gradually remove.

As to the Peace, though I am no politician, I would fain persuade myself, that it will be lasting. The moderation and magnanimity of your Majesty's counsels promise this effect; and as to the rest of the world, necessity will sometimes do more than

principle. But I forbear to enlarge further on a subject I so little understand.

The close of your Majesty's letter affects me infinitely. If I could have paid my duty, and gratified my own inclination, by seeing Windsor, I should certainly have done it long since. But I am wholly incapable of doing myself that honour. My bodily weakness is not the worst—my memory is almost entirely gone; my powers of attention so weak, that conversation with a common friend, for a few minutes, is almost too much for me. In this enfeebled state I support myself as well as I can in this quiet scene; and employ the little recollection I am master of, in calling to mind the innumerable obligations I have to your Majesty, and in putting up my prayers to Heaven for a long continuance of health, and every other blessing to your Majesty, and the Queen, and the Royal family.

I am, sir, your Majesty's most faithful and
Most devoted subject and servant,
R. WORCESTER.

To the King.

Worcester, Dec. 3rd, 1802.

MY DEAR LORD,—I cannot think of leaving this town without once more thanking you for the very kind, friendly manner in which you received me at Hartlebury Castle, and hope, on my return here, you will permit me again to enjoy your company,

Believe me, my dear lord, yours very sincerely,
ERNEST.
(Cumberland.)

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle.

Dr. Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, referred to in the following letter from the King, and in the answer to it, was a prelate of distinguished abilities, learning, research, and industry. He had acquired an elegant proficiency in chemistry, on which he published several volumes; and is well known by his "Apology for Christianity," in a series of letters addressed to Gibbon, and for his "Apology for the Bible," a reply to Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." He was a high liberal in politics, and accordingly was not regarded with much cordiality by the King. The Bishop tells us: "At the King's levee, I was standing next a Venetian nobleman: the King was conversing with him about the Republic of Venice, and hastily turning to me, said, 'There, now, you hear what he says about a Republic:' my answer was, 'Sir, I look upon a Republic to be one of the worst forms of government.' The King gave me, as he thought, another blow about a Republic. I answered that I could not live under a Republic. His Majesty still pursued the subject: I thought myself insulted, and firmly said, 'Sir, I look upon the tyranny of any one man to be an intolerable evil, and upon the tyranny of one hundred, to be one hundred times as bad.' The King went off."

What his Majesty calls "most improper" in the pamphlet is,—"Justice, I think, may be done to the Catholics without injustice being done to the Protestants. The Protestant clergy may continue to possess the tithes of the country; and the Catholic clergy may be provided for from the public Exchequer of the empire. I see no

danger which would arise from some such arrangement as this, and it would probably be attended with the greatest advantage to the State. We think the Catholics to be in an error; they think the same of us: both ought to reflect that every error is not a criminal error, and that their error is the greatest, who most err against Christian charity."

Windsor, Nov. 30th, 1803.

My good Lord,—It appears to me unlikely that the Bishop of Landaff will have sent you a copy of the pamphlet he has just published, and much more so that you shall have purchased one of them. These reasons have induced me to forward the one he ordered to be put in my library. The political part has some merit if he had stopped there; but what he says on the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, and our great safeguards, the Test and Corporation Acts, is most improper, and, in my mind, criminal, in a member of the Church of England, and still more so, coming from a bishop. Eminent talents and discretion are not always allied, and no stronger instance can be given than himself of the truth of that position.

We are here in daily expectation that Buonaparte will attempt his threatened invasion: but the chances against his success seem so many that it is wonderful he persists in it. I own I place that thorough dependance on the protection of Divine Providence, I cannot help thinking the Usurper is encouraged to make the trial that his ill success may put an end to his wicked purposes. Should his troops effect a landing I shall certainly put myself at the head of mine and my other armed subjects to repel them; but as it is impossible to foresee the events of such a conflict, should the enemy approach too near to Windsor, I shall think it right the Queen and my daughters should cross the Severn, and shall send them to your Episcopal palace at Worcester. By this hint I do not in the least mean they shall be any inconvenience to you, and shall send a proper servant and furniture for their accommodation. Should such an event arise, I certainly would rather that what I value most in life, should remain, during the conflict, in your diocese, and under your roof, than in any other place in the Island. Believe me ever, my good lord,

Most affectionately yours,

George R.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

It will be observed in the latter part of the foregoing letter that the King speaks in the heroical strain of putting himself at the head of his armed subjects. Had the necessity arisen he would no doubt have done so, for none of the House of Brunswick ever wanted courage. But he wrote under an exultation caused by a scene which we must briefly describe.

The Electorate of Hanover having been taken possession of by General Mortier by a convention which gave up all the electoral property to the invaders, and exposed the people to the most horrid excesses of the French troops, the people of England were roused into indignation. The commencement of the new War was hailed

by them with enthusiasm. Subscriptions were raised, resolutions were passed, and when the King, on the 12th of August, 1803, went to prorogue the Parliament, he was received with the most ardent acclamations by the tens of thousands who crowded the Park and all the streets leading from thence to the Houses of Parliament.

On the 26th of October, his Majesty reviewed twelve thousand four hundred men in Hyde Park, on which occasion the armed citizens of London came to show to their Monarch that they were prepared to shed the last drop of their blood in the defence of their constitution and their country.

It was observed, that instead of the common testimonies of mutual regard which marked the meeting of the sovereign and his people on former occasions, on that day an uncommon ardour and earnestness was exhibited in the salutations which His Majesty received from the public, and an extraordinary warmth in the manner in which he returned them, evidently excited by the unprecedented circumstances of the times.

It was calculated that, including the volunteers and the regular troops who kept the lines, there were not less than two hundred thousand people in the Park, yet not a single accident happened; although the trees, the house-tops, and, indeed, every position from which curiosity could satisfy itself was taken possession of. A similar scene took place on the 28th on the same spot, when the Westminster, Lambeth, and Southwark corps were reviewed.

Hartlebury, Dec. 3rd, 1803.

Sir,—I have the honour of your Majesty's most gracious and interesting letter from Windsor of November 30th past, inclosed in a small parcel, containing also the Bishop of Landaff's speech. Of the *former*, I cannot speak in terms that fully express my feelings. If it please God that your Majesty be exposed to the attacks of this daring adventurer, you will have your whole people ready to stand or fall with you, and Divine Providence, I firmly trust, to be your protector and preserver. If the occasion should happen, which your Majesty's tender concern for those most nearly and dearly related to you, suggest to your apprehension, my old and formerly so much honoured mansion at Worcester shall be ready to receive them, and in as good a condition as I can contrive. But your Majesty is pleased to add, that, if such an occasion should fall out, *you would certainly rather that what you value most in this life, should remain, during the conflict, in my diocese, and under my roof, than in any other place in the island.* I must beg your Majesty's pardon, if I feel myself too much impressed by a sense of so much goodness to me, to make my acknowledgments for it.

Of the *speech* I had seen and known nothing but what a newspaper had told me; and that was too much, for it happened to be the obnoxious part, which your Majesty mentions. Nothing could be less prudent at this time, or less necessary, I think, at any time. But, as your Majesty candidly observes, parts and prudence do not always go together. Some amends, however,

are made by his quoting Lord Bacon's words,* which are wise and weighty, and fully justify the contest in which your Majesty is engaged.

I trespass on your Majesty's precious time by this long and bad letter, and will conclude it with fervent prayers to Heaven for your long continued health and happiness, and for every blessing on the Queen and royal family.

I am ever, sir,
Your Majesty's most obliged and most devoted
subject and servant,
R. Worcester.

To the King.

The concluding six letters require no explanation :—

St. James' Square, July 5th, 1805.

My Lord,—I have received His Majesty's commands to inform you, that, in consequence of the complaint in his eyes, he has judged it most prudent to put off his projected journey through Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire, and that he intends to proceed directly to Weymouth. His Majesty has desired me at the same time to assure your lordship of the deep regret which he feels at being prevented from visiting your lordship this summer. He has had the greatest satisfaction in hearing so favourable an account of your lordship's health, and he hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you in the course of next year.

I am sure your lordship will have particular satisfaction in hearing that the King has borne this *last calamity* with which it has pleased Providence to afflict him, with all the fortitude and resignation which you so well know belongs to his character; that his spirits are cheerful, and that his general health has in no respect been impaired. We must all look forward with the greatest anxiety to the progress of the complaint. The medical persons who attend the King appear to be confident of the success of the operation, though they seem to think it will be some time before it would be prudent to attempt it. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,
Hawkesbury.

To the Lord of Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire.

* "Princes should be perpetually upon the watch that none of their neighbours do overgrow so (whether by increase of territory, or by embracing of trade, or by nearer approaches, and the like) as to become more able to annoy them than they were before. And this is generally the work of standing counsels to foresee and hinder. Certainly, during the triumvirate of kings (Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. of France, and Charles V. of Spain,) there was such a vigilance among them, that none of the three could win a space of ground but the other two would straightway balance it, either by consideration, or, if need were, by war. Neither is the opinion of some of the schoolmen to be received, that a war cannot justly be undertaken but upon a precedent injury or provocation. For there is no question but a just fear of an imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a competent and lawful cause of a war."

Hartlebury, July 6th, 1805.

My Lord,—I have this morning the honour of your lordship's letter of the 5th instant, conveying to me the information from his Majesty that, in consequence of the complaint in his eyes, he thinks it fit for the present to defer his journey into these counties. The disappointment will be felt, and the occasion of it would be very distressing, if we had not every reason to believe that, from the King's temperance and habits of life, his recovery from this complaint will be safe and speedy; and if we did not know, too, from other instances, that his Majesty's constitutional firmness and religious trust make him superior to such trials.

I cannot but be much affected by his Majesty's goodness in signifying this event to me by your lordship, and conclude this trouble with my thanks for the honour and kindness of your letter. I have the honour to be, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

To Lord Hawkesbury. R. Worcester.

Windsor Castle, July 10th, 1805.

The King being prevented by a complaint in his eyes from the great pleasure of visiting the Bishop of Worcester, on which he had placed the greatest satisfaction, though Lord Loughborough has written to explain the cause of this disappointment, yet his Majesty thinks that a scrawl from himself may be satisfactory to the good bishop, when containing a promise that, should the Almighty permit the evil to be removed, the visit will be performed next summer.

The King cannot conclude without expressing his hopes then to find his excellent friend in as good health as he has now reason to think is the case. His Majesty has collected some books for the library at Hartlebury Castle, and will order them to be sent to Worcester.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester,
Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire. George R.

Royal Sovereign, Portland Road, Aug. 10th, 1805.

My good Lord,—From London I reeeived notice that the box of books I had prepared personally to deliver to you at Hartlebury, had I not been prevented by the complaint in my eye from making that most desirable visit, had arrived safely. The next, I trust, if the progress of recovery continue as favourably as at present, I shall be able to prosecute the journey I had proposed this year. No one ever experienced a more striking instance of the protection of Divine Providence than I have done. The cataract was first formed in the left eye, and much advanced in the right one, but by an unexpected inflammation in the left eye this had dispelled the apparent mischief in that eye, and that in the other also diminished, so that Mr. Phipps seems sanguine

that he will effect a cure. Did I not feel, my good lord, how you interest yourself, I should not have been so particular on this occasion.

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire. GEORGE R.

Weymouth, Sept. 5th, 1805.

MY GOOD LORD,—Though in want of newspaper intelligence, from my knowledge of the propriety of the Archbishop of Canterbury, I give faith to his having visited the great ornament of Emmanuel College* whilst residing at Cheltenham. This makes me desirous of hearing what impression he has made. I flatter myself a good one; not doubting, if better known there, my choice would meet with approbation, as he has on all public occasions shown himself equal to his situation.

I have every reason to flatter myself that my sight is improving, yet I fear this specimen will not prove the assertion, as you, my good lord, might expect. The gain can be but gradual; objects growing brighter, though not as yet much clearer. In all situations believe me ever, my good lord,

Yours most affectionately,

To the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Hartlebury Castle, Worcestershire. GEORGE R.

Hartlebury, Sept. 10th, 1805.

SIR,—I could not but esteem it the highest honour and pleasure to receive, this day, a letter from Weymouth, September 5th, written by your Majesty's own hand. This shows that your Majesty's eyes are gaining strength; yet I fear they must have been something strained by this exercise. I hope your use of them will be easier and more perfect every day.

It is very true what your Majesty saw in the public prints. The Archbishop of Canterbury did me the honour to come over to me at this place from Cheltenham. I had never seen him before; but his person and manner were much in his favour, and his conversation was very agreeable and discreet. I hope, and indeed, have not the least doubt that he will do your Majesty and the Church, good service in this high station.

But I must not allow myself to detain your Majesty with more words at present. I only beg leave to repeat my ardent wishes that your Majesty may long live in the full enjoyment of all your faculties, which are so constantly employed in the noblest service.

I am, sir,
Your Majesty's most obliged and most humble
subject and servant,

To the King. R. WORCESTER.

* His correspondent, the Bishop of Worcester.

These letters exhibit the personal character of the King in a very amiable light. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the strength or soundness of his Majesty's judgment, in reference to the great political questions which agitated the kingdom at that period, it may be conceded on all hands that, in his private and individual relations, George III. was a man of a clear and upright nature, and of the kindliest feelings. Fond of books and retirement, delighting in the conversation of a circle of friends, selected rather for their worth than their skill in the ways of Courts, and devotedly attached to his family, he presented the image of a paternal ruler whose example conciliated the affections of his subjects, and exercised a perceptible moral influence over the social life of the country. In despotic governments the influence of personal character is slight. It is absorbed in the vices of a system which renders it helpless for extended good. But in a constitution such as ours, the domestic qualities of the monarch have a direct action upon the habits and sentiments of the people at large. If George III. did not put forward any very conspicuous claims to historical distinction on public grounds, no king who ever reigned in England imparted more effectually to the age in which he lived the tone of his own character. His reign was expressly the reign of the household virtues.

Simplicity, frankness, and integrity of principle were amongst his most prominent traits. His warm affection for his friends took a form of enthusiasm in regard to his subjects. He was a plain, honest, and inflexible patriot on the old model. When he wrote to the Bishop of Worcester that he should certainly put himself at the head of his troops to repel the threatened invasion of Napoleon, he was not only thoroughly in earnest, but really believed that his proper post under such circumstances was in the front of danger. Like Confucius, he held the doctrine that ruling a state was the same thing, embracing a wider surface, as ruling a family. He was perfectly sincere in looking upon his people as his children, and he would have fought for them on the beach, as he would have fought for Frederick, and Augusta, and the rest on the threshold of the palace.

These healthy, old-fashioned notions coloured the whole of his life, and were predominant even in those parts of his policy which the more instructed spirit of the present age sees the most reason to regret. He stoutly maintained the antique constitutional dogmas which had descended to him unimpaired by popular innovations, and which he was resolved, at all hazards, to preserve and transmit without a flaw. He may be said to have been the last of the race of kings who sat throned under the canopy of Divine Right. He would have laid his head upon the block rather than have consented to the emancipation of the Catholics. He was a Protestant king governing a Protestant people, and he considered the extension of political privileges to the members of any religious profession outside the circle of Protestantism as an act of treason against the solemn trust committed to his hands. His severity on this point was rendered still more remarkable by his limited interpretation of Protestantism, which strictly narrowed the application of the term to the communicants of the Church of England alone. Profound must have been his convictions

on this subject, when they led him, as a matter of conscience, to part with Pitt and take up with Addington.

Nor can we have a more curious illustration of his Majesty's simplicity of heart, than the way in which he treats this change of ministers. He consoles himself for the loss of Pitt by his dependence on Addington's attachment to the Church, and repugnance to all reforms; and is confident that he shall have the support of the most "respectable" in both houses, and that even Mr. Pitt himself will be a warm friend to the new administration. It is quite evident, from all this, that his Majesty had not the faintest suspicion of Pitt's tactics in bringing about this very change, which his Majesty believed was the result of his own influence and sagacity, or of the reasons which induced Pitt to give occasional assistance to his successor in office. In that one word "respectable," also, we have another clue to his Majesty's character. He was himself the most respectable man in his dominions, and he prized a discreet and prudent respectability above the most distinguished capacity. "Eminent talents and discretion," he observes, in one of his letters speaking of the Bishop of Llandaff, "are not always allied;" and his Lordship of Worcester, deeply impressed by a sentiment which he knew to be at all times predominant in the good King's mind, is careful to respond to it emphatically, crowning his censure of the indiscreet Bishop with, "as your Majesty *candidly* observes, parts and prudence do not always go together." The *candour* of the observation, we are afraid, is not so apparent as its truth. Of course, parts and prudence, no more than many other excellent attributes, do not always go together; but it was hardly worth while to congratulate his Majesty on having made the discovery.

It is a trite saying, that firmness in a good cause is obstinacy in a bad one; but it will scarcely apply to George III.'s resistance to those measures of toleration which were afterwards carried by George IV. He acted under a stern sense of obligations which had been respected in the same sense by his predecessors, from the time of the settlement of the kingdom in 1688. He was not without precedent, and a sort of royal and conscientious justification. History, therefore, while it deplores his opposition to inevitable changes, which, refused as a concession, were at last granted as a necessity, will render honour to the sincerity of his convictions, and to that purity of motive which governed all his actions, alike in his public and private capacity.

The foregoing Correspondence, it should be added, is derived from the family of Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Aspects of Nature, in different Lands and different Climates; with Scientific Elucidations. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated by Mrs. Sabine. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

The rewards of science are slow. In past ages men of science worked for posterity, and had reason to congratulate themselves if they escaped scepticism and persecution at the hands of their contemporaries. We have made a great advance out of the darkness and superstition which, taking alarm at the new laws of motion developed by Galileo, consigned the philosopher, in the decline of his life, to the dungeons of the Inquisition. It is impossible for the world to go back upon these barbarisms; new truths, or new theories, if they are not readily adopted, are, at least, willingly received and fairly examined; and the diffusion of scientific information in popular forms has dispelled the ignorance which raised up factions in the church and in the streets, to fight out elementary discoveries which neither of them understood. But, notwithstanding all this, the rewards of science are still dilatory and inadequate; and he who makes the most important additions to our knowledge, must bide his time for the full recognition of his labours.

Of all living men of science, perhaps Humboldt enjoys the widest and the highest reputation. He has had the rare good fortune of obtaining, in his own life, the honours which are ordinarily paid to the memory of philosophers. But then, Humboldt is eighty years of age. He has filled a space of time almost sufficient to work out a posterity within its own cycle, and in that time, happily, the world has been making an intellectual progress, which opened the most favourable opportunity for his reception. He has not only lived to a great age, but he has lived in an era capable of appreciating him.

Yet, strange to say, his exquisite little scientific treatises have had a very indifferent sale. Nearly half a century has elapsed since he originally gave his "Ansichten der Natur" to the world; in 1826, a second edition was called for, to which he added two new essays; and it is only now, after an interval of twenty years, that he issues a third edition, remoulded and enlarged, to bring up his data and observations to the present time. When we take into consideration the attractive character of his subjects, and the charming way in which he treats them, by the union of the artistic and literary spirit with the facts of natural history, this tardy recognition of his erudite and pleasant writings appears very surprising. But, although these essays do not appear to have attained an extensive circulation in their collected form, they have been rendered familiar to the whole of Europe, through the journals in which some of them originally appeared, and in which others have been largely quoted, and in the books of all subsequent naturalists and travellers, who have gratefully recurred to Humboldt as to a final authority.

The English reader ought to hold himself indebted to the translator of these volumes, the most interesting of their class that have ever been given to the public. Mrs. Sabine has not only executed the task of

translation with care and elegance, but has judiciously adapted the work to the actual wants of her own countrymen, by substituting the Fahrenheit scale for that of Reaumur, the Greenwich longitudes for those of Paris, and English feet for French feet or toises, so that no difficulty can possibly arise in the use or application of the author's statements.

The first volume contains three essays: "Steppes and Deserts," "Cataracts of the Orinoco," and "Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primeval Forest;" to which is added "Hypsometric Addenda."

The essay on "Steppes or Deserts" is peculiarly interesting, and exhibits all the varieties of those treeless and trackless plains, from the heathy wastes of Europe to the desolate sands of Africa, the Llanos and Pampas of the southern division of America, the Prairies and Barrens of the northern division, populated by herds of the buffalo and musk ox, to the vast wilds of Asia, presenting occasional stretches of pine forests, succulent plants, and rich grassy fields. Of all these diversities, the Steppes or plateaux of Central Asia, are the most extensive and elevated on the surface of the globe. As in the torrid zone all vegetation displays a tendency to become arborescent, so in these Asiatic Steppes the flowering herbaceous plants grow to such a height that the traveller, in his low Tartar carriage, cannot see in which direction he is moving without standing up. In one respect, the vast and utterly desolate plains of South America, forming one enormous Steppe, stretching from the Caraccas coast chain to the forests of Guiana, and from the mountains of Merida to the delta of the Orinoco, covering a superficies of two hundred and fifty thousand English miles, may be regarded as the most remarkable. Here there is not a solitary memorial of a former generation, not a fragment of a ruin, not a carved stone, not even a fruit-tree to attest the hand of by-gone cultivation. Before the arrival of European and African settlers, this Steppe was almost entirely devoid of human inhabitants; and, notwithstanding the temptations held out by the Llanos to the rearing of cattle, and the care of animals yielding milk, no traces of a pastoral life or a pastoral people were found when America was discovered, nor is there any evidence to justify the supposition that this intermediate stage in the life of nations ever existed there. The American race appears to have passed at once from the state of hunters to that of cultivators of the soil. The annotations and additions are full of new and curious matter respecting the physical causes and conditions of these plains, and the history and characteristics of their inhabitants.

The paper on the Cataracts of the Orinoco, describes the course of one of those fantastic rivers, which, after a variety of windings, return back to the regions in which they took their rise. It was the aspect of that part of the waters of the Orinoco which flows in a strong current between the mainland and the island of Trinidad, that first convinced Columbus of the existence of an American continent. He inferred that such an immense body of fresh water could be supplied only by a great continent, and his further researches confirmed the accuracy of the conjecture. Here, too, struck by the coolness of the evening air, the transparency of the firmament, and the balsamic fragrance of the flowers, he imagined must be the Garden of Eden, and he accordingly set down the Orinoco as one of the four rivers of Paradise, descending to divide and water the earth. "This poetic passage," observes Humboldt gracefully and profoundly, "has a peculiar psychological interest;

it teaches us anew that the creative imagination of the poet exists in the discoverer as in every form of human greatness!"

"Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primeval Forest," is, to use a painter's term, a "recollection" of adventures in the dark. It does not throw much new light upon the midnight of the woods, but it brings some striking pictures vividly before us. The terrible disturbance which takes place sometimes in the depths of the forest, when weary foot-sore travellers are bivouacked on its verge, trying to get a little sleep, is described as an appalling uproar of screams and cries. The piping of monkeys, the roaring of tigers and lions, the screeching of parrots, mixed with the plaintive lamentations of the small sapajous, and the shrill deafening notes of a multitude of birds, produce, upon the whole, such a chorus as to scare the watch-dogs from their posts, and send them howling for refuge to the hammocks of their masters. But these stunning concerts are by no means of frequent occurrence; ordinarily the forests are as still at night as a grave-yard; and when Humboldt enquired of the Indians the cause of the riot, he was informed that "the animals were rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon." This explanation was not very satisfactory, and a little further experience led him to conclude that it was not the moon they were celebrating, but some accidental chase or combat which awakened the whole life of the forest; or a violent fall of rain, with loud peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, which, illuminating the recesses of the woods, produced an universal consternation amongst their inhabitants.

"The Physiognomy of Plants," a botanical essay of great value and interest, to which the author in this edition has added a large quantity of new matter, occupies the greater part of the second volume. The remaining papers are on "The Structure and Mode of Action of Volcanoes," forming the substance of a lecture delivered at Berlin, in 1823; a curious speculation called "The Vital Force, or the Rhodian Genius," which Humboldt accurately describes as the "development of a physiological idea in a semi-mythical garb;" and a paper on the "Plateau of Caxamarca," in which he gives us his first view of the Pacific Ocean from the summit of the Andes.

The intrinsic interest of this publication must ensure it a wide and rapid popularity. It is at once learned and fascinating, decking the most wonderful features of natural history in the charms of a simple, clear, and picturesque style.

Redburn: his First Voyage. Being the Sailor-boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son-of-a-gentleman in the Merchant Service. By Herman Melville, Author of "Typee," "Ornoo," and "Mardi." 2 vols. R. Bentley.

Indebted less for its interest to the regions of the fantastical and the ideal, than to the more intelligible domain of the actual and real, we are disposed to place a higher value upon this work than upon any of Mr. Melville's former productions. Perhaps it is that we understand it better, and the fault is not in Mr. Melville, but in ourselves, that we appreciate more satisfactorily the merits of a story of living experience than the dreams of fancy and the excursions of a vivid imagination.

There are occasional snatches even in this story of the same wild and visionary spirit which attracted so much curiosity in its predecessors, and they come in with excellent effect to relieve and heighten its literal delineations; but the general character is that of a narrative of palpable life, related with broad simplicity, and depending for its final influence over the sympathies of the reader upon closeness and truthfulness of portraiture. In the Dutch fidelity and accumulation of the incidents, it is a sort of Robinson Crusoe on ship-board.

Wellingborough Redburn, the hero of the book, tells his own story. Family disappointments and an inclination for a roving life, leads him to embrace the life of a sailor, and he ships as a boy on board a merchant-vessel at New York bound for Liverpool. He is the son of a gentleman,—that is to say, in the New World sense of the term,—being come of a respectable family that has hitherto had no necessity to sully its white hands with hard work. With the natural enthusiasm of a youth, who has looked upon the sea through the medium of books and pictures, the future is all *couleur de rose*, and he imagines that it must be the most delightful thing in the world to career over the ocean,—to gaze on the stars at night amidst the wide waste of waters,—to visit foreign countries, and to come back full of wonderful stories of strange lands and extraordinary adventures. He has not the least suspicion of the drudgeries to which he is to be put on ship-board, of the rough ways and coarse tastes of sailors, or the little respect in which the "son of a gentleman" is held in the rude companionship of the cockpit. The interest of the book consists in the detail of the process by which, item after item, he is disenchanted of these pleasant delusions.

The action of the narrative embraces a voyage to Liverpool, a few adventures on shore, in the course of which Redburn is carried up to London, and a voyage back to New York. Slight as this framework is, it is filled with bustle, and the excitement never flags to the close. The charm lies in the vitality of the descriptions, in the minuteness with which every articulation of the sailor-craft is depicted, and in the natural development of the feelings of the boy throughout the startling ordeal of his first cruise. The ship, as in the masterly novels of Cooper and Marryat, acquires a living interest; and the most elaborate pictures of land experiences could not more effectually fascinate the attention and stimulate curiosity, than the daily incidents of the most trivial kind which fill up the routine or mark the vicissitudes of life on board this merchant-vessel. Nor is the canvas deficient in variety of character. The sailors are individuals to a man, and one of them in especial is drawn with great force and originality. The captain, too, so bland and agreeable in his relations with the world ashore, and so despotic and inaccessible out at sea, and the queer little cabin-passenger, and the mysterious young lady with whom the captain parades the quarter-deck so royally, supply abundant materials to sustain a dramatic variety that never suffers the narrative to droop.

The episode of Harry Bolton is, perhaps, a little in excess; but it helps to make a strong opposition of colour to the rest of the story, like a dash of romance thrown in amongst a cluster of familiar and homely incidents. The work displays an intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of seamanship, and a rich graphic power in the use and treatment of them. The idiomatic peculiarities of the style, which will enable the reader at once to trace the native source of the authorship,

impart a congenial flavour to the whole, which greatly increases that sense of reality which constitutes the paramount merit of the work.

Ideas; or, Outlines of a New System of Philosophy. By A. C. G. Joubert. 2 vols. London: Simpkin and Co.

The most ungracious work a man can be employed in is, the pulling to pieces all the machinery of another man's philosophy; but when the machine itself will not work, or will turn out nothing that is worth having, the best way is perhaps to take it entirely to pieces, and so to discover, if possible, in what portion of the work the defect lays. This is what Mons. Joubert has been doing with certain philosophical systems that he met with, and his object in doing this, is to show how much "common sense is opposed to the Kantian, Berkleyan, Scottish, and Whewellian doctrines." We are sorry to find Dr. Whewell so opposed to common sense as to render it necessary to bring up the force of the press against him; and we regret to see him in the same category with Hume, Spinosa, Fichte, and others of that class. It has, however, long been evident to all who concern themselves with such matters, that philosophy is at fault upon all the subjects it professes with so much ostentation to inquire into, and the very circumstance that new systems are continually appearing, is the proof how very unsatisfactory to all thinking minds are all the systems of philosophy that have hitherto been produced. One is brought out to prove that matter is eternal, another that matter exists only in the imagination, and another that matter is God, and then we have to do with the almost insufferable nonsense of the Monads of Leibnitz, and the Koumenon of Kant, to the "natural realism" of Hamilton, and the "universal immaterialism" of some one else, while the ablest of our mathematicians are at variance with each other upon the first enunciations and axioms of philosophical truth.

There is no doubt, from the undeniable failure of men in this matter who fail in nothing else, that the subject they strive with so much earnestness to elucidate, is beyond their power either to grasp or to explain, and therefore beyond the reach of the human understanding, or of expression by human language. Words are not so subtle as ideas, and often fail us when we would express clearly our thoughts by them: and no men know better than Herschel and Whewell the irremediable imperfections of the very best and most costly of the astronomical instruments they use; yet words are but instruments in philosophical researches, and they are at times utterly inadequate to convey to the mind of others what the eye of our own mind sees, or what our ideas are on the very abstruse subjects we are reasoning upon. Dr. Whewell had no doubt a clear idea in his own mind of what he meant to say on this passage; "None of the terms which express the fundamental antithesis can be applied absolutely and exclusively; the absolute application of the antithesis, in any particular case, can never be a conclusive or immoveable principle," but the idea they convey to our mind is, that they overthrow his own hypothesis, and demolish the very system of philosophy he was labouring to build up. As to the assertions that "we make our thoughts by thinking them," and that "common sense is a fountain of intelligible truths not to be understood"—if this is what modern philosophy teaches, we can see no wisdom in it, nor any

advantage from the study of it; and as for such sayings as these, that "the world we live in has no existence but in our own thoughts," that "all existence is synonymous with thought," and that "there can be no creation, nor beginning of existence, in finite things," we are quite sure that no place could be found for such puerilities in any sound system of philosophy, that nobody would believe them whoever might assert them; and we must express our obligations to the author of "Ideas" for the neat, terse, quiet way in which he has expressed his own ideas on the subject, and for the pains he has taken to examine thoroughly the so-called systems of philosophy,—in other words, the false reasonings of infidelity upon mind and upon matter. The two little volumes are a Vade Mecum on philosophy, and of philosophy of the right sort, and are evidently the production of an acute mind and a well-regulated understanding.

The Cities and Wilds of Andalucia. By the Right Hon. R. Dundas Murray. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

The interest of travel is inexhaustible. Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Malaga, have been traversed by scores of English travellers; hardly a nook of these picturesque and romantic old towns has been left unexplored; yet here is a new book upon an old subject which we undertake to predict will be read, not with as much pleasure as if its topics were now opened up for the first time, but with a great deal more, because it touches familiar scenes with a fresh spirit, and discovers unlooked-for springs of enjoyment in places with which all readers are more or less acquainted. A book of travels over untrodden ground may be better described as a book of discoveries; but a book which carries us with unflagging liveliness and intelligence into well-known spots, associated with pleasant memories, may be said to renew the youth of the past, and to revive the enthusiasm of first impressions.

Mr. Dundas Murray is an accomplished scholar and a close observer of life. He depicts the external features of the scenes through which he passes with the feeling and discrimination of an artist, and, penetrating to the core of the history, literature, manners, and institutions of the country, displays an amount of information and a practical judgment in the selection and treatment of a great variety of subjects, which confer a permanent value upon his work. His starting-point is Cadiz, of which he gives a short historical and pictorial account, and where he is first fascinated by the beauty of the Andalucian women. He next visits San Lucar, on the Guadalquiver, where he remained some months, and enjoyed an ample opportunity of entering into the best provincial circles, and noting the social and domestic habits of the people. The sketches of the *tertulia*, of out-of-door and in-door customs, of lovers' ambuscades and other special traits of Spanish life and character, are excellent and full of vivacity. From San Lucar he makes an excursion to Xeres, where he visits the wondrous magazines of wine which contain the "accumulated vintages of years," and experiences that everflowing hospitality which is proper to the native place of the generous grape. From Xeres he goes to the famous city of Seville, which he enters through that oppressive atmosphere of fragrance which is generated by her orange-groves.

In some respects Seville presents a remarkable contrast to the other ruined cities of the once flourishing province of Andalucia. Like all the rest, her ancient magnificence is gone, her streets are half grown over with grass, her public buildings are in a state of decay, and her population is stricken down by poverty. But, unlike them, the spirit of her ancient gaiety survives, her hidalgos saunter about with an air of imperturbable indifference to the morrow, and looking only to the enjoyments of to-day; nobody seems to have anything to do, or disposed to do it if they had; and instead of the dreariness and sadness which reign like an eternal mist over most of the Spanish towns, Seville, even in its ruins, looks like a city of pleasure. Business there is little or none; and whenever the absolute necessities of life compel the inhabitants here and there to attend to their workshops or counters, the market or the exchange, it is evident that they consider such affairs secondary to the more urgent calls of their cigar, their *paseo*, and their coffee. A brave life is this of Seville, and bravely is it described by our sagacious traveller.

From Seville we follow the course of the tourist to Moguer, a town not far from the boundary-line that separates Portugal from Spain. On his road to this place he is exposed to worse treatment than that of eggs and bread at the village *posadas*, being stopped for want of a passport, and locked up a whole night in a granary, there being no prison in the place. These slight road-side adventures, very good-naturedly related, yield some striking dramatic glimpses of the people *en route*, and give a direct personal interest to the writer's progress.

The most noticeable incident in the course of his subsequent journey (which we cannot venture to trace in detail) occurred in the Sierra, where he lost his way. At the foot of the mountain the path separated into two tracks, and he selected the wrong one, and did not discover his mistake till he came to a full stop amongst the brushwood where the track terminated. It was now rapidly getting dark, and the only resource left was to strike through the bushes in the hope of gaining the other track. But this experiment was more unfortunate than the former. When the mules had gone a certain distance they were completely knocked up, and the adventurous traveller was compelled to bivouac for the night on the nearest open spot he could find. Fortunately it turned out a brilliant night; and he declares that, "not even beneath the tropics, had he witnessed anything comparable to that glorious silver light; it seemed as if the rays might be caught in the hand and twined round the fingers in coils of lustre."

Of all the Andalucian cities Cordova appears to be the most dismal. It is like a place of tombs. "If any one desires," says Mr. Murray, "to know what a silent and desolate city is, let him come here; let him stray down a street and see two or three figures at a distance vanishing round corners; let him cross a plaza, and find himself quite alone though it be mid-day; let him go on listening to his foot-fall till the sound strikes painfully upon his hearing; let him do this for half an hour, and he will begin to think he is treading enchanted ground, and has stumbled upon that city in the 'Arabian Nights,' the inhabitants of which were congealed to marble."

Granada, which in some particulars may not be a much more desirable residence than Cordova, possesses one attraction over it, and all the other cities of the province, an attraction which will readily suggest

itself—the Palace of the Alhambra. Of this structure Mr. Murray gives an accurate account, which is so minute and actual, as to bring every fragment of the gorgeous pile palpably before us, and to supply us, as far as words can, with a perfect panorama of its marvellous architecture.

But we have already exceeded our limits, and must dismiss these agreeable volumes, although we have only touched lightly upon a few incidental passages, leaving unnoticed subjects of larger interest. The work is admirably written, and in so wise and tolerant a spirit, so fresh and varied, and so full of history, observation, and adventure, that it will be quite as acceptable to readers who look simply for excitement and amusement, as to others who are prepared to enjoy more intellectual fare.

Ernest Vane. By Alexander Baillie Cochrane, M.P. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

With an inadequate and, in some respects, faulty story, there is a great deal of excellent feeling and literary power in this novel. At the opening we had some apprehensions that Mr. Cochrane was about to conduct us through a maze of high-life conventionalities, set off by the ordinary expedient of *parvenu* contrasts; and we had proceeded some way in the narrative before we were quite relieved from our fears. But he rests his interest upon higher ground,—upon the development of character and the analysis of passion. Had the plot kept closer to the probabilities of the existing state of society, in the midst of which it is placed, and had it been carried to a more consistent and agreeable conclusion, the ability displayed in its treatment would have appeared to better advantage.

The substance of the story may be dismissed in a few lines, for it is the mental, and not the outward, action that fills up the pages of "Ernest Vane." Mr. Leslie, a merchant who has amassed a large fortune and purchased a fine castle in the country, has an only daughter, Ida, to whom he is passionately attached. An old earl proposes a marriage between the rich heiress and his dissipated son, Lord Linton, and Mr. Leslie accepts the proposition, although his daughter's affections have been already bestowed upon Ernest Vane, a gentleman who resides upon a neighbouring estate. Ernest has a sister, with whom Lord Linton has become acquainted, and who, before these negociations had gone forward, has been sacrificed to his heartless attentions. It does not appear very clearly whether Lord Linton's guilt in this matter lies deeper than a profession of love, a secret engagement, and subsequent desertion; but, having effectually destroyed the happiness of poor, trusting Algitha, her brother demands reparation, and is killed in a duel by the profligate aristocrat. All that follows upon this is *de trop*, winding up in hasty snatches the dismal threads of the story. The two ladies marry after a time, one of them dying of a broken heart, and the other living on without a heart; and the abandoned *roué*, mortally injured in a drunken street-brawl, expires in the wretched lodging of a poor girl who was one of his early victims.

Mr. Cochrane might have worked more impressive results out of the materials laid down in the first instance; and that portion of the narra-

tive is infinitely the best which depicts the early struggles and forcible antagonisms of his characters. It is in the dramatic resolution of the plot that his skill fails. But, making all reasonable allowance for defective structure, the treatment is everywhere entitled to praise. Individual traits are carefully brought out, the style is pure and chaste, the tone thoughtful throughout, and the delineation of human feeling, passion, and suffering is marked by refined taste and earnestness of purpose.

Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By John M'Lean. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

The compression of the experiences of twenty-five years into two volumes, is a process of severe pressure, and ought to produce a dense essence. But Mr. M'Lean's volumes are not so dense as we expected. On the contrary, they are wonderfully light and entertaining, considering the nature and quantity of the materials from which they have been expressed.

Mr. M'Lean entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service in the winter of 1820, took up his first post at the Lake of Two Mountains, and from that time forth passed through the usual hardships and vicissitudes which attend the life of the Indian trader. The value of his book consists in the fidelity with which he relates everything that happened to himself, which may be taken, upon the whole, as a fair sample of what happens to Indian traders in general.

In the course of his narrative, he has many opportunities of depicting the character and habits of the aborigines, and of showing the demoralising effects of their contact with civilization; he also dwells at large upon the contest that is perpetually waged between the free traders, if they may be so called, who conduct business on their own account, and the Hudson's Bay Company, who interfere at every point, like a gigantic monopoly, to crush the efforts of interlopers; and he also points out many particulars in the management of the Company's affairs which he denounces as abuses, and which he considers as demanding stringent reforms. We have no inclination to enter into any of these questions, and willingly leave the settlement of them to those whom they concern; but we confess we should have been more interested in Mr. M'Lean's account of his career if he had avoided irritating topics, which, we are sorry to say, he does not handle with much discretion.

Unfortunately there is evident, all throughout, so strong a personal *animus* against the Company, and especially against the governor, Sir George Simpson, that we are compelled to accept Mr. M'Lean's assertions, so far as they affect the administration of Rupert's Land, with the caution which a common sense of justice demands in the reception of all *ex parte* statements. It appears that on one occasion Mr. M'Lean was superseded; that on another occasion a strange misunderstanding arose about his appointment to a particular post; that on other occasions he was sent to remote points, at much inconvenience to himself; and that, finally, at the end of twenty-one years, he found his income, as chief trader, only £120, when he resigned, thinking it high time, to use his own phraseology, that he "should endeavour to make honey for himself in some other sphere of life." The work is written under

the influence of the angry feelings produced by a succession of disappointments; and, being conceived in a spirit of fierce resentment, rather than the grave and temperate tone of mind proper to such circumstances, it shoots far beyond the mark, and converts the personal hardship, or wrong, or whatever it may turn out to be, into a sweeping crimination of the wholy policy of the Company, in whose service he was so unprofitably engaged.

Upon the merits of Mr. M'Lean's individual case, we can, of course, offer no opinion; but it is due to a man of high character and acknowledged ability, to say that the charges urged against Sir George Simpson's administration contain their own refutation. In a vague and loose way, Mr. M'Lean accuses Sir George of tyranny, denounces him as an autocrat, and, admitting in full the great success with which he has conducted the affairs of the Company, ascribes it all, not to any merits in Sir George, but to the miraculous accidents of good fortune. But time sets all such accusations in their true light; and Sir George Simpson's management of a trust which calls into constant activity those qualities of decision, energy, sound judgment, and extensive knowledge, which that gentleman is known to possess in an eminent degree, is not likely to suffer much prejudice from assaults which, exhibiting no specific facts, are based upon intangible generalities.

We touch upon this point because it is forced into prominence by our author. For the rest, his book, upon the whole, presents an amusing and rather striking picture of the way of life of the fur-traders Having traversed a considerable portion of the Company's territories, and been frequently placed in situations of difficulty and peril, the work is crowded with adventures illustrative of that strange net-work of intrigue and violence through which the desperate trade is carried on. No work, hitherto published, contains so complete or minute an account of the actual daily incidents which happen at the lonely out-posts, or shows in such life-like detail the marauding expedients employed to secure the best chances in the roving markets of the wilderness. Mr. M'Lean's sketches of the habits and characters of the Indian tribes, especially the Nascopies and the Esquimaux, are full and interesting, and may be referred to as amongst the most attractive and valuable features of the publication.

The Marigold Window; or, Pictures of Thought. Longman and Co. London.

It is no easy matter to say offhand what this little work is, or what it chiefly leads the thoughts to; but we can at once say, that it is an amusing production, and is a collection of thoughts and observations on a vast variety of subjects, expressed in prose and verse. Our judgment upon it must necessarily, however, be partial, since it speaks of many places endeared to us by most pleasing recollections, of places familiar to us from early youth, and which are associated with thoughts of happy hours and light hearts and merry faces. We allude more especially to the Walks in the Weald; and frequently as we have taken those walks ourselves, and frequently as we may again take them, we should never desire a more agreeable or sensible companion than the author of the Marigold Window. As for any analysis of a work that opens with a fresh subject on every third page, it would

be useless to attempt it; even the table of contents would convey no correct information of its contents: Diamond Dust, Walks in the Weald, Pleasures of Prosing, The Dethroned, Tints of the Tower and the Woodland, Twilight Glimpses, and Hues of the Oratory, are pretty titles enough, but they can give no idea of the beauftiul thoughts which are arranged under them, in so many pleasing ways, and on such highly interesting subjects. We have endeavoured to fix our affections on some one of these heads in preference to the others, and we were inclined to think that we should love with the most enduring love "Thoughts on Prosing"—there are so many thoughts in those thoughts, and they give rise to so many thoughts in the reader's own mind, that we must say we think them beautiful, and that they will be adjudged so by all who peruse them.

The volume is, moreover, expressly adapted to those who *can* think, and who have hearts as well as minds, imagination as well as sense; and who can snatch but minutes for mental improvement, and to whom it is of great moment to find subjects readily, worthy of meditation and reflection. As we can speak well of this little work, so we can most cordially wish it well, and very great prosperity, especially since any profit it may bring with it will be devoted to the restoration of a venerable Saxon church-tower.

Expedition to Discover the Sources of the White Nile. By Ferdinand Werner. 2 vols. Bentley: London.

In this expedition, as in many others he undertook, Mohammed Ali was badly served by his European mercenaries, who were in most cases but adventurers of a very indifferent class, and very profitless hirelings. But what he wanted to aid him in carrying out his many and grand schemes for the aggrandisement of Egypt by commerce and conquest, money alone could not purchase for him. He wanted men of honour and principle, of science and judgment, who were willing and able to benefit Africa by the civilization and knowledge of Europe, and to assist in making the singular country he ruled over, prosperous, and wealthy, and powerful, beyond all former example. Instead of these, impostors, of all degrees of imposture, crowded around him—the refuse of Europe flocked to him—presumption, and ignorance, and impudence, characterised the majority of the numerous French and Italian adventurers who sought employment under him; he was too anxious to engage in his service every degree of talent on every possible subject, to allow him to risk the loss of any portion of it for himself, and he therefore did not enquire very minutely, in the first instance, into the attainments and qualifications of the many applicants for places and pensions,—trusting probably to time to disclose to him what their real merit was, and what their true value to him.

That this expedition had not the complete success desired for it, is attributable, as it would seem, to the gross negligence and misconduct of two Frenchmen, who were to act as engineers in this exploring service; and this is but one instance among many, within our knowledge, where the Pacha's wise and useful projects were utterly marred by the incompetency and profligacy of his servants. Although, however, on this occasion the actual fountain-head of the White Nile was not reached, yet a very near approach to it was made, and a very extraordinary narrative of all that passed on the voyage is presented to us

in these volumes for our instruction and astonishment. The author had no official employment in this expedition, and consequently had no daily burden of duties upon him; but sailing as an amateur, and at his own charge, he occupied himself with making daily observations of the course which the ships took, and of the latitude they attained to; he took sketches of the scenery, trafficked with the natives, collected many specimens of their works of art, their weapons, their household utensils, and natural productions—and which he contrived to bring to Europe with him, and to deposit in the Royal Museum at Berlin.

But his occupations were not at all times either so peaceful or pleasurable; he once trod up a lion, and the two looked at each other with equal astonishment, if not with equal apprehension, but no disastrous consequences followed to either from this brief interview. At another time he stepped out of some reeds into the company of a dozen huge crocodiles, but instantly bethought himself that discretion, in some cases, was by far the better part of valour. Then there are casual encounters with elephants — set battles with the hippopotami, who were found to be formidable foes to small vessels—wild buffaloes also and hyenas, were at times dangerous neighbours, and occasionally they were gratified with the sight of herds of antelopes, some hundreds or a thousand strong. Still the shores of the White Nile are more thickly inhabited than are the shores of any river we have hitherto heard of, the village of the numerous tribes crowd in succession upon the banks, and Mohammed Ali, when he steamed up the river in his yacht in 1838, might well have formed the design of establishing a new and a mighty empire among these athletic, and gigantic, and half-civilized people.

The author's descriptions of their general and peculiar customs, of their intelligence and productions, will highly interest the reader, and we expect that this book will draw the especial attention of the missionary societies to the vast field that it lays open before them, and to the peculiar character of these pastoral tribes, with their primitive habits and unwarlike propensities, as a most favourable indication that they might readily receive the gospel at their hands. On the whole, the work will instruct many, and amuse more; it is valuable from its geographical details, and affords us a vast amount of information about a portion of the world of which we had hitherto known nothing. We wish for the sake of science, for the advancement of civilization, and for the promotion of commerce, that Mr. Herne had the exclusive command of a similar expedition up the White Nile. He would do great good as he went, and would bring back to us much valuable information on his return.

Lachrymæ Ecclesiæ. By the Rev. George Wyall. Cleaver. London.

This book, though new to us, has been for several years before the public, who have probably by this time, in most quarters, formed their own opinion of it. Its subject is the sufferings and destitution of the clergy during the great rebellion, a harrowing and painful subject at all times, and one which stirs the blood and disquiets the spirit whenever we think of it: still we are of opinion that it is a subject that must never be allowed to sleep—that must never be forgotten, and that cannot be too accurately, nor too forcibly, nor too frequently

be brought under the notice of the English people, especially in the form which the volume has of a 12mo.

The sufferings of the clergy were, indeed, great, and there is no lack of will in many men now to repeat the worst deeds of the worst men in those times; there is the same rabid and senseless hate existing in the minds of many against the church now as formerly; there is the same description of men to be found still, who are ever ready, ever eager to howl and yell against every one that is holy, and against every thing that is sacred.

Luckily the class of godly haters and destroyers have been immortalized by a pen that will carry down their chief characteristics to the latest generation. Never will they escape from the fangs of Hudibras—never will they be ever otherwise known, by all the sensible portion of mankind, than in the terms in which he has described them as—

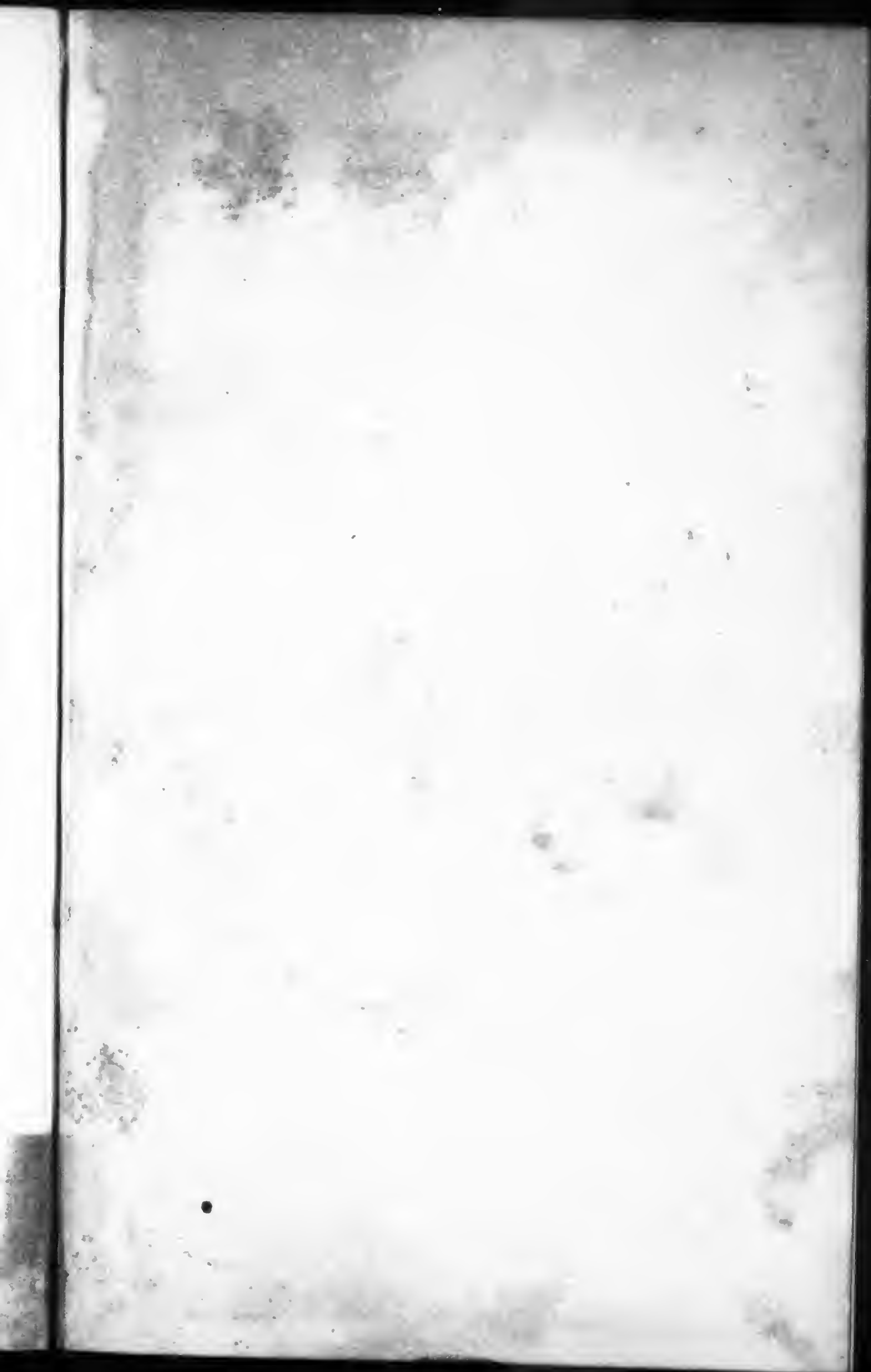
> "A various rout
> Of petulant, capricious sects,
> The maggots of corrupted texts
> That first run all religion down
> And after every swarm its own,"

and whose constant saying it was—

> "Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense,
> A saint should be a slave to conscience?
> Who ought to be above such fancies
> As far as above ordinances."

But we are bound to look back to those troubled times, to those evil days, for some measure of instruction to ourselves. It was mainly owing to the bishops that so much distress fell upon the clergy: it was from the impolitic conduct of the Lauds and the Williamses of those days filling every lay office with clerics, and striving to make of the state nothing but an inheritance to the church that roused the laity to such an excess of ill-will against the clergy. Human nature is the same in all ages, and it was the grasping and covetous spirit in the Sparkes of Ely, and the Tomlines of Lincoln, that made men hail the appointment in late years of that anomalous and dangerous church commission. Even this was considered the lesser evil of the two; even a commission avowedly of despoilers of the church's temporalities was better than a batch of bishops who were fast despoiling the church of its best inheritance, and its true riches,—the people's respect and affection.

Our enemies, and we have not a few, will have no power to hurt us, unless we ourselves furnish them with the means to do so; and the history of the past will always be found a most useful daily lesson to us, who, while we live, would wish to learn what the errors of the old times were, and how in these times we can best do what the times urge us to do, efficiently and conscientiously, spiritually and righteously.



Mrs. Raggles conference with Nurse Waters

London. Richard Bentley, 1849.

THE LADDER OF GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

The Peabody Family.

It was mid-winter; and a heavy fall of snow, depositing itself in all manner of odd nooks and crannies, and leaving sundry parts of the variegated architecture standing up bare and black, was rapidly converting the housetops of a little town on the eastern coast into a chaos of unintelligible shapes and shadows. If the moon could have penetrated the haze which intercepted that heap of human habitations, it must have been considerably perplexed to pick out from the confused mass the outlines of the familiar eaves and fantastic gables of Yarlton.

Down in the narrow, zigzag streets, the snow was playing the same pantomimic tricks upon window-sills and shop projections, and up entries, and gateways, and blind alleys. Wherever there was a corner that took the wind's eye, it was blockaded by the besieging drift, which swirled upwards in fierce eddies to the chimney-pots, round which it danced and leaped like mad. Old porches, here and there, looked like sheeted sentry-boxes pitched against the dark back-ground of the houses. Crazy wooden lamp-posts were crowned with queer white caps, tied under the chin of the dim red light in strange ragged knots. Grotesque forms, resembling fragments of cats and baboons, were squatted on the swinging sign-boards; and the Golden Canisters, and Red Boots, and Original Hats, which advertised the marine public of Yarlton where the best articles in their several lines were to be obtained, had put on a wild sort of masquerade, like gorgons and griffins glaring upon you through a mirage.

There were that night in many great mansions blazing fires and loud revelry, all in-door comforts being wonderfully enhanced by a sense of triumph over the storm which rages outside in the window-panes, but cannot find entrance; and there were also on the bleak highways, and in the ruts on the skirts of villages, many torpid and famished wretches creeping for shelter under

walls and hedges, and trying to sustain the life heat till a new day should open upon their wretchedness. But the contrast of extremes does not always touch us so keenly as the strata of mixed existence that lie between wealth and poverty, in which the struggle to keep out the wolf that howls on the threshold is a hundred times more wearing and wasting than downright pauperism, which goes straight to its refuge in the charities of the world.

Towards the extremity of the main street of Yarlton branched off a small row of houses, inhabited for the most part by the wives of sea-captains and mates of vessels, who, in the tedious intervals of grass-widowhood, while their husbands were absent on long voyages in the China seas, and other remote quarters of the globe, solaced their loneliness by letting lodgings, principally to single gentlemen. From the number of little bills on the shutters, and an occasional display of hard-bake and dusty apples, piled up pyramidically in the windows, it might be surmised that the dwellers in Trafalgar Row did not consider the humblest speculations beneath their attention. Yet, notwithstanding these signs of unobtrusive indigence, the place had a retired and genteel appearance, which might, perhaps, be ascribed to a board at the entrance exhibiting the words, "No Thoroughfare," the opposite extremity being boarded up with a notification, addressed in vain to the enterprise of the Yarltonians, that the mysterious space within was to be let for building. This circumstance, although it kept out the public traffic, was nevertheless attended by some inconvenience to the inhabitants, as the aforesaid boarding was the favourite resort of the little boys of the neighbourhood, who used to take an inscrutable delight in peeping through the chinks at the heaps and hollows of earth beyond, where some projector had dabbled in the building-lots, and, for want of capital, left his foundations unfinished. With this exception, however, the only invasions to which Trafalgar Row was exposed were from wandering organ-grinders, puppet-shows, and dancing-monkeys, — a class of entertainments largely patronized by the seaboard population.

In a little parlour in one of these houses, on the night when the snow had the streets all to itself, and nobody was out of doors that could help it, sat two persons at a table; a man about thirty years of age, but looking much younger, by virtue of a round, fresh-coloured face, beaming with a soft and passive expression, and a woman, his junior by three or four years, but whose pale, lank features and fretful eyes gave her the appearance of being at least ten years older than her companion. This deceptive aspect of youth or age is often a matter of temperament. Some people, Heaven help us! are born old.

The considerate Muse of this true history drops a veil over the scanty supper, which lay untouched on the table between them. Nor will she make an inventory of the furniture, although it might be done with a few scratches of her pen, except that

she thinks it necessary to record that there was a cradle in one corner, with an infant in it; and on the opposite side a dual-functioned piece of carpentry, which served as a settle in the day-time, and as a bed at night, supplying us at once with the etymology of that ancient article called a settle-bed. There was an open cupboard, disclosing imperfect and rather disorderly lines of cups and saucers, and other bits of ware glimmering behind them; and the walls were adorned with half-a-dozen prints of sky-blue sailors, brandishing huge cutlasses heroically in the air; a fancy sketch of "Sally in our alley," dressed in a chip-hat with streamers, a long puce-coloured sash, short petticoats, like a ballet-girl, and a bunch of flowers in her hand; a ship in full sail upon an ocean of mellow-green billows; and a portrait of Mr. Incledon, in the act of singing "The Storm," painted up to the eyes with a round blot of scarlet, that slightly infringed upon the collar of his jacket. In spite of these gay works of art, the room had a penurious and dismal aspect. There was not much fire in the grate, but luckily the grate was small, and favoured the diligence with which the kindly-featured man from time to time re-packed the embers to keep them together.

"It's gone ten, John," observed the woman, with a furtive glance at the table.

"Only a few minutes," replied her companion; "wait a little longer."

"Perhaps Raggles is worse to-night," she rejoined.

"Wait a bit, and we shall hear, Nan. Lord bless us, how the wind does tear at that scrap of paper, though the shutters be fastened up outside."

"Ah! just like you. All the Peabodys are the same. As long as you can keep out the cold, and get a scramble of something to eat and drink, you'll never trouble your head about doing anything for the family."

"What would you have me do, Mrs. Peabody?" demanded John, taking a little courage, and looking at his wife through the flame of the candle, which he was not sorry stood between them.

"Do? What every man does that has a wife and child," replied Mrs. Peabody. "You know we haven't had a lodger now for upwards of six weeks, except cousin Richard; and how do you think we can maintain ourselves and pay our rent out of his four shillings a-week, and the trifle you pick up at the wharf? Now, if anything should happen to Raggles, Richard will be thrown out of employ, and we'll lose that, and have to keep him most likely till he gets another berth."

"Sufficient for the day, Nan," returned Mr. Peabody, who was going on with that exemplary axiom, when he was cut short by the lady.

"Sufficient for the fiddlestick," she broke in; "I'd like to see the day when we're to have sufficient. You're an idle man, Peabody; and I'm always telling you that you're a fool,

but it 's no use. You get down talking to people of a morning, instead of trying to earn something; and I have to face all the worry at home to keep the house over our heads. We owe money to everybody, and it was only a week ago that I sat up all night with Mrs. Muggs' baby in the measles to keep her off me a little longer."

"Well—well," replied Peabody, in a soft and deprecatory tone, "who knows but we 'll have a bit of luck by and by."

"Luck?" replied Mrs. Peabody, her thin face becoming apparently more thin and pinched than before; "waiting for a bit of luck! A bit of luck, Peabody? What do you mean by a bit of luck?" And this latter interrogatory was uttered in a sort of scream which bore a painful resemblance to a laugh.

The human mind, like the eye, sees all things according to the aspects they present from its own particular point of sight; and it must be frankly acknowledged that Mr. Peabody's view of the world, owing to that curious psychological fact, differed widely from his wife's, especially on this frequent topic, as to what it was he meant by a bit of luck. For Mr. Peabody was constantly expecting a bit of luck, although he never could be induced to explain what shape he expected it was to take, or whether he was to find it in the street, or it was to fall down from the skies; while Mrs. Peabody, having been perpetually frustrated in her attempts to discover it, had arrived at a conviction that it was altogether a mental delusion. When, therefore, she put this direct question to him, which she had put, probably, a hundred times before, Mr. Peabody thought that no great good could be effected by going over the old ground, so he turned slowly to the fire, and in a thoughtful manner began to pack up the embers into the form of a cone.

Mrs. Peabody who, we are afraid, felt at this moment a little secret scorn for what she regarded as want of sense in her husband, let the argument drop also, and uttering a long whirring sound, as much as to say, "You 're nothing but a poor weak blockhead, Peabody!" rose to her full height, and went over to the cradle where the child was buried in a profound slumber, dreaming, for all she knew, of rivers of warm milk and interminable screws of sugarstick. There was no need to disturb the child, but Mrs. Peabody was put out, and the child was an invariable resource on such occasions. Accordingly she twitched the cradle, and the child awoke. Snatching it into her lap, with rather more than her usual vehemence, she set about the maternal task of drowning its whimpers in a guttural lullaby, directing an occasional glance of contempt at Mr. Peabody, who sat with his back to her, engrossed in a confused problem concerning that remote future which involved the development of all mankind's bits of luck.

This suspension of the domestic debate was disturbed by the arrival of cousin Richard, who, after shaking off a shower of flakes from his coat, and depositing on a chair a brown paper

parcel, which he had carried under his arm, took his seat at the table, with a careless nod to Mrs. Peabody.

Richard was a young man of the middle height with a fine head, and a decidedly handsome cast of features, so handsome as to set you speculating at once upon the figure he would have made had he been born a gentleman, and nurtured luxuriously, and put out into the world with the advantages of fortune and station. One sometimes meets such a face amongst the children of the poor, and wonders how it came there, and how it happens that poverty does not drag down and degrade its intellectual beauty, as if Nature had no refinements of her own independently of the accidents of birth and breeding. Richard Rawlings might have been mistaken for an aristocrat had he been properly disguised; but something more than the masquerade of costume would have been necessary to enable him to sustain the character. There was an expression of premature toil and suffering in his face that too plainly betrayed the struggling class to which he belonged.

"What have you brought home in the parcel, Richard?" inquired John Peabody.

"Work—work," replied Richard.

"Raggles is worse to-night," observed Mrs. Peabody, in a half question.

"As bad as he can be," said Richard.

"It will be a sad job for you if anything happens to him," she continued.

"I suppose I must look out elsewhere," returned Richard.

"Never despair, man," said John Peabody, who was just going to add something about the possibility of a bit of luck, when the utterance of that consoling observation was checked by a sinister glance from his wife.

"But Mrs. Raggles will keep on the business," said Mrs. Peabody.

"Not likely," said Richard: "what does she know about it? He did it all himself. Mrs. Raggles! She does nothing from morning till night but talk to her cat. Another bit of herring, Nan."

"Hand down that bottle behind you, John," said Mrs. Peabody. "There's just a drop left for Richard. She's a vain poor body, for all I hear of her. But it will be a great pull down to her pride if he should go off. They say she has some rich relations."

"They *say* so," returned Richard, with a cynical leer, which seemed to imply that he doubted the fact.

"Did you ever see any of them?" inquired John.

"Never," said Richard, "and the only one I ever heard spoken of was an uncle, who went into the coal trade, and settled in France. They have no relations, either of them, and live like hens in a coop."

"But isn't she mighty tawdry and fond of finery?" said Mrs. Peabody.

"When she can get it," replied Richard; "but Raggles is too close to indulge her."

"Well, never despair, I say," remarked John, "who knows but—"

"Now, then, for it, John," interrupted Mrs. Peabody, "now for the bit of luck."

"You 're wrong, my dear," responded John; "I assure you, on my word, no—I never thought of such a thing; I was only going to say, that should Raggles die she might keep Richard to manage the business."

Richard smiled, not very pleasantly, at this observation.

"Now, Dick," said John Peabody, who, in a fine spirit of hopefulness, was always for reconciling everybody and everything, "isn't that rather a little prejudice? You know well enough that she can't do without you. Why, it stands to reason after seven years."

"Ay, seven years next January," returned Richard; "seven years. And I believe I 've been pretty hard at it all that time?"

"That you have," observed Mrs. Peabody; "and the least old Raggles ought to do, would be to leave you something in his will."

"Old Raggles make a will!" observed Richard, smiling more unpleasantly than before; "he 'd as soon set fire to his house. He would think that he was giving away all he had in the world on the spot. Seven years!" he continued musingly, and taking up a thin wavy poker that stood beside the grate he thrust its attenuated point into the coals, and at a single dash swept down the conical fabric which had been built up so carefully by John Peabody.

"At the end of seven years," resumed Richard, after a short silence: "a man ought to have saved something to set him up in the world. But unless I was a conjurer I couldn't have saved in Raggles' service. He 's so jealous of the business, that a man might be with him all his life, without learning enough of it to begin on his own account. He doesn't give one a chance. He suspects everybody—trusts nobody—the best of all ways to turn an honest man into a rogue!" Here he stopped for a moment, and gulped down a mouthful of the mixture of shrub and water Mrs. Peabody had prepared for him, and then went on; "he keeps his own books, and would never let anybody see them. It 's astonishing, isn't it?"

"Very," said Mrs. Peabody, not exactly clear about the matter, although she thought that it must be astonishing.

"Never," said Richard, the unpleasant smile expanding into a sudden laugh; "never saw a line of his books; never allowed to talk to the customers, lest I 'd run away with them, I suppose, and set up for myself. Think of that, John Peabody, think of that."

"Well, I do think of it," said John; "and all things considered, isn't it likely now, Dick, that that 's only his way. He 's an old-fashioned sort of a man, you know, and has been used to his own way; and you must take people as you find them."

"That 's uncommon wise of you," observed Mrs. Peabody;

"see what has come to you of taking people as you find them. Bless the goose, he has been taking people as he finds them all his life, and I'd like to know how he finds himself after it. I believe there's two shillings in the house. I needn't say any more on that subject, I suppose, John Peabody?"

"Well, but my dear," John ventured to remark, "you can't change the nature of people. Here's old Raggles has a particular habit, my dear—a particular habit; we all have our particular habits; and I was only saying to Dick that in that case, it was a pity to take it to himself, that's all," and he ended with a formidable wink aside to his wife, by way of conveying to her privately his benevolent desire to smooth over the uncomfortable feeling Richard had about Raggles. But Mrs. Peabody was not at all disposed to take this conciliatory view of the matter; and did not hesitate to express her disdain for what she called the "mean-spirited" ideas of her husband.

"Don't wink at me, Peabody!" she exclaimed; "I'll not encourage you in your mean-spirited ideas. Particular habits, indeed! Do you want to make Richard as big a fool as you are yourself? Lord, that poor man never could bring himself to suspect anybody of anything. Nothing makes an impression on him, I do believe. He's the right sort of man to go through the world, and bring up a family."

"Very well, Mrs. Peabody, very well," quietly returned John; "only I don't see the good of suspecting people, but I dare say you're right, my dear."

Mrs. Peabody had some strong opinions on the subject of fools, and maintained that it was better for a woman to be married to the worst of knaves than the most accommodating of fools. And of all fools she considered her husband the greatest, as she told him ten times a-day; and it must be owned that he justified the appellation in some measure by never taking any pains to convince her that he was a man of sense. It by no means follows, however, that he was a fool. The wisest man might have borne the epithet in like circumstances with a like submission rather than raise a dispute which could end only by making both parties more obstinate than when they set out. At all events, the reader is requested to give John Peabody the benefit of the doubt, as, in the course of this history, he may be placed in situations in which he may not exercise this transcendent virtue of forbearance.

The conversation now turned off on Mrs. Raggles, and it was clear from what Richard said about her that there was no great good will between them, and that he had as poor an opinion of her as Mrs. Peabody had of John. If similitudes of character produce the happiest marriages, Mrs. Raggles ought to have been married to John Peabody, as it appeared that she was much the same sort of easy-going, good-for-nothing person, and Mrs. Peabody was malicious enough to observe that it was a pity they were not man and wife, as they would be sure to do well together.

How she and Raggles had gone on together suggested another topic, which naturally led to the consideration of how she would get on by herself if Raggles were to die, an event Richard looked upon as inevitable, Pogey, the apothecary, having given him up, unless he should take a favourable turn in the course of the night.

"And if he should die," inquired Mrs. Peabody, "what do you think you will do, Richard?"

"Oh!" said Richard, "the best I can, to be sure; "let's talk no more about it; I've got some work to do before I go to sleep, and I'm quite fagged out. Can you give me a morsel of candle?"

"You may take that," returned Mrs. Peabody; "we've light enough by the fire."

Richard took the candle, and picking up his brown paper parcel, wished them good night. They listened for a moment as his heavy step went up the stairs, till they heard him enter his room, and lock the door after him.

"He's out of sorts to night," observed Mrs. Peabody.

John Peabody answered with a yawn, stretching himself out in a fearful manner half over the floor. But the connubial conversation did not end here, and for more than a quarter of an hour afterwards any passer-by might have heard the nasal tones of that thin voice issuing from the settle, responded to at broken intervals by a sonorous snore.

CHAPTER II.

Richard Rawlings.

When Richard Rawlings had got into his room and locked his door, a precaution which Mrs. Peabody had never known him to adopt before, he set down the candle and the parcel upon a little round table, and throwing himself into a seat, fixed his eyes in a hard stare upon the candlestick. For full five minutes he continued to stare in this entranced way, without any variety or intermission, except when his eyes moved up and down the candle, as if he were taking its dimensions; but, although he looked at it with such apparent steadfastness it never entered into his thoughts. During that five minutes he ran over the whole history of his life.

He went back to his childhood, which called up a picture of a hovel sprawling amongst muddy outworks of sties and duckponds, in a clayey hollow on the brink of a stream fringed by alder-trees, with a ragged orchard at the back, choked up by brambles and long grass almost as tall as himself. He recollected a bridge which abutted close to the hovel on the high road above, and a track leading up to it, upon which he had clambered many a time, crowing and clapping his hands to notify to his mother, who fondly watched him from below, that he had achieved the perilous summit.

And then the scene changed, and all was gloom and silence in the hovel. A miserable light, fixed in a sconce on the wall, showed the emaciated face of a sick woman lying on a pallet; and then followed mourning and wailing, and he was sent out of the way while the tender mother, whose voice still vibrated at his heart, was carried to the grave.

Then came another slide of the dark lantern, the straggling street of a far-off village, and a hard-featured man, toiling from morning till night, and taking the boy, now growing up to a premature consciousness of daily necessities, into the fields, to help him in his work. This morose man is his father, very harsh at most times, but now and then speaking kind words to him that make the tears tremble in his eyes. The holidays of childhood are all over—the toddling up steeps, and hunting of butterflies, and the terrible hazards through ditches and stiles, and swinging gates; and the boy, with his instincts yet yearning towards play and pastime, is compelled to labour like a dreary man for his daily food. And mixed with these memories are glimpses of a school where he pores over books and slates, and somehow learns to read and write and cast up rows of figures which he never can keep in a straight line, or shape into equal proportions, some being of gigantic height, and some dwarfed and crippled, and which, in spite of all his pains, he cannot prevent from running into and tumbling over each other.

Then ensues the dismallest change of all. The hard man is crushed down by poverty and over-work, and the boy is alone in the bleak churchyard. The world is out there in the sunshine on the roads, and in the meadows, and on the hills; and crowds of human faces pass and re-pass, but not one is turned towards him; and he wanders up and down, begging for food, and ready for any drudgery that can procure it. He hardly knows how he lives from day to day, but he contrives to live through many years that, looking back upon them at this distance of time, seem like a mist of centuries. The terrible images that rise up in that mist!—the appalling fight for life!—he shudders even now while he thinks of them.

And so he works on to manhood, his sympathies for his kind, if any can be healthily nurtured in such circumstances, perpetually beaten down, until his whole faculties become concentrated upon the one object of self-preservation. Perhaps the process has hardened his nature, as it has embittered his life; but he has no spare time for moral reflections. He is engrossed by a more urgent matter — the prospect of being again cast upon the world to starve. It is of that he is thinking—of that alone; and it is filled with horrors, rapidly shaped and huddled together out of the experiences of the past.

He recalls every item of his seven years' servitude in the shop of Mr. Raggles; how he was first taken in upon charity, and put to the lowest offices, which he was then glad enough to discharge; how his honesty was suspected in the beginning, and

how he was buffetted and ill-used; how Raggles brought home a young wife, who, conceiving an aversion to him, never let an opportunity slip of poisoning his master's mind against him by trumpery complaints. A thousand incidents that had happened during this period came back upon him, darkly tinged by a sense of wrongs and contumely. He remembered all the petty vexations acutely—they had eaten into his soul: the benefits he had enjoyed were buried under a heap of injuries. And now, in the end, his situation hung upon a thread, and Raggles was, perhaps, on the point of inflicting upon him the greatest wrong of all by dying, and throwing him out of employment.

Slowly emerging from his meditations, he drew his chair over to the table, and taking up the paper parcel, began to untie the cord. A flush passed over his face, and his hand slightly trembled. What were his thoughts at that moment? He was working himself into a belief that Raggles had been his enemy all throughout. Why should Raggles not have trusted him in his business, and suffered him to make a character by which he could live hereafter? But Raggles had kept him down, and thrust him out of sight. He was known only as a poor, baited underling, whom nobody thought of throwing away a word upon. An insight into Raggles' connections would furnish him with the means of getting employment when he wanted it; and had Raggles acted justly, there would be no occasion now for him to obtain such necessary information by underhand means. It might be useful to him in various ways to learn something about Raggles' affairs; there might be matters he could take up on his own account; or he might gather some hints that would be valuable to other people, which he could turn to profit. There was, besides, an additional reason for possessing himself of the real state of Raggles' concerns—namely, Mrs. Raggles' total ignorance of them. Should Raggles go off suddenly, what could the poor woman do, if there was not somebody at hand to act for her? nor did it escape his friendly regard for her interests that a preliminary knowledge of Raggles' financial resources would enable him to act for her in a manner which would place her at a considerable disadvantage. There was a long arrear of small, grinding annoyances due to him.

Having got rid of his conscientious scruples on these points in half the time it has taken to recapitulate them, he tore open the parcel and drew therefrom the ledgers and bank-book of Mr. Raggles, which that prudent tradesman had been in the habit of keeping in his desk under the protection of a patent safety lock. But in times of illness, when households become disordered, keys get straying about into wrong hands, and so it happened that these records of the house of Raggles came into Richard's possession that very morning. When the idea first flashed upon his mind of taking home these books and sifting their contents, he felt very giddy and sick; but it need not be related

by what insidious degrees, as the day wore on, the morbid feelings which were consuming his heart overcame his honest compunctions. The only thing he could not quite reconcile himself to was the secrecy of the act. Secrecy had an ugly air of guilt about it. But then he balanced all the other arguments so skilfully, *pro* and *con*, that he was able at last to set aside even that. There is never any lack of successful sophistry on such occasions.

It was probably pure accident which attracted his attention in the first instance to the bank-book; and great was his surprise at the discoveries he made in that instructive volume. But the discovery that chiefly excited his curiosity was the unexpected extent of Raggles' transactions, for scarcely a day passed that an entry did not appear on one side or the other. The quantity of money in perpetual movement through these little red columns fairly dazzled him. He had always thought that Raggles carried on a thriving business, but he had no suspicion that it involved such large sums and such frequent payments; and the more he reflected upon their magnitude, the more enormous, by force of contrast, seemed the penurious tyranny with which he had been treated. In short, he could not help regarding Raggles' pecuniary successes as a special refinement of cruelty, which aggravated his own misfortunes; so that when he came to add up the columns and strike the balance, he was in a proper mood to appreciate at its full value the sum of 845*l.* 14*s.*, which he found Mr. Raggles had lying idle in the bank.

The next book, a long, narrow volume, bound in white vellum, inscribed in Raggles' own hand "Bills and Securities," was not so intelligible to him as the simpler cash-account he had just explored. Here several lines were obliterated by a dash of the pen, and others were written in a sort of short-hand, interspersed with figures and capital letters, of which he could make neither head nor tail. These obliterations and hieroglyphics only exaggerated the opinion he had formed of the vastness of the dealings in which Raggles was engaged. It was clear that he had other ways of turning money besides that general-shop in the market-place, which he now began to look upon almost as a blind. If his affairs were legitimate and above-board, why should he record them in symbolical devices which nobody could interpret but himself? Securities too? There was a policy of insurance, plain enough, for he could distinctly trace the name of the Universal Fire Assurance Office (of which he took a note), a bond marked B B 31, and a sum of 76*l.* crossed out opposite to the Yarlton Loan Fund. What could all this mean? Did Raggles lend out money on interest? He carefully jotted down all these suspicious items upon the sheet of paper which was lying beside him, and which was beginning to look very like the heads of a bill of indictment.

There were two other books, the regular ledgers. Here all

the items were perfectly clear, and they distinctly unveiled the course of the shop trade carried on by Mr. Raggles. This was the precise information he had originally looked for; but his researches had developed a wider range of secrets, and upon a re-examination of his elaborate notes, he found that they were even more various and important than they had seemed at first sight.

Richard Rawlings pondered long upon the facts he was thus enabled to collect by dint of profound conjectural criticism. Sometimes, in the midst of his meditations, it would suddenly occur to him that the man whose private affairs he was thus scrutinizing was perhaps wrestling, at that very moment, in the last agony for another gasp of life, oblivious of worldly business, all his bills and securities, insurances and loans, dropping into dust and ashes before his failing senses; and there would come an uncomfortable feeling about a death-bed, and a vision of wan hands thrust out from under the clothes, and figures kneeling about with their heads bowed in prayer; but the memory of the slights and wrongs of years dispelled the suggestions of his better nature, and turned them to bitterness.

The proofs were before him of the wealth that man had amassed during those seven years in which he had heaped such oppression upon him who now sat in judgment on their relative positions. Had Raggles been a poor man, or a struggling man, it would have palliated his harshness and meanness. But Raggles was rich, and *he* was a beggar. Richard Rawlings had a case to make out for his own justification; and in proportion as he succeeded in satisfying himself of the inordinate wealth of Raggles, the hardships, and consequent injustice, that he had suffered rose up more and more palpably before him.

A third person, dispassionately looking on, might not have been able to detect the force of the reasoning by which he converted Raggles' prosperity into a personal wrong done to himself; but the subtilty that enters into resentments built upon minute points and hoarded trifles, is not easily penetrated by ordinary observers, and is scarcely intelligible to people of large and comprehensive views. There are individuals, not a very numerous class it is to be hoped, who have an extraordinary power, when it serves the occasion, of calling up, out of a life-time of kindly intercourse, a miraculous collection of small slights and offences, utterly forgotten by everybody else, if they ever had a real existence, and getting up out of them a plausible catalogue of grievances, which they make it appear that they had borne with exemplary patience. In instances of this nature, however, it generally happens that the grievances are never disclosed till some fortunate opportunity arrives when they can be made use of advantageously, the meek virtue upon which they had been inflicted continuing to bear them with a smiling resignation up to the moment when it can turn them to a profitable purpose. It must not be supposed that Richard Rawlings was an indi-

vidual of this low and pettyfogging cast, for his genius embraced a more expanded horizon; but there was thus far a coincidence between him and such persons, that in his ordinary behaviour to Mr. and Mrs. Raggles he never betrayed his sense of the injuries that were seething in his mind, and that the said injuries never boiled over till he believed Raggles' and his own situation to be on the point of dissolution together.

Fine encouragement this for honesty, thought Richard. The employer grows rich upon the hard servitude of your youth, and leaves you in your manhood a beggar! The man of substance dies, and is followed by a train of crape and feathers to the churchyard, and I go out to starve. And people take off their hats and pray as the body of the rich man passes! How comes it that he, who was no better than myself, poorer in heart and spirit, grasping, mean and cruel, should have that white stone over his grave with a pious verse upon it to inform the world that he is sleeping in heaven, while I am prowling on the highroad for bread? What was this man's advantage over me? Wealth. It is the ladder by which men ascend to power over their fellowmen. Why should not I, too, plant my foot upon it, and climb as well as others?

A new light broke upon him. The project of a life had leapt into his brain.

A little skeleton clock on the stair-head outside his door struck two. The morsel of candle supplied to him by Mrs. Peabody would have left him in the dark long before, had he not had the forethought to provide himself with another on his way home. This second candle was descending slowly into the socket, and beginning to make odd smoky gyrations which curled upwards from the huge unsnuffed wick, when Richard thought it was high time to go to bed. At that instant, while the sinking flame was glimmering and shooting out red sparks on the table, there came a loud and violent knocking at the street-door. It scared him out of his reverie. Had there been light enough in the room to show his face, a rush of blood might have been seen mantling up to the roots of his hair, then suddenly retreating and leaving the marble surface as white as paper.

The first thought that occurred to him was that Raggles had called for his books, and that suspicion of having made away with them had, of course, fallen upon him. He had nerve enough to brave the consequences, if that were all; but shame was paramount to terror. There was still that grace of unsullied youth in him, for it was his first delinquency, and he would gladly have foregone all hopes and resentments to have recalled it. But it was too late. What was to be done? How could he secrete these fatal books? The last floating particle of the candle had already melted down, and the room was pitch-dark, except in that lessening spot upon the table, where the pulsing flame, which threatened to go out at each palpitation, revealed

glimpses of the evidence against him. He ran to the window to see who was at the door, forgetting, in his confusion, that his room was at the back of the house, and that the window looked out upon a little yard jammed up against the heavy wall of a brewery. The knocking was repeated, and, hardly daring to breathe, he stood at the table, unknowingly clutching up the ledgers, and waiting for the issue.

"Who 's that at the door?" inquired a shrill voice below.

Richard Rawlings listened with intense attention, but could not catch the answer.

"From Mrs. Raggles?" returned the same voice.

The answer was again indistinct, and the knocking was repeated.

"This is a fine time o' night to waken people out of their sleep, isn't it?" resumed the shrill voice. "What do you want?"

There was now a loud shout, as if the person outside was determined to make the response unmistakeably distinct; and Richard fancied that it sounded like his own name. He sprang to the door to assure himself that it was locked.

"What? You want Richard Rawlings? Well, I'm sure, you might have stopped till daylight; wait a bit, and I 'll let you in;" said Mrs. Peabody, muttering at the same time a variety of objurgations natural to the occasion.

In a few minutes more the street-door was opened, and Richard caught fragments of the conversation that ensued in the hall.

"U-u-uch!" screamed Mrs. Peabody, as a hurricane of sleet drifted in; "come in—quick," and the door was instantly shut again with a loud clap. "Well — what 's the matter? U-uch! don't come near me; lord save us, you're like a snowball."

"Y-i-s, m-a-r-m," replied a shivering voice, which articulated its words letter by letter. "I 'm so cold—m-a-r-m—titre—titre —if—you—please."

"Don't stand titrering there," said Mrs. Peabody; "what 's your message?"

"If—you—please—m-a-r-m," resumed the creaking voice, and then there was a terrible shudder of the body of the speaker, which seemed to run up the stairs, and freeze the whole house; "if—you—please—m-a-r-m, master's taken in the fit-tis-isses, and mis-sus sent me, if you please m-a-r-m, for mis-is-ter Rawling-s-isses."

"In the fittisses?" returned Mrs. Peabody; "then, I suppose, it 's all over with him."

"I suppose it is, m-a-r-m," replied the voice, in a leisurely tremble, having discharged its business, and thinking it might now take its time to recover itself.

"John Peabody," cried out the good woman, "do you hear. Raggles is taken in the fittisses."

John Peabody responded in an audible snore.

"Ah! just like you," resumed Mrs. Peabody; "all the Peabodys is the same. Sleep, eat, and drink for ever, and the world going to pieces about you. Get up, I tell you—and c-a-a-l-l R-i-i-ch-a-a-rd!" which last words being projected into his ear with a prolonged bellow, like the screech of a steam-engine, stunned him out of his sleep, and he started up in the bed like a man demented. But after rubbing his eyes, and comforting himself with a hearty shake, his meek and acquiescent disposition speedily adapted itself to the exigencies of the moment, as it was habituated to do, and he moved gently out of the bed, and softly across the floor, and up the stairs without uttering a word till he groped his way to Richard's door.

"Richard!" whispered John Peabody at the key-hole, as if he was afraid of disturbing him. "Richard!"

No reply, but a long surging sound of a heavy sleep.

"Richard," repeated John Peabody, accompanying the summons this time with a low tap at the door.

"Call louder, you fool!" exclaimed Mrs. Peabody, "or he'll never hear you."

"Richard!" repeated John Peabody, in a bolder tone, knocking again rather more loudly.

There was a deep yawn within, followed by a gurgle of dreamy words.

"What's the matter!" demanded Richard.

"You're wanted," replied John Peabody, cringing close up to the door, and shuddering from the cold in a manner that made the entire panel shake.

"Who is it?" inquired Richard.

"It's Crikey Snaggs," cried John Peabody.

"Oh! Crikey Snaggs is it?" said Richard; "just tell him to step up to the door, will you?"

"Step up this way, Crikey," said John, "and mind you don't fall over the bucket;" and John descended timorously, and, making his way as quietly as he could into bed again, covered himself up in the clothes.

"Well, Crikey," cried Richard, in rather an authoritative tone of voice, keeping his hand clenched on the key of the door all the time; "what brings you here at such an hour of the night?"

"If you please, sir," replied Crikey, "Master's taken in the fittisses, and Missus says you're to come up, if you please, sir."

"Is that all?" demanded Richard.

"As I knows of," returned Crikey.

"Anybody there?" inquired the other.

"Except the widder, if you please, sir, and Joey, I don't think so," replied Crikey Snaggs.

"Then wait a minute, till I dress myself, and I'll come with you," said Richard, turning to the table and, gathering up the books into the brown paper, he thrust them under the bed, and then opening the door, which he carefully locked after him, and desiring Crikey to go before him, noiselessly stept down, the

stairs into the street. He was in no disposition to talk to Mrs. Peabody, whose muffled voice he could overhear in voluble discourse with her husband, who was probably by this time fast asleep again.

Crikey Snaggs was a little boy of fifteen years of age, but being singularly contracted in size, looked like a stunted child of not more than ten or eleven. His real name was Bob, but every body called him Crikey, a nickname that had been given to him on account of an awkward curve in his ribs which threw his head slightly out of the perpendicular. The *soubriquet* of Crikey was supposed to represent the general idea of crooked, and the boy was so used to it, and it came so natural to him at last, that if any one called him Bob he would never think of answering. Little Crikey had a very large head, with bleary eyes, and thin lips. He had been taken from the Foundling Hospital, and had not the most remote suspicion to whom he belonged, and didn't care. His actual amount of intelligence was strictly limited to doing literally what he was told to do, if he understood it. Beyond that, he eat and drank what he could get in Raggles' establishment, where he was housed and fed; and was remarkable for no other peculiarity but an invincible tendency to sleep, which overtook him whenever he was left to himself for three consecutive minutes.

When they reached the house in the market-place, the door was opened by a woman-servant already alluded to under the name of Joey, a heavy girl, with a great cap on the top of her head, and an extraordinary profusion of dusty hair clumped up under it, a round face shining all over with soap and good-nature, and a pair of jibing, pale-bluish eyes, in which the light seemed to be always glistening and vanishing, and which made her look irresistibly comical through the thick tears that were raining down her cheeks.

At sight of Richard, Joey's grief burst out afresh, and it was with difficulty he could restrain her from having a regular cry in the passage.

"Don't be foolish, woman," said Richard, "how is he going on?"

"Very bad," bubbled out Joey, with a most festive expression of countenance.

"Is he sensible?" he inquired.

"He talks miraculous," said Joey, "and such a heap of things comes into his head that the like of it was never heerd."

"Why did they send for me?" demanded Richard.

"Don't you know?" she returned; "he has been raving about you, and calling for you this hour back, and I shouldn't wonder," she added, in a dismal whisper, "if he had something very pettikler to say to you."

CHAPTER III.

Containing some Biographical Particulars concerning the Raggles, which the Reader may skip if he pleases.

The fishing-town of Yarlton, situated in the hundred of Cutsford, lies high up on the coast, not many miles distant from the Border. It was formerly variously designated Yulton, Yarltoft, and Yarltown, finally softening into Yarlton. A fort is said to have once commanded the place from a high cliff on the northern side; but, as the fort has long since disappeared, and the cliff along with it, posterity is at liberty to exercise its own discretion over the tradition. Like many other very old towns contiguous to the sea, there are some queer hollows and mounds still extant in the neighbouring flats, which are indifferently attributed to the Druids, the Romans, the Saxons, the Dutch, and the Normans; and, should the Archæological Society ever be induced to hold an anniversary in Yarlton, they will find their hands full of historical conundrums, upon which their learned researches may be advantageously bestowed.

At the time we are speaking of, Yarlton had fifteen hundred and odd inhabitants, a little dumpy Gothic church, a sedate chapel of ease, several independent places of worship, and a free-school, besides an almshouse, and an assembly-room over the market-house or town-hall. It was what may be called a bustling, but not a lively, place; for, although the streets were generally pretty full of stray sailors, and chapmen, and motley amphibious pedestrians, who were in constant movement up and down, yet the town had a dull, idle aspect notwithstanding. The people seemed to walk about without any precise object; they lolled, and loitered, and whistled, and looked into shop-windows, and hung about the stalls, as if they had nothing on earth to do, and were waiting for something, rather wishing that it might not arrive. The only real enthusiasm that ever awoke Yarlton out of this deep lethargy was when the fishermen made a great haul, and returned in the crisp sunshine of the dawn with their flotilla sparkling over the waters. Then everybody was up and astir, and there was a universal rush to the beach, and the town poured out its whole fifteen hundred and odd inhabitants to witness the dragging of the nets and the display of the spoils. The sea-serpent caught and brought home alive, and stretched out on the sands, could not have thrown the population into a condition of greater excitement.

The market-place of Yarlton was the focus of all the traffic and all the idleness. Here there were tilted-waggons, and country carts, and trucks resembling sledges, and occasional post-chaises, and wheel-barrows piled up, according to the season, with geraniums, vegetables, crockery ware, kettles, saucepans, brushes, rugs, mats, and the like, to be seen in perpetual motion, or spread out over the ground on market-days, after the

manner of a bazaar in the open air. Here also were the two great inns of Yarlton, exactly *vis-à-vis*, and keeping a vigilant watch upon each other: the Grundy Arms, which was considered the genteelest, and more modern of the two, being called, moreover, after Squire Grundy of Grundy Hall, who presided at the inauguration dinner, and having a portico in front that advanced some ten feet into the street, and was covered at the top with a forest of myrtles, firs, and aloes; and the Drake's Head (not the bird, but the Admiral), a very old, lengthy house, with a sloping tiled roof, small casement windows, a tottering wooden porch, which seemed to be held up, and kept together, by a thick group of monthly roses that wandered out into the air overhead, and wooden benches in front, upon which, at all hours, somebody was sure to be sitting. Here, too, were the best shops in the town, the only shops, statistically speaking, that rendered it worth the while of the Custom House to send up to London a monthly voucher of the imports and exports of Yarlton.

In the good old war time, under the patriotic auspices of Billy Pitt, as he was familiarly designated by the people at large, Yarlton was a prosperous place for its size and opportunities. Amongst the most opulent of its inhabitants was Ebenezer Raggles, a man of patient industry and high moral character. His moral character was his *cheval de bataille.* He started in life with it, and found it so useful to him that no temptations could induce him to risk it. To say that a man starts in life with a character of any kind may, perhaps, appear paradoxical; but in this case it was perfectly true, for Ebenezer was a member of the highly respected sect called Methodists, and began the world with all the credit in advance which the world is disposed to give to strictly pious people. The Methodists were in high vogue in the commercial line at that time, and Ebenezer, by the severity of his manner and assiduous attention to business, became, in the course of a few years, a prominent person, in a town where prominent persons were looked up to with a feeling of reverence almost amounting to awe.

There was another circumstance very much in his favour. As a matter of religious profession he was opposed to wars; as a matter of business he was obliged to support them. The Christian protested against the iniquity of bloodshed; the tradesman was compelled to live by it. So that while, on the one hand, he mourned over the sinfulness of turning men out of the paths of godliness into soldiers and sailors, on the other, he dealt in all kinds of general stores for exportation for the use of the troops abroad, and for the victualling and clothing of the navy. This was felt by the Yarltonians to be a great hardship, and he was looked upon as a man who was making a daily sacrifice on a tender point of conscience, from the purest patriotic motives; and his popularity increased accordingly.

And thus Ebenezer Raggles carried on a handsome trade as long as the wars lasted, and gradually absorbed whatever windfalls

chanced to drop in the way of contracts and general speculations. He became local agent for the Universal Fire Assurance Company, by which, although he did not net much profit he improved his influence, and, amongst other undertakings, allowed himself to be nominated as a director of the Yarlton Loan Fund, which returned twenty per cent. per annum upon the original capital.

Yet, prosperous as he was, Ebenezer had his private troubles. Wherever there is much sunshine in the crowded haunts of life, —there must be some shadow. Every day has its night, every weal has its woe, is a legacy from the old proverbial philosophy which is found in every house; there is a sorrow of some sort lying hidden in the happiest places. Ebenezer had his in the person of an only son.

When only sons do not turn out to be the joy of their fathers' lives, they usually turn out to be their plagues. There is little choice between the opposite poles in that wide region of self-will and impunity which the only son is so often allowed to career over by blind affection and erring forbearance; Ebenezer, who was a shrewd and rigorous man to all the rest of the world, was strangely indulgent to his only son; and Tom Raggles in due time kicked the traces, and broke clear away from the parental control.

Tom first showed signs of his independence at school. He had grown up in the notion that his father was the richest man in Yarlton, and in accordance with this impression he topped all his schoolfellows in the boldness of his exploits. Of course he had, or pocketed, whatever money he wanted, and, armed with this power, he did what he liked; and, greatly to his father's scandal, his first outbreak took an heroic direction. He was particularly fond of building fortifications of clay and bricks and oystershells, in the playground, and blowing them up with trains of gunpowder. The battle mania had seized upon the schools, like a raging epidemic, and Tom Raggles was the generalissimo of the quiet commercial academy where his father had placed him, in a vague hope of discipline and double entry. He would draw out the boys in regular battalia, and providing them, at his own expense, with tin guns, excellent for discharges of pebbles and gravel, it was his delight to dispose them in hostile lines, abundantly provided in the centres and at the extremities with heaps of ammunition, and to halloo them into an engagement; and when, in the fury of their martial ardour, they came to close quarters, it was a strict regulation that each man should throw away his gun, and draw out a wooden sword, with which he was to fall upon the heads of the enemy. In the course of these campaigns, many boys lost an eye, or had a cheek cut open, or had a tooth knocked out, while some were carried away triumphantly on litters to their beds of glory. This sort of thing could not be expected to last very long. The whole neighbourhood complained of it. Occasional stones and showers of pebbles found their way over the walls, and carried the war into the neutral hats, and bonnets, and baskets of the peaceful pedestrians

outside; and the fireworks and explosions created as much dismay as if the French had landed in full force upon the coast. This could not last; and, after many remonstrances, and many interviews with Mr. Raggles, senior, and many negotiations between the father and son, and many other stratagems to induce the young gentleman to return to the paths of citizenship, all of which were ineffectual, Mr. Hummums, the principal of the commercial academy, felt himself reluctantly obliged, with a load of thanks and apologies, to send Master Raggles home.

The effect of this measure was only to transfer the military activity of Tom Raggles from the play-ground to the shop. Tom was no sooner re-established at home than he commenced operations behind the counter, converted his papa's elevated skeleton desk at the top of the steps into a battery, upon which he planted two pieces of artillery, ingeniously inserted crackers in rolls of cloth and other articles, which were sure to explode the moment they were touched, and filled every convenient little hole in the stools with gunpowder, having a match always ready to fire them when anybody was about to sit down, which he called "taking the enemy by surprise." The infinite variety of his tactics successfully defeated the vigilance of his father, who was taken by surprise, in common with the enemy, every hour in the day; so that there was nothing left for it but to send him back again to school to get him out of the way.

He was now placed under the charge of Mr. Fogleton, a serious man, of inflexible domestic habits, who always drest in black, and wore excruciatingly tight white neckcloths. But in less than a week Tom had so completely subverted the discipline of the academy, that Mr. Fogleton was compelled to adopt the distressing alternative of relinquishing the thirty-five pounds a-year, with extras, which he was to have received for that young gentleman's tuition. He therefore sent him back to his papa, but in a more formal manner, as might be anticipated from his constitutional gravity, than had been adopted by Hummums. He made Tom, as a measure of wholesome reproval, the bearer of a long letter to his father full of moral reflections on the general tenor of his character and conduct; which letter it is not necessary to trouble the reader with, as Tom tore it up into a great many small fragments, which he distributed along the high road for the edification of the public, before he reached home.

In this way the education of Tom Raggles was conducted for several years. His progress much resembled that of the ingenious piece of mechanism which, by the action of invisible wheels, makes two steps backward for every one it goes forward, so that, in due time, instead of reaching the end of its journey, it is further off from it than when it started. When Tom had finished his schooling, he was a proficient in all the scampish accomplishments of his day, and had made scarcely any perceptible advance in practical or useful acquisitions, beyond the common rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Emancipated from the surveillance of the school-room, he made his *debut* in public life with unbounded applause. Tom Raggles was a buck of the first water. Despising the sleek costume of the sect to which he nominally belonged, Tom made a brilliant appearance in yellow pantaloons and Hessian boots, a bright blue coat, and an embroidered waistcoat. He rode races, drank, gambled, and, as became a lad of spirit, boasted of his intrigues. The cock-pit and the ring had the honour of including him amongst their most constant frequenters; he bred dogs, and shot without a license; committed gallant trespasses upon preserves and farm-yards; and took so keen a delight in all sorts of contraband pleasures and illicit sports, that a considerable portion of his time was consumed in defending himself against charges of assault and battery, in buying off witnesses, compromising depredations, and keeping out of the way of warrants.

Ebenezer looked on with passive dismay at the course upon which his son had launched himself. He was getting very old and very feeble, and the power he had suffered to pass out of his hands when Tom was a boy, could never be recalled now that Tom was a mannikin. A curious transposition of their relations towards each other grew insensibly out of these circumstances: Ebenezer dwindled into a child, and Tom became master of the house, and of everything that was in it. Remembering what Ebenezer had been in his stalwart days,—that close, compact, sagacious man of business,—it was as good as a homily to hear Tom checking his drivelling exuberance, and turning his superannuated notions of life inside out. The elasticity of youth carried it hollow against the stale experiences of age. It was wiser, and braver, and more up to the mark; looked with contempt upon the old safeguards and defences, which it sneered at as mere superstitions and prejudices; and insisted upon it that the world had made a start, which left all such antiquated doctrines at an immeasurable distance behind. What was it but rank nonsense to talk about the tortoise beating the hare? Thus new generations rise and trample down their predecessors who laid the foundations for them; and thus it has happened from the beginning, and will happen again and again to the crack of doom.

Ebenezer drivelled on a few years longer, and then dropped into the grave, and Tom had the business all to himself.

A sudden, but not at all an extraordinary, change passed over his character. It was the easiest transition in the world for Tom to rush from one extreme to another. As we find in the natural history of insects, that the grub turns into a butterfly, so it often occurs in the natural history of man, that the butterfly turns into a grub. Whether the love of pleasure had exhausted the kernel of enjoyment, and left nothing to batten upon but the shell; or whether, being in itself purely sensuous, it only took another shape of selfishness, it is needless to inquire, for we are interested only in the fact that after having squandered his health, and a great deal of his father's money "in a youth

of frolics," Tom Raggles settled down into a middle age of thrift and avarice. Having thrown away all the money he could get from his father, he devoted the rest of his life to saving all the money he could make for himself.

Let nobody be shocked at this violent re-action. It takes place every day, although it is not always visible on the surface. Men harden as they get older: the frost of time steals on and nips their sympathies; and when they begin to acquire wealth, they begin to discern the folly of generosity, and the wisdom of cultivating that laudable prudence which displaces the eager liberality of youth. See how friendships politely bow friendships to the door upon the faintest suspicion of being about to be put to the test: how the warmest protestations of the poor man who knows he cannot fulfil them, cool down into cautious reserve when he becomes rich. Who is there that preserves in his manhood the boyish bloom of his open-hearted teens? It is good and elevating to believe that there are such men—but as it is a rare fortune to meet them, let them be honoured, cherished, and loved in proportion to their scarcity.

Tom Raggles, no doubt, found himself inconveniently pressed upon by the numerous tag-rag and bobtail of his former associations, who all wanted to borrow money from him, and implicitly believed that his accession to independence would be the making of them; so, without much ceremony, he abruptly shut the door upon his needy and wasteful old friends, turned his face to the desk, and set to work at his business with the avidity of a miser. The times had undergone a change as well as Tom Raggles. The wars were over; there was no more provisioning, victualling, and contracting; the Assurance Office had taken lodgings for itself in a branch office; the Loan Fund had dropped down sixteen per cent.; and the famous establishment of Ebenezer Raggles had subsided into a general shop, such as are common to small country towns, a kind of Noah's Ark, in which all sorts of things are to be had "from a needle to an anchor."

If old Ebenezer, who had been so grievously twitted by Tom for his ante-diluvian maxims touching industry and economy, could have seen him in his altered condition, he would have witnessed an eccentric graft upon his own example. Being deficient in the breadth of understanding and the knowledge of mankind, by which his father had achieved his position, Tom conducted his affairs upon the narrowest and meanest principles, saved pence where his father had made shillings, and for all his diligence and parsimony, never succeeded in conciliating the respect of the townspeople. And such was the moral of the new generation, which had scoffed so superciliously at the old one.

For years and years, Tom Raggles plodded on, leading laborious days, and scorning all delights of festive board and womankind, gathering wrinkles on his face and hands, and living as abstinently as a monk of La Trappe. Out of that unsocial state, however, he was doomed to be disturbed at last, and in a

way which, considering how thin his blood had become, and how all sense of the pleasant things of the world had been dried up in him, may be described as something truly surprising.

When this great crisis in his life arrived, Tom was, at least, on the shady side of fifty-five. He was a small thread of a man, with the aspect of one who had been baked in an oven and over-done. There were two very strong presumptive arguments against the likelihood that Tom Raggles would ever marry: firstly, the difficulty of obtaining his own consent; secondly, the difficulty of finding somebody to consent on the other side. Yet Tom Raggles did marry in the face of all difficulties; and, piling wonder upon wonder, he married a young wife.

Barbara Flight was the daughter of the widow of a purser in the navy, and lived in a retired way in the suburbs. It was said that Mrs. Flight had been a flame of Tom's in his younger days, and that the purser, being obliged to join his ship suddenly, pressed his suit with such vigour that he carried off the lady while Tom was deliberating over a proposal. The report might have been only a flying scandal, but certain it was that Tom, when he had renounced all other social enjoyments, was a frequent visitor in the evenings at Mrs. Flight's. Some people surmised that he was courting the widow, for it never entered into any body's head to suspect him of a design upon the daughter, who had only just turned twenty. And we are bound to add that it never entered into his own head to suspect himself of such a design. It grew over him like a net, and he was not at all aware of it till he was caught in it.

Barbara Flight was a slender girl with very light hair, light eyes, and a light complexion. Her mind was colourless *en suite*. She was very easily amused, had no opinion of her own, took impressions as fast as they came, and lost them with equal facility. If Barbara could be said to have had a decided trait in her character, it was a love of dumb animals, especially cats and birds. Perhaps it was because they were the only parts of the creation over which she could hope to exercise any power (which Mr. Pope says is the predominant passion of women, whether they are strong or feeble), and because she could talk on a-head to them in her own light, prattling, no-meaning way without check or restraint. While Tom Raggles and her mother were engaged in musty old talk about old times and the wonderful changes that had taken place in the world since they were first acquainted, interspersed with practical observations on the price of provisions, Barbara was usually employed in playing hide-and-seek in a great chair with a kitten, or whispering, like a *siffleur*, with her canary. Whenever she was drawn into the larger conversation, it was only as audience, for she rarely hazarded an original remark.

Tom Raggles took very little notice of Barbara in the beginning: he looked upon her as a child amusing herself about the room. But Barbara was growing up into a habit with him without his knowing it, and he came to miss her at last when

she happened to be out of the way. Habit is a great tyrant with lean, lonely people, when their lives become contracted, and their sympathies narrowed to a solitary point. How this habit grew upon him more and more by stealthy, imperceptible degrees, —how unconscious Barbara was of it,—how little she thought about Mr. Raggles, or anybody or anything else, except the cat and the bird,—and how oddly it all came round to a discovery one evening, arising out of something Mr. Raggles said, without intending it,—need not be related in detail. It will be enough to observe, that Mr. Raggles went home that night wondering at himself, and wondering at Barbara, and in such an obscure state of mind that he went to bed with his cravat on.

The next day he didn't believe a word of it. He was like a man getting up out of a dream, and the daylight and its occupations put it all out of his thoughts; and when he set out in the evening to visit Mrs. Flight as usual, he had a feeling of buoyancy, and a gay sort of giddiness in his step, which was new to him, and which was the only token he could detect in himself of any change that had been wrought in him. But when he arrived at the house, he suddenly felt himself very sick and tremulous; and when Mrs. Flight asked him what was the matter, he felt as if his head would fly off, and as if his ears were burning and cracking down to the roots. He supposed that he was expected to say something about the evening before, and that the best thing he could say would be something jocose, to turn it all off into a laugh; but the more he tried to think of a joke, the more he couldn't think of anything but a dismal mist that was before his eyes, dancing up and down like a phantasmagoria. As for Barbara, she was nursing her cat as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened, a spectacle of guileless simplicity which smote him to the heart, and made him feel wretchedly guilty, although he could not tell why or wherefore.

Mrs. Flight was a very sensible woman, and saw how it was quite plainly. She, therefore, allowed Mr. Raggles to go on from bad to worse, knowing that the more he floundered in the net the more he must entangle and exhaust himself. Clever as he was in other ways, he was no match for Mrs. Flight. But there was nothing remarkable in that. When a woman sets about a business of this sort, she has ways of compassing her ends which sharper faculties than Tom Raggles could boast of cannot penetrate.

Watching her opportunity judiciously, after he had committed himself over and over again by the strangeness of his behaviour, and by tumbling into the pits she had laid for him, Mrs. Flight opened the affair herself in an indirect manner, and with a motherly tenderness, which totally bewildered him. She considered such a union out of all reason; she never was more surprised in her life than when she first began to suspect that he had thoughts of her daughter; Barbara was quite a child, and she was sure that such an idea as marriage had never entered her mind; he was old enough to be her father, and one would imagine that, instead of going on for fifty, as he must be from

what she remembered him, he was a spanking young fellow of five and twenty; but she had such a regard for him, for the sake of old times, that if she really could bring herself to believe that it was for his happiness, she hardly knew what to say about it; but nothing could induce her to bias the poor child's inclinations in such a matter, so he must not build up his hopes, like a foolish boy, upon her influence. These little obstacles, which came so naturally in the way, were irresistible; and Tom Raggles, as unconscious of what he was doing as if he had been making a speech in his sleep, declared that he was downright miserable (which he was), that he could not tell how it happened (which was true also), and that he hoped she would break it to Barbara, and make him a happy man, or some stuttering exclamation to that effect. There is a regular course in these things, and when a man goes to a certain point he thinks he must go on; and so Raggles went on, till the declaration was duly made and clenched.

Mrs. Flight represented the business to her daughter with all the requisite maternal caution. She was quite aware, she said, of the disproportion between their ages; but, then, Raggles was not so old as he looked by many years, and there were some men who were younger at forty than other men at two-and-twenty; besides, she had known Raggles from his childhood, and, if *she* were to make a choice, there was nobody to whom she could so safely trust her dear child, he was such a good man, so thoughtful and kind, and then he was so well off; and what a blessing it would be to her to think that, if anything should happen to her (and she knew she couldn't live a great many years), her darling would be so comfortably provided for; indeed, she looked upon it altogether as a most providential circumstance, and could hardly persuade herself that it was true until she should see them both come home from church, and eating the wedding-dinner; and, wouldn't they have a merry-making that day!

It is possible that Barbara, for the first time in her life, may have ventured upon this occasion to think a little on her own account, for she did not say much to her mother about it, beyond giving her accustomed mechanical assent to what she had been saying, and her mother did not press her much at this time for an answer, but left the providential circumstance to operate in silence upon her mind. For a day or two Barbara was not quite as easy as usual, and had a terror of meeting Mr. Raggles, but it passed off like a summer-cloud; and on the following Sunday Mrs. Flight had the satisfaction of hearing her daughter called in church, and of seeing the people standing up on tip-toe in their pews to look at her.

Nor was she disappointed in the wedding-dinner. It took place at her own house; and supreme was her delight when a chaise and pair appeared at the door to convey the happy couple, in the dusk of the evening, to an inn about five miles off, where they were to spend a honeymoon of two clear days.

It would be desirable to draw the curtain at once upon the

lovers, for the reader knows well enough what usually ensues upon the marriage of January and May; but the necessities of our narrative require that we should glance at them in their own house, and see how they got on when the bridal ardour had abated, and they dropped down again into their natural characters under the action of new circumstances.

When Mr. Raggles brought home his wife, he found that he did not exactly know what to do with her. He had made no calculation of the extensive changes which are produced by the appearance of a mistress in the menage of an old bachelor. While the place was new to her, Mrs. Raggles was perpetually running in and out of the rooms, and up and down the stairs, and flirting into the shop, and ringing the bells, and ordering the maid-of-all-work about, and sending out the shopman, with whom we have already made acquaintance in the person of Richard Rawlings, on trivial messages, and creating a hubbub and disturbance all day long, that effectually broke up the clock-work routine of the house. Mr. Raggles was fairly taken aback by the extraordinary sprightliness of motion she exhibited; nor could he comprehend how that quiet girl, who purred about her mother's little parlour so noiselessly, could have become so troublesome all of a sudden. But Raggles was not a profound man on some subjects, and, least of all, on the philosophy of female character.

The young wife, upon her translation to a house of her own, thought she was to have everything her own way, or, rather, she never thought about it, but, by an instinct common to most newly-married ladies, particularly to such as men fall in love with for their shyness and timidity, she sprang somewhat too eagerly into possession. The feeling of being released from restraint, and made, as she supposed, mistress of her actions, had loosened the pent-up vivacity of girlhood, and carried her away on a spring-tide of animal spirits. It may have been, also, that she derived a few salutary hints from her mother upon the importance of establishing her domestic authority in the first instance, and that she knew no better way of setting about it than that of making a prodigious rattle, to the total disruption of the peace and economy of the household.

If Mrs. Raggles had committed an error of judgment in imagining that she was to enter upon a career of perfect freedom and independence, Mr. Raggles, on his part, had fallen into a mistake equally delusive, and, perhaps, less excusable in a person of his age and experience. He confidently believed that he had married a patient Grisel, whose voice would never be heard in the house, who would tread the stairs like a mouse, do exactly as she was desired, and never interfere with his business. Within a week they were mutually undeceived; and then began a struggle for the upper hand, which speedily brought matters to a clearer understanding between them.

Had Mrs. Raggles inherited some of her mother's tact and

sagacity, she might have gained a few advantages in the civil war. But it is useless to speculate upon such an hypothesis. Mrs. Raggles was not endowed with the requisite strength of will, womanly wit, or keenness of perception, to enable her to come off the field of battle with a single trophy. She was routed at all points, horse and foot, ignominiously made prisoner, and shut up in her own room. Several diversions were attempted in her favour by Mrs. Flight; but the old lady, formidable at close quarters, was repulsed with disgrace, and forbidden the house.

The victory Mr. Raggles had thus secured was infinitely more decisive than if he had started a *casus belli* on the wedding-day, and established his authority by a *coup de main*. That process, which has often failed, might have bred secret discontents and conspiracies, and kept him under arms for the rest of his life. But both parties had now fairly tried their strength, and the result was conclusive.

Mrs. Raggles consequently sank into a life of passive obedience. She was treated like a puppet, Mr. Raggles having an inexorable grasp of the wires. The disparity between their ages took off something of the edge of this sharp practice, for, as they had very little in common between them in the way of tastes and sentiments, it was no great penalty to her to be left to herself, and relieved from the trouble of thinking how she should act. It was a sort of existence which agreed wonderfully with the ductility of her nature. Nobody could ever have supposed that she was unhappy. Once she had settled down into tacit acquiescence she was as content as a child, that having been punished for a fault, quickly forgets its tears, and hides itself in a corner to amuse itself. As to that melancholy blank in the affections which sentimental novelists would have us believe invariably supervenes upon ill-assorted marriages, it would be affectation to pretend that Mrs. Raggles underwent any secret suffering of the kind. If Mr. Raggles did not awaken any tender emotions in her heart, she was amply compensated by the attachment of her Angola cat, upon whom she lavished her vacant caresses.

In this manner Mr. and Mrs. Raggles lived together for a space of three years, which brings us to the point of time at which our history commences. In the meanwhile, to the inconsolable grief of a numerous circle of friends, to whom she was endeared by the practice of every virtue that could adorn a pious Christian, Mrs. Flight had taken wing to heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

Which conducts us to the foot of the Ladder.

While Richard Rawlings was creeping softly up the stairs to the sick man's chamber, Mrs. Raggles was seated in the little parlour at the back of the shop, engaged in a consolatory conversation with Nurse Waters, who had just resigned her charge to Mr. Pogey, and come down to take her ease for a while over a

potation of hot rum and water. The remains of a cold fowl, a bottle and glasses, a posset basin, and one or two medicine vials, were on the table, and ranging amongst the plates and dishes, with bland and graceful step, was a large Angola cat.

"There's no good in frettin' yourself," observed Nurse Waters; "leave trouble a day's march behind you, and look out a-head. Life 's a journey, and them that lives best on the road, can keep up the longest. Never look back!"

Nurse Waters was the individual alluded to by Crikey Snaggs as the "widder." Her real history was rather obscure. Nobody actually knew whether she was a widow or not, and it was a subject upon which she never showed any inclination to enlighten her acquaintance. She had lived in Yarlton for a space of nine years, and was known there as the Widow Waters. Her occupations were multifarious. She went out as a nurse, or as anything else to fill up a temporary gap in a household. There were various speculations afloat about her widowhood, for as she did not choose to publish her biography, the particulars were supplied by the invention of her neighbours. Some said that they did not believe she was ever married, and others that they shrewdly suspected if she had ever had a husband, he must have been hanged or transported. But she pursued the even tenor of her course, regardless of these ill-natured inuendos, and managed to make out a precarious livelihood in spite of them, and to ingratiate herself wherever she was employed, by taking a greater interest in other people's family concerns than she seemed to take in her own. Nurse Waters was a thin, wiry woman, with a prominent aquiline nose and sharp features, a shrewd, practical woman who stood upon her experience, and was peculiarly qualified to supply the place of the lamented Mrs. Flight, in the counsels of Mrs. Raggles, at this trying crisis of her life.

"He was too old for you, dear," continued Nurse Waters; "you didn't expect to go before him, did you? It 's in the hands of heaven, and you 'd better dry your eyes and leave it there. If it was me, I 'd make up my mind to it. Never look back! It 's the future that 's everything to us all."

"Very true," replied Mrs. Raggles, parting with both hands her long hair, which had been much disordered by the violence of her emotions, and was continually falling over her face; "but, after all, you know, he was my husband."

"So he was, dear," returned Nurse Waters, "there 's no denying that; and, as long as he was your husband, you did what was right by him. But it isn't because he was your husband, that you 're to fret yourself to fiddle-strings for him. I don't mean to disparage the poor man; but I say, that there 's no man worth grieving after. As to myself, all menkind 's dead to me, and I 've nothing to look to but myself; but in your case, Mrs. Raggles, dear, it 's a horse of another colour. It ain't for a young woman like you, with the world before you, to break your heart for a husband that was old enough to be your father."

"Close upon sixty," replied Mrs. Raggles; "but, for all that, he 'll leave worse behind him."

"There never was a worse but there was a worser," rejoined Nurse Waters.

"My poor mother used to say," said Mrs. Raggles, "that none knows how an ugly shoe fits but them that wears it."

"True for her," returned the Widow; "but you know, in the course of nature, it must wear out."

"Don't say that, nurse," replied Mrs. Raggles; "don't say that; don't talk of a human being wearing out like a shoe. It hurts me."

"And didn't the ugly shoe hurt you, too, dear?" replied Nurse Waters; "now between ourselves, and you know I have your interest at heart, wasn't he a cruel screw to you? What pleasure had you with him at all? It isn't to say that you were shut up like a bird in a cage, and hung up in a dark room till you lost your music, dear, for a woman wouldn't mind that if she was comfortable elseways, but when did he ever speak a pleasant word to you? Was he the man to say to you, 'Babby, dear, it 's New Year's Day, or it 's Easter Monday, or it 's your birth-day, and many happy returns of the same to you?'"

"No—no—" returned Mrs. Raggles, readjusting her hair.

"And as to his being a good provider," continued Nurse Waters; "drat them all, that 's the way they get out of it. A good provider! Why he was bound by law to provide for you. Who thanks a husband for what one eats and drinks? That 's the least they can do for the aches and pains we go through for them. And if he was a good provider, I wonder has he taken care to leave you comfortable behind him?"

Mrs. Raggles shook her head.

"That 's the point, dear," resumed Nurse Waters; "have you turned in your mind what you 're going to do with the place when he 's gone?"

"I never once thought of it," replied Mrs. Raggles.

"Then you ought," returned the widow, half-closing her eyes, and stooping over in a whisper, "and the sooner the better. I know how things go when a woman 's left unprotected, and you oughtn't to be unprotected long, that 's another thing. Now will you take a bit of advice from an old woman, dear?"

The Angola at this moment made a sudden whisk of her tail that nearly put out the candle.

"Take care of the candle, beauty!" exclaimed Mrs. Raggles; "it mustn't burn its darling tail, my precious! It wants something, does it? P-r-r-r. I 'm sure it can't be hungry after the supper it made;" whereupon she proceeded to tempt its appetite with a side-bone, carefully stripping off the flesh into delicate morsels upon which the favourite regaled itself with the fastidious hesitation of an epicure.

The widow remarked what a great beauty of a cat it was, slily throwing in a hope that Mrs. Raggles would have some-

thing better to pet by and by, at which Mrs. Raggles coloured up, and the widow resumed the thread of her discourse.

"I was sayin'," she observed, "that it was high time for you to think of yourself. Every thing's at sixes and sevens, and there's no tellin' what plunderin' goes on when there's nobody to look after a house. You ought to get a friend to see to it for you."

"But who can I get?" said Mrs. Raggles.

"Well then, indeed," replied Nurse Waters, "I've no very good opinion, as you know, of menkind, for, I'll tell the honest truth, I think them all much alike, as far as that goes; but we can't do without them sometimes, and more particular when there's a death in a family. You ought to have a man, dear, to look into the business for you, and I think we can find one that would do it, and be glad."

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Raggles.

"Who?" responded the widow, humorously crimping her lips; "who? What do you think of Mr. Pogey, dear?"

"Mr. Pogey?" exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, with a look of astonishment.

"There's no such another in the town," continued Nurse Waters; "if Pogey took up the business it would be as good as done; and from what I have heard him say of you—"

"Of me?" said Mrs. Raggles, her face becoming suddenly suffused in a glow of scarlet; "what in the world could he ever have to say of me?"

"Nothing but what was becomin' in him to say," replied the widow; "what makes you blush, dear? Is it because Pogey's a bachelour?" she added, with a glittering blink of one eye.

"How can you go on so?" said Mrs. Raggles, shockingly confused.

"If you have Pogey to your friend," continued the widow, "you're a made woman for life."

"But—"

"I don't heed your buts," interrupted Nurse Waters; "he's a bachelour, and has an eye in his head. That's enough; I'll say no more. Look for'ard, dear, that's all! The widow's cap's uncommon becomin' to fair hair."

Mrs. Raggles was sadly fluttered at these unseasonable remarks. She thought it cruel and unnatural in Nurse Waters to introduce such a subject at such a moment; she was very much vexed with her; she was so much vexed that it put every thing else out of her head; and, although she was very angry with herself for it, she could not help, all she could do, wondering what on earth Pogey could have said about her, and how she should look in a widow's cap.

While she was revolving these matters in her mind, the door opened, and Joey made her appearance. It was impossible to mistake the frightful glare of her face. Joey tried to articulate, but, instead of words, only uttered a husky cry, and, throwing

her apron over her head, began to work her knuckles into her eyes. Nurse Waters saw how it was, and, telling Mrs. Raggles to keep herself quiet, desired Joey to deliver her message.

It was to tell Mrs. Raggles to hasten up stairs. Mr. Pogey had sent for her.

Place, time, and circumstance make little difference in the Chamber of Death. Whether the hangings be of Genoa velvet or Manchester cotton matters little in the shadow of Eternity which is over the silent room. Rich and poor, proud and humble, the wronged and the wrong-doer, are here brought to a common level. Their stormy passions, their grand projects, their great revenges,—what are they here in the Presence of the Dead?—a breath of air which thrills a leaf and passes on. What are our loves and hates here? our honours, our humiliations?—a poor fading dream! Upon this threshold the unreality of life is made clear to us, and we see the pageant vanishing before our eyes. Vain, distracted Love, frantic Jealousy, delusive Hope, Intellect that has ruled, and Beauty that has agitated the world,—what space do ye fill here in this narrow passage between the two lives of the Past and the Future?—bubbles of light that float into the twilight and disappear. Bow down rebuked, poor broken heart of earth, and, beneath the veil of the falling darkness, pray for grace to forgive and be forgiven!

When Richard entered the room where Raggles lay, and saw the eyes of the dying man looking anxiously towards the door, as if watching for his coming, he felt, for the first time, something like a sentiment of pity and pardon for all that had passed between them. It was no time for human resentments. The earthy flavour of the atmosphere which sometimes precedes, and always follows death in ill-ventilated rooms, was heavy and oppressive. A ghastly change had taken place in the features of the old man since he had seen him only a few hours before: the skin had assumed a leaden hue, and had shrunk into the cheeks, the eyes were glassy, the lips livid and compressed, and the nostrils dilated. Even Mr. Pogey, who stood at the bedside, appeared struck by the alteration, and, beckoning Richard into a corner, told him in rather a pompous and oracular way that Raggles had not many minutes to live, that he had been calling for him so wildly and vehemently that he was sure there was something on his mind, and then branching off into a rambling allusion to the wonderful action of the mind upon the body and the body upon the mind, he warned Richard that the patient might go off like a snuff with the least over-excitement, and that he must be careful to hear what he had to say, without flurrying him by questions or remarks. The precaution was necessary, for Richard was deeply affected by the scene before him. But he had a painful consciousness that Mr. Pogey was superior to such emotions.

He approached the bed noiselessly, and looked earnestly at Raggles, hoping to attract his attention without speaking, but

although Raggles' eyes were fixed upon him, he was apparently unconscious of his presence.

At last Richard said in a low voice, "Richard, sir."

"Richard!" repeated Raggles.

"You wished to see me, sir."

"Ah! ha!—are you there, Richard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where? where? let me feel your hand," and, spreading out his wasted fingers, he muttered, "Send them away."

Richard silently motioned Mr. Pogey to leave them together. But Mr. Pogey had no intention to go. Perhaps he was a little curious to ascertain the nature of the revelation he supposed the patient was about to make. So he made a sign that he would remain concealed behind the curtains. Ceremony was out of the question on such an occasion, and Richard, quietly moving over to the door, and opening it wide, motioned Mr. Pogey to withdraw. The decision of his manner very much astonished the apothecary, who, evidently disconcerted at his summary ejection, flounced out, with a glance at the sick man and another at Richard, which was meant to convey an expression of profound indignation.

Having closed the door, Richard resumed his place at the bedside.

"Well, sir," he said.

"Are we alone?" cried Raggles.

"Yes, sir," returned Richard.

"Richard," cried Raggles, "stoop down—lower—lower."

Richard placed his ear close to his mouth, and with difficulty gathered a few unconnected words.

"Did you hear me?" screamed Raggles in an angry voice.

"Where did you say, sir?" inquired Richard.

"Ah! ha! down—down—in the drawer—ah! Lord, pity me!—what a time you are; have you got them?"

The drawer to which Raggles directed him, was in a table close to the bed.

"It is locked," said Richard, having in vain attempted to open it.

"Ah! Lord," cried Raggles, "make haste—the keys—under the pillow—"

Richard searched under the pillow, and found a bunch of keys. He tried them in succession, and at last the drawer yielded.

"Have you got it?" cried Raggles, gasping with impatience.

"Is this it?" asked Richard, drawing out an old pocket-book, fastened with a clasp, and carefully tied round the ends and sides with tape.

"Let me feel—let me feel—ah! ha!—in that; stoop, don't let them hear me?"

From the violence of his excitement his voice had become fainter, and he whispered again in Richard's ear with a great effort. The communication this time was more clear than before,

and when Richard had collected its meaning, a visible shudder passed over his face.

"Do you hear?" screamed Raggles in an agony of mental and physical torture.

"Every word," returned Richard; "shall I open it now?"

"No—no—no—not now. Ah! Lord, pity me!—listen!" Richard bent down again, and the drowning voice gurgled fearfully in his ear,

"I have signed the papers," said Raggles, his words becoming more indistinct and his respiration more difficult: "those—in the pocket-book—I am dying, Richard—dying—Lord, forgive me my sins!—this weighed heaviest of all—I never told it—nobody knows it—but you—you—if they knew it, they would seize all—you will stand between us—Richard!—I can't see your face—you will do it?"

"I promise it," replied Richard, who, not being familiar with death, was terribly shaken by the contortions which shook the frame of the old man.

"Hide it—hide it," gasped out the dying man; "it's very dark—dark—pray for me, Richard!—pray for me!—kneel down!—let me hear you pray!"

And Richard bent down and prayed aloud.

The miserable old man had his death-bed secret, and in the end had no one to confide it to but the drudge, whose spirit he had bruised and crushed. Who is there that in his life-time has not been burthened with some secret, of which the world has had no suspicion? Beneath the mask of society, as beneath the waters of the ocean, strange things are engulfed and hidden, and as rarely, too, brought up to the surface. The gay boon-companion, whose radiant mirth infects the table with laughter—who knows what gloomy thoughts lie in the depths of his solitude? The pattern husband, whose house is the Elysium of domestic bliss; the bride, who wears her orange flower with such an air of tender happiness; the irreproachable merchant, whose life is a homily on the Exchange; the divine, whose meek piety draws tears from the congregation; who shall tell us what canker is corroding at their hearts in the midst of the flutter of life? And Raggles had his secret, like the rest of us; it had been pent up in the loneliness of an uncomfortable existence, and it was an ease and consolation to him to give vent to it at last.

While Richard was kneeling at the bed-side the door opened, and Mr. Pogey came in, followed by Mrs. Raggles, and Nurse Waters. It was solemn and wretched enough to see them gathering round, and kneeling down, and burying their heads in the clothes, and to hear the stifled sobs of Mrs. Raggles. But he who lay there was insensible to the sights and sounds of this world. His spirit had passed away.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND,

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER XV.

The Race-horse and his Rider.—The Money at issue on the Turf.—Racing "Sweeps."—Their evil tendency and mischief:—A case in point.—The duty of Government.—Contingency.—A Memoir of Jockey life.—Essentials for the calling.—Newmarket the Jockey's home.—The two Chifneys.—Bill Scott.—His tactics.—His victory upon Industry and Satirist.—A tribute to character.—Scott's principal Races.—John Scott.—Meaux.—Sim. Templeman.—His vernacular.—Nat.—Job Marson.—Tommy Lye, and other Jocks.—Frank Buckle.—His double victory on Tyrant and Scotia.—Jem Robinson.—Billy Nash.—A Match described.—Wasting.—Its effects.

Taking into consideration the immense sums run for by English race-horses, and their consequent influence upon the fortunes of such of the community as make stakes in the fearful game,—the persons who ride them,—and in whose hands, in fact, is at all times invested the supreme power to lose, if tempted by the archfiend Money, form, necessarily, an important branch of society, as well as a deeply interesting subject for inquiry.

From the commencement of the racing season at Warwick, or Coventry, to its close at the Houghton Meeting, or rather, in the final struggle for winter rations for man and beast—at Newmarket, the amount of money at issue in stakes and wagers, entirely depending upon a horse shoving his nose in first, or modestly keeping it on another's quarters, is enormous! It amounts, it is safe to affirm, to more than the funded debt, or gross transactions in commerce of many considerable states; nay, in a heavy betting Derby or St. Leger year, the sums depending upon this interesting casualty would make a very pretty morning's work for the Government broker, or Messrs. Barings, or even the noble Jew!

The mere stakes at Goodwood—a private meeting—exceed the large sum of 30,000*l.*; whilst at York, Ascot, Manchester, Chester, Liverpool, and other country race-towns, irrespective of the great fixtures of Epsom, Doncaster, and Newmarket, a "cool thousand" of public money is added; whilst Queen's hundreds are everywhere given to be scrambled for by the small, wasted, stable-bred gentlemen, to whom the whispering, sinister-looking master of the animal, reeking from the ring, is "giving a leg" into the pig's skin.

In addition to the money turned over in the ring—there are the club settlings—incalculable sums transferred on the quiet!—the gambling over the drawings, and after the drawings, of "racing sweeps," when many a sober, hitherto well-disposed artisan, from simply entering his name in a five shilling lottery on the Derby or Leger, gradually becomes too enamoured of the deadly Siren, to leave off wooing her till utterly ruined in mental tranquillity, so essential to his calling, as well as deprived of comforts equally necessary to his wife and children. This results not only from his subscriptions made from time to time in hopes of retrieving lost ventures,—sub-

scriptions often only effected after a visit to the pawnbroker!—but from the incessant, however trifling, expenditure in drink! an outlay inevitable upon entering the public-house wherein the "sweep" is got up so philanthropically, to which the shareholder resorts mechanically from his anxiety to know how the lottery is filling, or when the drawing may be expected.

Then many a hardly earned shilling, that would have eked out the thrifty housewife's weekly store at home, or have shod the sickly brat at her knee, is passed into the yawning till of the burly, half-bursting keeper of the den, and advertising proprietor of the "sweep."

We lately knew a foreman to a large iron-foundry, or factory, one of those sturdy, intelligent, nay, intellectual fellows, whose hard, toil-stained hand we love and honour to clutch! a man with taste to model iron after his own device, nerve and talent to direct steam, and a fund of common sense and colloquial powers, only passed over by those—a vast and trifling horde!—who know not a "diamond in the rough," or how to inquire beyond the universities, or dilettanteish *soirée.*

This man I often visited after work-hours at his cottage-home, sitting for many a half hour, chatting with himself and tidy wife, as she sat sowing by the well-brushed hearth and bit of blazing fire, luxuriating in honesty and content. He had been abroad in France and Belgium, acting as the managing *ouvrier* in more than one large foundry, and had returned to England with an increased store of information, as well as a confirmed belief in the soundness and fairness of his country's institutions.

This humble engineering friend of the author's became enticed, as he confessed, by a comrade into a Derby sweep; and though the actual outlay at the moment was "merely half a sovereign,"—a sum he could well afford, in his circumstances, to spend upon his pleasures occasionally, if he chose,—yet the tranquil evenings in his cottage-home went with the money. He, in fine, acquired that restless, unsatisfactory, and unsatisfied yearning after a "bit of luck," and followed the distracting *ignis fatuus* through a series of racing lotteries at several public-house, taking something for *their* respective good at each, till, as his wife informed me, the sound-hearted, right-minded, even-tempered artizan, became within a twelvemonth an uneasy, intemperate man, and actually worn away in frame and visage to an extent scarcely credible but by those who know the effect of excitement and late hours.

A good government is not merely a diplomatic conclave, or a higher assize court; it should be paternal, watchful, and directing; yea, correcting, with rod in hand, and stern looks occasionally, whenever the public welfare in morals and domestic exchequer is in jeopardy. And it specially behoves our rulers not to be misled in the speciously-put matter of public-house gambling, effected under the guise of race-lotteries.

Any attempt at extenuation of this most noxious enemy to the working man's fireside and peace of mind, in addition to its being a subtle poison and temptation in every *bureau* or counting-house wherein the young are employed, we sincerely trust no newspaper will longer abet; for we feel assured that those journalists who yet advocate the principle of interference for "all or none," and

hence demand an indemnity for racing-lotteries, have not adequately considered the subject with its reversionary interest on society, or viewed the incipient as well as actual danger to a class far more valuable, because indispensable, to our empire and constitution, than the one privileged to ruin themselves by play and betting. The latter we can replace; the former, if thoroughly vitiated in taste, never.

For ourselves, we have expressed our opinions of the worth of a single member of that genuine class of Englishmen, too unequivocally and sincerely, we trust, for our present sentiments in reference to their private matters to bear misconstruction; and assure the order—of whom our sketch was erewhile but the type,—that we are actuated by no motive but a true desire to save them from those heart-achings, and hours of inquietude of spirit—without alluding to the pecuniary loss, or gain—which in the long-run they will too surely find await them, if they persist in pursuing luck through the fascinating mazes of a public-house lottery!

The insidious bait itself, and entire machinery of the sweep, we look upon as a downright and audacious encroachment upon the true functions and legalized limits of the vintner or publican, and most earnestly repeat our conviction, that untold mischief lurks in this, we hope incipient, taste for gambling, solely engendered by these means, amongst our hard-working, once-saving classes; and, above all, that our Government will be wanting in a semblance of the attributes we have specified as essential to a good one, if they hesitate a moment in putting down the nuisance, and in providing effectually against its recurrence. As for the privileged classes, if any of our friends of the loom and anvil have the opportunity to peruse our present writing, they will see that, with the exception of one in a hundred, the *caste* held to be so enviously in the ascendant, and favoured by non-interference on the part of Government have, when deserted by luck, or prudence, been little less than heirs to ruin in their connexion with the turf; and, moreover, that it is the imperative duty of the directors of the public weal to prevent the class, upon whom so much more depends, from following the high-bred example, if possible.*

This digression, not the most wide of our intended moral, let us hope, came of our taking a mind's-eye glance at a Derby, and its half-million of contingencies to the public, the club, the sweep, and little-go, being dependant upon the eight stone and six pounds of humanity claiming to be the fruit of worthy old Joe Roger's loins—hight Samuel on Ratan! or, as of yore, from contemplating their hinging upon the mental phases and conscientious scruples of the accomplished, stout-armed Harry Edwards, on the Nobbler.

As we have observed on commencing this chapter, the men on whose characters so much depends, form a theme deeply interesting to society; and, without speculating further upon the chances or

* The innumerable traps set for the young and unwary, under cover of the "Metropolitan Bank and Betting Office," the "Racing Bank," "Racing Club," &c., by whose agency we are told, in weekly advertisements, that 30,000*l.* may be gained by an outlay of 5*l.*; 10,000*l.* by 1*l.*; 5000*l.* by 10s.; and 1250*l.* by 2s. 6d.! and these sums *said* to be raffled for on a race like the "Cambridgeshire," demand the prompt and energetic interference of certainly no less a power than that vested in our boasted "Society formed for the Suppression of Vice," if such there really be in our land.

mischances "upon the cards,"—cards *shuffled*, *cut*, and *dealt* by the jockey in the matter of profit-*from-loss*,— we shall proceed to a personal sketch of a few noted workmen of the saddle, which we hope may not prove devoid of amusement to the reader.

It is "Nimrod," we believe, who says that the term "jockey" is often used in a metaphorical sense, in allusion to the unfair dealings of men; yet there have been, and now are, jockeys of high moral character, whom nothing could induce to do wrong. "Independently of trust-worthiness," continues he, "their avocation requires a union of the following not every-day qualifications:—considerable bodily power in a very small compass; much personal intrepidity; a kind of habitual insensibility to provocation, bordering upon apathy, which no efforts of an opponent, in a race, can get the better of; and an habitual check upon the tongue. The jockey must not only at times work hard, but—the hardest of all tasks—he must work upon an empty stomach. During his preparation for the race he must have the abstinence of an Asiatic; indeed, it too often happens that at meal-times he can only be a spectator,—we mean, during the period of his wasting. To sum up all, he has to work hard, and deprive himself of every comfort, risking his neck into the bargain, and for what? Why, for five guineas if he wins, and three if he loses a race. The famous Pratt, the jockey of the no less famous little Gimcrack, rode eleven races over the Beacon course in one day, making — with returning to the post on his hack — a distance of eighty-eight miles in his saddle."

Newmarket is the true breeding and training ground, as well as the congenial home of the jockey; and it was here, in the magnificent abodes of the Chifneys especially, that the fact of "five guineas for winning a race and three for losing," as stated by Nimrod in the foregoing extract as the jockey's sad alternative, might have been reasonably doubted!

In the heyday of these men, namely William and Sam Chifney, it required no little ingenuity on the part of the most extravagant to keep pace with their immense establishments and fastidious tables; though, as with Ridsdale, and many others who could be named oi a like genus, they were finally eaten up by unchecked expenditure, and now but exist as sad mementos of too high notions, outrageous but mutable profits, and a false position. Their father was also a celebrated jockey,—their mother the daughter of a training-groom; so that on both sides their breeding for the craft is perfect.

Nor could a better mannered, or, in fact, a more gentlemanlike person be met with—when so disposed—than William Chifney, the present, or rather late trainer of Newmarket.

As for Sam, he was out-and-out the *beau ideal* of a jockey when in his prime; and for elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace, and power in his saddle, was excelled by no man who ever sat in one.

He was the artful dodger of the corps, and came creeping up to his horses in a race, being invariably the last to get off—or rather, in strict truth, they on most occasions came lagging back to him, from the pace telling too soon, when, reclining backwards in his seat—letting go his horse on the post, tensioned up to the exact instant, like an animated cross-bow, and dealing a cut with his whip that would have revived a mummy, or made the Bronze Horse at Venice

spring from his pedestal—Sam came, with the rush of a tornado at the finish, and often stole a race from animals infinitely his superior, by his consummate calculation and unequalled impetuosity.

When he rode his own horse, Zingance, for the Claret Stakes, at the Craven Meeting in 1829, and snatched the race from such men as Jem Robinson and Buckle, his style of riding was the wonder and admiration of the field.

Sam Chifney had not the courage of poor Bill Scott, in his best day, notwithstanding all this well-deserved eulogy; he being, as with many other first-rate men at a finish, always funky when leading with a large field in his rear; a predicament, indeed, in which he seldom placed himself.

But Bill, on the contrary, would tear away at score through his horses, cut them down like grass, and sail on in front, with the ruck, and death clattering after him—had he broken down or fallen—knowing that the condition of his animal was sapping the very heart's-blood of those compelled to follow. He never threw away a chance by waiting till some worse horse had stolen in upon him, *à la* Chifney; but, if he had "quality," as he expressed himself, he always made use of it, and choked the poor devils contending against him, the first half-mile. If, on the reverse, he had a slug to rally, Bill would cut the life out of him, and lift him in first, by force of thew and sinew, if possible. We remember his race with Mundig, when he won the Derby by riding with great energy till within the distance, and, finally, by landing him home by sheer dint of steel and whalebone.

One of the traits of character essential to a finished jockey, as specified by Nimrod, namely, an habitual insensibility to provocation bordering on apathy, poor Bill had no pretension to lay claim to; as few will dissent from who remember his winning the Oaks upon Lord Chesterfield's Industry, when he and Arthur Pavis—riding a mare of Lord Suffield's—Calypso, if I remember rightly—came struggling neck-and-neck on the post far more intent upon punishing each other than their animals.

Scott, on whom the attack was commenced by Pavis, had succeeded in getting the rails, and so had the whip-hand,—an advantage he was not slow in availing himself of, as his opponent's back, and his own well-stuffed pocket-book, on the Tuesday following, would have amply testified.

At Doncaster—his own dunghill of late years—Bill, by some contrivance, would have the rails, *coute qui coute*, if he had a mind for the place possessed, and the turn of speed in his favour, however slightly.

In the St. Leger race, won by Satirist, also ridden by William Scott, Nat made running on Van Hamburgh to the best of his ability, till Bill, who was a terrible talker and swearer in a race, coming up at the Red House, hallooed to Nat to shove out of the way from Coronation's quarter, and let him have a cut at him. And when he saw he had old John Day fairly beaten, about a stride from home, he had still colloquial powers left to inquire, grinning at him facetiously—"Does he pull you now, John? I think not."

From the fact of Bill riding an animal out of Sarcasm, by Banter, this bit of badinage, uttered at whirlwind pace, had a double point.

To the sterling qualities of William Scott, the jockey, the author

has, in a foregoing chapter, paid a sincere, yet far from exaggerated tribute of admiration. This reminiscence was penned in the supposed life-time of poor Bill, and it is with a melancholy satisfaction that the writer reviews the portrait dashed off from memory, as well as the just meed of praise awarded to a good-hearted fellow.

Those who looked to the droll, slangy little jock for assistance in sickness, and received his kind words on all occasions, rough though they might be at times, in addition to uniform charity and benevolence, can best appreciate his loss in the immediate neighbourhood of York and Malton; whilst many a wealthy, high-bred neighbour and self-complacent saint, might benefit his soul by copying the eccentric, yet sound-hearted little fellow, in traits which alone did such honour to his nature.

William Scott won the St. Leger Stakes, at Doncaster, no less than nine times; the Derby four, and the Oaks thrice during his triumphant career on the turf.

His St. Leger victories were as follows: In 1812, on Mr. T. O. Powlett's Jack Spigot, beating twelve others; in 1825, on Mr. Watts' Memnon, beating twenty-nine others; in 1828, on Mr. Petre's The Colonel (after running a dead-heat for the Derby with Cadland), beating eighteen others; in 1829, on Mr. Petre's Rowton, beating eighteen others; in 1838, on Lord Chesterfield's Don John, beating six others; in 1839, on Major Yarburgh's Charles XII. (after a dead-heat with Euclid), beating thirteen others; in 1840, on Lord Westminster's Launcelot, beating ten others; in 1841, on Lord Westminster's Satirist, beating ten others; and in 1846, on his own horse, Sir Tatton Sykes, beating eleven others.

Thus, it will be seen, he rode the winners of four successive St. Legers. He won the Derby in 1832, on Mr. Ridsdale's St. Giles, beating twenty-one others; in 1835, on Mr. Bowe's Mundig, beating thirteen others; in 1842, on Colonel Anson's Attila, beating twenty-three others; and in 1843, on Mr. Bowe's Cotherstone, beating twenty-two others. His Oaks victories comprise the years of 1836, on his brother's mare, Cyprian, beating eleven others; 1838, on Lord Chesterfield's Industry, beating fifteen others; and 1841, on Lord Westminster's Ghuznee, beating twenty-one others.

Many of his Derby and St. Leger winners he successfully handled at two years old, both at York and Doncaster, winning the Champagne nine times, and the Two-Year-Old Stakes six times over the latter course. His principal Cup victories were achieved for the late Marquis of Westminster, on the latter's celebrated horse Touchstone. He likewise won the cups at Ascot, Goodwood, Liverpool, Chester, and other places, in addition to the Goodwood Stakes and other great handicaps. These victories were accomplished on Glaucus, Hornsea, Cardinal Puff, Hetman Platoff, and other first-rate horses. Bill had at all times the pick of his brother John's leviathan stable,—an immense advantage over other jockeys, obliged to mount to "order," at a day or a moment's notice.

Both William and his elder brother, John Scott, the trainer, were born at Oxford; and, finally, after residing some time at Hambleton with Mr. Croft, also another celebrated trainer, settled in Yorkshire, where the latter still remains with a large team of horses, a most extensive establishment—to which we have alluded at some length—and an unspotted reputation.

Poor Bill was buried scarcely a moon ago, at Meaux, in Holderness, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, having inherited a nice property in this rich district, through his marriage with Miss Richardson, of Beverley; as heir and heiress of which he leaves a son and daughter. The "old man"—his father—as he always termed him in conversation, lived at Brighton till upwards of ninety years of age, his comforts—his annuity in fact—being provided by his son William.

Continuing our notice of Jockey-Life, we must not omit to mention the name of Sim. Templeman, of Burnby, in Yorkshire, —probably as fair an example of unassuming talent, undeviating honesty, courage, and civility, as is to be met with in the fraternity.

Simmy is also an extremely kind-hearted, hospitable, and sportsmanlike little fellow, universally esteemed in the rustic neighbourhood wherein he resides on his own few, honourably acquired, acres; possessing at the same time the good opinion and friendship of all who have trusted him in his profession. He has, moreover, been in steady luck of late years, having won both Derby and Oaks consecutively for liberal, wealthy masters, as well as innumerable country races, all bringing grist to the mill at Burnby. He was "within an ace" of winning Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger this year, having won the two former great events, and only missing the third by reason of Lord Clifden changing his jockey more than once, or possibly, from being placed, through a prior engagement, on that rankest of impostors, in every acceptation of the phrase, viz., "*Justice* to Ireland!"

Templeman is a complete Yorkshireman in accent and heartiness, and, for a weight, never intended for hunting purposes, goes well across a country; he having generally one or two good "hunting 'osses," on which to meet Sir Tatton and "the Holderness," or the Ainsty pack of fox-hounds, when within distance.

Simmy says it is "*parlous*" (an expressive Yorkshire term, meaning "too bad") that gentlemen will give sike names to their 'osses as they do; names which no decent man can pronounce, and which, though he may ride the animal, he will never "offer" to speak. "As for Rough Robin, Appleton Lass, or Sally Snobbs," continues he, "there is some sense in sike names, but to call a horse by the name of Il Penseroso (which Simmy always turned into Bill Spencer, the grocer), La fille mal garde, Chapeau d'Espagne, Canezou, and others of a like sort, it is really *parlous!*" And so it is!

Perhaps the most fortunate race-rider of the present time, taking "all in," is Nathaniel Flatman, or Nat, as he is usually styled,—a complete "pocket Hercules" in strength and frame-work, as well as an accomplished judge of pace, and most resolute finisher.

Nat resides at Newmarket, though we believe he is Yorkshire bred as well as Templeman. Colonel Peel is his first master, though he never wants a mount when disengaged.

Job Marson, Lord Eglinton's private jockey,—though, of course, his lordship permits him to ride for others when not requiring his services,—is a most elegant horseman, and an extremely well-behaved, creditable fellow. Job hails from Middleham Moor, though his father trained on Langton Wold up to a late period.*

* Since the suspicious handling of Van Tromp, in the Derby race of 1847, Job

Cartwright, John Holmes, Tommy Lye,—the most eccentric object on a race-horse ever beheld, yet an artful old dodger in every respect, when he had the chance!—together with Robert Heseltine, of Black Hambleton, and George Whitehouse,—all hail "north-about," and win in their turns. It were invidious to specify, most men being good jocks on superior animals; to which circumstance it is but fair to attribute much of the good fortune and celebrity of Bill Scott and the Southern division of choice men made mention of in these memoirs.

The Great Gun of the Pigskin was undoubtedly Frank Buckle, of Newmarket, now "run to earth," but not before he bequeathed a character for uprightness and stability well worthy the emulation of all succeeding jockeys. He rode the winners of five Derby, seven Oaks, and two St. Leger Stakes; besides, as he expressed himself, most of the "good things at Newmarket and elsewhere."

His great feat was in taking long odds that he won the Derby and Oaks on horses supposed to be unlikely for the job, believing, and it is fair to presume, correctly, that his science would suffice to get a middling animal along amongst a ruck of men not particularly famed, with the exception of Clift, and rather different to the present outsiders! and that if he could *live* till within the distance, he could beat them by riding, as he *did, there is no doubt.*

These second-rate jockeys of that day would *ride to Buckle,* as a young and green fox-hunter keeps his eye on an old 'un; but to "catch it" sweetly before he has followed him over half-a-dozen fields, as we have all seen in our time; and I have no doubt but that the fortunate old Frank made use of all his cunning amongst his admiring, gaping, half-terrified competitors.

The time of Buckle's great bet and double victory was in the year 1802, when he rode the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with seven to one against him, beating Young Eclipse and a fair field of horses. The race was won entirely by his superior patience, when after contemplating, with a grim smile, the severe play made between Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando and Young Eclipse, he *awaited their return* to him, being convinced, from his judgment of pace, they must both stop, and struggled in on the post with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby in that day.

The mare Buckle requested to ride in the Oaks was Mr. Wastell's Scotia; and, though they say she was *beaten three times between home and Tattenham corner,* he managed to keep her together whilst the others were pumping their animals to a stand-still, and again won on the post. These two victories are due, there can be no doubt, to old Frank's fine riding; in illustration of which many other instances might be recorded. But this science, great as it was, would not have availed him when competing with such men as Chifney, Scott, Robinson, Nat, or Templeman, and was only of extra value when brought into play against inferior men.

Buckle commenced service with the Honourable Richard Vernon, though he finally closed his brilliant career on the turf, in that of Earl Grosvenor, riding until past his sixty-fifth year, and remaining a gay and staunch member of the "ring," or rather the devoted

Marson has ceased to ride for Lord Eglinton, having been replaced by Marlow, the fortunate jockey of the Flying Dutchman, on whom he has won both Derby and St. Leger this present year.

patron of everything *in* it, till his death. He had a fancy for cocking, coursing, and harriers, as well as being a supporter of the "sock and buskin" in most country towns visited by him in the course of his calling. There is, I believe, a short biographical notice of this celebrated jockey in print, in which his eccentricities and peculiarities are given in an amusing style. There is also a young Buckle, a nephew of old Frank, yet in the *corps*, but a man of slight reputation in the saddle.

Jem Robinson, as we have before stated, excels all men we ever saw in a match; an assertion amply justified by the way in which he made one himself with a sister or sister-in-law of "Billy Nash" of Windsor, a prime, manly little fellow with one arm, and the best maimed man in England across a country;* Jem rode the winner of the Derby and Oaks, and was married within the week, to fulfil a prediction, as some say, but, as others think, a bet. We remember seeing Robinson win a match at Newmarket—amongst hundreds—when nothing but the most consummate judgment and exquisite riding secured him the victory. Between the two horses, that came bowling along, like chained shot from start to finish, there was not an ounce to choose. Between the men there was less, for old Sam Chifney was Robinson's opponent; and so near a thing was it across the Flat, that it was only owing to Jem's selecting the "foot-trod" over the heath,—judging truly that the daily labourer wending his way to and from work, does not go many hair's-breadths out of it,—that he got his horse in first by a nose. The firmness, yet elasticity, of the foot-path would equally aid him, whilst the narrow track, only sufficing for one horse, thus secured, compelled his competitor to keep on the slightest possible curve from the line taken as straight as a crow would fly by the accomplished Jem.

The literary groom, Holcroft, gives in his Memoirs some curious history of life in racing stables, as well as an account of the wasting essential to most jockeys to enable them to ride the different weights. With those in high repute it is needful to remain in condition from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October, though a week or a fortnight are quite sufficient time for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone or a stone and a half below it.

This reduction is accomplished through sweating, exercise, and a strict dietary, amounting to partial abstinence from solid food, and the greatest temperance in liquids, whilst in preparation for a race. This discipline, severe as it is, does not appear to injure the constitution in the least; but, on the contrary, would really seem to give an increase of vigour, as the flesh—far from superfluous—wastes piecemeal from the bones. In an inquiry instituted by Sir John Sinclair in reference to this subject, it was stated by Mr. Sandiver, a surgeon long resident at Newmarket, that John Arnull, when rider to the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he could, to enable him to ride a particular horse; in consequence of which, he abstained from every kind of food, saving an apple occasionally, for the space of eight days, and declared himself

* To our sad memorials of departed friends,—victims, in part, we cannot but believe, to the over-anxious pursuit of *Sport!*—we grieve to be compelled to add the name of poor Nash, who died in the prime of life, during the passage of these pages through the press.

not only uninjured, but in better wind, and altogether more fit to contend in a severe race than before he commenced this unnatural course of diet.

When moderately reduced, through exercise taken in a suit of proper sweaters,—say about eight or at most ten miles' brisk walk, —repeated for two or three days, nothing can exceed the delicious sensation of health and elasticity which comes over a man after being rubbed down with a coarse towel, and fresh clothed for the remainder of the day. The effect is visible on the skin, which assumes a remarkably transparent hue, whilst after a repetition of such regimen condition follows every sweat, till the jockey becomes as sleek as the animal he is going to ride. We speak from experience; once on a time seldom moving without a suit of flannel-sweaters in our portmanteau. These, with a heavy pea-jacket or two, woollen gloves, and a warm cloth cap, will in a brisk walk for a couple of hours, especially if the sun shows himself in earnest, do that for a man suffering from indigestion, plethora, or acidity in his veins, which all the doctors and "'opathies" in the quack's pharmacopœia cannot accomplish. The most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh, through a relaxation of the system; it having often happened that many jockeys have gained, after the very least indulgence, more in weight than they could reduce themselves in a couple of walks. There was, I mind, a favourite sweating-ground with the Newmarket jocks, of about four miles out, to a snug cabaret kept by a "Mother Onion," or some such name, whither a whole brigade of bow-legged, antique-visaged, little gentlemen, carrying as much clothing as would suffice for many much taller personages, might be seen, bathed in perspiration, either swinging their arms to-and-fro to increase the muscular action, and tramping after each other in single file on the footpath bordering the high-road, or else encountered over the public-house fire, scraping the perspiration from their heads and faces with a horn carried for the purpose, precisely as a race-horse is scraped after a race. After resting thus for half an hour or so, and imbibing a tumbler of warm beverage to increase the sweat, they return at a good pace to Newmarket; perhaps "turn in" for a short time, and lie covered with blankets, in addition to their load of sweaters, when they finally strip, and groom themselves carefully for the evening.

Some men are bad wasters, when nothing but very severe exercise, aided by medicine, and the most complete self-denial, under every craving appeal for food, suffices to get off the last twenty-four ounces. Sam Chifney, Bill Scott, and Robinson, were all tall men by comparison with others of the fraternity, and consequently not so easy to reduce; and being in constant demand in many a dining-room, as well as on the heath, the mortification they endured may be imagined. But, the season once concluded, few men are more convivial, or hospitable, than the jockey, when ample revenge is taken upon the sporting Lent they have conformed to so piously.

A REVOLUTIONARY RAMBLE ON THE RHINE.

BY THE FLÂNEUR.

Who is there, who many a time since the month of February 1848, of distracting memory, has not felt himself surfeited with the dishes of politics crammed down his throat, whatever his craving in general for this species of exciting intellectual sustenance, and has not sickened at the very name of revolution, much as he may have considered himself hardened to the sound of the word? The well-spiced peppery food of politics has palled at times upon the palate, in spite of the seasoning of excitement; and even those who have embarked, more or less personally, upon the seas of revolution, have, although they may have considered themselves too tough sailors to experience any mere qualms, felt the nausea again rising at some new lurch upon the stormy ocean. The *Flâneur* owns both to the surfeit and the nausea; and when that restlessness, which is one of the necessary ingredients in the composition of every *flâneur*, during this summer of the second year of our European revolution, vulgarly called the year 1849, became, as is the wont with *flâneurs*, an uncontrollable disease, which imperatively demanded a cure by change of scene and clime, after going through the usual flâneurial stages of impulse, desire, and mania, he took up his map, not to see upon what shifting soil of revolution he might be hurried from one scene of excitement to another, and give his curiosity all that kaleidescope variety of gratification, which our stirring times flash before the eyes in such dazzling confusion,—as, like a genuine *Flâneur*, he should have done,—but to find out some quiet country, where he might *flâner* in the very idlest do-nothing spirit of *flânerie*, and fully enjoy that *dolce far niente*, which, however it may be supposed to be one of the ingredients in the composition of a *flâneur*, is by no means, or ought not to be, one of his chief characteristics—at all events, as times go. Holland, at first sight, offered a sedative for the over-excited spirit. "As dull as ditch-water," is an old homely expression. What might dulness, combined *with* ditch-water, not do? Holland afforded thus, both morally and physically, a water-cure, to allay irritation, with every known characteristic of the true "wet blanket." But then the *Flâneur*, having also, by the way, no great faith in the universal effects of hydropathy—however great his faith and fantasy in general—had too chilling a recollection of former visits to that country, where he felt too much sympathy in the shuddering antipathy of Voltaire to the "*canaux, canards, canaille;*" putting in, however, a protest against the sweeping use of the last word—to try the plunge of such a cold bath to all excitement again. Belgium lay closer still at hand, enjoying all the quietude and prosperity with which well-timed experience, in the avoidance of the evil example of its next-door neighbour, and aptitude to learn a lesson, has so signally blessed it. The *Flâneur* might there hope not to have his weary ears scarified with the word "revolution," in every third phase, or his brain clogged to congestion by the pressure from without of politics *apropos des bottes*,—as it would have been, of a surety, in France, where even the word "boots" would have suggested at once the map of Italy, and entailed an inevitable disquisition upon Italian affairs. But Belgium was declared

to be overrun with all sorts of fashionable refugees, from all sorts of unquiet lands—a species likely to be continually moaning upon the losses which fashionable exclusiveness had undergone in the aforesaid lands, and thereby not pleasant companions in days when sympathy in such matters has died out. In Spa, too, it was said, poor wandering *flâneurs* found no rest for the sole of their foot on first arrival, or pillow for their weary heads, seeing its overcrowded condition. And, moreover, a *Flâneur* has an intuitive aversion to machinery, manufactory-chimneys, and modern inventions. Now, with such matters Belgium abounds, assuming a most Birmingham-like physiognomy more and more, in defiance, and to the confusion of, its romantic old towns, so full of works of art. Not much further lay old Father Rhine; and, spite of the weariness which a professed *Flâneur*, upon a hundredth trip thither, may feel at his overrated allurements, his bald vineyards, melodramatic skeletons of ruins, and the make-believe majesty of his so-called mountains, and especially at the conceitedly vulgar airs he was wont to give himself in latter years, there remains, however, a sort of spurious halo about his very name, and a charm in the reminiscence of that youthful enthusiasm, with which when first escaped from England, the *Flâneur* gazed for the first time upon this famed show-stream of the Continent, and wondered, and admired, and poetized, as most boys will; and there is a comfortable glow of feeling in any such reminiscences, however it may be warmed up.

Now it might be supposed that Germany, formerly so sober and so staid, was well nigh sick of revolutions, after more than a year's unhappy and ill-profiting revolutionising. A revolutionising Frankfort Parliament had long since died a natural death, although not without sundry last convulsions. Prussia had declared that it had subdued its revolution at home, and was quietly constitutionising "for self and Germany."

The last frontier insurrection in the lovely but unhappy Duchy of Baden had been subdued by cannon and bayonet, and Prussian muskets and sabres were hung up like trophies all over the land as banners and guarantees of peace. There was every appearance then, at a distance, of quietude upon the banks of the Rhine: there was a very evident lull in revolutionising, at all events; and a lull after the storm is repose. The *Flâneur*, then, thought himself safe from politics, and the spell of revolutions, in trusting himself upon the borders of prostrate, wearied, and, as he fondly supposed, revolution-disgusted Germany: he sought the repose in the lull; he resolved upon a very quiet, sleepy, unexciting, soothing ramble on the Rhine. Why then has he headed his sketch of his last *flânerie* a "Revolutionary Ramble?" Ah! why indeed? Where was his experience, or at all events, that which every *flâneur* ought to possess, more or less, in human nature in general? Where was his experience in German nature in particular? With a little reflection he might have bethought him that the soberest fellows, who have borne the steadiest of characters for years, when they once "go ahead," upon the path of "life," make the very worst rakes; and when soundly trimmed for their pranks, only become the worse hypocrites, and are all ready to plunge again into the whirlpool of debauchery, the sweets of which they have so late discovered, and cannot stop to *sip* at now; and, by a little anology, he might have reasoned that the Germans, long considered "sober old boys" in the matter of politics, and "steady fellows" in all their relations of life, would, when once they had drunk deep

intoxicating draughts of revolution, even to the constant drunkenness of riots, and the *delirium tremens* of insurrection, become the most madly debauched of revolutionists, and, even when "soundly trounced," be no ways cured of the new tricks learned in their old days. The *Flâneur*, in German character too, had reckoned without his German host, or rather not reckoned upon German heads. He chose to forget that, as these fermenting receptacles of crude notions, in which the ingredients thrown into them were always seething and sending up clouds of obscuring vapour, had been in philosophy, so they were likely to be in their political fancies, and that their politics-"run-mad" once taken into them, would be ceaseless coming out of their mouths, with that constant recurrence of the same senseless phrases, which is peculiar to the language of the madman—that, although the hodge-podge of patriotism, nationality, progress, liberalism, people's rights, German unity, central power, and such like materials, after being stirred about by the spoon of revolution, and over-salted with plentiful grains of red-republicanism, had produced only a most unsavoury, unpalatable, and, above all, indigestible stew, and the fire beneath it had forcibly been extinguished, there might yet be living embers among the ashes, and the cauldron might still be seething below—that the Germans, children in politics—and thick-headed, obstinate children too!—were not to be taught the lesson of experience, and were not likely to learn it any the more quickly for a whipping—that, like true children again, they would cry for their toy of revolution, sulk when they were told to lay it down, because it was an "edged tool," that was sure to hurt their inexperienced fingers, and struggle when it was wrenched from their hands—that the Germans in fact, were, in this contradictory spirit of character, likely to be the last of revolutionising nations to be sick of their new revolutions, or at all sobered by experience, or by that moral *katzenjammer* (cat's wretchedness) as the German's have it, to express the "seediness" after a drunken debauch, which must succeed revolutionary intemperance—and that he, the *Flâneur*, was thus in a fair way of seeing the *quiet* ramble on the Rhine, on which he had decided after much self-debate, in search of anti-political rest, converted, as it was, into one of the *revolutionary* nature hinted at above. His blindness appears to him now to have been utterly wilful and perverse.

Imagine the *Flâneur* whisked across the whole kingdom of Belgium, from west to east, along that wondrous railway, a great portion of which has been not unaptly compared to a needle passed through the middle of a corkscrew, from the rapid and seemingly interminable succession of alternate snatches of open road in valleys, and tunnels under mountains, and upon which all the fairy tales of childhood's days are realised—for is not the fiery monster, which conveys the traveller, the real and true enchanter's dragon, as it now darts through the magically opened bowels of the earth, now flies over the plain, now issues from a huge castellated vaulted gateway, called a tunnel-facing, which evidently is the portal of an enchanter's castle; now thrusts itself into another similar opening in the mountain-side, frowning above with towering battlements, and evidently belonging to some comrade magician, ever snorting smoke and vapour from the nostrils of its head of burnished brass and green, and dragging swiftly after it its long, winding jointed tail, in verity and truth the true old living fiery dragon of old times? Imagine the *Flâneur*, then, whisked to the banks of the Rhine in the search of quietude. He hopes to find it at Cologne,

beneath the religious shadow of its world-known and wonderful cathedral, disturbed only by the click of the sculptor's chisel or the stonemason's hammer, employed in the seemingly impossible task of completing this other wonder of the world. Last year he saw hotel-keepers, without visitors to their palace-hotels, rattling their last *groschen* in their pockets, with downcast looks, and cursing revolutions, which scared away the annual guests, who were wont to pay them tribute: he naturally expects to find them, under the altered circumstances of this year, grateful for a comparatively peaceful state of things, cheered by a return of their desired visitors; but still, with subdued spirit, abjuring the revolutions that had well nigh ruined them, and those "odious politics," which so much contributed to empty their pockets: he breathes with comfortable complacency. Miserable delusion! The hotel-keeper has raised his head again, but it is not to congratulate himself upon the change: it is to grumble on the ill-faith of princes, who have refused to lay before their subjects, for their future diet, that same hodge-podge stew, already spoken of as cooked up by the "many cooks" of a Frankfort Parliament, the spoiled broth, called the "Frankfort Constitution," and to declare that Germany must be "up" again. The very waiters, who last year looked pale with disappointment at the loss of customary *trinkgelder*, are flushed again now in their round German faces, but not with contentment; no, with their puffy rantings, and rhapsodisings about "United Germany," and that most visionary "German Empire," more visionary now than ever, for which they clamour as a great powerful whole, in which, somehow or other, their white aprons are to form powerful component parts, and, which, it might be supposed from the excessive zeal of their rantings, they dream of as a *millennium* of *trinkgelder*. The disappointed *Flâneur* rushes forth from his hotel—under the walls of the sainted building he may at least find rest. What does he hear? The workmen, whom revolutions have nigh deprived, for the term of their natural lives, of a continued employment, which is a fortune to an artisan, are making their hammers and their chisels keep time to the revolutionary songs, which they murmur in their beards, forming unharmonious contrast with the awe-inspiring sound of the organ from within the sacred edifice: and fantastic vergers, in their very pride in their edifice, utter echoing aspirations for that time when future revolutions may produce a united German Empire, to bless which, by a curious confusion of ideas, they see visions of crowned kings, headed by the Pope, standing with outstretched hands upon the highest point of the cathedral of Cologne. The *Flâneur* turns away, and seeks the river-side, in order to quit the uneasy old city. In the streets have been barricades, and misery, and bloodshed also, and all the wretchedness of revolutions. And to what have they led? Certainly not to that misty goal of some ill-defined happiness, to which German heads once thought themselves hurrying, while they only ran themselves against all sorts of hard and skull-cracking posts. Let it not be thought for a moment, however, that experience in the folly and futility of dangerous and death-bringing revolutionary experiments has taught a useful lesson: the artisan of Cologne, formerly so cheerful and readily obliging, will scarcely stop, as he lounges forward with discontented and gloomy looks, in answer to an inquiry as to the shortest way, and will reply sulkily, if he replies at all, evidently intending to impress upon the mind of the "aristocrat," that, among the "people's rights," for which he vapours in his so-called pothouse "club," and of which he declares himself

deprived and despoiled, is the "right" to be insolent and disobliging. Oh! the quieted Germany of the *Flâneur's* fancies, where art thou? Certainly not at Cologne. The word "revolution" here is written over the city portals: and political disquisitions are the daily, "How do you do? very well I thank you," in men's mouths. The *Flâneur* then must be on further up the Rhine, and seek a refuge from the revolutionary epidemic in some one of its sheltering valleys.

Where has it a sweeter valley, in all its plentiful store, than the valley of the Lahn? There, in those picturesque and well-wooded mountains, lies embedded the exquisite little bathing-place of Ems. Between the cleft branches of those mountains it lies like a nest. There surely is rest from revolutions and shelter from politics. The titled or untitled "guests," there assembled, are in search of health, or of the picturesque, or, like the *Flâneur*, of repose. All three are to be found in those lovely and romantic hills, or along the flowery banks of the Lahn, which washes that one street, of magnificent hotels on the one side, and sweet gardens on the other, hemmed in between precipitous mountain-flank and rushing mountain-stream. Even its painted and marble-columned Kursaal, planted, as it were, in the midst of those alluring gardens, must surely breathe of quietude in its lounging groups; for the very gaming tables have been banished from it. And under that arcade of Alhambra-like open work, all covered with creeping plants, close by, the listless wanderers, types of the true enjoyers of that *dolce far niente*, which German watering-place frequenters understand full as well as the Neapolitan *lazzarone*, have surely forgotten that politics *can* form a staple subject of conversation, or that the word "revolution" exists in the dictionary of any language. Here surely is peace—here the *Flâneur* is secure from a touch of the epidemic. Once more what a delusion of hope! "*quelle dérision amère!*" as disappointed lovers say in French melodramas. At the end of the pretty public gardens, and their skirting alleys, opposite to the kursaal, stands an ancient square building, flanked with four cupola-ed towers which evidently has been a princely country residence. It is now a lodging-house, and a pleasant one, moreover. But, "who is now lodging there?" is necessarily the inquiry of the *Flâneur*, as, observing a considerable degree of bustle and animation along public walks and alleys, and a sort of pilgrimage, in a scattered but long procession of well-dressed individuals, moving on towards that building, he becomes aware that it is a point of considerable interest. It is tenanted, he learns, by a young heir to the fallen fortunes of a dynasty. In that house resides, for a fleeting visit, the Duke of Bourdeaux and his young duchess. There is something of the real spirit of a pilgrimage, in truth, in those forms, which are approaching the residence of the last prince of the elder dethroned branch of the Bourbons. They are those of the representatives of old legitimist French families, of old servitors of the Bourbons, of young enthusiastic worshippers of the cause of legitimacy in France: they go to do homage to the young prince, who is the only remaining embodiment of that cause. So be it. Let every respect be paid to *feeling*, in whatever shape it may evidence itself: it is too rare a quality, in these would-be practical, and even feeling-denouncing days, not to have its value, if it be only on account of its rarity. The *Flâneur* is aware that there is not a spice of revolutionism in this show of homage to the member of a fallen dynasty; for he knows that Henri of Bourbon repudiates all thought of *pretending* to the throne of France, however

much legitimacy may be on the increase among the unstable minds of that country—that he would exclude a conspirator from his presence, and that he openly refuses to accept any other invitation to a *possible* throne than the call of all France. He sees too that, whatever political thoughts may be connected in the minds of the legitimist pilgrims with their pilgrimage, no word of legitimist politics is allowed to be expressed among them. He hopes, in this respect, to be delivered from his bugbears.

In truth, that young man who stands with his wife in a large room in the upper story of the *Vier-Thürmen* lodging-house at Ems, surrounded by gentlemen and ladies, is no more than another gentleman to whom the rest accord a superior rank, engaged in receiving guests who have come from afar to visit him. He deprecates the formality of a semi-regal respect. He is affable and courteous to his visitors, although a little timid and reserved; he listens with attention to their remarks, answering little, but without stiffness or constraint. There is a visible nobility of carriage, but without pride in a person slightly ungainly; but in the clear mild blue eye which illumines that finely featured and somewhat melancholy face, the expression is only one of extreme kindness, openness, and truth. Or look at him again as he wanders arm-in-arm with his young dark-eyed duchess in the gardens or drives along its alleys. He is greeted with respect not only by his adherent-visitors, but by the foreign "guests" of Ems, and its population; but this is a homage paid to historical associations, combined with personal worth, and not to the Pretender, or the aspirant to a throne, or to the political cause he represents. Away, then, all thought of politics—all connecting ideas with the very shadow of revolution in the presence of the Duke of Bourdeaux in quiet Ems! Alas, no! The whole world is decidedly politics-mad, even among the hills of the lovely valley of the Lahn that seem to cut it off from the whole world. Men snuff conspiracy, agitation, movement, revolution, in the proud strut of that old French Marquis who has just paid a visit to the young Prince; and even in the waddle of that portly old French Comtesse who has just greeted his young wife. They smell it out in the scented pocket handkerchief of that Duchess of the Restoration—in the pinch of snuff yon old servitor of the family is conveying to his nose. They scoff at what they choose to call the child's play of a Court. They insist on discovering a political design in each tread of the footsteps of Henri of Bourbon along the shaded alleys of Ems. What is more to the purpose, or rather against it, they insist upon dinning imaginary politics and screaming the detested word "revolution" in the ears of the *Flâneur*. Even Ems, then, affords no rest for his disquieted soul. He is already looked upon as a demi-conspirator, because he, too, has done greeting to the heir of the Bourbons; and he is glad to pocket his disappointment and flit away, before a beetle-browed, black-bearded individual, always prowling about the sole street of quiet Ems, who bears the title "agent to the Red Republican secret societies of France," marked on the very cut of his waistcoat, and who is evidently on the watch to *spy* out the formidable tendencies of the supposed legitimist conspiracy "in favour of infamous monarchy and odious reaction," has put him down in his red book to be denounced to the future Red Republic of France.

But still there seems a glorious occasion for escape from all politics. It reaches the ears of the *Flâneur* that a great *fête* in honour of the national poet Goethe, upon the occasion of the hundreth anniversary of

his birth, is to be given at Frankfort, his birth-place. Surely the homage shown by universal national feeling to one of Germany's greatest poets can have no connection whatever with political feelings. Surely an occasion upon which all Germany may, indeed, become morally "united," upon which there can be but one sympathetic feeling of national pride in common, must exclude all political contention. Surely, such a truly literary festival must have the effect of making the name of "Goethe" supersede the eternally pronounced harsh word of "revolution." To Frankfort then! for there must be peace from politics,—at least during those festive days. To Frankfort the *Flâneur* is come. On his arrival he closes his eyes, as well as he may, to the ceaseless glittering of Prussian helmets and Prussian fire-arms, not in the town itself, but in all the country round, reminding him of convulsions in the past, Prussian self-authorized occupation in the present, and possible Prussian usurpation in the future, and entailing, spite of himself, political considerations; he closes his ears, as well as he may, to the lamentations of some, and to the jeerings of others, as to the equivocal and almost ludicrous position of the Administrator of a great German Empire, which does not exist, elected by a *soi-disant* great Frankfort Parliament, which is defunct, and of his central Ministry, whose edicts are scoffed at, and whose power is naught—for the Archduke John of Austria is still supposed to reside at Frankfort, the central capital of the visionary empire he "administrates," and the seat of his child's-play government; and he is shortly expected to return to resume the reins of his government with all the gravity of the boy, who conducts the coach, composed of parlour chairs, in our English artist's well-known picture. The *Flâneur* waits with patience; for the morrow is the eve of the great Goethe Festival. The preparations are being made for illuminations, transparencies, and other festive demonstrations in the streets; and all men, he fondly fancies, will be then absorbed in the act of united national homage to the national poet. Again, and again, *dérision amère.* He cannot enter into conversation without hearing of political rancours mingled with the festive preparations. The democratic party, he is told, is furious, because the names of some of the so-called "aristocrats" of the commercial free town of Frankfort appear upon the festival committee: it is in vain to point out to it that men of all classes have been invited to join in the management of the *fête*, that on the committee are not only men from the Republic of Arts and Letters, but the locksmiths, the cordwainers, the grocers: these, too, they clamour, are aristocrats: where, they ask, are the ignorant artisan, and the labourer, who scarcely knows the name of Goethe? It is for them to conduct the *fête*, or we refuse the supplies, they say: and they use their votes in city-council to refuse supplies; and they combine and manœuvre that the great national *fête* in honour of the great national poet should be as much a failure, and a scoff, and a disgrace, as possible in the hands of the committee. Besides they say afterwards, in excuse, Goethe himself was a vain-glorious aristocrat, and a worshipper of princes—here they are somewhat right, by the way—and does not deserve their homage. Well! the eve of the festival approaches. At last all will be peace supposes the *Flâneur* with "flattering unction."

At night-fall a *cantata*, composed for the occasion, in honour of Goethe, is to be sung before the house in which the poet was born, by the choral societies of the town. The eager crowd is assembled. The fortunate

house, in which the great man first saw the light, is illuminated; a circle of torch-bearers mark the spot where the choral music is to be sung. Then comes a thrusting, and a confusion—the musicians are driven away—their torches are extinguished—and, in their place, a band of *soi-disant* patriots howl forth the *Hecker-Lied*, the adopted revolutionary song of democratic and republican Germany—and there is consternation in the town—and bands of military instantly sweep the streets—and there is a round of howling and hooting—and the alarming word "barricades" is whispered around—and, instead of union and peace, and combined national homage to one of a nation's idols, are disorder, and apprehension, and anger, and ill-will; and it is with difficulty that the alarmed city again finds its rest. And thus commences the national *fête* of poetic sentiment. And on the morrow, although there is again some degree of quiet, there is a very visible air of discontent and gloom over all the festival. The speeches in old *Kaiser-Saal*, which witnessed the inauguration of Germany's emperors in times gone by, savour of the dissension and discontent, and have more of those detestable politics in their composition than of Goethe's praises; and the procession of all trades, and corporations, and schools, and societies, and clubs, as it winds through the streets and squares of Frankfort, and along its bannered houses, with artistic emblems, and painted banners, and time-worn flags, and charters borne on velvet cushions, and decorations numberless, and bands of little boys in middle-age or fantastic costumes, and thus proceeds towards the tree-shadowed Platz, where stands the great frowning, pompous-looking statue of Goethe, is a very pretty sight to see withal, but is shorn, as much as has been possible, by the manœuvres and opposition of the democrats, of its splendours and its length; and the countless hosts of white Austrian coats and Prussian helmets, glittering in the sun, and varied military uniforms, although they add to the harlequin colour of the crowd, as they mix along the line of the procession, with the gorgeous parasols, blue, red, pink, and even yellow, of dazzle-loving German women, tell tales, to which the sense cannot be shut, of necessary constraint; and in the homage paid to the statue on the crowded Platz, with music, and chorusses, and speeches, and *vivats*, (strange homage to a dead man!) and that last fountain of *bouquets*, springing into the air simultaneously, and showering down, and bestowing an incense of perfume on the statue, there is still a very visible constraint and gloom; and the ceremony seems hurried over, lest democratic opposition should again interfere with violence; and, although the music in the streets is listened to in quiet, and the illuminated theatre goes through its allegorical performances in honour of the poet without let or hindrance, yet at the evening's banquet afterwards, in the great embowered hall, there are again murmurings, and bitter allusions, and political disquisitions in the speeches; and politics alas! again throw their upas-like shadow over poetry. Even in the Goethe *fête*, there must politics interfere. Even on such an occasion the word "revolution" must be murmured. Another disappointment. On, on, elsewhere!

The *Flâneur* begins to grow desperate. Peace from politics is, then, the philosopher's stone of modern Germany, which they are far, however, from seeking themselves. The *Flâneur* in his search for it is as harassed as an alchemist; but he has not the alchemist's patience and he begins to lose the alchemist's steady faith. Another experi ment, certainly more hazardous than the former, still remains, how-

ever. The fair Dutchy of Baden has been lately torn by convulsions, insurrections, civil wars; but all these horrors have been swept away by the cannon, and at the bayonet's point: Baden is pacified: Baden is quiet, and smiles again, it is said, with that smile which that lovely country best knows how to wear under the influence of a bright summer sun. There at least the *Flâneur* may find a satiety of revolution, disgust of frantic politics, or, at all events, that stagnation from utter prostration after a recent fever fit, which bears, at least, the semblance of peace, quiet, and repose. Heidelberg, with its wondrous ruins, and sweet gardens, in which decaying art, and ever-reviving nature strive to rival each other in the production of the picturesque, filled him with pleasant *souvenirs* of old times, although chattering, self-imposing guides *would* awake recollections of recent insurrection, and recall the odious word "revolution" by pointing out the spots where lately frantic German Red Republicans in fantastic costume sat, ill at ease, on horseback to marshal revolutionary troops, that far outdid Falstaff's ragged regiment in varied finery of military attire—where a Polish would-be-general issued drunken commands from a window, with champagne glass in hand—where vapouring and bellowing revolutionary heroes, seized with a sudden panic at the news of the advance of the Prussians, suddenly rushed towards the town-gate, which led in the contrary direction to the enemy. Along the charming railroad, which skirts the commencing line of the mountains of the Black Forest, there were garlands, and flower-devices, and banners, hung upon each pretty Swiss-cottage-looking station-house, to celebrate the birthday of the Grand Duke after his return to his dominions; and although traces of the recent battle-plain were visible, now and then along the road in trampled fields, and woods, the trees in which, exhibited blackened trunks, burned by the hands of passing "friends of liberty;" and station-houses battered by the cannon of insurgents, showed dark ruins; and a broken bridge told where a struggle had taken place; the garlands, and the devices, and the banners seemed to throw a colouring of fresh joyousness over the recent scenes of anarchy, bloodshed, and death.

And beyond lay Baden-Baden, cosseted so lovingly by nature's loveliest charms amidst its deliciously romantic hills: and there surely, where fashion revelled formerly, and, if contention there was, it was that of flirtation, and foreign hands flung around wealth, which the fortunate inhabitants had but to stretch forth their hands to catch—there surely, in Baden-Baden, the paradise of German bathing-places, the garden of Eden, where there was a serpent truly, but one which might be avoided by the way—the serpent of Play—there surely, in that bower of mountain, and wood, and valley, and mountain-stream, all of the loveliest and most picturesque—there surely was rest, and peace from politics. But even Baden-Baden told a tale too sad to listen to, but which could not but be heard, of fallen glories, and absent visitors, and empty hotels, and impoverished families. Disgusted at the revolutionary plague, which had so lately raged among its hills, although now dispersed, "guests" had held back in shyness. In the garden was still the serpent, however: and even that bright wily beast had put on a political skin, by its scoffing opposition to the law of a Frankfort Parliament, and the decree of a vain Central Ministry for its suppression. In the desolation of Baden-Baden, there might still be quietude from revolutionary politics, however. Again no. Everywhere gleamed again Prussian uniforms—at every shaded

table in the public gardens Prussian officers vaunted their occupation of the revolutionary country, as a *conquest*, achieved to Prussia; whilst, on the hill-side among the peasantry, were curses "not loud but deep," against these northern Germans, who were regarded as usurping aliens; and the infatuated men murmured their hope of the time, when they might again take up the musket to fight for rights, which they understood not, or even already possessed; and those who wept loudly over the delusion of friends, fallen among the insurgents, whispered vengeance beneath their breath; and even those, who had all to lose by revolutions, railed bitterly against that Prussian occupation, which alone had saved their country from utter anarchy; and nowhere had sad experience taught the lesson of wisdom and a little reason to German senselessly politicising heads. The taint of politics was again in every breath of air—the word "revolution" still echoed among the mountains. The case was hopeless. The *Flâneur* turned back his steps to a country, where, if there be no escape from politics, there is at least peace from revolutions. He had lost all trust in the immediate future quiet of Germany from the lesson of his "revolutionary ramble on the Rhine."

COME ROUND THE HEARTH!

A CAROL.*

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Come round the hearth with ruddy blaze,
That roars with forkéd tongue,
As if 'twould give a chorus wild
To all the lays we sung.
Come, mother, father, children all,
Come, happy, smiling band,
Come mystic chain of fervent love,
Link'd by great Nature's band.
Come round the hearth.

"Come, bring those star-ey'd pledges near,
That on life's threshold stand,
The buds of our domestic wreath,
The strangers in the land.
And let those wond'ring eyes behold
Their clustering kindred round,
And press them to the chain of hearts,
To which they must be bound.
Come round the hearth.

"Come, lead those loved and aged ones
To their accustom'd place,
That they may scan with thankful eyes
Each well-remember'd face.
No absent one calls for a tear,
All brighter than before,
And rosy lips, yet to be kissed,
Are added to their store.
Come round the hearth.

"Come round the hearth, then, thankfully,
With that heart-cheering glow,
That only those who live in love
Can well and truly know.
Then bless the Winter for his snows,
Ah, bless him for his cold,
'Tis he that gathers all we love
Within our happy fold.
Come round the hear.

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* Composed by S. Glover. Jefferies, Soho Square.

CASTLES AND MANSIONS ON THE MEDWAY AND ITS TRIBUTARY STREAMS.

PENSHURST PLACE, AND MANOR,

WAS anciently the seat of a family of the name of Penchester, of whom there is mention made, says Harris, in the book of Domesday; in what other book or books the noble deeds of this family are recorded, during the subsequent one hundred and fifty years, we know not; but it appears by a deed in the Registrum Roffense, that in the year 1226, Sir Thomas de Peneshurst had the manor and mansion of Penshurst. This Sir Thomas left a son, Stephen, who was a minor in 1239, and whose uncle and trustee was Sir John Belemyns, canon of St. Paul's. In 1283, this Stephen had been made Sir Stephen de Penchester, and was Constable of Dover Castle, and Warden of the Cinque Ports. He had large possessions in the county, and was a man of great influence, from his general character and sagacity. He died in the reign of Edward I., leaving Margerie, his second wife, surviving, and two daughters, and was buried in the south chancel of Penshurst Church, where was formerly an altar tomb, on which was laid his effigy in chain mail. The tomb itself has been long destroyed, but a portion of the effigy still lies on the chancel pavement.

Of Sir Stephen's two daughters, the eldest, Joane, married Henry Cobham, of Cobham; and the youngest, Alice, married John de Columbers, whose arms were, sable a bend or, a label of three points argent. Alice had Penshurst Manor and mansion, assigned to her as her portion of the inheritance, and she very soon conveyed away this inheritance of her fathers to Sir John de Pulteney, of Misterton, in Leicestershire. In 1322, Sir John had license to embattle Penshurst, and in 1337 he obtained a grant of free warren for all his estates here. Few persons were ever held in higher estimation in his day than Sir John de Pulteney, and none, it would seem, more deservedly. Four times did the citizens of London elect him as their mayor; and his sovereign, Edward III., greatly respected and highly honoured him. He had very large possessions, and he very liberally dispensed them; being what was considered at the time as magnificently charitable. He had, moreover, a sound judgment, great discretion, and firm religious principles. Several churches were built at his expense; among others the church of Little All Hallows, in Thames Street; and St. Lawrence Poulteney, takes its name from him. He bore for his arms, argent a fesse dancette gules, in chief three leopard's heads sable; and, dying in 1295, was buried in the church of St. Lawrence Poulteney.

His wife, Margaret, surviving, and having a life estate in this manor and mansion, re-married with Sir Nicholas Lovaine; upon which her son, Sir William Pulteney, vested his interest in these manors and estates in trustees; but he dying without issue in the year 1366, the trustees, in 1374, conveyed these and all other estates of which Sir John Pulteney died possessed, to Sir Nicholas Lovaine and Margaret, his wife, and their heirs for ever.

The Lovaines were a younger branch of the Ducal house of Lorraine. Godfrey de Lovaine, so called from the place of his birth, possessed lands in England, in right of his mother, who was a grand-daughter of

King Stephen. Sir Nicholas bore for his arms, gules, a fess argent between fourteen billets or, and died possessed of this manor, leaving one son, Nicholas, and a daughter, Margaret.

This Nicholas married Margaret, a daughter of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford. He died childless, leaving his wife surviving, and she having possession of this manor for life, and re-marrying Sir John Devereux, he, in her right, held it.

Sir John was descended from a family which had their surname from Evreux, in Normandy, but they had long been settled in England, and Sir John was one of the most eminent of his highly-gifted race. He held high military command under Edward III. and Richard II., and many important trusts were confided to him. In 1388, being then a knight-banneret, he was made Constable of Dover Castle and Warden of the Cinque Ports; and, in 1393, he had license to fortify and to embattle his mansion house at Penshurst. In 1394, he died without issue, leaving Margaret, his wife, surviving, and holding this manor as part of her dower; but, in 1409, Margaret, his widow, died: and then the manor and mansion of Penshurst became the property of Margaret, the sister and heir of the second Sir Nicholas Lovaine. This Margaret was twice married; first to Richard Chamberlain, of Sherburn, Oxfordshire; and, secondly, to Sir Philip St. Clere, of Ightham. Both of these, in right of their wife, seem to have possessed this manor, which descended to Sir John de Clere, the son of Sir Philip, and he conveyed it, by sale, to John, Duke of Bedford, the third son of Henry IV. This Duke of Bedford fills too many pages in England's history to need any other notice here, than that dying in 1436, without issue, he was succeeded in the Manor of Penshurst by his next brother—Humphrey the Good, Duke of Gloucester. There is a foul blot in England's annals which records the death of the good Duke Humphrey, and the persecution, trial, and imprisonment of the Duke's second wife, Eleanor, daughter of Reginald, Lord Cobham, of Sterburgh Castle, in Surrey. The duke bore, for his arms, quarterly France and England, a bordure argent, and dying without issue, the Manor of Penshurst became the property of his cousin, and next heir, Henry VI., who immediately granted them to his near kinsman, Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham.

This Duke of Buckingham was slain at the battle of Northampton, and his son had been slain, a few years previous, at the battle of St. Albans; so that the manor descended to his son's son, Henry, who became such a zealous partisan of the murderer and usurper, Richard III., and whose head Richard struck off one day in such haste in the Tower.

Henry's son, Edward, succeeded, however, to the honours and estates of his father; and it was this Duke of Buckingham that emptied the ewer of water into Wolsey's shoes, and for which Wolsey got up an accusation of high treason against him, and beheaded him.

The estates of a man condemned for treason, always falling to the Crown, the Manor of Penshurst became the property of Henry VIII., who, in the year 1545, considerably enlarged the park by purchases of different parcels of land—of Wells-place, amongst others, with its one hundred and seventy acres. Immediately upon Edward the Sixth's accession, in 1547, his council proposed to Anne of Cleves, an exchange of the house at Penshurst for her house at Bletchingly; but no exchange was effected. And then John, Earl of Warwick, would

seem to have had a grant of this manor; for, in the fourth of Edward VI., the Earl of Warwick granted it to that King, in exchange for other premises; and the King immediately gave the manor and mansion to Sir Ralph Fane, the grandson of Henry Fane, of Hilsden, Tonbridge.

This Sir Ralph Fane was a thick and thin partisan of the Duke of Somerset, and through his influence obtained from the Crown numerous grants of very extensive possessions, many of which had been devoted to religious uses. But Sir Ralph speedily became involved in all the troubles of his patron; and when the ambitious and impolitic Duke fell, Sir Ralph fell with him. His large estate secured his being accused of high treason, as they equally secured his attainder, and he was accordingly beheaded on Tower Hill.

The Manor of Penshurst, in consequence, reverting to the Crown, Edward VI. forthwith granted it to Sir William Sidney.

The Sidneys were originally from France, and when Henry the Second returned from Anjou into England, he brought with him Sir William Sidney, whom he made his chamberlain, and to whom he gave, among other manors and mansions, that of Kingesham, in Chichester, on the condition that he should furnish the King with a new string to his bow whenever he hunted on the royal demesnes in that neighbourhood. Sir William died in 1188, and was buried in the Abbey Church at Lewes; his son, Sir Simon, in 1213; and his grandson, Sir Roger, in 1239, were also buried there; but the next heir, Sir Henry, having married Matilda, an heiress of Stoke d'Albernon in Surrey, the family would seem about that time to have removed from Sussex into Surrey. A few years since there was, and perhaps still is, existing in an old house at Kingesham, the arms of the Sidneys carved in wood and stone; and while settled there they married chiefly among the Sussex families. Thus, one married the daughter of Sir Richard Husee,—another the daughter of Sir Richard Ashburnham,—another the daughter of Robert Ore, of Ore,—and the Sir William who married the heiress of Clunford was M.P. for Sussex in 1428. Sir William's son and grandson, both of the same name, married heiresses, one of Malkarm, another of Barrington; and Sir William's great-grandson, Sir Nicholas, married Anne, daughter of the Sir William Brandon who was standard-bearer to Henry of Lancaster in the battle of Bosworth Field, and who was there slain by the hand of Richard III. The son of this Sir Nicholas was the Sir William Sidney to whom Penshurst was granted by Edward VI., the family removing hence from Cranleigh, in Surrey.

As Sir William's mother was aunt to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, the sister of Henry VIII., Sir William was necessarily much at the court of that monarch, and in high favour there; not that he shared in the spoils of the monasteries, as his nephew, Charles Brandon, and so many of the courtiers had done; but still the King forced one of these plundered possessions upon him, in exchange for the valuable manors of Kingston and Myton, amongst others, which Sir William possessed in the counties of York and Lincoln; and this one was the monastery of Robertsbridge, in Sussex. With the monastic lands and buildings probably went the furniture and the library, since there are still remaining in Penshurst Castle some eight or nine score of the original title-deeds, and deeds of gift and of purchase and exchange of lands, which the monastery had at any time

acquired from its foundation. These are all written upon parchment, excepting the royal grants and licenses of the three Edwards, which are on paper, and the seals of the donors and the respective parties in the grants are still appended to them. The whole form a valuable insight into monastic life, with the law-suits of the brethren against their would-be despoilers, and their, at times, great losses and great disquietudes.

Sir William Sidney was of such high repute for courage and sagacity that he had intrusted to him the command of the right wing of the English army at the battle of Flodden Field, when he was made by the Earl of Surrey a knight-banneret. He was chamberlain and steward to Prince Edward before his accession, and afterwards one of the gentlemen of his privy chamber. He married Anne, daughter of Hugh Pagenham, and died in the seventh year of Edward VI., A.D. 1553, and left Sir Henry his son and heir.

Sir Henry Sidney had been brought up in the court as a companion to Prince Edward from his infancy, and was much beloved by that young monarch, who knighted him, made him a gentleman of his privy-chamber, and sent him ambassador into France. Subsequently, in the reign of Elizabeth, he was elected a knight of the Garter, a member of the privy-council, was four times Lord Justice of Ireland, three times Deputy for Ireland, and was, besides, President of the Welsh Marches. He married Mary, eldest daughter of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the sister and heir of Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, and Robert, Earl of Leicester, and died 28th Elizabeth, 1586.

Sir Philip Sidney, his eldest son, is a name too well known in history to need further notice here, since it is a name renowned for whatever is great and good, — for every noble feeling, — for every manly accomplishment, — for every Christian virtue. In the same year in which his father died Sir Philip died, having been mortally wounded by the Spaniards at the battle of Zutphen, in Holland. He married Frances, daughter and heir of Sir Francis Walsingham; but left only a daughter, Elizabeth.

His next brother, Robert, succeeded, in consequence, to the estates. He also was appointed governor of Flushing, and afterwards ambassador to France; and was by James I., in the first year of his reign, created a baron by the title of Lord Sidney of Penshurst. Two years afterwards he was created Viscount Lisle, and twelve years subsequently Earl of Leicester. He also married an heiress with very great possessions; this was Barbara, the daughter of John Gamage, of Coytie, in Glamorganshire. He died at Penshurst, 2 Charles I., A.D. 1626, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, Robert, the second earl, who married Dorothy, eldest daughter of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and was several times sent as ambassador to Denmark, the German States, and the Court of France. His life may be read in the many important state letters and memorials which he preserved with so much care, and many of which were published by Collins in his Sidney Papers. The earl remained at Oxford with the King until his Kentish estates were put under sequestration by the Parliament; but that sequestration, through the interest of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Northumberland, he was enabled to get removed. Upon which he retired to Penshurst, and never again left it until the Restoration. Here he employed himself in literary pursuits, in writing essays, and in corresponding with many of the most eminent characters of his day,

—in enlarging his library, to which he had greatly contributed by purchasing books when abroad, and to which many authors, English and foreign, sent a copy of their works. On the recommendation of the Earl of Northumberland the Parliament placed two of the late King's children under the care of the Earl and Countess of Leicester; and here at Penshurst, for a year, remained both the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth. Between this earl and Cromwell there existed no good will at any time, and Cromwell in many ways made him sensible of this, and how greatly he mistrusted him, exacting from him every year a written engagement, under his own hand, that he would not oppose him.

The earl in his turn availed himself of every occasion and means to assure Cromwell that he hated him, and was ever pouring out his bitterest scorn upon the usurper's spies and partisans in his neighbourhood, and more especially upon that luckless wight whom the Parliament had sent to occupy the rectory and the pulpit of Dr. Hammond. This miserable man, who, like so many of his class, had much fierce zeal, and not a particle of discretion, and was so much more influenced by passion than by patience, so loudly and wrathfully railed against the earl from his pulpit, that a suit-at-law with the earl was the consequence, and very severely did the scolding Presbyterian divine suffer for his folly. There is an old and now rather rare pamphlet still existing, which sets forth the poor man's lugubrious story in his own words.

The earl died in 1677, having had six sons and eight daughters; of these the eldest was Dorothy, the Sacharissa of Waller, who was afterwards Countess of Sutherland, and of whom we shall have much to say elsewhere; of his six sons, Algernon was beheaded on Tower Hill. His remains, or rather portions of them, such as the skull, with a few bones and fragments of clothing, and seemingly what was a sword-belt studded with steel, are enclosed in a small stone chest of three feet by one, braced by strong iron bands, and secured by a lock—on its face cut in the stone are "A. v. S., 1683," and on a brass plate is this inscription, "Here lyeth the body of the Hono^ble^ Algernon Sidney, Esq., second son to ye Right Hono^ble^ ye Earle of Leicest^r^, who departed this life on the 7th day of December, the 61st year of his age, anno d'ni, 1683." From this it would appear that Algernon was buried where he was beheaded, but that when five years subsequently, on February, 1688, the parliament passed an act to repeal his attainder—his remains were disinterred, and in this strong stone chest sent down to the family vault at Penshurst, where they now rest.

The earl's eldest son Philip became the third earl; he had also, like Algernon, sided with the parliament throughout, fought fiercely under their standard, and attached himself most closely to both Cromwell and his son; but upon Richard's resignation, he retired to his house at Shene, and took no further part in public affairs during the remainder of his days; he married Catharine, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury, and died in 1698.

Robert, his son and heir, succeeded him; he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, and brought by this marriage with the Egertons a great accession of personal beauty into the family —he died in 1702, leaving, surviving him, seven sons and two daughters, three of which sons successively succeeded him as Earls of Leicester, and with the last of these the title, which had been held through a century and a half by this noble family, expired.

Philip, the second son, succeeded to his father's title and inheritance; he married Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Reeves, by whom he left no surviving issue, and died in 1705.

John, the fourth son, succeeded his brother—he was Warden of the Cinque Ports and Governor of Dover Castle, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, &c., but he died unmarried in 1737.

Joceline, the seventh son, became then the 7th and last Earl of Leicester, and the day of his accession to the title was a fatal day for the fortune and renown of Penshurst; dark clouds began instantly to hover over the place, throwing it into deep gloom, and threatening it with a tempest to its destruction; and although the storm did not burst fully upon its towers during his life, he made such arrangements as brought it in the end to the very verge of ruin. The library which the Sidneys had been collecting with so much assiduity, and at so much cost, through so many generations, and which had then amounted to several thousand volumes, Earl Joceline packed off and sold in some obscure manner in London. A catalogue of this in MS. still remains in Penshurst Castle.

What other measures the earl took, in reference to the castle and estates, we may well leave unrecorded. He had married, in 1717, Elizabeth Thomas, of Glamorganshire, but died in 1743, without lawful issue. Thus, with him the title expired, and the manor and estates then became the property of the earl's two nieces, Mary and Elizabeth, the daughters of his brother Thomas, who died in 1729. Mary, the eldest, had married Sir Brownlow Sharrard; and she died in 1752, leaving no children. Elizabeth married William Perry, who was originally of Turville Park, Bedfordshire: he bore for his arms, azure a fess embattled argent, between three pears or; he repaired, and preserved, and ornamented in the fashion of his day this mansion of the Sidneys, and furnished it with pictures, statues and marbles, which he purchased at great cost during his travels in Italy: he died in 1757, his only son in 1768, and of his five daughters, two only lived to be married, Elizabeth to Bishe Shelley, and Frances to Mr. Poictiers.

Mrs. Perry resided constantly at Penshurst; but, in 1782 a claim to all the estates she possessed was set up by John Sidney, who proclaimed himself as the son and heir of Earl Joceline, by Elizabeth, his wife, and he instituted a suit against her, and a writ of right was the consequence; but the grand assize gave their verdict in Mrs. Perry's favour. She died in 1783, having devised all her estates in Kent to her grandson John Shelley, the eldest son of her daughter Elizabeth, by Bishe Shelley, and he, in pursuance of her will, procured the king's sign manual to take and use the name and arms of Sidney.

Hitherto Penshurst Place had remained very much as the Earls of Leicester had left it—there had been no destruction of buildings, and no additions of any consequence; the noble library was indeed lost to it, but the Evidence Chamber was still filled with the letters and MSS. with which this eminently literary family had enriched it, and its halls were filled with the armour which the Sidneys and their followers had worn from generation to generation on many a battle field:—shields, swords, helmets, spears, body armour of all descriptions were there, and of all varieties of form and material, and of all degrees of enrichment. Many of the suits were richly embossed with gold and silver ornaments in all sorts of devices, as were the plumed and crested

helmets; but unfortunately these were all looked upon by their possessor as the veriest rubbish, as useless old iron which encumbered the house of which it was so great an ornament. John Carter, who visited Penshurst about this time, has recorded his feelings on the subject in a long letter in the "Gentleman's Magazine," wherein he bitterly complains of the neglect, and spoliation, and desolation, that he witnessed. Portions of the armour were taken by any one who fancied them, but still so much remained in heaps on the floors, that at length it was all sold, if that can be called a sale in which pence were paid for what pounds were no equivalent. Most of the entire suits went to the dealers in London, a few imperfect suits still remain in the neighbourhood—and for many years a quantity might be seen piled up in the village blacksmith's stores, until at length all that could be converted into such uses, such as swords, spike-heads, and the thick helmets, were forged into horse-shoes—the fragments of armour still remaining in the hall are nothing more than the refuse of the finest collection of family armour that a hundred years since existed in the kingdom.

But other portions of the castle were despoiled equally with this. The Sidneys had used the pen equally well with the sword, and were as eminent for their literary acquirements as for their military achievements. They had corresponded at all times with the most learned and distinguished men of their day, and had most carefully preserved the correspondence through all their generations. All this, however, was now to be torn away from its long resting-place; and this which was, in fact, one of the most valuable of the family possessions, in whatever sense value is attached to such records, and which would have produced far more than its weight in gold—if gold had been demanded for it—suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

Mr. Sidney married Henrietta, a daughter of Sir Henry Hunlock, and, through the Hunlocks, a Mr. Ireland became a visitor at Penshurst Castle. He was not then so well known as he afterwards became through his literary delinquencies; but he speedily undertook to overlook the vast mass of the Sidney correspondence, and in a very few years afterwards, the greater part of that correspondence was to be found, not in the Evidence Chamber at Penshurst, but in the shops of the London booksellers. *How* they came there is another matter, but certain it is they speedily disappeared from the old oak cases in that chamber, and are now anywhere but where they ought properly to be. The family thus lost their chief treasure, which one hundred thousand pounds would not now bring back to them. But these were days of spoliation and destruction, and the building itself began at last to share the fate of the rich treasures it had so long sheltered and contained. The whole of the buildings to the east of the entrance tower were taken down, and out of the materials—which were sold—Mapleton, near Tunbridge, was built. Subsequently, every part of the castle, that had formed the habitable apartments of the Sidneys, was pulled down, and in other forms rebuilt, or so much altered, that not a room remains as they left it. Even the state rooms, into which the public are admitted, Mr. Perry disfigured by modern sash and Italian windows, in lieu of others that he found there; although, within the last few years, some of these have again been removed, and better windows substituted.

Sir John Sidney died in 1849; but the castle itself had for some years previously become the property of his son, Lord de L'Isle and

Dudley, under whose care all the modern restorations were effected. Lord de L'Isle married Sophia, eldest daughter of William IV., and the surviving issue of this marriage are one son and three daughters.

Penshurst Castle is one of the few castellated mansions of our nobility and gentry on the banks of the Medway and its tributary streams that were not moated, and the exception in this case arose not from a scarcity of water, since there are springs in the park that would fill any extent of moat the castle would have required, but from the circumstance that the castle is built upon a vast bank of shingle which a lake formerly in front of it threw up as a barrier against itself. Of the castle's original means of defence against aggression we know nothing; but in those parts of the building which were built previously to the wars between the Two Roses, we find the windows effectually protected by strong intersecting iron-bars, inserted into the walls, and the staples are still remaining on the outside of the buildings, on which the iron-coated oaken shutters hung that prevented arrows shot from without entering within the building.

The noble hall, noble in itself from its dimensions, and still more noble from its historical recollections and associations, is the oldest baronial hall to be found in England; and its fine open timber roof is one of the best of such roofs known, being scientifically constructed, and of excellent design; it retains at its east end its minstrels' gallery, and its ancient buttery and pantry; and over these are several lofty wainscotted apartments; and adjoining these is a small room over the porch, lined throughout with wainscot, in little panels of various designs, and of a peculiarly elegant description; it is furnished also with oaken bookcases of an ancient date, and with oaken reading-stands for books of large size. Many quarries of painted glass are in all these windows. There are various other ancient rooms about the castle, which, like these, are dismantled and deserted; and there are several modern rooms of large dimensions that are not yet finished; but the private apartments that are both finished and furnished are numerous and spacious, comprising all such rooms for use and recreation as are usually provided in the houses of our nobility.

Large as the castle at present is, it was evidently in the olden time much larger, and from excavations that have occasionally been made, it would appear that other courts formerly stood in advance of the present entrance tower; and here also probably once stood the richly endowed chapel attached to this castle, which was originally built by Dr. Belemyns and more liberally endowed in after years by his nephew, Sir Stephen de Penchester. All its possessions were, however, forcibly taken from it by the party in power early in the reign of Edward VI. The castle presents some beautiful architectural groupings and varieties of form and materials for the pencil, of which the front court is a well known and valuable example; the south side of the hall is another; and there is a rich Prout-like view in the inner court on the east of the Buckingham wing. The forest, timber, and landscape scenery in the park is of great excellence; and this is especially seen from the footpath to Leigh, and peculiarly so from a spot near the path now occupied by a barn and other buildings, but on which formerly stood the mansions of the Sires de Sinderuille.

SPRING-TIDE;

OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

FOURTH DAY.

The river side. Enter SENEX *and* JULIAN *followed by* SIMON PARADICE, *bearing two heavily laden panniers.*

Time—Sunset.

SENEX. Well, what think you of our day's sport?

JULIAN. Excellent: your success is wonderful, while I am half inclined to think that something more than bungler's luck has attended me. What swarms of insects fill the air! The trouts are gorged with the May-fly, and yet they are still rising and feeding greedily.

SENEX. Yes; and even after sun-down you will hear them in the darkness chasing and devouring the minnows on the shallows.

JULIAN. Is it not strange that creatures which subsist upon their own species should prey so constantly upon minute insects? It is to me inexplicable.

SENEX. The fondness of the trout, and, indeed, of several other kinds of fish, for this diversion, may be compared to that of many birds and beasts, which relish nothing so much as the prey they have captured by their own agility or cunning. The superior animal, man, in his primitive state is thus characterised, and in his civilized condition differs but little from the savage in this respect. A Scotch friend of mine one day asked his keeper if he could tell him why so large a fish as the salmon delighted in capturing flies. "God Almighty kens, sir," replied the man, "except its curiosity."

The mention of this anecdote reminds me of an excellent story which a friend told me of a Scotch angler whom he met at an inn at the town of Inverary, and who invited him to the river side to witness the capture of a salmon. The invitation was accepted, and the parties repaired to a favourite pool not far from the inn, where the angler, almost at the first cast, had the good fortune to hook a fish. "Eh, sir!" he exclaimed, surprised and elated with his success, "it's a sawmon peel!" The fish made a vigorous resistance, but, after ten minutes' play,—during which his captor, frantic with excitement, ran into the water nearly up to his chin, to the great amazement of his companion,—it appeared on the surface apparently exhausted, and the angler towed him to the bank. "Now, sir," said he, "if ye'll be so good as to hold him still, and hand me the gaff, I'll settle him." My friend seized the rod and held the captive fish, while the angler struck at it with the gaff, but oh! misfortune dire, at the first blow he missed his prey, severed the foot-line, and the freed fish no longer feeling the tension, made a dash with its tail and rushed up the stream! With a yell of rage and despair, the captor threw away his gaff and fell on his face, exclaiming, "Eh, what a fool! what a fool I am! Eh, was ever such a misfortune! I was a born fool surely to lose him! Eh, what a fool I am!" "It's pretty clear you are," thought my friend, who

though a bit of an angler, is anything but an enthusiast; then addressing the unfortunate, "Why, sir, you surely are not making all this insane fuss for the loss of a fish; one would think by the vehemence of your lamentation you were in alarm for your *soul*." The angler, still grovelling on the ground, roused a little by this remonstrance, his mind entirely engrossed with the subject, heard but the last word. "Heh! what, sir!" he exclaimed angrily, "a *sole*, sir! a *sole!* a sawmon peel's worth twenty soles!"

JULIAN. I hope some day to capture a salmon; I hear it is a mettlesome fish, and affords fine sport.

SENEX. Truly, and there are some who say that the capture of a salmon will give you a distaste for trout-fishing, or "trouting" as the Scotch term it; but, though a noble sport, it is, after all, a coarser kind of angling; still, the rush of a salmon, when you have struck him, is tremendous. To hear the whirr of your reel, as he dashes up stream, running out fifty yards of your line, and then throwing repeated summersets, nearly as high as your head, would excite the most stolid angler that ever cast a fly.

JULIAN. I have no doubt of the sport exciting me. You must have perceived that the hooking of a small trout excites me so much that I am in danger of losing him by my precipitancy.

SENEX. A fault to which the young angler is, I find, too prone. A very slight turn of the wrist is sufficient to fix the suicide; then get a taut line as quick as possible. Remember, however. that in doing so, you are not to pull your fish out of the water. I have seen old and practised anglers—men who could cast a fly with consummate skill—sometimes lose their fish by this rough treatment. Bear it constantly in mind, that unless you hook a trout through bone or cartilage you are not sure of him until he lies panting on the green sward at your feet. The soft spongy membrane which lines the mouth of this fish, is so little tenacious and pulpy, that it is no marvel he so often breaks your hold; so, that, if you have not fixed the hook in a tougher part he has a chance of freeing himself.

JULIAN. True; I shall endeavour to profit by this teaching, for which your practical knowledge so well qualifies you. I shall love the country, and its quiet scenes withal, much the more for these rambles by the river side. What a lovely sunset! I confess that the air of these solitudes is more bracing and soul-expanding than the murky atmosphere of London; but I cannot forbear thinking that *winter* must reign here in all his rigour, and then the meadows are no longer lovely.

SENEX. And then new scenes await you. The whole aspect of nature is changed. The songsters of the grove are silent, but migratory birds abound. The snipe and the woodcock seek the marshes and the brook; the fieldfare congregates on the hill side and mingles its note with that of the redwing; yes,

> "When all around the wind does blow,
> And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
> When birds sit brooding in the snow,
> And Marian's nose looks red and raw,"

there is still something to interest and delight those who love a country life. Yes, even then, I can sing with Herrick:—

> "Sweet country life, to such unknown
> Whose lives are others, not their own!"

JULIAN. In fishing for trout in those rivers in which salmon are found, is there not some danger of your tackle being broken by fish of the latter description?

SENEX. Yes, and there are some ludicrous instances on record; but there is much more power in a trout rod and trout tackle, from the hands of a good maker, than many anglers suppose. I heard a short time since a well-authenticated anecdote of a gentleman who, while trout-fishing in the river Teign, in Devonshire, hooked with a small dun fly a magnificent salmon, which he played for upwards of an hour without exhausting the fish, being out alone, and destitute of help. At length a countryman approached, and the angler perceiving that he bore a hedge-bill, offered him half-a-crown to go in and kill the fish, but the fellow, for some unknown reason, refused the offer, and went on his way. There was no alternative, therefore, but playing the fish for nearly an hour longer, when the angler had the satisfaction of seeing him turn up completely exhausted. The prize was secured, and found to weigh eighteen pounds!

JULIAN. Do you always advocate the use of a landing-net?

SENEX. There is something to be said *pro* and *con* as to its use. If the banks of the stream in which you are fishing are steep, there can be no doubt of its usefulness; but if the shore is sloping, I do not hesitate to say that you will kill your fish in much less time without it, especially if you are alone. If your attendant is not really expert in the use of the landing-net, he is worse than useless. I have on several occasions killed large trouts, and have attributed my success to the circumstance of my being alone. When alone, you may sometimes nearly exhaust your fish before you bring him very close to you, a manifest advantage, as any one will confess who has witnessed the last convulsive struggle of a trout when the landing-net is brought near him; nay, I have often known him to escape by the over eagerness of the lander.

SIMON. Eez, zur, um wants a leetle patience a'ter a 's hooked, if 'a happens to be a big un. Nothin' like patience, as owld Rachael Cark used to zay;—a body med do anything wi' patience, but 'a never could persuade her owld man zo, 'specially when a baked his breeches, poor owld zowl an hin!

SENEX. What 's that Simon? We must hear that story.

SIMON. Whoy, one night, poor owld Job Cark coomed off the downs drough wet to his very skin, and 'a went straight off to bed. Rachael her 'ad been a bakin' in the daay time, and 'a put Job's leathern breeches in the oven to dry um. In the marnin', avore 'twas light, Job began to veel about vor his thengs, and missed the breeches. "Where be the breeches?" zays he; "where *be* my breeches, Rachael?" "Awh, in the oven." Away went Job a'ter um, but in a minnit 'a zengs out, "Massey haw! what in th' oruld ha' you done, Rachael? they be ael cockled up like a skin o' parchment! Oh Lard, oh lard, what zhall I do! Was ever a man zo plagued as I be?" "Patience, Job, patience," zays the owld body, "have a leetle patience. Remember your namezake, how *he* was caddled." "Ha! that 's very true," zays Job; "a had a nation deal to put up wi', that 's zartin, but *his wife never baked his breeches!*"

SENEX. A capital story, which should be incorporated with the next edition of the "Miseries of Human Life." Some thirty years

ago leather breeches were worn generally by the farmers, who, at market, when reckoning up their accounts, took a pin from their sleeve, and scratched their accounts on their nether garments, worn as sleek and shining as an old oak table.

JULIAN. How the air swarms with insects. The swallows must be gorged with them, yet they still prolong the chase.

SENEX. They will soon give it up to the bat and the night-hawk. You may hear the latter in the twilight of yonder thicket already, in full cry after the moths which the evening is tempting forth. By the by, we are approaching the spot where an old acquaintance of mine lies. I 'll try him with the *cinnamon moth*, a tempting morsel to a large trout at this time of the day; but I must be wary, for he is one of the cunningest fish in this stream, and has actually broken away from two or three anglers of my acquaintance. He lies under the branches of that great elm tree, and the difficulty is to approach without his seeing you. Keep back awhile and I 'll try him. Ha! I saw him rise at a fly which was passing over him. Now, line and rod be obedient, and he 's mine. There! I told you so; he has taken the lure and gone down to his haunt. Steady, Simon, don't come too near. I feel him, and see, he runs up stream; but I 'll turn him, and bring him down again.

JULIAN. What a plunge! Shade of Cotton, I hope your tackle is strong, or you 'll lose him! Another summerset! He 'll get off, surely!

SENEX. Never fear. I have him clear of the weeds, and am now pretty sure of my prize. Don't approach yet, you will only add to his consternation, and make him renew his efforts to get loose. Wait till I get a shorter line. There, you see he grows faint; he rolls heavily on his side; his fins seem to beat the tide; he is spent, and you may lift him out, Julian, but take care of my line.

JULIAN. What a noble trout! he is upwards of a foot and a half long. What do you estimate his weight to be?

SENEX. About four pounds. He is a well-fed fish, with a back like a hog, and of a beautiful colour. Put him into Mr. Julian's pannier, Simon, and come on to "The Angler's Rest," where we 'll have a tankard of spiced ale, a beverage which, as Father Walton would have said, is only to be drunk by honest men and anglers.

[*Exeunt.*

The parlour of the "Angler's Rest." SENEX, JULIAN. *Enter hostess, with the loving cup.*

SENEX. There, take a draught of what our hostess has brewed for us, and tell me what you think of it.

JULIAN. (*After a long protracted "pull" at the tankard.*) Ha! this is indeed a drink for a prince. You must tell me the secret of its confection.

SENEX. That you shall know presently; but say, is it not an excellent drink for a thirsty and somewhat wearied man.

JULIAN. Not only meat and drink, but clothes, lodging, and washing to boot, as Paddy has it. Most cool and delicious, but I long to know the secret of its brewing, for mine hostess was very quick in preparing it.

SENEX. It is made thus: take two glasses of wine, one of port and one of sherry, two table spoonfuls of moist sugar, a quarter of

a nutmeg, and a sprinkle of ginger, fill up with a pint of *mild* ale over a piece of well baked (but not burnt) toast. These are the proportions, and if you will make it with a *quart* of ale, you of course double the quantity of wine, &c. *Any* wine will answer the purpose, but if of two kinds, the better. It should stand a quarter of an hour before it is drunk, that the flavour of the sop may be duly imparted to it.

HOSTESS. I hope it 's made to your liking, sir?

SENEX. So good that we must have the tankard replenished, Mrs. Slater. [*Hostess curtseys, and retires with the empty tankard.*] The widow's late husband could cast a line well, and knew where to look for a trout as well as any angler in this part of the country. He was a famous man, too, for a pike, and helped much to clear the water of that voracious fish. That head which you see in the glass-case over the mantel-piece, belonged to a pike captured by him about five years since, and which weighed eighteen pounds. [*Re-enter hostess with the replenished tankard, which she places on the table; noise of singing without.*]

HOSTESS. It had better stand a few minutes, sir. I hope the singing outside doesn't disturb you?

SENEX. Not at all, not at all. [*Exit hostess.*] By the by, Julian, this will be a good opportunity for you to hear one of our country ditties. There 's a fellow singing with the power of twenty parish clerks. [*Looking out of the window.*] Ho, Simon!

SIMON [*Without*]. Zur!

SENEX. Ask of your friends there to give us a song, and tell Mrs. Slater to give them half a gallon of beer for me.

SIMON. Eez, zur; what 'oud 'e plaze to ha'? "The Harnet and the Bittle," or "Bould Robin Hood," or "Owld Grumbleton?"

SENEX. Oh, "Old Grumbleton," by all means; there 's a fine moral in it, Julian, and I beg you to give ear to it. "Owld Grumbleton," Simon.

SIMON. Eez, zur. I 'll ask Dannell Jarvis: he 've a got the best voice o' ael on um, and zengs the loudest.

OLD GRUMBLETON.

Owld Grumbleton was a terrible Turk,
As I 've yeard people zay,
And a zwore in an hour a'd do mwore work
Than his wife wou'd do in a day:
"Wi' ael my heart," zays the good owld dame,
"I 'm agreeable, anyhow;
Zo thee sha't bide at whoame to-day,
And I 'll gwo driv' the plough.

"But thee must veed the brindled zow,
And the leetle pegs in th' sty,
And thee must milk the tiny cow,
Or Tiney her 'll gwo dry;
And thee must mind the hank o' yarn
As I spun yesterday;
And thee must watch the speckled hen,
Or her 'll gwo lay astray:
And thee must zee to the dairy pans,
Or the crame 'll be spwoilt therein,
And thee must mind to turn the malt
That 's dryin' in the kiln."

The owld 'oman tuk the whip in her hand,
  And trudged to drive the plough;
The owld man tuk the milking-pail,
  And tackled un to the cow:
But Tiney winced, and Tiney hunched,
  And Tiney cocked her nose,
And Tiney kicked the pail down,
  And the milk run auver his hose.
And 'tis "Oh, Tiney!" and "Wo! Tiney!"
  And "drat th', cow, bide still!
If I milks zich a maggotty runt again,
  'T will be zore agin my will!"

And he vorgot the hank o' yarn,
  And the puppy-dog stole it away;
And he vorgot the speckled hen,
  And zo her layd astray:
A went to veed the hungry pegs
  A-grunting in the sty,
A run his nose agin a pwoast,
  And amwoast knocked out his eye:
"A vine joke, my yead 's broke!
  A plague on the pegs and sty!
If they gets no vittles till Doomsday,
  They 'll never be zarved by *I*."

A left the crame to stand in the churm,
  And turnin' hizzelf about,
Lar' a massey haw! there stood the zow
  A zlushin' in her snout!
A stoop'd to pick a swingein' stick,
  To gie th' owld zow her hire;
Her run between his legs in a vright,
  And drowed un into the vire.
Oh drat thee now, vor a plaguy zow,
  A *zurprizin'* zow bist thee;
Thy snout it doos mwore harm in an hour
  Than I can mend in dree!"

In coomed th' owld 'oman a wringin' her hands,
  And thus in haste her spoke;
"The vore hos lays on his back in the pond,
  And the plough and stilts be broke;
And 'tis 'O Dobbin! my poor Dobbin!'
  And what an owld vool was I.
If I wears the breeches vor arr'n agen,
  I wishes as I med die!"

Owld Grumbleton zwore by the zun and the moon,
  And ael the green laves on the tree,
If his wife 'ou'd but take to her gear agen
  Her shou'd never be caddled by he.
And 'tis "oh zay no mwore, pray,
  Vor I hates to be called a vool;
But bustle to-night, and put ael thengs right,
  And I 'll gie thee lave to rule!"

SENEX. There, what do you think of that?

JULIAN. Excellent! a commentary on the trite proverb, "*cuique in sua arte credendum est.*" I shall, as you advise, lay it to heart, in the event of my falling into the snare of Hymen some day. Your instructions in the West Saxon dialect have enabled me to comprehend the song, and I must beg you to obtain me a copy of it.

SENEX. I'll take care that you have it.

SIMON. [*Without.*] Will 'e plaze to ha' another, zur.

SENEX No, not to night, Simon; we must be trudging homeward: it is growing dark. Look to your panniers. Give Mrs. Slater a brace of trouts, and follow us directly. Come along, Julian.

[*Exeunt.*

Twilight. The meadows. SENEX, JULIAN; SIMON *bringing up the rear.*

JULIAN. The air smells sweetly now the sun is down.

SENEX. "The smell of a field which the Lord has blessed." The daisy and other flowers which turn to the sun, are closed, but the fragrant climbing plants in the hedgerows, teem with their perfume and drink the evening dews. The trouts and swallows have given up their hunting to the night-hawk and the bat, and thousands of beautiful insects fall before these new devourers. The wood-tick's note has commenced, and timid glow-worms venture forth to hold tryst upon the humid green-sward. See, the rising moon is tinging the few light fleecy clouds swept by the gentle south wind along the horizon. Such a night had the blind poet in his mind's eye when he composed those beautiful lines:—

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light;
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

But see, what with chatting and reciting we have beguiled the time and made our walk a short one; old Fitz's deep voice welcomes us, and we shall eat our supper with a relish which hunger alone can impart.

THE HERMIT HEART.

OH! there are sacred sorrows, and the hermit heart
Divulgement disinclineth, yielding ne'er a sign;
Lone communings it hath, nor findeth any part
Of present strength or aid save in the light Divine.

The hermit heart still turneth much to God in prayer,
Amid the world's vast desert sojourning alone;
Yet solitary prisonment would breed despair,
Were the vext soul forbid to seek the mercy throne.

The hermit heart deep converse holdeth from above,
Its sins bewailing with repentant humble sighs,
Yet confidently trusting in the pitying love,
That comprehendeth largely our infirmities.

The garnered memories which we hold so dear,
Chequered with sweet and bitter, sun and shade,
No sympathetic mind regardeth mirror'd clear,
For who to other hath each inmost thought display'd?

Then friends beloved be comforted, all sorrow
Pour forth to Him who ever proves our truest friend;
The lightest hearts are sure to find a cloudy morrow,
But take no heed of clouds, so prayers may still ascend!

C. A. M. W.

CAER PERIS.—PORCHESTER CASTLE.

BY MRS. WARD.

"The Castelle of Porchestre standeth three miles by water from Portesmouth towne."—LELAND.

PORCHESTER CASTLE! Verily we believe there be many who pass by this and similar monuments of a gone-by age, without bestowing a thought on them, beyond a transient sentiment of admiration, unmingled with curiosity.

With some, such types of the past awaken not merely a local interest, but the very sight of them sends the mind wandering to records of manifold events connected with the age to which they owe their existence, and straightway the inquirer goes to work hunting out every scrap of traditionary lore that may throw light on the subject, and thus beguiled beyond the original intent of tracing names and verifying dates, we are led by degrees into pleasant speculations, only to be cleared up by reference to books of ancient story.

Porchester Castle! It lieth like a sleeping lion on the shore. There is something awful in its silent presence, conjuring up as it doth a host of names, remembered by some only *as names*, but all associated in the thinking mind with those days when Rome was empress of the world, and our ancestors her subjects, nay, her slaves.

Intent on learning something satisfactory touching these ruins, we at first found ourselves baffled at all points. Of the origin of the castle, a modern author says, "Not a vestige of a record remains;" and the assertion by the editor of "Fuller's Worthies," that "Hampshire is destitute of a county historian," has been somewhat, but not quite, disheartening.

Circumstances brought us lately into communion with many ancient volumes, in a dim and dusty library of a country house. So down we sat with Camden, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Higden the Monk of Chester, and Milton, and Verstegan's "Restitution of decayed intelligence concerning the most noble and renowned English nation," and Leland, and Lambarde, and Lanquette, and a crowd of such "goodly companie," and the result has been, not a positive discovery of the long questioned origin of the still massive fortress at Porchester, but a gathering together in curious array of many contemporaries of an age the most interesting in the world, namely, that sanctified by the light which, so to speak, had been diffused over the earth by the actual presence of God, and which, from the time that the little star was first discovered shining in the East, has increased in strength and brilliancy, and shall continue to do so, "unto the perfect day."

And as we write, our mind's eye filled with the picture of that old castle, as the traveller sees it now, lo! the clash of arms, the shouts of barbaric warriors, clad "in the garb of old Gaul,"* the

* "We are informed by Cæsar, that the inhabitants of the southern coasts of Britain differed but little from their Gaulish neighbours; and Pomponius Mela asserts that "the Britains fought armed in the Gaulish manner." The naked savages depicted in our histories of fights with Cæsar's legions, belong to an age some hundred years before Julius had heard of our island; to the first days, in fact, of Caer-Peris.

steady tramp of the disciplined Roman legions, the sharp whistle of innumerable arrows through the air, the strife that stirred the blood-stained waters of the "sounding sea," all commingle together in vivid contrast with those now silent and crumbling walls, those sloping downs, those daisied meadows, and the busy but peaceful scene in the foreground; the yachts, the fisher's wherry, and the dark colliers "floating double,"—ship and shadow,—in the calm haven, undisturbed in its repose, save occasionally by the rush of steamers, or the sailors' song from the deck of his outward-bound craft, slipping lazily, but skilfully, through the motley fleet of vessels, great and small, into the open space beyond.

Yes, although a matter rest but on tradition, there is great pleasure in a research which brings us acquainted with things hitherto unknown or unconsidered; and in order to prove this, we will presume to offer own idea of the first foundation of that identical Roman wall which still defies the elements, and has done so for nearly two thousand years.

We must confess to being somewhat impressed with what Geoffrey of Monmouth says in the matter, albeit Milton, in his "History of England," disdains to quote the story of "Hamo, the Roman Captaine; Guenissa, the Emperor's Daughter, and such like stuff, as palpably untrue." We do not find that Higden the Monk of Chester, in his "Polychronicon," treated Geoffrey's authority with contempt; at any rate, as one tradition is as good as another, and as we think we can, by "contemporaneous attestations," bring reason and fact to support our theory, we are inclined to abide by Geoffrey, at least as surely as by later chroniclers.

"After Kymbelinus's death," says Geoffrey, "the government (of Britain) fell to Guiderius, his son. This prince refused to pay tribute to the Romans, for which reason Claudius, Emperor of Rome, marched against him;" and next, Hamo, the commander of the Roman forces, made his attack on Caer Peris, and "*began to block up its gates with a wall,*" denying its citizens all liberty of passing out.

In the battle that ensued, Guiderius fought with such spirit that Claudius made up his mind to retire to his ships; but "the crafty Hamo, throwing aside his own armour, put on that of the Britons, and, as a Briton, fought against his own men."

Having been educated among the British hostages at Rome, he was acquainted with their language and habits. By these means he reached Guiderius by degrees, stabbed him, as he believed, unseen, and thought to return to his own party; but a brother's watchful eye detected the assassin, and Arviragus, the second son of Kymbelinus, doffed his own habiliments, and, assuming his dead kinsman's, took Guiderius's place, and, by his praiseworthy deception, made the Britons stand their ground. Unaware of the death of their king, they fought desperately, and drove off the Romans, Claudius Cæsar retiring with one body of his troops to the ships, while Hamo, unable to escape by sea, fled to the woods. Believing that Claudius had borne his general company, Arviragus followed, and never gave up the chase till he overtook Hamo, whom he "came upon unawares," as he was on the point of escaping to some merchant ships lying at anchor in a convenient haven, which, from that day, was named Hamo's Port, and is now called Southampton.

Now, although Claudius, with his remaining forces, assaulted Caer Peris again, and "presently levelled the walls," we may still believe they were not destroyed. Claudius finding Arviragus a difficult man to deal with, they came to terms. At Winchester, the daughter of Claudius was sent for, to be married to Arviragus, the latter, by the advice of his nobles, consenting to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome. Claudius, however, had not long left Britain, ere Arviragus, albeit attached to his beautiful wife, began to "rebuild cities and towns, and to exercise so great authority over his own people, that he became a terror to the kings of remote countries;" next, "disdaining any longer subjection to the Roman Senate, he assumed to himself the sole authority of everything."

Vespasian was then sent by Claudius, to effect a reconciliation. After a drawn battle, Queen Guenissa induced the two leaders to send their men over to Ireland. Vespasian returned to Rome, but Arviragus remained in Britain.

Now, although in his old age, Arviragus maintained a respectful bearing towards Rome, it is quite reasonable to premise that in his plan of "rebuilding cities and towns," the fortifications of Caer Peris, which had been levelled by the forces of Claudius, were renewed, and made stronger than ever, and that by Roman artificers, as we propose to show.

As regards the power and position of Arviragus, Milton agrees with Geoffrey of Monmouth in the mention of this prince by Juvenal; and notwithstanding the sturdy opposition of Cromwell's secretary to some of Geoffrey's assertions, other historians of weight, such as Lanquette, Higden, the ancient poet, who records the fact in that rare and curious work, "A Mirour for Magistrates, published in 1586, by the compiler, John Higins;" and others bear testimony to the bravery and determination of the British ruler, who "stood so well in his resistance," observes even Milton, "as not only to be talked of at Rome, but to be held matter of glorious triumph if Domitian could take him captive, or overcome him."

On such evidence the fact is established, that Arviragus must have entrenched himself very strongly; and there is every to conclude, that as the Romans introduced their arts into Britain, and erected cities and fortifications under the orders and direction of Claudius, and as, moreover, Arviragus was "loved and feared by the Romans, and became the subject of their discourse more than any king in his time," both Britons and Romans were employed by him in raising the structure which forms the interesting object of our present research. We may add, that the fortifications may afterwards have been strengthened by British princes who had been brought up at Rome, by Maximian, whose parentage was of Rome and Britain, and after his death, by the Romans, who were summoned to the aid of our ancestors, to assist them against their northern neighbours; for, after reproaching the Britains for their want of energy, and in utter disgust at their repeated demands for help, the Romans remitted the tribute, and "likewise commanded towers, having a prospect towards the sea, to be placed at proper distances all along the south coast, where their ships were, and from whence they feared the invasions of the barbarians." The great tower at the north-west angle of the inner fortification, says the modern

author we have quoted, "is supposed to have been the first innovation upon the primitive Roman structure, and is said to have taken the place of a Roman tower which is ever found to exist on the right of the prætorium in all their castra."

We thus think ourselves borne out in the suggestion, that the great Roman wall now surrounding Porchester Castle, owes its origin to Arviragus, who fought against Claudius. We are free to admit the difficulty of decision as regards the rank of the former when he defended Caer Peris: the history of Cymbeline belongs to what is termed the fabulous age of England. According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Guiderius and Arviragus were no other than Caractacus and Sogodumnius, though which was Caractacus we are not told. In spite of Milton's sneer at the Monmouth writer, we find the story of Claudius, Guiderius, Guenissa, Arviragus, and Hamo, in "Hardyng's Chronicle," to which last we are disposed to give credit, on the score of the repute in which the chronicler was held by Bishop Nicolson. It is more probable that Arviragus was a son of Cymbeline by a former marriage, to which Shakspeare alludes, and ruler of the small state of which Caer Peris was the capital. That he was eventually King of Great Britain, there is no manner of doubt.

In that rare book, "Albion's England," the death of Guiderius and the events that followed, are recorded in quaint verse, thus:—,

> "But Romish Hamo (from whose death Southampton had that name)
> In British armes salutes the king and slews by guile the same,
> *Duke* Arviragus, using then the armor of the king,
> Maintained fight, and wonne the field, ere Breeton's knew the thing
> This hardie knight his brother slaine, was crowned in his place,
> And with his winnings also won the emperour to grace:
> Who sending for his daughter fair Genissa, so did ende
> The warre in wedding; and away did Claudius Cæsar wende,
> But Arviragus after this revolted———."—*Printed* 1592.

And then Warner, the author, goes on with a longer story than Geoffrey indulges in; what may be Warner's authority is untold in the work before us. He is considered, however, of "good yearres and honest reputation." See also another rare book, "The Pastime of the People," by Rastell, who mentions "Guiderius, son to Kymbeline, a mighty man and of high heart. A Roman, Hamond, slew him traitorously, and after, Arviragus, the king's brother, slew Hamond, and cast him into a water, which was therefore called Hamond Hauyn, whereof the town of Southampton 'take furst his name.' Arviragus was made king the year of Christ 44. He denied fealty to Rome, encountered Vespasian, but peace was made by the mediation of Queen Guenissa. Arviragus ruled the land by such good laws, that all Europe spake of him with honour."

Let us for a moment consider the derivation of the names which were bestowed by founder and conqueror successively on what was once a flourishing town, but which, "as the ocean encroached on the commodity of the haven, was deserted by the inhabitants for the island of Portsey (Portsea) adjoining." "As our island," says a modern writer, "changed its conquerors, and they their language, so did the castle its names. To the Britons it was known as Caer Peris, to the Romans as Portus Magnus, to the Saxons, and thence, as Porceastre—Porchester." Lambarde and some others have as-

sumed the notion, that this place "toke at first its name from one Port, a Saxon, that landed there in aid of Cerdic," but on close investigation, we are disposed to abide by Camden, who says, "Caer Peris changed its name to Portus Magnus, from Claudius Ptolemy, who wrote his geography in Greek, designating it the "Great Haven." Ceastre is the only Saxon part of the word, and this has been modernized in many instances to Chestre—Chester, having originally come from the Roman word Castra—an encampment or halting ground of one description or another.

The word *Caer* (*urbs*, town), is still in common use as a prefix, but the origin of *Peris* was not so easily traced, and no wonder, seeing that the date of the reported founder's (King Perrex or Porrex) reign is fixed by some antiquaries as far back as seven hundred and fifty-two years before the birth of Christ, by others, three hundred and forty-six years. But is not the history of "How King Porrex was slaine by his brother King Porrex, about the yeare before Christ 491;" and of "How King Porrex, which slew his brother, was slaine by his own mother and her maidens, about the year before Christ 491," written in that "True chronicle historie of the untimely falle of such unfortunate princes and men of note as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this our island, untill this our latter age." * At whatever period then we fix the reign and death of Peres, Perrox, or Porrox, the ancient town of Porchester received its its first name of Caer Peris in honour of him.

History, subsequent to the period we have touched upon, is sufficiently clear. As men advanced in civilization, records more lasting than the bard's traditions were given to posterity, and the invasion of Britain by the Saxons, the substitution of their rude idol worship, for the more graceful superstition of the heathen mythology: albeit a ray of Divine light had shed its influence on the British Lucius, and passed away, leaving all darker than before, the Norman Conquest; and the events that followed have had no lack of able chroniclers. But the past, the past which cannot be recalled, the past closely and jealously veiled by the hand of time, hath charms to the thoughtful and enthusiastic, who are fain to content themselves with such associations as tradition has linked with the age whose mysteries they seek to penetrate, and thus every spot consecrated by such monuments as the one we speak of, revives events which, so to speak, lie below the horizon of "memory's waste."

Porchester! behold it first as Caer Peris, bought with a brother's blood, a scene of deadly cruelty between the nearest and dearest relatives; next besieged by the ambitious Cæsar, and inhabited by a race whom Diodorus Siculus describes as a "faire conditioned people, plain, and of upright dealing," yet "fierce in warre, fighting not only with horse and footmen, but with chariots and wagons,† the

* Mirour of Magistrates. Rastell, also, says in his "Pastime for the People," Porrex and Ferrex strove for the land, but Porrex slew his brother, and therefore his mother called Idon, with her maidens, when he was asleep, cut him all to pieces, and after this the land was divided into three kingdoms." The laconic style in which such events are recorded by old chroniclers, proves how lightly they were considered at the time.

† Pliny.

axletrees armed at both ends with hooks and scythes, delighting in magic, with all complement of ceremonies,"* circumnavigating their island in osier vessels, and involved in a most lamentable chaos of superstitions. "The ugly spectres of Britannia," saith Gildas, "were more diabolical, exceeding well neere in number those of Egypt," fighting desperately for their liberty hand to hand with the Roman legions of Cæsar; "now in the shallows, now in the sand; beaten at one moment, yet rallying by force or by stratagem; now casting their darts from their chariots, now jumping from the vehicles while at full speed, and now springing on the backs of their terrified and bewildered horses, and charging like so many centaurs the enemy's phalanx, as he strove to gain a footing on the shore; and finally, with yells of savage fury, giving way to discipline, rendering up their hostages, and submitting to pay the tribute."

It was from Arviragus's determination to resist the "rendering tribute unto Cæsar," that the wall of defence at Porchester was built, and strengthened, and defended.

The Romans, under Julius Cæsar, found the Britons living in forests and huts, but rude entrenchments of earth had been thrown up at such points of landing as commanded the encroachments of enemies. Those Druid woods, those sacred groves, those mysterious sacrifices, those terrific shrines! behold these haunts invaded by the advent of dissolute and daring soldiery! Even now the depths of those forest aisles are penetrated by us with sentiments of awe, as we call to mind how their sylvan temples were profaned by the rush of accoutred legions. Lo! the golden sickles fall from the trembling hands of panic-stricken vestals, the aged priests pause in their sacrificial rites, and the victims of cruel superstition rush from their doom into the recesses overshadowed by the sacred mistletoe; the clang of arms succeeds the invocations of the idol worshippers, and amid the shades of stately oaks, the ribaldry of the Roman army unites in terrific chorus with the shrieks of women and the curses of "the sons of Brennus," while the remnant of the priesthood, in fear and doubt, make their stealthy way across the land and sea, seeking rest, and finally dying for their faith at Mona (Isle of Anglesea).

In the days of Cymbeline, we may believe Caer Peris to have lain in peaceful security. Britain was a Roman province, nominally tributary to Augustus Cæsar, who so loved Cymbeline, that he cared not always to enforce the payment of the tribute.

Those days of Cymbeline, the son of Theomantius! of whom says Lanquette, "There is nothing written but that in his reign our Saviour Jesus Christ, the very light of the world was born of the Virgin Mary." At this epoch the war trumpet of the world was silenced, the Temple of Janus was shut, Christ was declared from the heavens, there were voices in the sky proclaiming peace on earth and good-will towards men; the very Sibyls unconsciously announced our Saviour's coming, the angel Gabriel descended to the temple, forewarning Zacharias that his son John the Baptist should be the herald of the Redeemer, and Virgil unintentionally foreshadowed the descent of God's Son upon earth.

* Gold was in use among the Britons at this time, as has been proved by contemporaneous writers: an ancient British corslet of gold was found some years ago at Mold, in Flintshire.

But, alas! alas! Heathenism was still rife; even the Jewish king Herod, albeit he was desirous of finding favour in the eyes of the people he ruled, sought to please Cæsar by introducing the Roman eagle, the bird of Jove, among the ornaments of the temple, whose beauty he affected to restore; the Baptist fell a victim to the enchantments of the dancing daughter of Herodias; a few poor fishermen alone followed the fortunes of the meek and lowly Jesus; Jove reigned supreme in Britain, and the destinies of nations were ruled by the inferences which augurs drew from the mangled limbs of cruelly slaughtered animals. Such were the circumstances connected with the early days of Porchester.

While Arviragus reigned, St. Mark the Evangelist, preached the Gospel in Egypt; the light of Christianity was already irradiating the shores which had so long been darkened by the errors of superstition, and from which the Jews, still obstinate, had been released by a merciful and patient God; but the little peninsula which then, as now, stretched out its green banks beneath the downs of Hampshire, its battlements reflected in the clear haven which protectingly encircles it, lay buried in the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death. The Druid fanes were levelled with the dust, but other altars desecrated the vernal forests; Rome sent hither her ships, her artificers, her nobles; the land was apparently blessed, fair, indeed, to the eye, but unsound within; the name of Christ was unknown, and crumbling edifices which men raised to defend their nation from invaders are indicative of the unstable tenure by which they held their country, their rights and their lives.

War yet holds her bloody sway among the most civilized nations of the earth. It is still necessary to establish defences for our land; our ramparts still bristle with guns, our forts bid defiance to invaders, our armaments "go down to the sea in ships;" our envoys smile with daggers at their hearts in foreign courts; but England, amid her difficulties, plants with a strong and determined hand, the standard of the Gospel above all other banners. Her reign will end, but her name will never die. She may perish "as the garment fretted by the moth," her ancient and modern attributes of fame may sink beneath the waters that now protect her; but the Cross of Christ which she hath helped to raise, and hath carried into the depths of the wilderness, will be to her an unfading type of grace and glory, a rallying point at which her Army of the Faithful shall hereafter meet in triumph and in peace.

One might wander on from one event to another, but we think we have said enough of the epoch which has interested ourselves, to tempt the most careless traveller into a glance at Porchester as he passes it. If so, we bid him take a solitary ramble through the ruins; but let him draw what inferences he may; let him ponder with doubt, or certitude, or pleasure, as the case may be, on the contemporary history of the times of the Cæsars, the Saxons or the Normans, but bid him not trust to the traditions of a guide, who will dispel as she has already done, all the dim visions of a world of mystery, all *his* castles in the air, by informing him that "Porchester Castle was built when Julius Cæsar came over to Britain to marry Queen Elizabeth!'

THE FOREST RIDE OF A WEST INDIA PLANTER.

EDITED BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

"Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With spur of fire, and hoof of speed!"—*The Giaour.*

I WAS scarcely fourteen, and an *employé* in a mercantile house in Trinidad, when, in order to complete the cargo of a vessel which was about to sail for Europe, it was necessary that a quantity of sugar should be forwarded from the interior of the island to the port, and that, too, with the least possible delay. When this intelligence was communicated to Mr. ——, evening was setting in, the sky was dark and threatening, and a sudden change of temperature, added to other well-known intimations of a coming hurricane, discouraged the two senior clerks from undertaking what, they very properly considered, would prove a disagreeable mission. Aware of my equestrian propensities, and as a last resource, Mr. —— proposed the duty, and the use of a black cob, to me. The overture jumped with my humour, as Dr. Ollapod says—if I did not embrace *him,* I did his offer—and reckless both of sounds and signs, which too surely foreboded a coming tempest, in a few minutes I was settled on the pig-skin, and also upon the back of as intractable a quadruped as ever had been dispatched on a sugar-hunting expedition in Trinidad on the eve of a hurricane.

Jumbo, as my black charger was named, seemed anything but well inclined for the evening's excursion. With him, "coming events threw their shadows before,"—and, like gentlemen who in old times, *en route* to Tyburn, and when regularly settled

"in cart,
Very often took leave, but seem'd slow to depart,"

it was only by the smart application of a rattan and heels unprovided with iron, that I did overcome his objection to the road. We started—he, evidently, in any mood but a contented one, and I, in full anticipation of a pleasurable excursion.

Mr. Murphy, whose memory will exist so long as almanacs remain, never detected a gathering tornado with half the precision that Jumbo evinced on this momentous evening. Wisdom crieth in the streets in vain, and in the woods of Trinidad her warnings are even less attended to. Affrighted birds cleft the air on hurried wing; cattle bellowed and hastened from field to shed and stable; from sugar-cane and coffee-plantations, the negroes retreated in double quick; window and shutter were closed jealously; and every hut and house we passed, showed note of preparation to encounter the elemental war; but still, on we went.

As Jumbo and I neared an extensive wood, down came the night with startling rapidity,—for twilight, apparently but a span's length, only divided the day from "murky midnight." The stars seemed discarded from the sky; deep, deep darkness set in; the moaning wind changed to furious and frequent gusts; for heaven's floodgates seemed actually to have been expanded, and the rain came down not in showery successions, but barrels-full. The thunder that had for some time muttered in the distance, rapidly drew closer, until at last it seemed to have collected its whole fury for a concentrated volley, and that directly over head.

If the rider's skin had been Mackintoshed, its waterproof qualities on this occasion would have been, as I verily believe, found want-

ing. A night, dark as Erebus, was thus superadded to the intricacies of a forest scarcely passable even at noon-tide. Vision, when strained, could not reach beyond a horse's length, and the forlorn hope of proceeding or retreating became a toss up. Had we abided by that chance, the vivid lightning would have told correctly the decision of the dollar. Jumbo, as I believe, took the wiser of the alternatives, and, like young Rapid in the play, made his mind up to push on and keep moving, and on he went, voice, hand, or heel of mine affording him neither assistance nor encouragement.

As we progressed at Mazeppa speed, the character of the evening became more alarming, or—(and we shall best describe it by the term)—awful. The tallest and toughest trees bent like canes beneath the storm, and the lighter ones were uprooted altogether. On came the thunder closer and closer still, until it burst directly overhead in one tremendous and continued roar, which might have been supposed to herald the dissolution of a world. On the animal creation the effect was terrific. Birds, apparently bewildered, flew here and there, uttering discordant screams; beasts, small and large, wild and domesticated, ran madly through the forest; innumerable monkeys mowed and chattered from the crashing branches upon which they had perched themselves; the owls hooted, the vampire-bats shrieked hideously, the serpents' hissings could be heard distinctly, and howlings and bellowings, and noises indescribably demoniac, left it doubtful whether the denizens of the lower world had not been indulged on this dreadful night with an infernal saturnalia, and had selected this forest for the nonce.

In the interval between the livid flashes that lighted up the dense woods the darkness became deeper and more impenetrable. Poor Jumbo appeared to have heard of the demoniac attempt made upon the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare, and in fear and terror that an onslaught would be made upon himself, and his own rear might thus undergo a fiendish visitation, he took to strong running as a last security, and, heedless of the murky darkness, which by contrast seemed deeper and deeper after every lightning flash, plunged forward as if he felt the foul fiend already pulling at his tail. With difficulty I kept my seat — and indeed a Roscommon steeple-chase-rider could do no more. Jumbo was hard-mouthed in his unexcited moments, but to get a pull at him as matters stood at present, would have been about as practicable as to uproot a milestone with a pocket handkerchief. At last we cleared the wood, and falsified the proverb, for we were not yet authorized to halloo. Trees, on a runaway horse, are a tarnation nuisance in the dark, but a couple of swollen rivers are also ugly experiments—and in my mind it is a toss-up between wood and water after all.

Like the final crash of the overture to a fashionable melodrama, the elements had husbanded their strength for a last grand effort. The wind blew, not caring for bursting cheeks; the thunder retained its concentrated force for a fine wind-up in a parting volley, while half-a-dozen clouds, which had prudently retained their aqueous treasures, showered them simultaneously on the earth beneath. I never emulated or enacted a young gentleman called Lochinvar, who

"Swam the Esk river where ford there was none;"

I never attempted the passage of the Dardanelles, like Lord Byron; but if crossing a couple of South American rivers in high flood, with the grand accompaniment of an elemental uproar,—

if these should entitle me to first honours in horsemanship and natation, I hold myself equal to either Leander or Lochinvar, and but for personal diffidence (a fault of mine), as good touching performances as the twain united.

I reached my destination (the plantation), and the kindness of the overseer was only equalled by his astonishment. He first inquired touching my sanity; presumed that my life was insured; ordered a rum-bath, dry clothing, hot supper, and punch that would have scattered Father Mathew's self-denial to smithereens; and then I had such a sleep afterwards! that was, indeed, a wind-up to a night, which even

> "A child might understand
> The de'il had business on his hand."

A West-Indian planter is always a man of feeling—and next morning (the storm having totally abated) Mr. ——, my employer, sent two or three negroes to recover my corpse, were that possible, and have my remains decently interred. Dear good man! he generously presented me with a couple of dollars on my return, and hinted, that in half a dozen years perhaps he would add some ten pounds to my salary, if the demand for sugar became brisker. That promise was not realised—for in six weeks he was food for land-crabs. He died intestate—and being Scotch, the claimants to represent him were legion in number, and extended even to the third and fourth generation. Law proceedings in property cases are conducted with great caution—and Mr. Sergeant Roundabout has given a decided and satisfactory opinion, that the Thelluston estates, and the assets of Mr. Mungo Mactavish, will receive their final adjudication (the year not specified) very probably upon the same day.

OH! GIVE ME BACK BUT YESTERDAY!

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Oh! give me back but yesterday!
  I know what I would do—
What friend I'd cherish in my heart,
  What dear one I would woo.
I'd listen to no envious voice,
  To part me by its breath,
And cause me during life to shun,
  Those fondly loved in death.
            Oh, give me back but yesterday!

Although 'tis past, I still can feel—
  It hovers by my side
With shadows, now so deeply mourn'd,
  The lost ones of my pride.
Oh, could my thoughts but reach them now,
  Or could I have my will,
I'd leave what they have left me here,
  And mingle with them still.
            Oh, give me back but yesterday!

But useless are these dreams of joy,
  And vainly I deplore,
It only bids me live in love,
  And close my heart no more.
Then let me cherish yesterday,
  Since lessons it will give,
Nor leave for friends but sad regrets,
  But love them whilst they live.
            Oh, give me back but yesterday!

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MYSTERY TO THE LAST.

"He belonged to a class of beings on whom misfortune seems to seize from their very birth. He lived, struggled, and passed away under a cloud of mystery."
MATURIN.

THERE was an interval of several minutes before the Baronet made his appearance; and while it lasted, the Count's people, who were woefully disconcerted at Spinkle's break-down, begged to tender the evidence of the celebrated Dr. Quoddums.

"Who may that gentleman be?" said the commissioner, musingly.

"A great authority in cases of lunacy," was the rejoinder: "can detect its presence under any disguise."

Bohun was on his legs in an instant. He protested against his opponents being permitted to adduce further evidence.

"Our object is to get at the truth," said Mr. Sackville, quietly: "has Dr. Quoddums made insanity his particular study?"

"For the last twenty years."

"Have circumstances ever brought him into Sir Philip's society?"

"Yes; on more than one occasion."

"Let him be called."

Dr. Quoddums was at once forthcoming. He was a sour-looking, elderly gentleman, who heightened the forbidding expression of a set of sharp angular features by a constant and ominous frown. Very voluble was he, and very prompt in his replies. The cheering and agreeable conclusion to which thirty years' practice had brought him was this—that all the world was more or less mad. The germ of insanity, he averred, was everywhere existent and everywhere progressive. People's wits went astray from over excitement—from want of excitement. The intellect was damaged and depraved by the constant contemplation of a low, flat, marshy country: was also unnaturally excited by being habituated to the bracing atmosphere of a lofty, mountainous region. High living would cause insanity: so would scanty and insufficient food. He had known it to be brought on by an intent perusal of Shakspeare's plays: by a prolonged attendance on a course of revivalist sermons. Governesses were singularly prone to this disease: so were Quakers. The affection, incontrovertibly, was on the increase. Seventeen men out of every twenty laboured under unsound intellect. Had held that opinion for the last dozen years: would die in it. Had met Sir Philip twice in society; had spoken to him; entertained the most thorough conviction that he was incompetent to the management of his own affairs, and should be put under immediate restraint.

The Doctor's gloomy features relaxed into a lively grin when he uttered this dictum. He smacked his lean lips, and looked around

him with the triumphant air of a man who has said something pre-eminently felicitous and appropriate.

Bohun instantly commenced a fire of cross-examination:—"How *often* and *where* have you met the Baronet?"

"Twice: in a bookseller's shop, and at a china auction.",

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Sackville; and elevated his eyebrows with a significant air, Bohun continued.

"On each occasion how long were you in Sir Philip's company?"

"Twenty minutes: more or less."

Did you enter into conversation?"

"Yes; on different topics."

"Did he betray," persevered Bohun, "any excitement in manner or language?"

"No: not that I recollect."

"Did you notice anything unusual in his personal bearing or appearance?"

"No: nothing that struck me at the moment as being particularly *outré*, or remarkable."

"On what grounds, then, do you arrive at the conclusion just stated?"

"Sir," says Dr. Quoddums, knitting his brows fiercely, and frowning on Bohun as if he would annihilate him,—"I am versed in insanity. I practise among the mad. They form my study,—my occupation,—my one ceaseless pursuit. I live amongst them. I hold myself," cried the doctor, raising his voice, and shaking his head in a menacing manner at my unflinching and amused principal,—"I hold myself to be pre-eminently and specially qualified for practising among lunatics."

"Not a man, sir, in this room disputes at this moment that assertion." So spoke Bohun, with a profoundly deferential bow, and a merry roll of his eye. A slight titter among the auditory proved that the sally told.

"Sir!" resumed Quoddums,—his thick bushy eyebrows now met in the extremity of his indignation,—"I am not to be deceived on this point. It's an impossibility. I found my decision on data which cannot mislead me. I judge by the eye—its colour—its sadness—its unrest. The involuntary movements of the hands tell me much. The action of the muscles of the mouth tell me more. I want no words—no language—no sounds to influence *my* decision." Here Dr. Quoddums swelled out his huge ungainly form, put a thumb into each pocket of his purple velvet waistcoat, and faced his auditory, revolving round, as it were, on a pivot, to each point of the compass,—"Once adopted, it is immoveable. And I pronounce,—unhesitatingly and unequivocally,—Sir Philip Grey de Fontenay to be insane."

"Ah!" said the commissioner, in a calm, gentle tone, which formed a curious contrast to the mad doctor's violence. By some present the quiet "ah!" was read "*Bam!*"

The door at the upper end of the room was now slowly unclosed, and the unhappy subject of this inquiry was bowed into the apartment. He was accompanied by one of his curates, and by a veteran officer, covered with scars and orders — Colonel Gash. This old friend of the family, who had seen much service, and gone through many hardships, had in the anteroom inveghed bitterly against the

entire proceedings, and denounced the gross insult offered to Sir Philip by the mere supposition that he was insane.

"This comes," cried the colonel, "of training up children to be priests. They 're as defenceless as women. Look at Sir Philip. But for the fact of his being a churchman this question would have slept till Doomsday. Derangement, forsooth! why, a civilian would have choked the promoter of the conspiracy with a message forthwith,—'Impugn my sanity, sirrah! Name your weapon and hour, and come out upon the daisies.' With a priest 'tis different. *He*, poor helpless being! can be bullied with impunity! Blackguards know this, and act upon it. Of that scamp the Count's lawyer—Fairbody do ye *miscall* him?—I simply affirm, he 's out of place in this world: *a warmer atmosphere would suit him better!* Here we are! Safe and fast in 'The Star Chamber!' Now, Sir Philip, go in and win."

He, however, who was thus addressed, had anything but the appearance of a winner. He looked pale, helpless, feeble, agitated: could with difficulty articulate: and his reply to the courteous and re-assuring terms in which the Commissioner accosted him—if reply, indeed, there were—was a whisper.

The exhibition chafed the old Colonel prodigiously.

"This comes of Lady Cecilia's teaching. So mueh for women pretending to educate young men. Had Sir Philip been sent to a public school—Eton, Harrow, Westminster, he would have left it a man. As it is, he reminds one hourly of an overgrown missy! 'Pon my soul! though I 'm seventy, I 'll go out with the Count if the verdict 's against us."

A few brief, unimportant questions had been asked and answered, when Mr. Fairbody suddenly became aware of a fact which seemed to gravel him—the presence of Mrs. Ravenspur.

That ubiquitous personage had placed herself in a position which enabled her to control with her eye every answer of the baronet, and to scan his every movement. It was by no means part of Mr. Fairbody's instructions to subserve the schemes of such an unscrupulous enemy; and he resolved, if possible, to dislodge his antagonist forthwith from her position. To this end he called the Commissioner's attention to her presence; and begged that "that intrusive woman" might be desired to withdraw.

Hilda neither by voice nor gesture noticed his observations, but fixedly retained her seat, to all appearance absorbed in deep, earnest reflection on the demeanour of her young master.

"I see no objection," said Sackville, after Fairbody had twice directed his attention to this obnoxious personage,—"I see no objection to Mrs. Ravenspur's remaining; particularly if Sir Philip desires it."

"I do desire it," said the young man, with emphasis.

"Mrs. Ravenspur may remain," was the official decision. It was an important one to the baronet. In a measure, it decided the event of the day.

This skirmish over, the Commissioner questioned the young man touching his alleged determination never again to appear in public; on his avowedly unconquerable aversion to hold personal communication with any of his kind. The answer was firmly given,—

"I have not physical strength to meet the requirements of so

populous a parish as Priorstream; nor have I voice to fill so large a church. I resolved on a total suspension of all personal discharge of my professional duties; and to this determination,—be the event of this day's inquiry what it may,—I shall adhere."

"It is asserted, Sir Philip,"—a hostile juror was now the spokesman,—"that you observe the anniversary of your ordination, and also that of your institution to the rectory of Priorstream, as days of the most abject penitence and humiliation—is such the fact?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And the reason?"

"I ought never to have taken holy orders. On no consideration whatever should I have been over-persuaded—"

Mrs. Hilda here indulged in a most peculiar, lengthy, and deafening cough. Not content with once startling her auditory, she proceeded to an *encore.*

"What I have already stated," said the young man, checking himself suddenly and abruptly, "answers the question."

"It has been stated here to-day," said the same juryman, "that you have repeatedly declared that you have committed some sin or sins, for which Scripture held out no pardon: do you remember making use of that expression?"

"In moments of despondency"—Mrs. Hilda here fixed her gaze, with painful earnestness, on her former nurseling,—"I mean pain and lassitude," said the young man, quickly correcting himself,—"I may have expressed myself unguardedly; and it is *just possible* that —that—strange—strange"—he hesitated, and Mrs. Hilda's colour rose,—"sentiment *may* have fallen from my lips. But if it did, I recall it, and see its manifest impropriety."

"Will you ask Sir Philip," said Fairbody, addressing the Commissioner, and then handing to him a penciled slip of paper,—"a question or two with reference to the late Lady Cecilia, and the progress made relative to the erection of her tomb?"

Fairbody's eyes gleamed with delight as he hit upon this painful topic. He fancied that the day was now his own. On the other hand, the agitation of the baronet was visible, but manfully and sedulously combated. His cheeks, lips, and brow were pale as marble: while Mrs. Ravenspur's gaze—one of manifest and intense anxiety—was riveted upon his countenance.

"I am truly sorry,"—Sackville began,—"that my official position obliges me to ask questions which trench on the sacred relations of domestic life. It has happened elsewhere, as well as to-day, that I have no alternative. The promoter of this inquiry is desirous that some specific questions on one particular point should be put; and to a certain extent I am bound to entertain his wishes. We understand, Sir Philip, that you have given orders relative to the erection of a tomb to the memory of the late Lady Cecilia de Fontenaye: do you remember, while issuing your instructions on that point, entering into any details respecting her?"

A dark shade passed over the unhappy son's countenance,—there was a slight tremor in the voice, and the reply came feebly,—"I have spoken to many parties respecting her."

"Charitably or uncharitably?" said the hostile juryman.

"I object to that question being put in so offensive a form," interposed the Commissioner, quickly. "I see the drift, sir, of

your interrogatory; I shall shape it more courteously. You forget," and he looked sternly at Sir Philip's coarse tormentor, "that this gentleman is Lady Cecilia's son."

"Remarkable expressions," resumed Sackville, speaking gently and kindly, "have been attributed to you, Sir Philip, which have determined some of the jury to put to you this question,—'Do you believe the late Lady Cecilia to be at rest?"

"I leave her to the mercy of God," was the answer,—"that mercy it would be presumption in me to limit."

Nor, from the scope and tenor of this guarded reply could any subsequent cross-questioning drive him.

"You are manifestly fatigued with this proceeding," Sackville at length interposed, seeing the young man show symptoms of great exhaustion,—"perhaps you would like to retire for some refreshment?"

"No: I am perfectly ready to answer any further questions any gentleman present may think fit to propose."

"This investigation has probably come upon you by surprise?"

"No: I was satisfied it would commence the moment I ceased to honour the Count's drafts. I have my banker's book with me. My last and final remittance to my kinsman was made, I see, late in May. Early in June following the first step to deprive me of income and liberty was taken. No, sir,—no; I am not surprised. It is only carrying out into action a motto dear to the grasping and the desperate—'GIVE cheerfully and readily; *or else*—I TAKE."

The two last replies told conclusively with his hearers, and the sight of the Baronet's banker's-book and cheque-book, proving the sums which the generous being had from time to time advanced to his extravagant relative, seemed to disgust both the Commissioner and the jury.

The latter informed Sackville they would not trouble him for any observations or any summing up. They had already come to a decision. That decision was announced in the terms that—"Sir Philip Grey de Fontenay was at that time of sound mind, and fully competent to the management of his own affairs: nor was there any evidence before the jury to prove that at any previous period he had laboured under disordered intellect.

If the joy of many of the Baronet's parishioners was noisy and sincere, Bohun's bearing was moody and disheartening.

"I am pleased," said he, "at the Count's defeat: "but I am grieved at Sir Philip's reserve. There is a compact between him and his dependent, Ravenspur, based on some mystery to which I am never to be a party. Why? Who so proper to be in Sir Philip's confidence as myself?"

He had not long to chafe and murmur. Three weeks afterwards a messenger came down to the office at an early hour, bearing unlooked-for tidings from the Court.

The Baronet had expired suddenly that morning. The only party present at his demise was Mrs. Hilda. And the rumour ran that she held his will, by which he had left her every shilling he possessed.

"You will hold an inquest?" was the oft-repeated inquiry, addressed to the coroner.

"As a matter of course," was his reply.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE CITY OF LONDON.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAPTER IV.

King James the First, his watching for the Throne.—His Proclamation.—Suppression of Fairs.—Bartholomew Fair.—A fighting Archbishop of Canterbury.—Robbing a Booth a capital crime.—Hanging the Hangman.—Curia pedis Pulverizati—Court of Pie Poudre.—The Romans and the Greeks.—Cloth Fair.—Proclaiming the Fair.—Rural Sports.—Order for the Apparel of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen.—Rent of the Fair.—Quaint anonymous Tract.—Ben Jonson's Hobbyhorse-man and Cake-woman.—The unwholesome state of London.—King James's Proclamation ordering the return of his Scottish Nobles, after his Coronation.—Great increase of Building.—The King's fear.—The wonderful increase of Commerce.—Mr. Sutton and the Charterhouse.—Where Hicks's Hall formerly stood.—Court of Requests.—Wholesale manufacture of Nobility by James, at a price.—Pasquinade at St. Paul's.—No Money for the King's Sundries.—The Coal Meters.—Elizabeth's Debt.—Alum first manufactured.—Sir Hugh Middleton and the New River.—Smithfield paved.—A Sixty-four built.—Whale-fishery.—Seizure of the Dutch fishers.—Immense Increase of Mercantile power.—Improvements to the City.—Old-fashioned Citizens.—New-fashioned Traders.

On the death of the great Elizabeth, "whom the poets delighted to honour," although in these days we doubt the deserving of the same, King James, who had long and nervously watched from afar for the desired throne, and thought most piously that the "Auld Queen was o'er lang dying," waited, with the fidgetiness of his character, for arrivals from his friends at the Court of England, where he had many, who began to turn their faces towards the rising sun, and who counted the hours of their late flattered mistress, that they might be the first to see the relaxing of her tenacious grasp from the hold of the treasured bauble of sovereignty, so that they should be the messengers of good to the poverty-stricken hard-driven Monarch, to be remembered by him when he was seated on the throne.

The happy moment at last came; Elizabeth was dead, and on the 24th of March, 1603, James was proclaimed in Cheapside by the Lord Mayor, with the usual pomp and ceremony. Magnificent preparations were everywhere made by the citizens for the reception of their new Sovereign, but the plague continuing to rage with great violence, it was found necessary to postpone it until the following year, when James made his public entry into London, and was received in the most sumptuous manner.

This year the suppression of the fairs in and within fifty miles of the metropolis was found to be an imperative measure, as the plague had carried off in the space of twelve months no less than 30,578 persons. Bartholomew Fair, granted by charter of Henry VIII. to his attorney, Sir Richard Riche, seems to have held the most important place for its trade and magnitude. Originally, it appears, that there were two fairs, one for the priory of St. Bartholomew, and one for the city, which were no doubt eventually consolidated by mutual agreement between the Mayor and Commonalty of the City, and the prior of the monastery.

A curious fact connected with this hospital and monastery, showing

the peculiar state of the times even in this advanced period of civilized society, ought not to be omitted here. The Archbishop of Canterbury having made, without any previous notice, a visitation to the aforesaid monastery, he was received by a procession, in a most solemn and ceremonious manner; when he immediately said he did not require that honour, but merely came to visit "them." Upon which the sub-prior, who stood forth to receive him, answered, "That to submit to the visitation of any other than their own prelate, the Bishop of London, would be directly in contempt of his authority." The irascible Archbishop fired up at this, as he conceived, great insult, and immediately *struck the sub-prior "a fierce blow" on the face, "raging at the same time with oathes not to be recited."* He clutched savagely, and rent in pieces, the rich cope of the sub-prior, and stamped upon it, thrusting him at the same time against a pillar of the chancel with such brutal violence, that he almost killed him; upon which the attendant canons rushed to the rescue, and dragged off the fighting Archbishop with such good will, that they pulled him on his back, doing which they discovered *"that he was armed and prepared for fight."* This was a signal for a general *melée*, and the Archbishop's followers sadly mauled the sub-prior and his canons, who, upon the intruders' departure, ran, bleeding as they were, to their own Bishop, but it does not appear on record that they received any redress. During the fair the clothiers of England and the drapers of London had, for better security, their booths and standings within the churchyard of the Priory, on account of its being surrounded by walls, and having gates that could be locked every night, to protect them against the daring robberies continually committed during the holding of the fair, notwithstanding that all booths for the sale of goods were then so protected by law, that the crime of robbing a booth was deemed a capital offence; that is, if you caught the thief in the fact,—to compass which the defective police of the time were sadly inefficient.

We find, however, that a man,—who ought to have been the last person to be caught,—named Cartwell, the hangman to the City of London, was, with two others, executed at the wrestling-ground, near Clerkenwell, for robbing a booth in Bartholomew Fair.

To provide something like a regulation for the great mass of people arriving from all parts with their merchandise, mixed as they were with the tramps and idlers of the suburbs and high roads,—a Court was established for the purpose of doing justice between buyers and sellers, and to suppress disorders. It was called *Curia pedis Pulverizati*, and vulgarly Court of Pie or *Pied Poudre*, because it was held in a summer month when the suitors of the Court had dusty feet, being mostly men of travel frequenting the fairs; but, according to Sir Edward Coke, "because justice was done as quickly as dust could fall from the feet." There is, however, much more ingenuity in the explanation given by the learned writer Barrington, who asserts that it is derived from *pied puldreux*, signifying in old French the court of such petty chapmen as resort to fairs and markets, wanderers, and dusty footed.

Similar Courts were usual with the Greeks and Romans, who introduced fairs into Germany and the North.

The fact of a particular trade clinging to a spot is exemplified in Cloth Fair, a kind of lane, certainly not worthy of being called a street, chosen by the clothmen for protection, as being within the pre-

cincts of the Abbey centuries ago, and is still occupied by clothiers and drapers.

At the early proclamations of this fair a tent was pitched upon the grass, and when the ceremony was over the mob began to wrestle with each other, two at a time, and the conquerors were rewarded by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. After this a parcel of wild rabbits were turned loose in the midst of the assemblage, and hunted by the boys and ragamuffins, who struggled hard in the chase to secure to themselves the chance of a cony pie, "at which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen did much *besport* themselves."

For this ceremony a strict order was made for the meetings and wearing apparel of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs.

"That the Aldermen meet my Lord and the Sheriffs of the Guilde *at two o'clock after dinner,* in their violet gowns lined, and their *horses without cloaks,* and there hear evening prayer, which being done they take their horses and ride to Newgate, entering into Clothe Fair, and there making proclamation, and the proclamation being made they ride through the Clothe Fair, and so return back again through the churchyard of St. Bartholomeuse to Aldersgate, and so ride home again to the Lord Mayor's house."

An order is still preserved for the ceremony on the wrestling day; that—

"So many Aldermen as dyne with my Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs be appointed in their scarlet gowns lined, *and after dinner* their horses being brought to them where they dine, shall accompany the Lord Mayor to see the wrestling. Then when it is done they do ride back again to the said Lord Mayor's house. The same the next day (if it be not Sunday) for the shuting. The rent of the fair continued for many years to produce only 100*l.*"

There is a quaint anonymous Tract, written in a coarse vein, which gives the following curious account of the fair at this time, showing how, amidst the original traders, mountebanks and others had gradually crept in, altering by slow degrees the character of the meeting.

"Let us now make a progress into Smithfield, which is the heart of the fair, where, in my heart, I think there are more *motions* (puppets) in a day than there are in a terme in a lawyer's hall to be heard. But while you take notice of the several *motions* there, take this caution along with you,—let an eye watch narrowly that no one's hand make *a motion* into your pocket, which is the next way *to move* you to impatience, for it is a high harvest for the pick-purses, which, indeed, is seldom otherwise, except when their carts go up Holborn Hill. Long Lane at this time looks very faire, and puts out her best clothes (with the wrong side outwards, so turned for their better turning off). Here, in the pigge market, pigges are at all hours of the day on the stalls piping hot, and would cry (could they speak), 'Come eat me!'"

Ben Jonson facetiously describes in dialogue a reputable couple of stall-holders who indulge in a little Smithfield recrimination, one being a leather hobbyhorse seller, and the other a cake vendor, both having as it appears paid good and lawful money for their standings:—

"*Hobbyhorse-seller.*—Do you hear, sister Trash, lady o' the basket? Sit farther with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I 'll have it proclaimed in the fair what stuff they are made on.

"*Cakewoman.*—Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? Nothing but what 's wholesome, I assure you.

"*Hobbyhorse.*—Yes! stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger and dead honey, you know.

"*Cakewoman.*—Thou, too, proud pedlar! do thy worst, I defy thee,—I, and thy stable of hobbyhorses: I pay for my ground as well as thou dost, and thou wrongst me, for thou art a parcel poet, and an engineer! I 'll find a friend shall right me, and make ballads on thee and thy cattle!

"*Hobbyhorse.*—Go to, old Joan, I 'll talk with you anon; and take you down too,—I 'll ha' you i' the *pie pouldres*."

From the slough-like state of the City in general, and the sparing use of pavement, stagnant pools and filthy drains still disfigured the principal highways—draining being in a very inefficient state; consequently the plague was hardly ever banished from the City, which from its confined alleys and courts, swarming with poor, who lived like cattle huddled together, nursed the disease, and depopulated whole districts.

A proclamation by James, soon after his coronation, was worded thus: "The solemnities of our coronation being over, and now performed, we command *the nobility of Scotland,* and all English noblemen and gentry (not the King's servants in ordinary) to repair homewards to prevent the spreading of the contagion of the plague." This order was immediately obeyed, except, it is believed, by the Scotch nobility and their retainers, who, from historical records it is currently reported, *did not return.*

James was continually haunted by the apprehension of the plague spreading from the City to Whitehall and Greenwich, his two favourite residences, and the daily increasing population was sufficient to prompt him in his timidity to the issuing of continual proclamations and prosecutions on the subject of building in the precincts of the City and the suburbs. The monied and powerful citizens, however, regarded them as much as those that had gone before: new edifices arose, the surveyors connived at the delinquency, or were bought off, and, of course, the poor king had not the courage to inflict the penalties on his good citizens, to whom he was so often obliged for loans to liquidate debts and promises made in his days of misfortune with his rapacious followers. Thus, Spitalfields began to be covered with houses; Wapping, formerly a small detached village, from the increase of trade, gradually encroached along the brink of the river till it reached the Tower; a large pond in the vicinity of West Smithfield was filled up, and covered with streets; the beautiful fields and gardens of St. John of Jerusalem, and of another convent close by, were built upon; and Holborn, stretching imperceptibly westward, at last touched the village of Saint Giles'-in-the-Fields. The eastern inlet of the City was, from the nature of the materials, in a very dilapidated state; Aldgate and much surrounding it, was found upon examination to be so ruinous that it was levelled with the ground and rebuilt.

Though the reign of James I. was anything but an auspicious one, not only trade and commerce, but every species of domestic comfort gradually improved in the good City of London. The rude contrivances, hitherto looked upon as sufficient by the opulent merchants, were now replaced, as their increased means allowed, by furniture and ornaments of taste and elegance; and these were also supplied by them to the upper classes, whose limited tastes had hitherto been exhausted

in the adornment of their own persons, equipages, and varlets,—a mere outside show; for that which has become so dear to Englishmen—"home"—was then little understood, for the English, like their continental neighbours, were content and pleased to shine only in public, in the malls of the parks, or the aisles of old Saint Paul's.

"The year 1612," says Hughson, "is sacred to one of the noblest acts of philanthropy which can dignify human nature." Mr. Thomas Sutton, a wealthy bachelor, purchased the monastery of the Carthusian Friars,—by corruption called the Charter-house,—on the suppression of the order. The noble family of Suffolk came into possession by special grant. By them it was sold to Mr. Sutton for 13,000*l.*, who laid out 7000*l.* more in repairs and improvements, intending to make it a receptacle and retreat for decayed gentry. He obtained letters patent and an act of Parliament for fully establishing this benevolent foundation, endowing it with lands even *then producing 4490l. a year.* What must now be the value of this princely merchant's gift, and how is his benevolent intention carried out?

Another proof of the great increase of the wealth of London by commerce was shown by Sir Baptist Hicks, one of the justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, afterwards created Lord Viscount Campden, who, at his own expense, built a magnificent sessions-house for the accommodation of the county magistracy, *at the bottom of St. John's Street.** It was called Hicks's Hall, in honour of the founder.—He, with many others, who were anxious for the better administration of justice, obtained an act of Parliament, in the first year of that reign, to confirm the power and jurisdiction of the Court of Requests, which had been originally established only by an act of Common Council.

King James, who wished to give his subjects an exalted idea of his love towards them, and to get them into a fit humour to supply him with the means which he so much lacked, showered down titles of honour upon them, until the value became sadly deteriorated. These cheap marks of royal favour were not, however, it appears, equally dispensed, for the Scots had them in the greatest proportion. This gave rise to a pasquinade, that was fixed upon the gateway of St. Paul's, which seemed in those days to be the arena of all kinds of folly and impertinence. It proposed to teach a new art of memory, in the hope that it might not be found impossible to remember the titles of the new race of nobles!

This impolitic lavishing of honours, even among the citizens of London, did not cause them to open their hearts or their purses for the accommodation of the King; for they looked with wary eyes and shaking heads upon the King's facility of disposition towards his favourites, who, in his moments of hilarity, contrived to extract from him the very means provided for the respectably carrying on his private and domestic expenses. A courtier, in a letter dated about this period, writes that "My Lord Treasurer is much disquieted how to find money to supply the King's necessities, and protested to some of us poor men that were suitors to him for relief, that he knoweth not *how to procure money to pay for the King's diet.*"

In the year 1605, James granted to the citizens his first charter, by which he recognized all their ancient rights and privileges, and also

* Where "Hicks's Hall formerly stood," has long been a question by the uninformed, who have passed many cutting sarcasms upon the man who erected a mile, or distance, stone, now in existence, on which is chiselled "one mile from where Hicks's Hall formerly stood."

adjusted the disputes which had frequently taken place between the Corporation and the Lieutenant of the Tower respecting the *metage of coals*, which the latter claimed as his right; but the King, no doubt for an understood consideration, determined that it was vested in the Corporation of London.

On the 3rd of July 1606, his Majesty paid to the City a debt of *sixty thousand pounds*, contracted by Queen Elizabeth, and left unpaid at her decease.

But, in the following May, he, again wanting money, applied to the citizens, who, it is said, *readily* advanced him the sum of *sixty-three thousand pounds.* In acknowledgment of this favour, he, in the most ample manner, granted them a charter that added to their jurisdiction Duke's-place, St. Bartholomew's (the Great and Less), Black and White Friars, and Coldharbour. Thus were our good citizen forefathers continually bargaining with their monarchs, and buying, inch by inch, the privileges and immunities enjoyed by their descendants at the present day.

The Levant, or Turkey Company, were now incorporated under a perpetual charter, by the designation of "The Merchants of England Trading to the Levant Seas." By this, a most profitable commerce was established for our woollen manufactures and other merchandise, such as watches, jewels, trinkets, and cutlery, which were exported to an unprecedented amount. Alum was first manufactured in 1608, and was successfully worked, under the patronage of the King, by Lord Sheffield and Sir John Bourcher, who opened manufactories of this article in Yorkshire, and also large warehouses in the City of London.

"A matchless benefactor to London," at this period, however, was Sir Hugh Middleton, the author of one of the principal sources of health, comfort, and cleanliness to his native city, by bringing the New River to the metropolis. It appeared, at first, a most doubtful undertaking, but the experience of more than two hundred years has demonstrated the extreme value of the plan, and the profound skill and judgment with which it was accomplished—"a work suitable to the power and grandeur of ancient Rome in its zenith of glory." Yet a scheme so highly beneficial to his fellows ought not to have been allowed to prove ruinous to its noble and generous projector; but such was the case, from the blameable supineness of some, and the vexatious opposition of others, who, in their blindness, thought it but a mad and impossible experiment.

Stow's quaint account of its opening, is worthy of an extract. He says—"That the depth of the trench, in some places, descended full thirty feet, if not more; whereas, in other places, it required a sprightful art againe to mount it over a valley, in a trough between a couple of hills."

"Being brought to the intended cistern, but not, as yet, the water admitted entrance thereunto, on Michaelmas-day, in anno 1613, Sir Thomas Middleton, Kt., brother to the said Sir Hugh, was elected Lord Mayor of London for the year ensuing. In the afternoon of the same day, Sir John Swinerton, Kt., the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by Sir Thomas and Sir Henry Montague, Knights, and the Recorder of London, and many of the worthy Aldermen, rode to see the cisterne, and first issuing of the river thereinto, which was performed in this manner:—A troop of labourers, to the number of sixty or more, well apparelled and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike, carryed

spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such like instruments of laborious employment, marching, after drummers, twice or thrice about the cisterne, presented themselves before the mount, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and a worthy company beside, stood to behold them; and one man, in behalf of all the rest, delivered this speech:—

"Long have we labour'd, long desir'd and pray'd,
For this great work's perfection; and, by th' ayd
Of Heaven and good men's wishes, 'tis at length,
Hapily conquer'd by cost, art, and strength;
And, after five years' deare experience, in dayes,
Travaile and paines, besides the infinite wayes
Of malice, envie, false suggestions,
Able to daunt the spirits of mighty ones
For wealth and courage, this, a worke so rare,
Only by one man's industrie, cost, and care,
Is brought to blest effect, so much withstood,
His only ayme the city's gen'rall good."

Further, at the letting open of the sluice,—

"Now for the frutes then, flow forth precious spring,
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
Comfort to all that love thee, loudly sing,
And with thy chrystal murmurs strook together,
Bid all thy *true welwishers* welcome hither."

In the next year, Smithfield was first paved, and became a field no longer. The sides of the principal streets, which before had been only laid with small round pebbles or rubble, were new improved by a path of broad free-stone or flags. In the year 1610, the largest and finest ship was built ever possessed by England, carrying sixty-four cannon, and of one thousand four hundred tons burthen, named "The Prince." As she was a war-vessel, she was nominally built at the expense of the King and Government; but the true supply came from those that this leviathan of the deep was to protect in their money-seeking paths upon the seas.

The London as also the Liverpool merchants had for a long time gone on unrivalled in the Greenland fishery, but their great success at last roused the trading Dutch to attempt speculation in the same quarter. Alas for the poor Dutchmen! the English ships, keeping company in force, seized upon their whale-oil, fishing-tackle, and implements, and obliged them to return home, carrying this menace with them—"That if ever they were found on those seas hereafter, that they, the English, would make prizes of both ships and cargoes, their master, the King of Great Britain, having the sole right to that fishery in virtue of a primary discovery."

The next year, being fully prepared by the munificence of the London traders to carry out their menace, they did so to the letter, by seizing every Dutch ship and cargo, which were looked upon as legal prizes.

The citizens, whose power so rapidly increased with their well-garnered wealth, used at this time their combined energies to such a fruitful end, that the success of "The Merchant Adventurers' Company," and of the "Staple," the "Russia," and the "East India" Companies, was such as to astonish and alarm the rest of the world.

The amazing supply of all kinds of manufactures was, by their indefatigable zeal thrust, into every corner of the earth, where any traffic could be had. Their fleets of merchant-ships were only rivalled by their fleets of war-vessels, which secured to them extensive settle-

ments in every quarter of the globe, and gave an early proof of what perseverance and courage, backed by industry, can do even in such perilous and distant speculations, existing and prospering without any of the treaties, safeguards, and nautical improvements of the present advanced age.

Notwithstanding the powerful arms, which extended far into foreign climes, to grasp at the distant good, hands equally powerful were working for the improvement of the city and the homes that all this speculation and daring were intended to enrich. Buildings were no longer sheds. Merchants now began to lavish some of their stores upon their mansions, that they might serve for them and their generation for centuries; for they were content to live amongst their fellows, and were proud of the name of Citizen,—little dreaming that a day would come when the City would be looked upon as the place where it was only necessary to go to fetch the money, that it might be spent in more fashionable quarters, among more fashionable people; or that citizens' wives and daughters would ever turn up their noses at the idea of living in contact with the dreadful machinery of trade, or would shudder at a whisper being circulated, amongst their aristocratic acquaintance, that their Eldorado was a warehouse or a shop! But now, alas, it is too condescending even to the imp of a tiger, who would not, for any sum within his income, disclose the fatal secret of the place where he is obliged to accompany his master every morning. He, like the other west-end part of the family, looks upon it as a fatal degradation. Where the poor man makes his money is kept as secret as if he were in truth only a disreputable coiner!

DAVID ET BATHSHEBA.

Fors, labente die (scriptum est) absentis Uriæ,
 Sponsa lavaturas membra petebat aquas.
" Ventum erat ad molli declivem tramite ripam,"
 Lenè susurrantem quà dedit unda sonum.
" Fessa resedit humi, ventosque accepit aperto
 Pectore, turbatas restituitque comas."
Jamque suam positâ miratur veste figuram:
 " Quantum et quale latus! quàm juvenile femur!"
Rex vidit, " visamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ:"
 ' Quod tibi vir tuus est, hoc ego,' dixit, ' ero.'
At non impunis, quanquam regalis, adulter:
 " Culpam pœna premit," non fugienda " comes:'
Nascitur huic infans, haud casti pignus amoris;
 Pœna gravis! natum mors inopina rapit.
Pagina Sacra patet, lector, tibi plura petenti:
 Purius " ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ."
Nec scio (crede mihi) cur hæc mea carmina mittam,
 Cum tibi de libris sunt quot habere velis.
Nam, ratione pari, nemo hùc carbone refertam
 Scilicet extremo mittat ab orbe ratem.
Cur ità digredior, confundens seria nugis?
 Nunc claudant versus pauca, sed apta, meos:
Quis, si non David, sapiens rex atque propheta,
 Stat semper, vitiis, tutus ab hoste, suis?
Qui sibi (dicta quidèm servari digna) videtur
 Stare, memor caveat ne, velut iste, cadat.*

Winton. W. H.

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* " Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor. x. 12.

A WINTER'S JOURNEY.

BY S. D. HUYGHUE.

In the autumn of 1843 I was encamped at the mouth of the Little Black River, a tributary of the Upper St. John. I had accompanied the party sent out by Government, under Colonel Bucknall Estcourt, to run a line of boundary between the United States and the British Provinces, pursuant to the Treaty of Washington, concluded by Lord Ashburton in the previous year.

In the month of June we left Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, and had gradually worked on in this direction, surveying, cutting, and forcing a way by every available means, up the impeded channel of the river, which had to be deepened, at times, before the tow-boats laden with our stores could be dragged over the shallow-bars. Occasionally, also, a *décharge* was requisite at some stronger rapid, that often flung the horses heels over head backwards into the stream, and gave the rider a swim for his life ere he could reach land.

At this point, however, an insuperable obstacle presented itself to any further progress with that species of craft, in the shape of a wild rapid, three miles in length, and filled with boulders. So I landed everything, secured them under canvas, and pitched my tent on the shore, within a stone's throw of the last house on the St. John.

Here I remained for fifty-six days, during which time the different parties passed up in *bateaux** and canoes, to their several stations above as far as Lake Isheganelshegek, on the north-west branch of the St. John; while forty men were sent to St. Thomas's, on the St. Lawrence, by the route of Riviere du Loup, to open a road thirty-five miles across the hills to that place. Meanwhile, the country above being a perfect wilderness, only traversed by a few roving Indians, these parties on the river were obliged to be provisioned from my post, a service of extreme difficulty; for, so shallow was the water become, that the bateaux-men had to drag the loads almost the entire way to the furthest station, and as they were usually more than a week on the journey, they managed to reduce them about one-half in bulk by their own consumption. Several canoes containing American officers and men—for it was a joint commission—likewise passed, on their return from the forks of the river, with the loss of divers knapsacks, axes, and utensils, in the rapids. These belonged to a detachment of soldiers sent to serve as woodsmen and canoemen—a plan that failed.

The season closed rapidly. The leaves, tinted with the richest crimson and orange, were whirled from the trees. Winter birds, of the same brilliant hues—cross-bills—flocked about the tents. Ice began to show itself in the river, now swollen by heavy rains, and several sharp flurries of snow warned me that there was to be no Indian summer, and that the sooner I was away the better. Bears and moose also began to show themselves on the neighbouring shores while beating up for winter-quarters, and some Indians, with

* Flat-bottomed skiffs, with a wide spread, and sharp at the ends. They are made sufficiently light to be "portaged," if necessary; that is, carried by two men round impassable places.

a package of beaver-skins from the hunting-grounds above, paddled down *en route* to Madawaska.

At length, two *bateaux* were sent to carry me to my future station and after seeing the settler's crop of potatoes frozen in the ground, and four inches of snow packed hard upon it, on the 26th of October I loaded my birch canoe with what little property I had, and accompanied by the boats, deeply freighted with tents and provision, commenced my journey.

Light, supple poles, shod with iron, are used to propel small craft up the St. John, and it is wonderful to witness the skill with which a practical hand will guide his unsteady canoe up the swiftest rapids by this means; though standing aft and without knowing where to plant the pointed ferule which the next instant may slip on the rugged bottom and upset him. But this is a difficult art, known to few besides the people on the Penobscot and St. John.

The flooded state of the stream was such that with all the force the men could use they were barely able to ascend the great rapid before mentioned, which for a distance of three miles wound in a dark gorge through which the river had cut its way, and in the very midst, one of the *bateaux* swung broadside to the torrent, and its crew were obliged to jump out up to their waist, and hold on with all their strength, to prevent it from being swamped and carried away. Everything by this time was covered with icicles, and the temperature of the water below the freezing point. We went few miles that day, and when the light began to fail landed in a convenient spot, and while some shovelled away the snow with their paddles and pitched the tents, others lit fires and gathered fir branches for the beds; thus we made ourselves comfortable for the night.

A party of Canadian *Voyageurs* from the Hudson Bay Company sent by Sir George Simpson, had joined the Boundary Commission at the Grand Falls, and two of those extraordinary men were with me now. These, with my faithful attendant and canoeman, Stanislas Roy, soon forgot their fatigues, and seated Indian-fashion by the blazing fire, sang paddle songs late into the night, some of which were so irresistibly droll that they caused even the New Brunswick men to smile: though all this time they lay without saying a word. They had been ducked in the rapid, and were of a less excitable disposition than their mercurial comrades.

The next day was bitter cold, and the surface of the river covered with drift ice, which cut the prow of my frail birch almost through as it forced its path along. But as the water coated it with a sheet of ice both inside and out, it did not leak, and suffered less from the floating masses. Wherever the water was still it was found blocked up with ice, and the *bateaux* broke their way through, by main force, to the next rapid—a severe and discouraging labour—yet the men worked incessantly in the hope of reaching one of the stations before night. But we were obliged to camp seven miles below, nevertheless, in a passing shower of sleet and rain. "How are we ever to reach the Forks in such weather?"—This was my last thought as I rolled myself in a blanket, looked up at the stars, and closed my eyes.

In the morning, the boats were hard and fast in the ice, which had formed thick along shore during the night, and we cut them out

with axes and proceeded on. The day was somewhat milder, and I noticed a species of black ephemera crawling languidly on the fixed ice now bordering the stream. At noon we reached the astronomical station at the mouth of Great Black River, where Lieutenant Pipon, Royal Engineers, and party, were established for the winter in log huts—that of the sappers claiming some pretensions to the picturesque, as it was made of small fir logs placed upright and thatched with wild grass, having a keg at the apex for a chimney. I dined that day, for the first time, upon beaver's tail, cooked in the most approved manner by boiling and frying. It was a fatty, gelatinous substance with a fishy taste—a proof of the duplex character of the animal, by the way, for its flesh is devoid of it, and it feeds upon vegetable substances.

The next morning was misty with rain, and about midday I shook hands with Mr. Pipon, got into the canoe, and with one *bateau* continued my dreary route. Again we were struggling with a fierce rapid, the most dangerous on the St. John, when the water is as high as it then was; this was followed by a tranquil interval, which gave place quickly to the usual broken and rushing current. Then night darkened around the scene, and hastily choosing a spot among the firs once more we encamped.

On the following day we got on bravely, for though the labour was arduous, the weather was warmer. The scenery of the river had insensibly changed. Huge trees of white pine hedged the shores with their interminable rows, intermixed with cedars, in place of the previous growth of spruce, birch and fir. Mile after mile *this* stern feature presented itself in wearing monotony to the eye until just before sun down, when we emerged suddenly upon a broad expansion, smooth as glass and half occupied by alluvial islands covered with elms and other hard-wood trees. I never shall forget the pleasing sensations I experienced as this picture opened upon us, all radiant with the hues of a gorgeous sunset; nor were these diminished in any wise by the prospect of good cheer that welcomed us in the shape of several quarters of moose meat suspended to the branches of a tree, as we wound up a narrow channel between the islands and the main land. Here we found two Milicete Indians, who had lately killed six moose, and were busily engaged in jirking the meat and dressing the skins.

That evening we feasted upon fresh steaks with a gusto peculiar to those who have been long on salt provisions, and to *voyageurs* upon such a weary track. I have often tasted moose meat since, but it seemed to possess an especial flavour when served up on a piece of bark, and eaten with a sharp stick, in lieu of a fork, by that camp fire at the Seven Islands.

At day break we bid farewell to this romantic spot. A slight rain had fallen, and the surrounding woods, to the smallest twig, were coated with crystals, giving them a hoary and fantastic appearance. Ere long we passed an Indian paddling down to his brethren below; he had been employed to carry chronometers between the stations, a service now impossible. The cold was very severe, and the bleak gusts that swept down the river cut the face like a knife. The drift ice which had lately disappeared, again began to impede the navigation, and what was still worse, the men's hands were raw and bleeding from a constant use of the poles now rough as a rasp

with congealed spray. A long and distressing rapid closed the day's work, and lighting our fires we thawed the ice from the tents, tarpaulins and bags, and took a new lodging on the "cold, cold ground." There were no paddle songs that night!

The next day, Nov. 1, was more severe, but without wind. The river ran thick with ice. The rapids were incessant, and so long, some of them, that the men would hold on midway by a snag or a tuft of grass, to take breath, being fairly exhausted. Every hour, also, we were obliged to stop, light a fire, and boil some tea, the only luxury we possessed, which restored warmth and vigor to the system, and enabled us to proceed.

The solitude of these shores was unbroken by a sound or sight of any living creature. Once we noticed an eagle sailing far up in the sky over the pines, as if watching our motions; that was all. The scene was again changed. The forest on the right bank had been destroyed by fire, and its scathed and blackened trunks stood forlornly desolate above the snow. This melancholy district terminated at a point, wooded with a magnificent grove of red pine standing like columns, each tree as straight as an arrow, and more than one hundred feet high. They reminded me of the description of Lucifer's spear, in "Paradise Lost," but I was too cold to remember the words. My teeth chattered, my feet ached, my hands were benumbed; I should have frozen outright, as I sat wedged into the canoe, had I not got out and walked along the shore from time to time.

This, as it involved a rough chase after the boats, across swamps, thickets, and fallen trees half buried in five inches of snow, soon brought back the circulation, at the expense of divers bruises and rents in my clothes.

At length we cleared away the snow once more, lighted fires, and threw our weary selves besides them to rest. The men were fagged out. For six days they had struggled on against every disadvantage, until the skin was pealed from their limbs. They had polled and dragged, and cut a way with the clothes continually wet and frozen upon them, and still we knew not how far we had yet to go. The nearest place of refuge was at the forks of the river; now from this we might be twelve miles distant, or only one, for none of us had ever been thus far before, or knew anything of the course we were pursuing.

The day broke cheerlessly, and we embarked in a heavy snowstorm. The ice drove crashing against the *bateau*, and ground with an ominous sound along the sides of my canoe, while the flakes fell so thickly that the air was obscured, and it was at imminent risk that we groped our way among the rocks. How long we could have held on it is impossible to say, but, when about two miles above the camping ground, a man was descried standing among the trees on the right bank, and the smoke of several fires became also visible. It was the Forks of the St. John.

The party here were still under canvas, but Captain Robinson, the officer in command, had just got into his log-hut, and it was with no slight feeling of thankfulness that I stretched myself that night upon his floor.

Here I learned that the north-west branch was closed, that the road from St. Thomas was completed, and that parties with provi-

sions crossed daily from Lake Isheganelshegek, by a footpath, a distance of twelve miles. I was quite content to take to the land; accordingly, after a day's rest, with my knapsack and staff, and, in company with a large party, I started on the track. This was difficult in the extreme. Sometimes making a false step, you plunged waist-deep in the snow; at others, you had to screw your limbs in a painful manner across, and under fallen entangled trees. Half way we met another party, who exchanged loads with the first, when both returned. At length, crossing the North-west Branch by leaping from rock to rock over a rapid, with the aid of my staff, I came out upon the lake, one of the sources of the St. John, and, with a half-breed named Felix, traversed it on the ice, and found Colonel Estcourt encamped on the other side, with seventy men, all under canvas. A large store, a stable, and two small houses, were being built of logs, under the superintendence of Mr. Featherstonehaugh; the latter intended for the use of myself and party, as this was to be my winter station.

The next day being Sunday, our good colonel read prayers. We were assembled in a quadrangle, formed of shed-tents, with a large fire in the centre. The men knelt devoutly on the green boughs, and, in the evening, sang hymns at the different camps, which had a pleasing effect. I was awakened several times during the night, by sounds like the firing of cannon; this was caused by the unequal contraction of the lake-ice in the intense frost.

On the 7th of November a number of sleighs arrived with provisions from St. Thomas, and, obtaining a week's leave, I accompanied them on their return. The drivers were St. Lawrence fishermen, short swarthy men, dressed in coarse grey cloth, *etoffe du pays*, red cow-skin mocassins, and fur caps. They employed the whole time in chattering and gesticulating with one another, and swearing at the horses, that were stunted and hardy like their masters, but very patient and very grave; they were covered, moreover, with long furry hair, and governed entirely by the voice.

The *voitures* were a cross between a sledge and an Indian *tobaugan*, with low runners, and the ends of the shafts curved and resting on the snow; a primitive contrivance, well adapted for unbroken roads, but calculated to spoil the best, by scooping them into *cahots*. Our road wound over the rugged hills, and through half-frozen swamps, covered everywhere with spruce and fir, their branches bent down with a weight of snow. The unbroken woods hid everything else from view. At night-fall, the long train drew up upon what the Canadians called "La Grande Montagne." The incessant cry of "Montez!" "March donc!" ceased. The men unharnessed their horses, cut wood with their tomahawks, and made a fire in a small opening among the trees. Here they cooked supper, and washed it down afterwards with a draught from the horse-bucket; they were a ruffianly crew, and to me appeared like a new species of being, wanting the dignity of man. Huddling together, they lay down without covering, with their feet to the fire, and were soon asleep. The stars shone with a frigid keenness, the trees burst with a sound like a percussion cap, in the frosty atmosphere, yet they snored on.

Meanwhile the horses were left to their reflections, standing in the snow. Every now and then one would shove its honest face

within the circle of firelight, with a pleading expression. I turned, with a sort of relief, to the mute creatures; they were the more interesting of the two.

My sleighman had descanted largely upon the qualities of his "bon cheval," and being unable to sleep, and tired of my company, I determined to put them to the test. Awaking him, therefore, I spoke the magical word, "L'argent," and, in a few minutes, we were moving on again through the snow-track, by the light of a full moon.

We walked up hill and drove down, at the peril of our necks. Once I dozed, and was thrown violently off the sleigh, by its coming in contact with a stump. This made me wide awake enough, and I was suffering also from an old pain in the knee, aggravated by hard travelling.

Crossing the Rivière du Sud, we got into an old "concession road," and soon after met two parties of trains on their way to the lake, laden with stoves and stores. Two hours after daybreak we arrived at the top of a hill, fringed with birch trees, and the Canadian came to a halt. "Regardez, monsieur!" he exclaimed, "la voilà mon pays!" I pushed the fur cap back from my eyes. What a magnificent spectacle was before me!

Over undulating woods, leafless and grey, appeared a level tract, spreading for many leagues, and intersected with a network of fences traced on the glittering snow. This, in places, was dotted with clumps of trees, among which appeared numerous dwellings, and the spires of the parish churches of St. Thomas and St. François. At the edge of this vast plain, miles away, was a broad leaden streak, and beyond this a chain of mountains; it was the valley of the St. Lawrence. A single ship appeared, like a white speck, upon the great river, and the ridges of the north shore towered in stern sublimity over all, half veiled in a snow-storm then bursting upon them.

We descended to the level ground, and then I felt myself in Canada. Enormous barns, thatched and whitewashed, were attached to each farm-house, while the latter, of a peculiar form, evinced the French love of decoration in their exterior. The enclosure in front was often walled in by long piles of wood, split and seasoned for fuel. At certain distances along the road, parcels of saplings were lying ready to bush it out with, by sticking them at intervals in the snow. This is a necessary precaution, enforced by law, to prevent travellers from wandering off the tract when the fences are covered by the drift of these exposed plains. It is a common practice on the lakes and rivers of North America, but I never saw it elsewhere used.

Traversing the wide expanse, I reached the extensive village of St. Thomas, and put up at an *auberge* near the church, a large edifice of stone, with a tinned spire, which occupied the centre of a square. The house was filled with young French lawyers from Quebec, who were well provided against the weather, with great-coats of wild cat fur, and hooded capots of Russian manufacture. They half crazed me with their eternal talking, to which one added a whistle, and another a symphony on the tongs. To escape this I took a drive with an intelligent gentleman engaged on the boundary service, and stationed there. We went as far as St. François, the

next parish, and called at the houses of some of the better class of *habitants*. They were all alike, tidy, partitioned with wainscoting, and furnished with close stoves, instead of the open fire-places of New Brunswick. The Rivière du Sud wound prettily through the fields, with occasionally a tree drooping gracefully over its surface of snow. As the *cariole* flitted over the straight solitary roads, we passed some large crosses of wood erected at the side. These are set up at the parish boundaries in French Canada, and serve a devotional purpose with the peasantry. As our driver passed each, he touched his hat respectfully. The vastness and still solemnity of the scene made a powerful impression upon me. The moon rose over the white expanse, and far as the eye could reach east and west, the view was bounded northward by bold mountains rising abruptly from the edge of the St. Lawrence, and covered with a dense forest of firs, unbroken, and hoary with frost, except on some steeps of bare rock upon which the light shone, while distant ridges were faintly descried, drawn upon the grey sky.

Next morning I drove to Berthier, a distance of three leagues. Several ships passed us on their way to the sea. On the right was Isle Madame, and to give some idea of the river I may mention, that at this place, about twenty-six miles below Quebec, it is five miles broad.

At the landing-place of the village, I waited until the tide arose and floated a steamer which lay dry upon the mud. This did not take place until four o'clock, when, having taken in a quantity of flour in sacks, for one of the nunneries at Quebec, we steamed out into the St. Lawrence, which was curled into foaming waves by a biting north wind. We had a number of passengers, and they formed as characteristic and striking a group as a traveller could desire. There were the sturdy leather-faced *habitants*, in booted mocassins, and wrapped, without an exception, in long overcoats of grey homespun, to which was attached a hood, as an extra covering for the head in stormy weather, and round the loins they wore worsted shashes of several bright colours. These men smoked long pipes, and chatted together in a cross-fire of repartee, that kept everybody in a roar. Then there was the *seigneur*, or great landholder, clad from head to heel in buffalo skin, with malouin boots reaching above the knee, and gauntlet gloves of rich otter fur, looking altogether the very counterpart of the Robinson Crusoe of a boy's dreams. There was a tall silent Indian also, in a worn coat of deer-skin, fringed in the seams. This man stood apart with his arms folded: he had no sympathies there.

It soon became quite calm, and the moon rose and threw a pillar of light upon the waters. We passed along the Island of Orleans, which twinkled with lights from its numerous habitations, until, on rounding its western extremity, it became an imposing object in the rear. In the north channel appeared the lofty mass of Cape Tourment, a conspicuous part of the great mountain chain, two thousand feet high; and directly on the right, dimly visible, the fall of Montmorenci in its deep gorge. Looking upward now, my eye was immediately arrested; a spacious basin was before us, bounded by a bold headland that rose sheer from its foot, and along the base and up one part of this were gathered innumerable lights, like lurid stars, which indicated the position of a city. That dark fort-

crowned promontory was Cape Diamond—that city, Quebec. As the steamer approached, other objects grew out of the haze of moonlight, which invested all with a vague and fantastic character. In quick succession appeared the shipping clustered along the quays; lines of house-roofs rising tier upon tier, their tin covering shining like silver in the pale rays, and capping all, the dome of the Parliament House in the Upper Town, its plating also glittering like the mosque of some Eastern city. The rest of the landscape was encrusted with snow. Several three-masted pilot-boats were moving over the water like phantoms, which added to the unreal aspect of the whole scene.

At the market-place in the Lower Town, I got into a *cariole*, and was driven up a precipitous street, and through an embattled gateway when I found myself within the walls of the Upper Town, on the top of the rock.

Had I been inclined to forget that I was in this renowned fortress, I should have been instantly reminded of it, for a long range of cannon, with piles of shot, bordered one side of the street through which I passed, and at the corner a sentry challenged.

I had been directed to an excellent private hotel by the Grand Battery, but, dubious about the propriety of admitting such a ragged looking character, as I heard afterwards, the servant answered my inquiries somewhat ambiguously, so that I turned from the door and drove to Payne's Hotel, on the Place d'Armes, where they took me in. And here I may mention, that the gentlemen of the Boundary Commission dressed generally in a style more appropriate to their occupation than to the purlieus of a fashionable resort; and that after a bout of some months in the woods, their clothes presented a complicated system of patchwork, which made them feel rather shy on approaching the settlements. The thing was to slink into town as obscurely as possible, under cover of twilight or some friendly vehicle, and so escape observation, until you could consult with the tailor.

For three days I rambled about this remarkable place, and often got lost in threading the devious streets of the Lower Town. Everything was novel and interesting. The crowds of people, chiefly French, in every variety of winter costume; the *carioles* dashing along the precipitous streets, their drivers habited in blanket coats, with red embroidered wings and facings, and beaded sashes; the soldiers in long boots and fur caps; the numerous ecclesiastics, in black *soutanes* and sashes reaching to the feet, before whom every hat was lifted, as they passed through the thoroughfares; the dogs drawing sledges loaded with wood; the oxen attached by their horns to the shafts of larger sleighs; the gay parties of ladies and gentlemen coursing in *tobaugans* down the glacis of the citadel, or skimming along the snow slopes on *raquettes*, without sinking in; the furs, buffalo skins, and mocassins, paraded in all directions: these combine to form a picture, unique of its kind, which is indelibly impressed upon the stranger.

On the 14th, having completed my kit, I recrossed to Point Levi, travelled day and night, and reached my station on the 16th, just as day was breaking in the wilds of the St. John.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Caxtons. A Family Picture. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. 3 vols. Blackwood and Sons.

Of the long and brilliant series of fictions Sir Bulwer Lytton has given to the world—referring, of course, only to those that are purely imaginative—we have no hesitation in saying that this is the soundest, the sweetest at the core, and, as a picture of domestic life, the most chaste and ennobling. After a career, crowded with varying triumphs, we expect to meet, in the later works of one who has ministered so often to our delight, a dash of sombre experience, an increasing gravity, more serious views of life; just as we should expect, after a lapse of twenty years, to find a tinge of grey in his hair, or dim traces of time upon his forehead. But here, in the last of the series, we have a work with which it might have opened, full of the freshness and elasticity of youth, hopeful, cheerful, and invigorating as the breath of spring. How rare is this power of re-juvenescence in matured authorship, displaying the results of extended observation simply in that wisdom of the heart which, after all, only brings us back again to the bright dawn of the affections.

The interest is drawn solely from the simplicity and quiet reality with which the inner life of a family is revealed by one of its members in the form of an autobiography. The persons who occupy the fore-ground of the picture are few in number: the father and mother, a couple of kindly, eccentric uncles, and the son, who is the narrator of this hearth-stone story. He has not much to tell about them, for their lives flow tranquilly in a close retirement, like secluded brooks running noiselessly under the shadows of the hedgerows; but the humanity that supplies the place of outward movement, fascinates the attention by a more potent charm than the intricacies of plot, and is replete with action of a higher and more absorbing nature. The actual incidents might be condensed into an incredibly small compass, but how little would the reader be able to glean from this of the moral beauty, the pervading sweetness, the consolatory philosophy which enter into the recital of these scanty incidents.

There is old Mr. Caxton, the father, a great book-worm, who was disappointed in an early attachment, who afterwards married, and in the benignity of his spirit came to love his wife as tenderly as if their hearts had grown up from the beginning together, and who has been pondering all his life over some erudite work, which he fondly believes he shall finish one day or another; a wise man and a strong man in the rectitude, simplicity, and kindliness of his nature. This worthy man has the most loveable foibles in the world. He indulges in long, learned dissertations (to which we listen with so deep a reverence for his goodness that we never can think them tedious), brings all sorts of recondite theories and remote researches to bear upon the most trivial circumstances, and, despising a knightly ancestor of his who fought on Bosworth Field, and from whom he disdains to trace his lineage, prefers glorifying himself upon being the direct descendant of William Caxton, the printer.

Admirable Mr. Caxton! he takes his place at once in that gallery of familiar portraits which will be found in every English home as long as our language lives, and of which the lineaments most akin to his own are those of Parson Adams, Dr. Primrose, Dr. Dove, Uncle Toby and Squire Allworthy.

Then, there is Mrs. Caxton, the gentle wife, with her soft, loving eyes, her patient, trustful heart, her silent fortitude, and abiding tenderness; and Uncle Roland, the soldier, who stands up for his chivalric ancestor, and scowls like thunder at every allusion to the printer,—the brave, lion-hearted Roland, an impersonation of the principle of honour, who passes through a rending domestic trial with a firmness that becomes heroic from the agony it costs; and that easy-natured, self-deluding optimist, Uncle Jack, who is always on the verge of some grand scheme which is to make everybody's fortune, and who ends by ruining his own. In every one of these, and others who are mixed up with them in the scene, we take a direct personal interest. It is not merely that we have shaken hands with them all round, and made intimate friends of them, but that we have taken them into our love, and feel as if we had a right to participate in their joys and sufferings.

As the story advances, the canvas widens, and characters of a different mould are introduced. Trevanion, the statesman; Sir Sedley Beaudesert, the man of fashion and high breeding; the Marquis of Castleton, a sketch, to the life, of a young aristocrat educated from the start to enormous wealth and a position of commanding ascendancy in the social and political circles; and Lady Elinor Trevanion, an accomplished and fascinating woman, spoiled by ambition, are drawn with singular skill and fidelity. An air of true refinement and the most perfect good taste, distinguish the whole of this portion of the work. Entirely free from the supercilious exaggerations of the "fashionable novel," it developes a section of the world of fashion and diplomacy with such a complete knowledge of its real characteristics, as to show at once that the point of sight is taken from within and not from without.

Other parts are open to obvious objection. We are hurried too rapidly to the conclusion. The distribution of time and action does not appear to have been sufficiently considered; although, for the sake of the elaborated passages, we are willing enough to compound the haste with which less important phases of the story are dismissed. The expedition to Australasia comes in somewhat clumsily, interrupts the flow of the narrative, and, however demanded by the necessities of the design, has the effect of suspending its progress. Nor are the colonial experiences of the hero very happily delineated, arising from want of space, and from the impossibility of creating a new interest at so late a period in the narrative. But when the author brings his hero home again to England, he resumes the spell he had laid aside in the interval, and we feel ourselves drawn in again under its enchantment.

The final impression left upon the mind by the perusal of this work cannot be very easily conveyed in a hasty criticism. The reader may be better advised to go to the book, and judge for himself. Eloquent and noble as it is in its broad-cast treatment of character, its genuine humanities are paramount even to its literary power. It is impossible to read the "Caxtons," without rising from it purified and made wiser. Love and graciousness smile out through its pages, and it teaches lessons of forbearance, forgiveness, and endurance, of the strength that comes

of suffering, and of faith, hope, and charity, from which the old and the young must derive healthful instruction. In some respects it takes a new direction, and, except in its glowing style and elevated purpose, is unlike most of its predecessors. Appealing less to the imagination, the passions, and the curiosity of the reader, than any of Sir Bulwer Lytton's former productions, it touches the domestic feelings more effectively and by gentler approaches. The wandering dreamy manner of the autobiography—sometimes breaking away abruptly like Sterne, sometimes as simple and homely as Goldsmith—enhances its natural pathos and verisimilitude, and imparts to it the tone of a narrative related in snatches in the winter nights to a family grouped round the fireside. It is a book not for to-day, but for all time; and had Sir Bulwer Lytton never written anything else, he would have written enough in this exquisite story to have established an enduring fame.

Shirley. A Tale. By Currer Bell, author of "Jane Eyre." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The critics, after much speculation, appear to be unanimous in assigning the authorship of this novel to a woman. We are only surprised there should ever have been any doubt about the matter. The hand of a woman is visible in every page of the work, in its failures and defects, as in its peculiar excellencies and merits,—in its pretension, its strength, and its weakness. The politics, ethics, and philosophy (of which we have rather more than enough) are essentially womanly. The incidental glimpses of the state of England during the war, notwithstanding a certain wild force which is thrown into them, betray the same origin. The characters of the men, unsteady in the outline, occasionally false in the colouring, and seldom sustained with firmness or consistency, are evidently of the feminine gender. Nor is the authorship less distinctly revealed in the successful delineation of female character, in the minute and delicate net-work of womanly feeling, the slight points and truthful touches of womanly sentiments, tastes, antipathies, prejudices, and sympathies. The author is mistress of the grand enigma of woman's nature, and she is so conscious of her power on this tantalizing topic, that she does not hesitate to denounce most of the attempts which have been made by the other sex to solve this same enigma as miserable failures. "If men could see us as we really are," observes one of the heroines of the story, "they would be a little amazed; but the cleverest, the acutest men are often under an illusion about women: they do not read them in a true light [alas! madam, it is very difficult!]; they misapprehend them, both for good and evil; their good woman is a queer thing, half-doll, half-angel; their bad woman almost always a fiend. Then to hear them fall into ecstacies with each other's creations, worshipping the heroine of such a poem—novel—drama,—thinking it fine, divine! Fine and divine it may be, but often quite artificial—false as the rose in my best bonnet there. If I spoke all I think on this point,—if I gave my real opinion of some first-rate female characters in first-rate works,—where should I be? Dead under a cairn of avenging stones in half an hour." This is tolerably explicit, and, in conjunction with other internal evidences, settles the sex of the author of "Jane Eyre."

Now, the criticism above-quoted may be, and no doubt is, to some extent true, although there are female characters drawn by men which, for refinement, subtlety, and truthfulness, have never been reached by writers of their own sex, deep as they are in the secret; but it is also true that women commit greater blunders, and fall still more conspicuously short of the mark when they attempt an analysis of the characters of men. Their swift instinct serves them admirably on the surface in lieu of deeper observation and wider-reaching sagacity; but it fails them in the lights and shadows of circumstances, in the workings of passion influencing various temperaments, in the stern conflict between reason and feeling, the head and the heart, the judgment and the imagination, into which at some period all men are plunged. We cannot have a more striking example of failure in the delineation of men than in the novel before us, which exhibits such lucid views, taken from out-of-the-way points of sight, of the characters of women. Robert Moore, for instance, round whom so much of the interest of the narrative revolves, sets out with a certain sort of grandeur and a tone of power from which we expect great things, but he breaks down despicably after all, and leads us as an unaccountable a will-o'-the-wisp dance, in a melodramatic way, as the veriest coquet whose inscrutable caprices supply no higher entertainment than a riddle. It is irreconcilable with all experience that the man who displays such frankness and probity, and takes such high ground at starting, should first win the affections of a young girl, which he does knowingly and by overt acts, then treat her with mysterious coldness and neglect, propose for another, and, after his rejection and humiliation in that quarter, return at the end of a long interval to the former lady, without giving a solitary proof that he had ever really loved her. His character, as it is described, and his conduct, as it is developed, are at utter variance. Mr. Yorke and Mr. Helstone, strong parts, as the actors say, never come up to the expectations they excite, and frequently depart from the *rôle* originally set down for them. The three curates are mere excesses and caricatures, that only blot the pages in which they appear; and Shirley and Louis Moore, the most consistent persons in the book, are somewhat exaggerated specimens of a rare style of humanity, not always depicted in the best taste, and coming out with more innate selfishness than the author evidently intended. It may be observed, with strict justice generally, that the characters are vividly and strikingly labelled in the opening descriptions, but that they are no sooner put into motion, than their distinctive traits begin to fade away. The dramatic faculty is wanted.

The story is curiously slight. It has scarcely any action. Throughout the whole of the first volume it hardly moves a single step. The author relies upon her power to awaken attention here and there by natural pictures of domestic life, meritorious and clever in themselves, but, for the most part, isolated from the main course of the narrative, and melting from us episodically one after another, like snow-flakes on a path, which they leave blank before us. The texture of the narrative is thin, but it is coloured so brilliantly as to convey an impression, upon a hasty perusal, that there is something profound under these gorgeous tints of language. The really profound things, however, are not those that are treated with the most showy appearance of profundity, but those that are simplest in the expression and that lie nearest at hand. The plot, in conception and development, is defective in coherency and dra-

matic truthfulness, by which we mean consequential progress and truthfulness of characterization. In this respect, as in subject, power of treatment, and unity of design, "Shirley" is manifestly inferior to "Jane Eyre."

Whole scenes are introduced, with a delusive promise at the outset, that lead to nothing, and that are apparently got up for no other ostensible purpose but to set people talking. Talk is the grand error of the book. There is too much talk, even if it were all relevant to the business at issue, and most of it is extraneous. The interest of the story is frittered away by long conversations and discussions on topics which nobody cares a straw about, or which the world by common agreement has settled and disposed of long ago. The conversations are colourless and drearily elaborated. All the people speak pretty much the same language, and some of them indulge in a language quite above their presumed capacities and out of their spheres. Children expound the philosophy of character, and girls talk logic and practical criticism on "gods, men, and columns" in a manner at once ludicrous and alarming.

Most of these errors are artistic; and if the author will take the trouble to give a little more consideration to the structure of her stories, she may easily avoid them in future. Fielding did not think structure beneath his attention. In "Tom Jones" we have a perfect example of unity and completeness. There is nothing superfluous,—the movement of the plot never flags,—all the parts cohere,—and every incident falls naturally and obviously into its place, and helps by its immediate action and final effect to strengthen and consolidate the whole. We should not have stopped to point out these errors in detail, but should have dismissed them in a sentence, had we not felt that the author of "Shirley" is an able and vigorous writer, who can afford to be warned of her faults, and who will probably place a higher value upon salutary objections than upon vague admiration.

There is, beyond all doubt, great ability in this work. It is full of eloquence. The descriptive passages have seldom been surpassed in beauty and picturesqueness. If the final impression be rather confused and unsatisfactory, and if it be only in particular places, and by fits and starts, that the writer really seizes upon the reader and holds his breath in suspense, the presence of a searching power and a lofty genius is not the less visible. It is no less true, that much of the popularity which the writer has acquired may be ascribed to a certain eccentricity and wild, vigorous originality, which, although it will not always bear sober examination, awakens the imagination, and frequently stirs the depths of the heart, with singular force. Trifles are often wrought out with a deftness and ingenuity, comparable only to the skill with which artists in glass spin to an extraordinary length the finest threads of that fragile material. But combined and mixed up with these peculiarities there is a consummate knowledge of human nature, especially in its home aspects, the interior of families, the life of the fireside, the hearts and understandings of women, and the development of the faculties, the waywardnesses, the affections, and the tempers of children. The writer between whom and Currer Bell there exists the most direct analogy is Miss Bremer, whom she closely resembles in bringing out clearly, yet oddly and quaintly, what may be called the domesticities; but she is not so happy, so genial, or so sound as her prototype. She is more grand and ambitious, takes in a larger literary horizon, and aims at loftier objects.

We have observed that "Shirley" is not equal to "Jane Eyre;" and it is right to add that the inferiority is not in the author, but mainly in her subject. The interest of the story is not so earnest, startling, and concentrated; it deals with gentler elements, and discovers a tenderer vein and a more womanly spirit. It is not so powerful and dazzling; but in other points of view it is more touching and agreeable. If we miss in this story the excitement of "Jane Eyre," we also escape its pains and penalties, and find ourselves in a region of comparative repose.

Personal Recollections of the Life and Times, with Extracts from the Correspondence, of Valentine Lord Cloncurry. Mc Glashan.

A life spreading over three-quarters of a century, embracing a period crowded with momentous incidents, and passed in the thick of the strife, and in close personal intercourse with the prominent men of the time, cannot fail to yield interesting reminiscences. Lord Cloncurry is the last of that race of Irish politicians who were involved in the agitation of 1798, and the only one who has survived to witness changes of which Grattan despaired when, in a famous rhetorical flourish, he talked about following the hearse of his country's liberties. During the interval which has elapsed since Lord Cloncurry entered public life, the history of Ireland exhibits a succession of the most memorable events in her stormy annals; the Free Trade of 1782 (Lord Cloncurry was then a boy, but politics were at that time a part of the education of the Irish youth); the Franchise of 1793; the Rebellion of 1798; the Union; the Insurrection of 1803; the long struggle for Emancipation, and its final accomplishment in 1829; the Church question, the Education question, the Landlord and Tenant question, the Repeal question, and the Starving Masses question, all seething over the surface of the land, and keeping the population of all creeds and classes in a state of continual fermentation throughout the last forty years. From his first connection with the party he espoused, to the present hour, it is creditable to the high principles and integrity of Lord Cloncurry that he has not only acted with unimpeachable consistency, but has not abated a jot of his enthusiasm. His opinions are still the same on the vital question of the Union, and he still looks to separation and independence as the only sure basis of national and imperial prosperity. No matter how widely we may differ from Lord Cloncurry's views, we are bound to respect the probity of his convictions, and the dignity, aloof from factious agitation, with which he has invariably maintained them.

Lord Cloncurry was born in 1773, and completed his education in the Irish University, where he became a member of the Historical Society. After passing some time in Switzerland, he entered the Middle Temple, and, flitting between London and Dublin, he became a contributor to the "Press" newspaper, and was elected into the Executive Directory of the United Irish Society, which he attended but once. It was impossible for a young man of an ardent temperament, who was thus indirectly implicated in the rash proceedings of such men as M'Nevin and O'Connor to escape suspicion; and a letter of his, containing allusions to a person then under accusation, happening to be seized, Lord Cloncurry was arrested and carried before the privy council. After an

imprisonment of six weeks, he was liberated on the ground that he had been imprudent rather than criminal. Luckily, no doubt, for his lordship, this detention occurred during the crisis of the rebellion, so that he escaped the greater peril to which the headlong madness of that movement might have committed him. But although he assures us that he abstained from further interference with these dangerous Irish politics, he was still a suspected person, and was again arrested for "treasonable practices," and committed to the Tower in May 1799, where he was confined till the expiration of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act restored him to liberty in March, 1801.

Returning to Ireland, much shattered in health and fortune, he witnessed the insane insurrection of 1803, and was upon terms of intimacy with its leaders, concerning whom he gives us many curious particulars. He soon afterwards went to the Continent, and, making a tour in France and Italy, came home again through Denmark. It seems that his lordship was still out of favour with the reigning powers, for we find Lord Redesdale refusing him the commission of the peace in 1806—that same Lord Redesdale to whom is ascribed the well-known saying that, in Ireland there was one law for the rich, and another for the poor! But atonement was finally made to his lordship under the second viceroyalty of Lord Anglesey, when he was made a privy councillor for Ireland, and in 1831, when the king raised him to the English peerage; and we are happy to find that after all these hard buffets and vicissitudes his lordship is enabled in his green old age to express his reverential gratitude to Providence for the three cardinal blessings of humanity—"health, competence, and respect of men."

The memoir is very unostentatiously written. It is not chargeable with the slightest tinge of egotism; and is full of valuable matter in reference to the social and industrial circumstances of Ireland. The pictures of the state of the country at various periods, of distinguished men, of manners and customs, and political movements, are drawn with force, and ability, and unexceptionable taste. Readers at both sides of the channel will be attracted by the correspondence which is liberally scattered through its pages; nor will they find in any work hitherto given to the public such admirable sketches of Irish celebrities—including Grattan, Curran, Hamilton Rowan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, George Ponsonby, and nearly all the men who were conspicuous in that age of earnest patriotism, and wasted talents.

A Review of the French Revolution of 1848: from the 24th of February to the Election of the First President. By Captain Chamier, R.N. London: Reeve and Co.

This is an acceptable addition to our store of publications on the French Revolution of 1848. Being the production of an eye-witness, it has freshness, while it places some things in a new light, and is sometimes the first in bringing to light circumstances which had escaped the observation of others. Capt. Chamier had all the facilities for the review he has given us. He tells us that, "during the year 1848 we never quitted Paris for one day. We were familiar with every scene, and assisted at every *fête*. We passed days and days in the National Assembly, and watched, without being prejudiced, the great phases of

the Revolution." It will hardly be allowed that Captain Chamier was an entirely unprejudieed speetator, for his work bears evidence of a very hearty hatred of everything republiean. But in spite of his monarehieal tendeneies, which are not likely to lessen the value of the work in the eyes of Englishmen, he deserves the credit of being a sincere well-wisher to the glory and prosperity of Franee. In common with many Frenehmen, he entertains the gloomiest forebodings of her future destiny, unless a permanent, vigorous, and sound system of government be re-established. If space permitted, we could give many interesting extraets from the work, but we must refer our readers to its pages, whether they seek for amusement, or for further and fresh details of the important events of which it treats.

Guy Faux: a Squib manufaetured by Horaee Mayhew and Percy Cruikshank.—Grant and Griffiths.

The well-*matched* pair of wags, who have "let off" this *jeu-d'esprit*, have wisely resolved to *explode* the bouncing "eraekers" of the ehronielers, and to *ex-Hume* the genuine legend of Guy Faux so fascinating to the *puer* imagination. What a phœnix is our hero! Of all the fiery spirits who have endeavoured to *illuminate* their times, Guy is the only one who is really "burnt into" our memory. Bacon, his great contemporary, could never have been preserved through sueh a perennial singeing and smoking.

Nevertheless, familiar as we have been made with the effigy of Guy in all shapes; and although his annual "exposition" has been always ushered in with a *gutter*-al chorus, eommanding posterity not to forget him; what, after all, does the public know of his Memoirs and Works, his *Remains* exeepted? Now, we can assure all who are curious on the subject, that this well-timed publieation will be found to *unfold* more aceurate information about Guy than "Le *Guide Faux* de l'Histoire." We may add, that its "facts and figures" bear a strong impress of truth, and however *highly coloured*, deserve our warmest eommendation.

Mr. Percy Cruikshank has displayed in this little work a breadth of humour, a knowledge of costume, and a power of eomposition not inferior to any eomic illustrator of the day.

The Jew-de-Brass. By Paul Pindar. Newby.

We should not refer to these very indifferent rhymes, were it not that the writer has assumed a name under whieh one of the contributors to this "Miseellany" is known to the publie. It is suffieient to add, that, in literary life, this is a novel mode of seeking a father to a siekly bantling.

Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton. Edited by his Daughter. Hall, Virtue and Co.

Bernard Barton was not a great poet, but he was a very amiable man. His whole life was a little poem in itself, simple, gentle, and spiritual, and having as little of earth in it as was consistent with the

necessity of living. For forty years he held the position of clerk in a bank, where he continued to drudge cheerfully till within two days of his death. Some gleams of sunshine fell upon his course once or twice, and cheered his quiet retirement with a competence sufficient for his modest wants. A few friends of his own persuasion, subscribed for his use a sum of £1,200, which enabled him to gratify a longing desire by purchasing the house and land he loved as the habitation of his wife's mother; and, on retiring from office, Sir Robert Peel recommended him to the Queen for a grant of £100 a-year.

He lived amongst books and pictures. Shut up as he was in a daily routine, at a distance from the metropolis, personal intercourse with literary men was impossible, but he enjoyed the high pleasure of corresponding with some of the most genial of his contemporaries, Southey, Charles Lamb, C. B. Taylor, Mitford, Mrs. Opie, and others. The letters to and from various friends collected into this volume, are extremely interesting, and, in addition to pleasant revelations concerning a variety of people, they bring out the qualities of Barton's heart and mind in a charming spirit.

He was all through life an ailing man, but the very reverse of a hypochondriac. He was never positively ill till towards the close of his life, and, with the characteristic negligence of a poet, took little care of his health, and laughed at drugs and doctors. He had a most cheerful and hopeful temperament, and once entertained a notion of throwing up his monotonous occupation in the bank, and trusting to literary labour for an income, a project from which Charles Lamb judiciously and earnestly dissuaded him. "Throw yourself on the world!" exclaimed that man of the kindliest heart and the soundest judgment, "without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes." Happily, Bernard Barton took his advice, and lived out his innocent life in ease and contentment.

This volume, edited by his daughter, is an acceptable contribution to the literary history of our time, and introduces us "in his habit as he lived," to one whose productions will always be held in esteem for their moral tendency and natural beauty.

Murder-Heroes, and the Diseased Drama of their Crime, Trial, Sentence, and Execution. By R. H. Horne. Kent and Richards.

A timely satire upon the recent epidemic communicated to the people by the trial and execution of the Mannings. Under the form of an imaginary biography of a great heroic criminal, Mr. Horne traces the whole course and progress of the popular infatuation, and shows how curiosity, wonder and admiration grow upon the ostentatious publicity of sanguinary offences and their expiation on the scaffold. The elevation of culprits into heroes is exhibited as one of the effects of all this judicial parade, and the intoxication of the multitude, leading to the imitation and extension of the worst crimes, as another. The subject is treated with a veiled and pungent humour, which indicates its salient points very happily.

Paddy's Leisure Hours in the Poor-House; or, Priests, Parsons, Potatoes, and Poor Rates. By a Native Resident of Ireland. J. W. Parker.

The object of this clever *brochure* is to draw attention to the working of the Poor Law in Ireland, and to show how grievously it oppresses the population in general and the clergy in particular. The form adopted by the author is that of the autobiography of an Irish peasant, relating his downward course through one calamity and another, until at last he finds himself in a ward of the poor-house separated from his wife, who is in another. This disruptiou of the domestic ties is a great misfortune to our sensitive Milesian; but being, it seems, a bit of a philosopher and patriot as well as a tender-hearted husband, he discovers more extensive evils in the Poor Law than the breaking up of the mud-cabin and the severance of man and wife. "What," says he, "if the rates can't be paid, and the people run away, and come into the poor-house, as I have done myself? All the property in the land couldn't support the paupers that are growing up. The able-bodied, like us," says Paddy, with an unwonted access of forethought and sagacity, "are shut up doing nothing; the fields, in coorse, will not be laboured; there 'll be no crops at all at all; and the landlords will become beggars."

We believe this picture to be tolerably accurate. No doubt, the fields can't be laboured if the able-bodied are shut up doing nothing; and if the fields can't be laboured, it is quite clear that there will be no crops at all at all, and that the landlords will be beggared. We admit all this. Indeed, it would be impossible, with any conscience, to deny the irresistible conclusion at which Paddy arrives. But we must take the liberty of refusing his premises. To use a popular Hibernian figure, he puts the cart before the horse, by no means an uncommon incident in a process of Irish reasoning. Paddy sets this deplorable state of things before us as a consequence of the Poor Law; whereas, had he looked a little further back into the history of Irish misery, he would have discovered that this deplorable state of things was the direct, long-existing, and imperative cause of the Poor Law. It was because the fields were not laboured, and because the landlords had reduced themselves to the last extremity by neglecting the duties which they owed to themselves and the country, and because the Irish poor were perpetually thrown for support upon the benevolence of England, instead of finding at the hands of those whose province it was to supply it the means of supporting themselves at home, and because this system of sustaining a whole population in a course of reckless dependence upon external aid, and the accidents of fortune, could not go on for ever, that it became incumbent upon the legislature to introduce a law which should have the effect of compelling the proprietors to maintain their own poor, or to do that which, judging from all past experience, nothing but the coercion of some great and final exigency could induce them to do—namely, to find employment for them.

The action of the Poor Law is extremely simple. It knocks at the door of the landowner, aud it says to him,—"Here is a crowd of famishing people, many of whom are able and willing to work if they can get something to do: give them employment, or pay, rateably with others, for their maintenauce. We cannot let them starve."

In the abstract the justice of this principle is undeniable. It is recognized in every Christian community in the world. Until this law was recently introduced into the sister-kingdom, Ireland was the only country within the girth of civilization which was destitute of a systematic provision for the poor. Her magnates seemed to regard their own poor as having no claim upon their compassion or their resources. The fundamental truth that the population of the soil have a *right* to sustenance from the soil was never acknowledged in Ireland; and, instead of making some effort while it was yet in their power to avert the increasing pressure of pauperism, although, by the exercise of a little common sense, they must have foreseen that it would overwhelm them in the long run, they flung the burthen of this accumulating mass of wretchedness upon the charity of their neighbours, with an *insouciance* which would be incredible in any other part of the globe. All that can be said of their present position is, that they are now paying the bitter penalty of past mismanagement, negligence, and selfishness, and must abide the issue as they can.

Nobody, we believe, challenges the justice of the abstract principle. It is the application of this principle to Ireland that Paddy quarrels with. But this is only the old story over again. It is the old reluctance in a new shape to support the masses of poverty which have been, and continue to be, produced by the wilful indifference or strange bungling of the proprietary classes. If, as it is asserted, the working of the Poor Law is calculated to bring the landlords in the impoverished districts to beggary, why did they raise such a factious opposition to that wise and considerate proposal of the Government, the Rate-in-aid, by which the local pressure would have been diminished, and the responsibility spread more lightly over the surface? They have, surely, nobody but themselves to blame if, having succeeded in strangling that measure in the House of Lords, they find themselves suffering under the inevitable consequences.

We shall be told, "in coorse," as Paddy says, that the opposition to that measure was carried on chiefly in the north. But we know that the suicidal folly reared its head also in the south, west, and east. However, that is no business of ours. Ireland must be legislated for as a whole. She must support her poor as a whole, support them how she may, agreeably to her own fancies and caprices. We have nothing to do with factions, sects, and divided interests. And we may here observe, that until the people of all interests, classes, and religious persuasions shall have made up their scattered minds to co-operate in this great work of national regeneration, the curse of pauperism and its demoralising influences cannot be removed from the land. We have an example before us in this little publication of the strife which besets every attempt to accomplish this desirable object from within. The writer claims commiseration for the clergy of the Established Church, and betrays the utmost distrust and aversion towards the Roman Catholic priesthood. We submit that such animosities and antipathies should be set aside in a labour of charity, which demands the zealous union of all creeds, and which never can be effected until all men agree to sacrifice their prejudices and resentments on the altar of the common good.

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